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The American Magazine

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January, 1929, through June, 1929

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January

Loré Willsie Morrow *relates* The Strangest Adventure a Woman Ever Had

Making Friends With Luck By Irving Bacheller

Don Marquis

Archibald Rutledge

Ellis Parker Butler

Fannie Kilbourne

"Why are Jews Like That?"

— Read LEWIS BROWNE'S Answ

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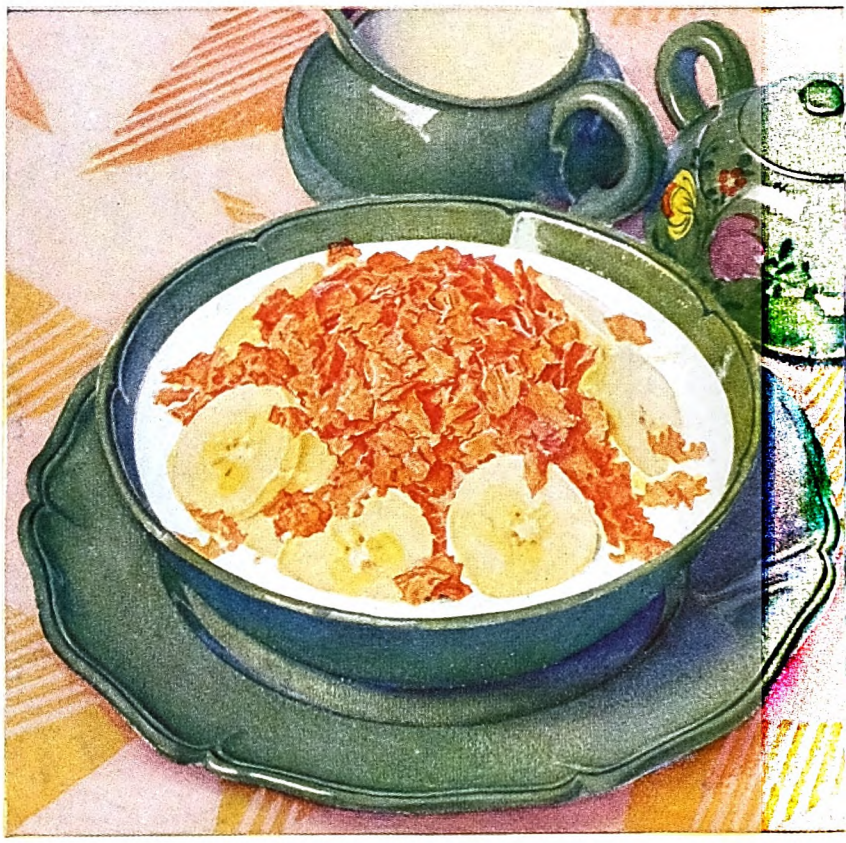

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The American Magazine

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Why are Jews Like That?

By LEWIS BROWNE

WE WERE trying to make the twelve-forty-five out of the Pennsylvania Station, and we were finding the going difficult. The pavements of Seventh Avenue were crowded, impenetrable, and only by walking along the gutters could we possibly make any headway. For it was the lunch-hour, and all the thousands of workers in New York's "cloak-and-suit belt" were out on the street for an airing. They were ill-clad and noisy; and they showed little disposition to get out of our way when we begged them to let us through. They stood there on the pavement in large coagulate masses, shouting to each other in strident argument and gesticulating with vehemence. Many shouted in Yiddish, and almost all the rest used an English quite obviously Yiddish in intonation. And my friend, who was very hot and angry from long shoving through the horde, turned to me as we hurried along and suddenly demanded:

"Say, Browne: why are Jews like that?"

I could not answer him at once. A prod in the ribs from some unseen elbow had at that precise instant taken the wind out of me. But when, a moment later, I could again command my breathing, I yelled back: "Because we can't help it!"

I had neither wind nor time for more than that. Besides, Seventh Avenue during the noon-hour crush seemed to me no place for a sociological disquisition. So I pushed on with all my might, hacking a trail through that human forest with out-thrust elbows and lowered head. And by the time we had at last reached the station—just a minute too late, of course—we had both completely forgotten the question. All we could think of was the two-hour wait before the next train departed for our destination.

But during the week-end I got my chance to elaborate my abrupt answer to his question. It had not been prejudice that had moved my friend to shout that question to me; at least, not *conscious* prejudice. He is a man of intelligence and breeding, and anti-Semitism is as foreign to him as any other form of vulgar bigotry. Rather it had been bewilderment, exasperated wonder, that had moved him. He had been amazed, perhaps a trifle appalled, at the strangeness, the peculiarity, of that mob. It had not been at all like the mob out of a silk factory in Passaic, or out of a smelter in Butte, or out of a cotton mill in Rome, Georgia. And its strangeness had lain in far more than its Yiddish speech and appearance.

AS MY friend made clear to me when we recalled the question a day or two later: "I wasn't thinking of their language or their beards. Those things, I realize, are superficial, and I suppose they'll be gone entirely in a generation. Nor was I thinking of their manners, either. They, too, will change in a little while. Those fellows, or at least their children, will soon enough learn that in this country—though Heaven alone knows why!—it is considered bad form to talk out loud and use gestures. No, it wasn't their manners that bewildered me, but their manner." My friend paused a moment, and then, fearing I had not caught his meaning, he explained: "There was a queer light in their eyes, and a sort of tenseness in their bodies; *that* was what made me put my question to you. For

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you, too, show those characteristics to a degree; and so does almost every other Jew I know. You are all somehow different from the rest of us. And I'd like to know why." . . .

I spent most of that week-end trying to tell him why; and because many thousands of other intelligent Gentiles must have posed my friend's question, the editor of this magazine has asked me to answer it in this article.

Now, to begin with, we must keep well in mind my friend's distinction between manners and manner. I've never been able to get much exercised about manners. They are pleasant things, but not of real importance, for they can never be judged by universal standards. They can never be either good or bad, right or wrong; they can only be different. For instance, wielding a soup-spoon with a backhand stroke is in no wise more virtuous, nor even more elegant, than wielding it with the locally less fashionable—though universally more adventurous—fronthand stroke. So there is no need to defend the Jews against the charge that they have bad manners. In the first place, the Jews, as a people, haven't any manners at all. By that, I mean, of course, that there is no such thing as a Jewish code of etiquette which all Israelites accept and try to live up to. Each Jew gets his manners from his environment; so that if he is from Russia he drinks tea out of a glass, and if from England he eats fish with a knife. Consequently, it is absurd to speak of "Jewish manners," either good, bad, or indifferent.

It is true that many Jews in America still retain the East-European manners they brought with them from their homelands. But they will not retain them long; and certainly their children will not inherit them. For those manners are no more inherent in Jews than a rolling gait is inherent in a people whose ancestors were for a while seafarers. Indeed, with immigration practically at a standstill, a swift doom seems inevitable, not merely for such foreign manners, but also for all the rest of those striking exoticisms which some people imagine to be characteristically Jewish. More and more of the Yiddish newspapers are introducing English supplements; and fewer and fewer become the Jews who retain their long beards. Within another two generations, Yiddish accents and long beards will probably be as rare even in an East-Side synagogue as they are now in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

THAT does not necessarily mean that we Jews will be improving; we shall be simply changing. And we have always been changing in that fashion, modifying our mannerisms to suit each new environment. Our way of altering our names is a point in instance. When we lived in a civilization predominantly Greek, we no longer gave our children good Hebrew names like Jochanan, Joshua, or Miriam, but Greek names, like John, Jesus, and Mary. In Spain the name Solomon was changed to the more fashionable Salvador, in France to Sulpice, in Germany to Siegfried, and in America to Seymour. Often we have gone to quite absurd lengths, adopting names belonging even to our worst enemies. Isidore is a good example of this. Originally the name was pagan, being derived from the Greek *Isis doron*, meaning "Gift of Isis." Then it became popular in the early Christian church, and one of the great church fathers, a Bishop of Seville—and incidentally one of the bitterest detractors of the Jews—was called Isidore. But after he died, the name was taken up by the Jews, and with such a vengeance that by now it has become almost exclusively Jewish!

And we have been no less prone to change our surnames. Wascerwitz in Warsaw becomes Wasserman in Berlin, Waterman in London, and De La Fontaine in Hollywood. Ambari in ancient Palestine was translated literally to Bernstein in Germany, corrupted to Burstein in Poland, re-spelled Brownstone in England, and finally shortened to Browne. . . .

Our easy willingness to drop our ghetto names is, I know, a little puzzling to most Gentiles. The trait seems to smack of cowardice and ignobility. But you must realize that we Jews did not choose most of those ghetto names in the first place. Goldberg, Rosenthal, Greenbaum—these names and their like were literally forced upon our forebears only a couple of centuries ago in Central Europe. We used to be reviled then because we persisted in clinging to our Hebrew patronymics, and edicts were issued to compel us to take surnames similar to those of our neighbors. So now that we are free to choose for ourselves, we feel no compunction about throwing over those names. They sound as foreign to us as they do to you, for our ears have become attuned to a new language. Therefore, we change them freely, even as we have throughout the past changed speech and costume and every other of our manners and customs.

But one thing, it must be admitted, we have not changed and that is what my friend called our manner. One cannot easily define that Jewish manner; but neither can one easily deny its reality. It is the one fundamental thing about us that marks us as peculiar, the one quality that most distinguishes us from our neighbors. Were we lacking that distinctive air, were we an ordinary folk, we would not earn one tithe the publicity we get. For, after all, we Jews are exceedingly few in numbers

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generously estimated, we make up less than three quarters of one per cent of the population of the world. There are almost as many inhabitants in Burma alone as there are Jews on all five continents! Yet see how much talk there is about us continually: How many songs are sung, lies told, jokes cracked, sermons preached, and articles written about us year after year in almost every land on earth. And it has been that way for two thousand years or more. Though never mighty in size, we have always cast a mighty shadow. The patent reason for it is that we are a peculiar lot; we are *different*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY V. LAVIOSA, N. Y.

Lewis Browne, Jewish scholar, author of "This Believing World," "The Graphic Bible," "Stranger Than Fiction," "The Story of the Jews," and other books, was born in London thirty-one years ago. He came to America in 1912, and for a time was a rabbi in Waterbury, Connecticut, and in the Free Synagogue at Newark, New Jersey. Several years ago he resigned the rabbinate to devote himself to writing

NOW, this peculiarity in us is not biological. We Jews are in no sense a "pure" race differing in blood from all the other peoples of the earth. On the contrary, we are ethnically a very mixed lot. The Bible tells repeatedly how foreign strains were introduced into the Hebraic blood-stream. It reveals that even the glorious King David, he who was elected to be ancestor of the very Messiah-to-come, was himself descended from a Gentile woman named Ruth. It is clear that intermarriage between the ancient Hebrews and their neighbors was common all through Bible times, and that intermating was even commoner. For during most of those centuries the Hebrews were a subject nation, and their daughters were continually at the mercy of foreign troops. It is impossible to believe that the millions of soldiers in the triumphant armies of Philistia, Assyria, Scythia, Egypt, Aramea, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, who during a thousand years repeatedly committed murder and arson in Palestine, did not sometimes indulge also in rapine. And therefore it is impossible to deny that at least a little—more probably a great deal—of the blood of each of those conquering races found its way into the veins of the Jews.

And the degree of such admixture must have increased immeasurably once we were driven from our own land and scattered across the face of the earth. For then, no matter where we fled, whether to Nubia or Italy, to Bactria or Gaul, we found ourselves invariably an alien handful in the midst of a native horde. As a result, we invariably took on the physical characteristics of the races with which we were brought into contact. In Spain we began to look like Spaniards, and in Russia like Slavs. That is why we show such inordinate physical variety today. It is only a legend that we all look alike. In Abyssinia there exists to this day a group of authentic Jews, the Falashas, who are quite as black as the Negroes surrounding them. In China as late as the last century there still existed a settlement of Jews who were yellow-skinned and almond-eyed. Only a few months ago I received a letter from a brown-skinned Israelite in India, who sought permission to translate my book on Jewish history into the dialect which is the mother tongue of a clan of Hindu Jews there. Obviously, therefore, the distinguishing quality in the Jew is not racial.

Nor is it religious either, for many of the most famous (and most notorious) of Jews do not even remotely conform to Judaism. Indeed, the Jews whose names most readily occur to the Gentile—such as Otto Kahn, Leon Trotzky, Justice Brandeis, Emma Goldman, Sigmund Freud, the Rothschilds, Walter Damrosch, Albert Einstein, Charles Levine, Bernard Baruch—these are for the most part persons either indifferent or hostile to the synagogue. For that matter, it is difficult to recall a single world-famous Jew in the history of recent generations who was a devout follower of the religion of Moses. Almost all of them—for instance, Spinoza, Heinrich Heine, Karl Marx, Disraeli, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Dreyfus, Steinmetz, Zangwill—were either nominal Christians or avowed free-thinkers. Yet without exception they were reviled by their enemies and recognized by their friends as Jews. So, obviously, it is not primarily our religion that marks us off from the rest of mankind.

Nor is it nationality. Once we were indeed a nation, and the Zionists among us are hopeful of some day making the Jews a nation again. But at the present moment we are so scattered geographically and divided politically that we no more form a nation than do the vegetarians or the mathematicians of the world. We have no land which we can call really our own—for Palestine is still inhabited chiefly by Arabs and governed by Britishers. We have no one mother tongue nor distinctive costume, no single political loyalty nor unified national enthusiasm. In Germany we are the most loyal of Germans, and in America the most loyal of Americans. Had I the space I could cite endless lengths of official statistics to prove how the Jew has contributed considerably more than his share to the armies, the honor rolls, and the casualty lists of all the nations in all the wars of recent decades. Or, had I the inclination, I might expatiate on the fact that there is not a single civilized nation in the world today wherein there are not Jews serving with exemplary faithfulness in governmental positions of trust and power.

NO, THE one common denominator among us Jews that distinguishes us everywhere and always is not something biological, theological, nor political, but *psychological*. We Jews have a peculiar manner of reacting to the world, a manner bred in us so long, and still today so stimulated by the people around us, that we cannot possibly slough it off. And at the root of that manner is the inescapable feeling that you Gentiles still consider us "outsiders."

I know there are many Jews who will not admit they have this feeling. Many do most vehemently deny they have the slightest trace of anything like a "Jewish consciousness." But the very vehemence of their denial seems to give them away. They may go to the farthest extremes in their effort to identify themselves with the Gentile majority, straightening their noses, intermarrying, joining the church, and even contributing funds to anti-Semitic "patriotic" societies—but nevertheless they are not able to shake off that tenacious psychology. Always they remain sensitive; always they retain at (*Continued on page 104*)

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THE Bishop Murder Case was the strangest, the most fantastic, ever to be recorded in the criminal annals of New York. Faced with the problem of two murders, no conceivable motive, and almost no clues, Markham (District Attorney) practically turned the case over to Philo Vance. But here was a mystery that completely baffled even Vance, that eccentric young gentleman of fashion and leisure with a genius for unraveling just such apparently unsolvable problems as this. The center of everything was the Dillard house on Seventy-fifth Street just off Riverside Drive. Here Professor Dillard, retired mathematician, lived with Belle Dillard, his niece, and Sigurd Arnesson, also a professor of mathematics, and adopted son to Dillard. Here occurred the first murder. Joseph Cochrane Robin was found dead one morning in the archery practice range Belle had fitted up in the courtyard of the house; the hunting arrow through his heart was from a rack of arrows in the basement clubroom; no one had been with him down there except young Sperling, his rival in archery and for Belle's favor. Sperling had disappeared, and this note had been found in the mail box:

Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead.
Who killed Cock Robin?
Sperling means Sparrow.

It was signed "The Bishop."

Sperling had been arrested and had confessed the murder—and nine days later John E. Sprigg was found dead on Riverside Drive with a bullet hole in his head. This was followed by a note in the same typing as the first one, and quoting the nursery rhyme about Johnny Sprig. Again it was signed "The Bishop."

Sperling was now eliminated, and there was apparently no one else with any possible motive. Sprigg was a favorite student of Arnesson's at Columbia, and known to all the persons involved. An obscure mathematical formula, in the same typing as the notes, was found under his body. This formula was known to Dillard, to Arnesson, and also to Adolph Drukker and John Pardee. Drukker was a hunchback and mathematical genius—a friend of the Dillards, as was his mother, "Lady Mae." Their house was on Seventy-sixth Street, and its rear overlooked the Dillard yard. Pardee, who lived across from the Dillards on Seventy-fifth Street, was also a friend of the household, a chess enthusiast, and something of an amateur mathematician. The only other persons that could possibly be involved in the tragedy were Pyne, the Dillard butler, and Beedle, their cook.

So matters stood when Vance and Van Dine (his secretary) went with Markham and Heath—the police sergeant in charge of the case—to question Mrs. Drukker. They found her in a state of terrible excitement, and finally wrung from her the cause. At midnight, the night before, she had been awakened by a fumbling at the knob of her door, and heard something fall on the floor and footsteps go down the hall and through the house. She had opened the door, and there at her feet lay a small chessman—ebony black. It was the bishop!

Drukker stepped up to look on, but

The Bishop

S. S. VAN DINE'S

Illustrated by

PART IV

XIII

IN THE BISHOP'S SHADOW

(*Tuesday, April 12th; 11 a. m.*)

VANCE took the bishop from Mrs. Drukker and slipped it into his coat pocket.

"It would be dangerous, madam," he said, with impressive solemnity, "if what happened here last night became known. Should the person who played this joke on you find out that you had informed the police, other attempts to frighten you might be made. Therefore, not one word of what you have told us must pass your lips."

"May I not even tell Adolph?" the woman asked distractedly.

"No one! You must maintain a complete silence, even in the presence of your son."

I could not understand Vance's emphasis on this point; but before many days had passed it was all too clear to me. The reason for his advice was revealed

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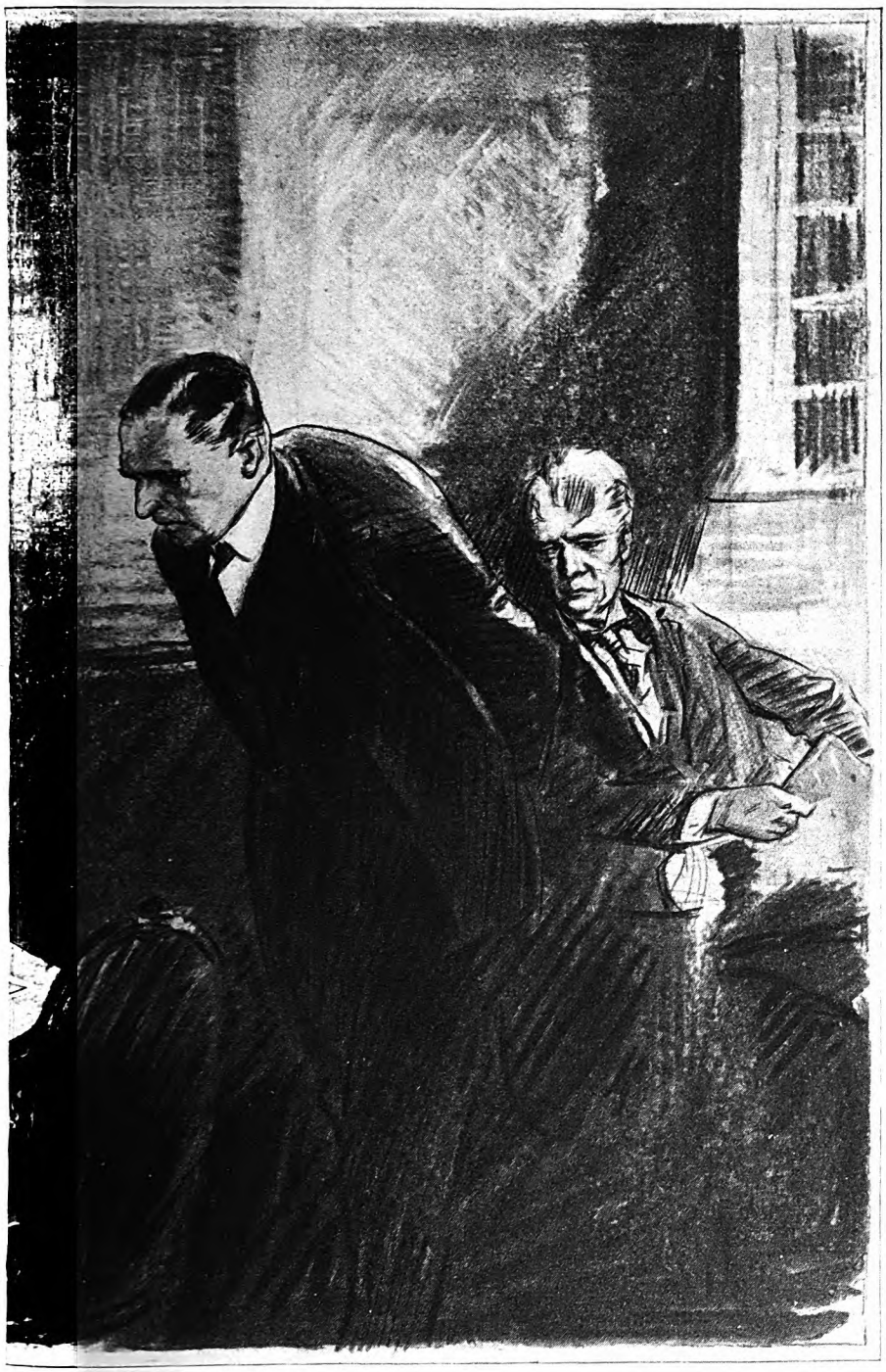

Pardee requested him to offer no advice

Murder Case

NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

H. M. STOOPS

with tragic force; and I realized that even at the time of Mrs. Drukker's disclosure his penetrating mind had worked out an uncannily accurate ratiocination, and foreseen certain possibilities unsuspected by the rest of us.

We took our leave a few moments later, and descended the rear stairs. The staircase made a sharp turn to the right at a landing eight or ten steps below the second floor, and led into a small, dark passageway with two doors—one on the left, opening into the kitchen, and another, diagonally opposite, giving on the screen porch. We stepped out immediately to the porch, and stood without a word, trying to shake off the atmosphere cast about us by Mrs. Drukker's terrifying experience.

Markham was the first to speak.

"Do you believe, Vance, that the person who brought that chessman here last night is the killer of Robin and Sprigg?"

"There can be no doubt of it. The purpose of his midnight visit is hideously clear. It fits perfectly with what has already come to light."

"It strikes me merely as a ruthless practical joke," Markham rejoined, "the act of a drunken fiend."

Vance shook his head.

"It's the only thing in this whole nightmare that doesn't qualify as a piece of insane humor. It was a deadly serious excursion. The devil himself is never so solemn as when covering his tracks. Our particular devil's hand had been forced, and he made a bold play. 'Pon my soul, I almost prefer his jovial mood to the one that prompted him to break in here last night. However, we now have something definite to go on."

Heath, impatient of all theorizing, quickly picked up this last remark.

"And what might that be, sir?"

"*Imprimis*, we may assume that our chess-playing troubadour was thoroughly familiar with the plan of this house. The night light in the upper hall may have cast its gleam down the rear stairs as far as the landing, but the rest of the way must have been in darkness. Moreover, the arrangement of the rear of the house is somewhat complicated. Therefore, unless he knew the layout he couldn't have found his way about noiselessly in the dark. Obviously, too, the visitor knew in which room Mrs. Drukker slept. Also, he must have known what

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Mrs. Menzel

time Drukker turned in last night, for he wouldn't have chanced making his call unless he had felt sure that the coast was clear."

"That don't help us much," grumbled Heath. "We've been going on the theory right along that the murderer was wise to everything connected with these two houses."

"True. But one may be fairly intimate with a family and still not know at what hour each of its members retires on a certain night, or just how to effect a surreptitious entry to the house. Furthermore, Sergeant, our midnight caller was someone who knew that Mrs. Drukker was in the habit of leaving her door unlocked at night; for he had every intention of entering her room. His object wasn't merely to leave his little memento outside and then depart. The silent, stealthy way he tried the knob proves that."

"He may simply have wanted to waken Mrs. Drukker so she would find it at once," suggested Markham.

"Then why did he turn the knob so carefully—as if trying *not* to waken anyone? A rattling of the knob, or a soft tapping, or even throwing the chessman against the door, would have answered that purpose much better. . . . No, Markham; he had a far more sinister object in mind; but when he found himself thwarted by the locked door and heard Mrs. Drukker's cry of fright, he placed the bishop where she would find it, and fled."

"Still and all, sir," argued Heath, "anyone mighta known she left her door unlocked at night; and anyone coulda learned the lay of the house so's to find their way around in the dark."

"But who, Sergeant, had a key to the rear door? And who could have used it at midnight last night?"

"The door mighta been left unlocked," countered Heath; "and when we check up on the alibis of everybody we may get a lead."

Vance sighed.

"You'll probably find two or three people without any alibi at all. And if last night's visit here was planned, a convincing alibi may have been prepared. We're not dealing with a simpleton, Sergeant. We're playing a game to the death with a subtle and resourceful murderer, who can think as quickly as we can, and who has had a long training in the subtleties of logic. . . ."

AS IF on a sudden impulse he turned and passed indoors, motioning us to follow. He went straight to the kitchen, where the German woman who had admitted us earlier sat stolidly by a table preparing the midday meal. She rose as we entered and backed away from us. Vance, puzzled by her demeanor, studied her for several moments without speaking. Then his eyes drifted to the table, where a large eggplant had been halved lengthwise and scooped out.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, glancing at the contents of the various dishes standing about. "*Aubergines à la Turque*, what? An excellent dish. But I'd mince the mutton a bit finer, if I were you. And not too much cheese: it detracts from the sauce *espagnole* which I see you're preparing." He looked up with a smile. "What's your name, by the bye?"

His manner astonished the woman greatly, but it also had the effect of alleviating her fears.

"Menzel," she answered in a dull voice. "Grete Menzel."

At the suggestion of Vance, Heath set a man under the willow trees to watch the Drukker house, with instructions to break in at the first scream or call

"And how long have you been with the Drukkers?"

"Going on twenty-five years."

"A long time," Vance commented musingly. "Tell me: why were you frightened when we called here this morning?"

The woman became sullen, and her large hands closed tightly.

"I wasn't frightened. But Mr. Drukker was busy——"

"You thought perhaps we had come to arrest him," Vance broke in.

Her eyes dilated; but she made no answer.

"What time did Mr. Drukker rise yesterday morning?" Vance went on.

"I told you . . . nine o'clock—like always."

"What time did Mr. Drukker rise?" The insistent, detached quality of his voice was far more ominous than any dramatic intonation could have been.

"I told you——"

"*Die Wahrheit, Frau Menzel! Um wie viel Uhr ist er aufgestanden?*"

THE psychological effect of this repetition of the question in German was instantaneous. The woman's hands went to her face, and a stifled cry, like a trapped animal's, escaped her.

"I don't—know," she groaned. "I called him at half past eight, but he didn't answer, and I tried the door. . . . It wasn't locked and—*Du lieber Gott!*—he was gone."

"When did you next see him?" asked Vance quietly.

"At nine. I went upstairs again to tell him breakfast was ready. He was in the study—at his desk—working like mad, and all excited. He told me to go away."

"Did he come down to breakfast?"

"*Ja—ja.* He came down—half an hour later."

The woman leaned heavily against the drain-board of the sink, and Vance drew up a chair for her.

"Sit down, Mrs. Menzel," he said kindly. When she had obeyed, he asked: "Why did you tell me this morning that Mr. Drukker rose at nine?"

"I had to—I was told to." Her resistance was gone, and she breathed heavily, like a person exhausted. "When Mrs. Drukker came back from Miss Dillard's yesterday afternoon she told me that if anyone asked me that question about Mr. Drukker I was to say 'nine o'clock.' She made me swear I'd say it. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and her eyes took on a glassy stare. "I was afraid to say anything else."

Vance still seemed puzzled. After several deep inhalations on his cigarette he remarked:

"There's nothing in what you've told us to affect you this way. It's not unnatural that a morbid woman like Mrs. Drukker should have taken such a fantastic measure to protect her son from possible suspicion, when a murder had been committed in the neighborhood. You've surely been with her long enough to realize how she might exaggerate every remote possibility where her son is concerned. In fact, I'm surprised you take it so seriously. . . . Have you any other reason to connect Mr. Drukker with this crime?"

"No—no!" The woman shook her head distractedly.

Vance strolled to the rear window, frowning. Suddenly he swung about. He had become stern and implacable.

"Where were you, Mrs. Menzel, the morning Mr. Robin was killed?"

An astounding change came over the woman. Her face paled; her lips trembled and she clenched her hands with a spasmodic gesture. She tried to take her staring eyes from

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Vance, but some quality in his gaze held her.

"Where were you, Mrs. Menzel?" The question was repeated sharply.

"I was—here——" she began, then stopped abruptly and cast an agitated glance at Heath, who was watching her fixedly.

"You were in the kitchen?"

She nodded. The power of speech seemed to have deserted her.

"And you saw Mr. Drukker return from the Dillards'?"

Again she nodded.

"Exactly," said Vance. "And he came in the rear way, by the screen porch, and went upstairs. . . . And he didn't know that you saw him through the kitchen door. . . . And later he inquired regarding your whereabouts at that hour. . . . And when you told him you had been in the kitchen he warned you to keep silent about it. . . . And then you learned of Mr. Robin's death a few minutes before you saw him enter here. . . . And yesterday, when Mrs. Drukker told you to say he had not risen until nine, and you heard that someone else had been killed near here, you became suspicious and frightened. . . . That's correct, is it not, Mrs. Menzel?"

THE woman was sobbing audibly in her apron. There was no need for her to reply, for it was obvious that Vance had guessed the truth. Heath took his cigar from his mouth and glared at her ferociously.

"So! You were holding out on me," he bellowed, thrusting forward his jaw. "You lied to me when I questioned you the other day. Obstructing justice, were you?"

She gave Vance a look of frightened appeal.

"Mrs. Menzel, Sergeant," he said, "had no intention of obstructing justice. And now that she has told us the truth, I think we may overlook her perfectly natural deception in the matter." Then before Heath had time to reply he turned to the woman and asked in a matter-of-fact tone: "Do you lock the door leading to the screen porch every night?"

"*Ja*—every night." She spoke listlessly: the reaction from her fright had left her apathetic.

"You are sure you locked it last night?"

"At half past nine—when I went to bed—like I always do."

Vance stepped across the little passageway and inspected the lock.

"It's a snap-lock," he observed, on returning. "Who has a key to the door?"

"I have a key. And Mrs. Drukker—she has one too."

"You're sure no one else has a key?"

"No one except Miss Dillard."

"Miss Dillard?" Vance's voice was suddenly resonant with interest. "Why should she have one?"

"She's had it for years. She's like a member of the family—over here two and three times a day. When I go out I lock the back door; and her having a key saves Mrs. Drukker the trouble of coming down and letting her in."

"Quite natural," Vance murmured. Then: "We sha'n't bother you any more, Mrs. Menzel." He strolled out on the little rear porch.

When the door had been closed behind us he pointed to the screen door that opened into the yard.

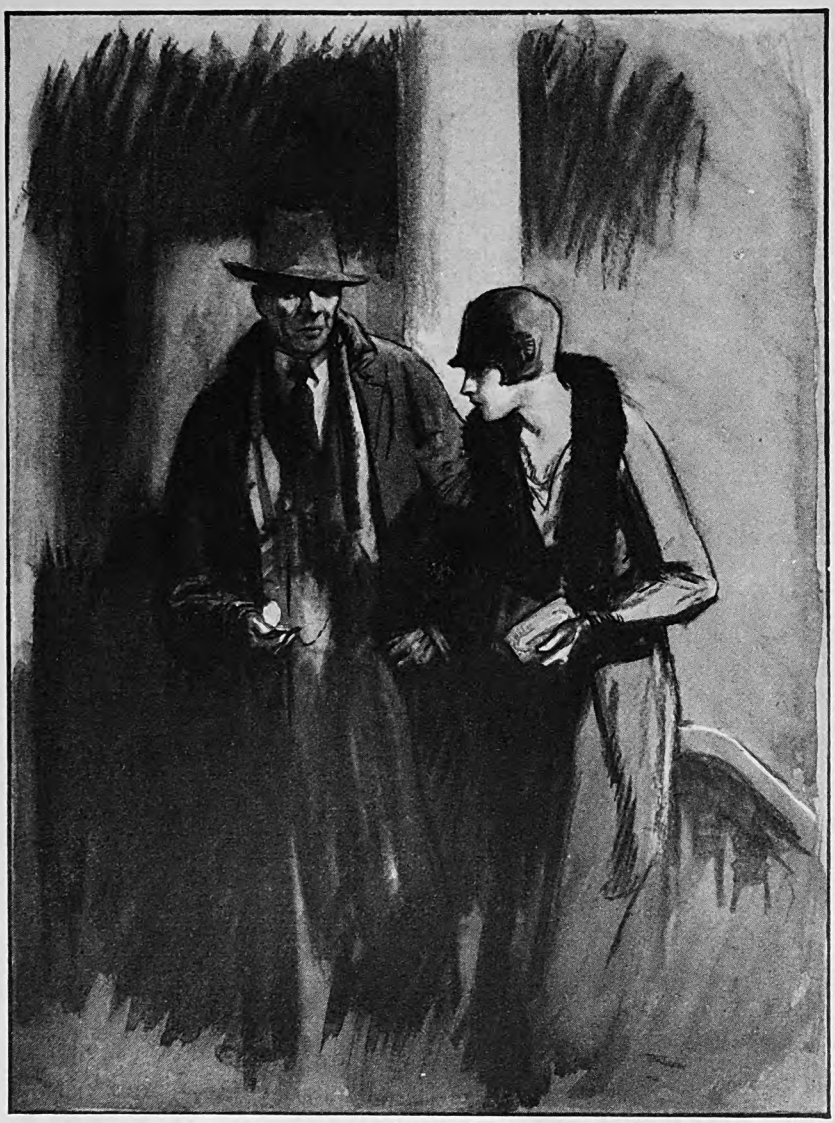
"You'll note that this wire mesh has been forced away from the frame, permitting one to reach inside and turn the latch. Either Mrs. Drukker's key or Miss Dillard's—probably the latter—was used to open the door of the house."

Heath nodded: this tangible aspect of the case appealed to him.

But Markham was not paying attention. He stood in the background smoking with angry detachment. Presently he turned resolutely and was about to reënter the house when Vance caught his arm.

"No—no, Markham! That would be abominable technique. Curb your ire. You're so dashed impulsive, don't y' know."

"But, damn it, Vance!" Markham shook off the other's hand. "Drukker lied to us about going out the Dillard gate before Robin's murder—"



"I was rather mean to Sigurd for bringing me home so early, and as we entered the hall I asked him spitefully what time it was"

"Of course he did. I've suspected all along that the account he gave us of his movements that morning was a bit fanciful. But it's useless to go upstairs now and hector him about it. He'll simply say that the cook was mistaken."

Markham was unconvinced.

"But what about yesterday morning? I want to know where he was when the cook called him at half past eight. Why should Mrs. Drukker be so anxious to have us believe he was asleep?"

"She, too, probably went to his room and saw that he was gone. Then, when she heard of Sprigg's death, her febrile imagination became overheated, and she proceeded to invest him with an alibi. But you're only inviting trouble when you plan to chivy him about the discrepancies in his tale."

"I'm not so sure." Markham spoke with significative gravity. "I may be inviting a solution to this hideous business."

Vance did not reply at once. He stood gazing down at the quivering shadows cast on the lawn by the willow trees. At length he said in a low voice:

"We can't afford to take that chance. If what you're thinking should prove to be true, and you should reveal the information you've just received, the little man who was here last night might prowl about the upper hall again. And this time he might not be content to leave his chessman *outside the door!*"

A look of horror came into Markham's eyes.

"You think I might be jeopardizing the cook's safety if I used her evidence against him at this time?"

"The terrible thing about this affair is that, until we know the truth, we face danger at every turn." Vance's voice was

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heavy with discouragement. "We can't risk exposing anyone. . . ."

The door leading to the porch opened and Drukker appeared on the threshold, his little eyes blinking in the sunlight. His gaze came to rest on Markham, and a crafty, repulsive smile contorted his mouth.

"I trust I am not disturbing you," he apologized, with a menacing squint; "but the cook has just informed me that she told you she saw me enter here by the rear door on the morning of Mr. Robin's unfortunate death."

"Oh, my aunt!" murmured Vance, turning away and busying himself with the selection of a fresh cigarette. "That tears it."

Drukker shot him an inquisitive look, and drew himself up with a kind of cynical fortitude.

"And what about it, Mr. Drukker?" demanded Markham.

"I merely desired to assure you," the man replied, "that the cook is in error. She has obviously confused the date—you see, I come and go so often by this rear door. On the morning of Mr. Robin's death, as I explained to you, I left the range by the Seventy-fifth Street gate and, after a brief walk in the park, returned home by the front way. I have convinced Grete that she is mistaken."

Vance had been listening to him closely. Now he turned and met the other's smile with a look of bland ingenuousness.

"DID you convince her with a chessman, by any chance?"

Drukker jerked his head forward and sucked in a rasping breath. His twisted frame became taut; the muscles about his eyes and mouth began to twitch; and the ligaments of his neck stood out like whipcord. For a moment I thought he was going to lose his self-control; but with a great effort he steadied himself.

"I don't understand you, sir." There was the vibrancy of an intense anger in his words. "What has a chessman to do with it?"

"Chessmen have various names," suggested Vance softly.

"Are *you* telling *me* about chess?" A venomous contempt marked Drukker's manner, but he managed to grin. "Various names, certainly. There's the king and queen, the rook, the knight——" He broke off. "*The bishop!* . . ." He laid his head against the casement of the door and began to cackle mirthlessly. "So! That's what you mean? *The bishop!* . . . You're a lot of imbecile children playing a nonsense game."

"We have excellent reason to believe," said Vance, with impressive calmness, "that the game is being played by someone else—with the chess bishop as the principal symbol."

Drukker sobered.

"Don't take my mother's vagaries too seriously," he admonished. "Her imagination often plays tricks on her."

"Ah! And why do you mention your mother in this connection?"

"You've just been talking to her, haven't you? And your comments, I must say, sound very much like some of her harmless hallucinations."

"On the other hand," Vance rejoined mildly, "your mother may have perfectly good grounds for her beliefs."

Drukker's eyes narrowed, and he looked swiftly at Markham.

"Rot!"

"Ah, well," sighed Vance, "we shan't debate the point." Then in an altered tone he added: "It might help us though, Mr. Drukker, if we knew where you were between eight and nine yesterday morning."

The man opened his mouth slightly as if to speak, but quickly his lips closed again, and he stood staring calculatingly at Vance. At length he answered in a high-pitched insistent voice:

"I was working—in my study—from six o'clock until half past nine." He paused, but evidently felt that further explanation was desirable. "For several months I've been working on a modification of the ether-string theory to account for the interference of light, which the quantum theory is unable to explain. Dillard told me I couldn't do it;"—a fanatical light came into his eyes—"but I awoke early yesterday morning with certain factors of the problem clarified; and I got up and went to my study. . . ."

"So that's where you were." Vance spoke carelessly. "It's of no great importance. Sorry we discommoded you today." He beckoned with his head to Markham, and moved toward the screen door. As we stepped upon the range he turned back and, smiling, said almost dulcetly: "Mrs. Menzel is under our protection. It would pain us deeply if anything should happen to her."

Drukker looked after us with a sort of hypnotized fascination.

The moment we were out of hearing, Vance moved to Heath's side.

"Sergeant," he said in a troubled voice, "that forthright German *Hausfrau* may have put her head unwittingly in a noose. And—my word!—I'm afraid. You'd better have a good man watch the Drukker house tonight—from the rear, under those willow trees. And tell him to break in at the first scream or call. . . . I'll sleep better if I know there's a plain-clothes angel guarding Frau Menzel's slumbers."

"I get you, sir." Heath's face was grim. "There won't be no chess players worrying her tonight."

XIV

A GAME OF CHESS

(*Tuesday, April 12th; 11:30 a. m.*)

AS WE walked slowly toward the Dillard house it was decided that immediate inquiries should be made regarding the whereabouts the night before of every person connected in any way with this gruesome drama.

"We must be careful, however, to drop no hint of what befell Mrs. Drukker," warned Vance. "Our midnight bishop-bearer did not intend that we should learn of his call. He believed that the poor lady would be too frightened to tell us."

"I'm inclined to think," objected Markham, "that you're attaching too much importance to the episode."

"Oh, my dear fellow!" Vance stopped short and put both hands on the other's shoulders. "You're much too effete—that's your great shortcomin'. You don't feel—you are no child of nature. The poetry of your soul has run to prose. Now I, on the other hand, give my imagination full sway; and I tell you that the leaving of that bishop at Mrs. Drukker's door was no Hallowe'en prank, but the desperate act of a desperate man. It was meant as a warning."

"You think she knows something?"

"I think she saw Robin's body placed on the range. And I think she saw something else—something she would give her life not to have seen."

IN SILENCE we moved on. It was our intention to pass through the wall gate into Seventy-fifth Street and present ourselves at the Dillards' front door; but as we passed the archery-room the basement door opened, and Belle Dillard confronted us anxiously.

"I saw you coming down the range," she said, with troubled eagerness, addressing her words to Markham. "For over an hour I've been waiting to get in touch with you—'phoning your office. . . ." Her manner became agitated. "Something strange has happened. Oh, it may not mean anything . . . but when I came through the archery-room here this morning, intending to call on Lady Mae, some impulse made me go to the tool chest again and look in the drawer—it seemed so—so queer that the little revolver should have been stolen. . . . And there it lay—in plain sight—beside the other pistol!" She caught her breath. "Mr. Markham, someone returned it to the drawer last night!"

This information acted electrically on Heath.

"Did you touch it?" he asked excitedly.

"Why—no. . . ."

He brushed past her unceremoniously and, going to the tool chest, yanked open the drawer. There, beside the larger automatic that we had seen the day before, lay a small pearl-handled .32. The Sergeant's eyes glistened as he ran his pencil through the trigger guard and lifted it gingerly. He held it to the light and sniffed at the end of the barrel.

"One empty chamber," he announced, with satisfaction. "And it's been shot off recently. . . . This oughta get us somewheres." He wrapped the revolver tenderly in a handkerchief and placed it in his coat pocket. "I'll get Dubois busy on this for fingerprints; and I'll have Cap Hagedorn* check up on the bullets."

"Really now, Sergeant," said Vance banteringly, "do you imagine that the gentleman we're looking for would wipe a bow and arrow clean, and then leave his digital monogram on a revolver?"

"I haven't got your imagination, Mr. Vance," returned Heath surlily. "So I'm going ahead doing the things that oughta be done."

"You're quite right." Vance smiled with good-natured admiration at the other's dogged thoroughness. "Forgive me for trying to damp your zeal."

He turned to Belle Dillard.

"We came here primarily to see the professor and Mr. Arnesson. But there's also a matter we'd (*Continued on page 69*)

*Captain Hagedorn was the firearms expert of the New York Police Department. It was he who, in the Benson murder case, gave Vance the data with which to establish the height of the murderer; and who made the examination of the three bullets fired from the old Smith and Wesson revolver in the Greene murder case.

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You can soon TUNE IN and get

Your Education

By GRAHAM McNAMEE

Walter Johannes Damrosch, who hopes, by means of the radio, to make America the most musical nation. He is one of the greatest orchestra leaders in the world

OUR fundamental aim in education used to be the Three R's—Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic. Now we have a new ideal. It is the Three C's—Character, Culture, and Citizenship. For achieving that ideal just think of the possibilities of radio. At least, this is the dream—the establishment of a great University of the Air which will bring the culture of the world and of the age to our people as vividly and perfectly as radio now brings a prize fight, a political convention, or a world series.

I remember when I was a boy a picture which used to be shown to us in order to make us understand how soft our educational pathway was. It was a picture of Abraham Lincoln as a youth, sprawled out on the floor on his stomach, his elbows on the hard boards and his chin resting in his palms as, by the flickering glow of the hearth log, he pored over his humble study in a wilderness cabin on the frontier. He had few books—not selected either, but just stray volumes which had chanced his way and from which he dug out laboriously the first precious, meager morsels of learning. Well, think of Abraham Lincoln on one of our 1929 farms. And then imagine a great radio school—a vast university with twenty-five million pupils and with the masters of every branch of learning on its faculty. A little radio set in one corner of the farmhouse, and the plow boy of 1929 has the world at his feet. There is no farm today outside the range of the broadcaster. And there are already a million and a half of these farms which own radio sets.

Let me give you a picture—not an imaginary one, but one drawn from real life. Imagine a little schoolhouse. It is the modern equivalent of the little red schoolhouse where for generations we have nursed those famous Three R's. The children are all gathered in one room. It is the music hour in that school—an hour set apart for musical instruction. Speaking to the class is the instructor. He is a tall, impressive, distinguished-looking man of about sixty-five—and though this is a remote little prairie schoolhouse, this master is beyond doubt a musician of note. He is giving instruction as part of a course. He sits at a piano and illustrates with chords and harmonies and little phrases of music the piece which is about to be played. He tells the children this piece is called "The Entrance of the Little Fauns." It is by Pierné. This is a piece well known to musicians but not heard of very much out on the prairie, or even in the big cities, for that matter. The instructor tells the class all about it.

"The little fauns are f-a-u-n-s not f-a-w-n-s," he explains. "They were little creatures very much loved by the old Greeks many thousands of years ago. They were quite human, save that they had goats' ears and goats' hoofs."

THE children are enthralled as this story unfolds.

"These little creatures represented nature. They could not live in four walls. They must be out in the open, under the trees, by the lake, rejoicing in the freedom and beauty of life. Now, this piece of music represents the entrance of a troop of little fauns led by an old satyr. The old satyr has with him his Panpipes. These Panpipes were supposed to have been invented by a god named Pan. They were formed of a series of little hollow tubes. And Pan taught a shepherd, Marius, to play on them. I will show you how they sound."

The instructor then calls up a man with a small instrument in his hand. And we now perceive that though this is a very small schoolhouse, the instructor has with him an orchestra of at least sixty pieces.

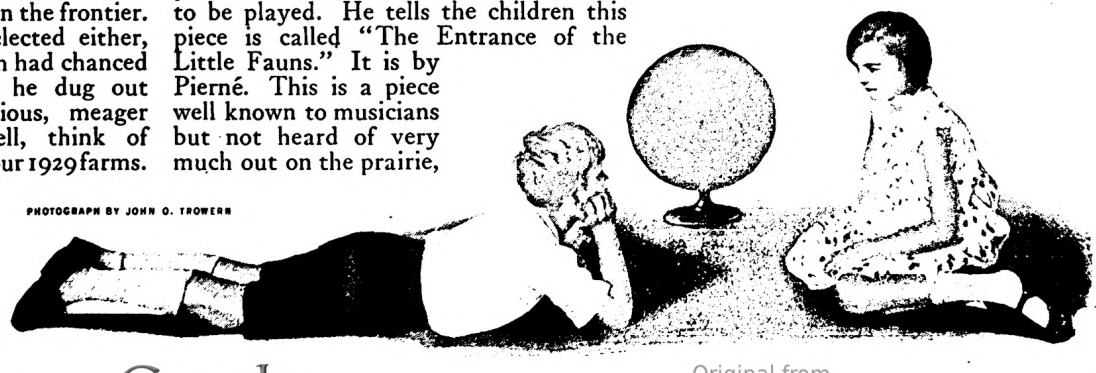
"These little Panpipes sound like our piccolo," continues the teacher. "This gentleman will play a few notes on the piccolo to show you how it sounds."

Then the musician twitters away on the piccolo for a few seconds, much to the delight of the pupils.

"Now, in this piece you will hear the little fauns come marching in, tramping merrily across the rustling leaves, and every now and then you will hear the old satyr blow on his Panpipes. He is teaching the little fauns how to play on them. There is one phrase in this piece of music which is carried by an instrument called the oboe. I want you to hear how it sounds and so I am going to ask the oboe player to play that little strain."

Whereupon the oboe player obliges.

"Now, the principal air—what we call the theme—of (*Continued on page 100*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN O. TROWERN

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EGBERT

Illustrated by HERBERT PAUS

POOR little Mr. Spotts sat half lost in the huge leather chair his wife had bought for him, a defeated man. He raised his hand from the chair arm and let it fall in the hopeless gesture of a beaten man. In the family conference his thin voice had been lost in the unanimous noise of the others. All had been deaf to his appeals and arguments, and the factory that had been the pride of the Spotts family for three generations was doomed. He felt like a worm that has been stepped on.

For four hours he had listened to the objections and refusals of his three sons-in-law and his four daughters and his wife, and they had been solidly against him. The reports and plans and estimates he had so carefully prepared they had pushed aside as unimportant.

"That's all very well," Ed Torrance had said. "Figures can prove anything. The fact is that the factory has swallowed up all you had."

"And who wears suspenders now?" May had interjected. "Look at the men in this room—all belts."

"I wear suspenders," Mr. Spotts had said humbly.

Someone laughed; Egbert Spotts *would* wear suspenders, the laugh said.

"To say nothing of the unpleasantness, Father, of having everyone say 'Oh, yes; the suspender man's daughter,'" Emma had said. "I think it would be ridiculous to put all that money into the factory when all the boys say it will be throwing it away. We don't need more money. We have plenty, all of us."

"Except me," said Egbert Spotts. "This house and the factory is all—"

"And this house is entirely too big for us, Bert," said Mrs. Spotts. "It is an elephant, and I've said so often enough. I say, sell it. Sell the factory. I'm sure our daughters—"

"Of course!" cried Letty. "We'd be only too glad to have you live with us—turn and turn about. They can go to you, May, until we get back from Europe—"

"To Emma first," May said. "We're going on that Alaska trip, you know."

"I'll be glad to have Father and Mother a while—when Norbert and I get back from Canada," Emma said. "Really, Father, you and Mother will never want for anything as long as we live."

"With two hundred thousand dollars—" Mr. Spotts said.

"No; I think we're quite decided," said Herndon Wight. "We don't care to go into it at all."

"ONLY a hundred thousand, then," begged Mr. Spotts. "With one hundred thousand dollars—or fifty thousand, to put in the new webbing machines. The new Spotts suspender—"

"I think we have decided not to put in anything, Father," Ed Torrance said. "I think we don't care to continue the factory. May, do you know it is after midnight? Are you ready to go up?"

When he was alone with his wife after the others had gone up Mr. Spotts was too dispirited to say anything more, but she said a great deal. He hardly listened, for he had heard her say practically the same things many times. Mrs. Spotts was a queenly woman, and Mr. Spotts had the greatest admiration for her; but she did seem to consider that he was almost less than nothing—and he wished she wouldn't.

"And don't sit here moping all night," she ended. "You'll have to lock up; the servants were all in bed long ago. Why don't you answer me? Well, you needn't blame me, Egbert Spotts! You've no one to blame but yourself. If you were half a man," she said, growing angry at his silence, "you'd not have let the factory get the best of you. If you were half a man, the boys wouldn't be afraid to let you have money. But you know, yourself, Egbert Spotts, that you can't even buy yourself a necktie without coming to me for advice about it. Well, good night!"

"Good night!" said Mr. Spotts listlessly, and he was alone.

He sat in the big chair, so much too big for him that he was like a sparrow in an eagle's nest, and for one moment—just long enough to let two tears form in his eyes—he was sorry for himself; then he began to think. He thought about Egbert Spotts, a subject on which he had not thought for many years.

The factory, established by his grandfather and made great by his father, had come to this sad crisis under his rule, and he knew why now. In 1916, when he had felt that a national advertising campaign would lift the Spotts suspender to greater heights than ever before, he had let Jane persuade him against the large expenditure. Lacking that publicity, the new Super-flex suspender had found no public and the money put into the new machine had been wasted.

"I LISTENED to Jane," he told himself; "Jane wouldn't listen to me."

But he had never reproached Jane. He never reproached anyone; it was not his custom to reproach anyone. He had been, he saw now, a meek man all his life.

"Perhaps," he thought, "it was because Mother named me Egbert."

His mother, having named him Egbert, called him Bert, but the boys had gleefully called him Eggy and Eggy Spot, as if he had been something untidily spilled on a shirt front. In England, he thought now, he might have been called Good Egg, which was an inspiriting name. A Good Egg might have stood up for his rights but there were too many insulting chang

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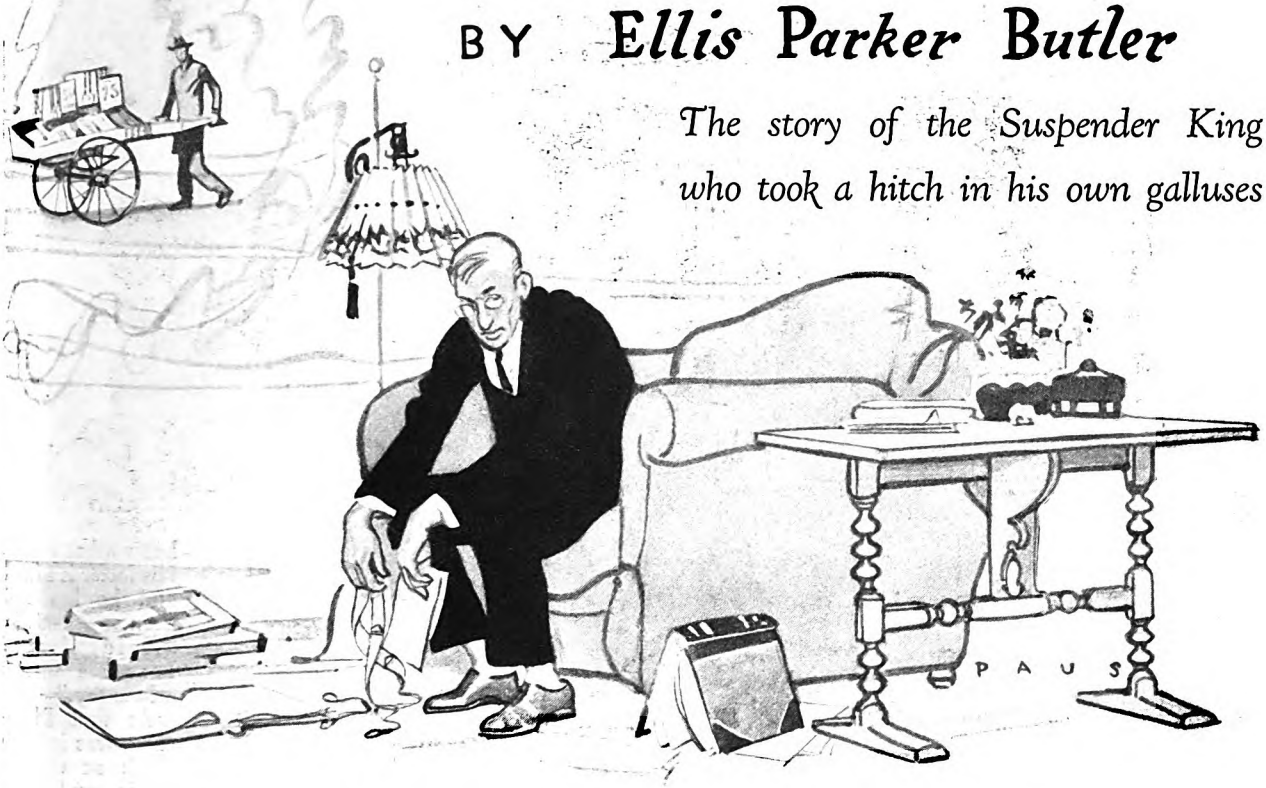
THE FIRST

BY *Ellis Parker Butler*

The story of the Suspender King who took a hitch in his own galluses



All had been deaf to his appeals and arguments, and the factory that had been the pride of the Spotts family for three generations was doomed

to be rung on Eggy—Chicken Eggy, Rotten Eggy. As a boy he had cringed under these names as under missiles thrown.

Jane had, of course, chosen him in marriage because he was meek. She would. His daughters—even Celia talked back to him as if he were supremely unimportant. Sell the factory! Sell the house! Give up the only two places where he had even a semblance of independence! "We can't have Father now, we're going to Europe; you take him, Emma." . . . "Take him yourself; we're going to Canada." . . . "Oh, let him go to a boarding house; what's the difference? He's only Eggy Spot!"

"It's too late now for me to change all that," thought Mr. Spotts. "I've let it be that way too long."

He thought of going to bed, but he was afraid Jane might be awake still, and Jane would talk. He would sit another hour, he thought, and he put out his hand for a book. It touched a biggish book which he opened at random.

"A TACITURN boy, small, shy, and lonely—" Mr. Spotts read, and thought, "Taciturn—that's silent. Small, shy, and lonely—I was that."

He looked at the title on the back of the book, interested to know who was small, shy, and lonely, and he saw the name "Napoleon." In another minute he was lost in the pages of the book. At times he turned a dozen pages at once, skipping forward and backward, and for ten minutes he read steadily, every line and every word. "Since my marriage, people fancy the lion is asleep. They will soon learn whether I am asleep." "Vive l'Empereur!" . . . "After all, what does it matter whether I am criticized? I will show them that I do not care." . . . "Wherever I may be I command—" . . . "First of all, we shall take the ships, empty the arsenal, carry off the big guns, and close the banks; we shall also keep Corfu and Ancona." . . . "Make me no more proposals; I will be your 'awgiver."

As the great deeds of the great little man leaped before his eyes one after another, Mr. Spotts breathed hard. He read the address to the Army of Italy, and thumped his fist on the arm of his chair.

"That's how to talk it!" he exclaimed. "*He* wasn't afraid; he let them have it straight. That's what's been the matter with me—never wanted to hurt their feelings. I've been too good to Jane. I've been too gentle with the whole lot of them. This Napoleon, he was the boy! He wouldn't stand any nonsense!"

Mr. Spotts got out of his chair and stood frowning. He threw out his chest and crossed his arms on it. He went into the hall and got his meek felt hat.

"Egbert!" called Mrs. Spotts from above.

"Go to sleep!" Egbert Spotts told her.

He went into the library and drew his hat firmly on his head crossways. He stood on a hassock so that he might see himself in the mirror over the fireplace, and looked into his own eyes coldly and fearlessly. By gracious, he had forgotten he had a chin like that! He folded his arms again and glared. He did not look anything like Napoleon, but, on the other hand, he did not look anything like the meek Egbert Spotts he had come to believe he was. He stepped down from the hassock and walked to the library table, drawing pens and paper toward him. With his hat still crushed on his head he wrote:

Family! For three generations the Spotts suspender has held up the trousers of the nation. Grant, Lee, Webster, Cleveland, Harding, Wilson—the great names of the glorious past—wore suspenders. Today the vast populations of China and Turkey begin to wear pants. Where a hundred suspenders were needed yesterday a thousand will be needed tomorrow.

HE PAUSED to dip his pen in the ink, and wrote:

Family, I will lead you into the most profitable markets of the world. There you will find wealth, yielding amazing returns. There you will reap dividends, income, and honor. Family, will you be wanting in spirit?

He hesitated as he was about to sign this with the word "Papa" and, instead, scrawled "Spotts" across the bottom of the sheet, and then went to pin it to the breakfast-room curtain. He returned to the library and wrote his second proclamation:

Wife! I am the head of the family. For three generations the name of Spotts has meant suspenders; when you married a Spotts you married a suspender factory. You are still married to one. Mother of the family, the generations look down upon you; the time has come when you must make the glorious decision: will you remain the wife of a suspender maker or accept desertion?

After considering the word "desertion" a moment Mr. Spotts decided that it was

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In another minute he was lost in the pages of the book

not a good word. A Napoleon would not desert anything, and he changed the word to "consequences." Jane would have to accept the consequences if she did not choose to be a suspender maker's wife. He wrote:

> The glorious Spotts suspender sequence must not be terminated by my generation. If we cannot make suspenders we must sell them. Wife, will you have a Spotts peddling suspenders on the street?

He signed this "Spotts," and after he had read another chapter or two in the life of Napoleon he went upstairs and pinned it to the door of Jane's room, which was also his room; but he did not go in and go to bed. His campaign had begun, and he was willing to suffer the rigors of a campaign. Wrapping himself in an overcoat he lay down on a couch and slept on the field of battle. . . . He was still wearing the hat.

THE next morning when Jane and the family came down Mr. Spotts was gone. Herndon Wight, who had been the first up, had taken Mr. Spotts's manifesto from the breakfast-room curtain, had put it in his pocket and did not bring it forth until Mrs. Spotts came down. Then he took her aside, his face very serious indeed.

"I wish you would read this, Mother," he said. "I found it pinned to the curtain yonder, and it worries me. Do you think—have you seen anything in Mr. Spotts's behavior recently, except this idea of his that we ought to put a lot of money into the factory, that would lead you to think he was—"

"Crazy?" supplied Mrs. Spotts. "Herndon, read this; I found it pinned to my door this morning. I never knew Egbert to act like this before. Why, Herndon," she added, when she had read Mr. Spotts's proclamation to the family, "Egbert must be out of his mind!"

"We had better let the others know," her son-in-law said. "I'm afraid this is serious, Mother. Where is he?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Spotts. "He didn't sleep in our room; it's the first time he hasn't since we were married."

"Where did he sleep then?" Herndon asked. "Do you think he has gone? You don't think he would do any harm to himself?"

"Oh, I don't know!" exclaimed Mrs. Spotts, more distressed over Egbert than she had ever been in her life. "I don't know what to think. His letter is so rough, and he has always been so—gentle. I'm afraid, Herndon! Let's see what the others say."

At first Ed Torrance was inclined to laugh at the whole affair, and Norbert Blane did not seem to take it any too seriously; but Celia—Mr. Spotts's youngest daughter and the only unmarried one—burst into unexpected angry defense of her father.

"That's just like you all," she cried. "As soon as you get married, you get stupid and don't care for anyone but yourselves. I don't wonder Father was driven crazy; you treated him as if he was a worm. Laughing at him! Saying nobody wore suspenders. I'll have you know that some perfectly fine people wear suspenders! The very finest man I know wears them."

"She means that Tommy Carter she thinks she's engaged to," said May. "I suppose it's collegiate!"

"NEVER you mind what it is," Celia retorted. "And he's not the only one who wears them. Poor Father! Just because he wants to support one of the old American institutions, you all have to rag him till he's half out of his mind. *I* don't care if they call me the Suspender King's daughter. I'd rather be called that than be called the Suspender Peddler's daughter. I don't think it would hurt you to let him have a few dollars. You know mighty well that if Grandfather hadn't left the money to May and Emma and Letty you'd all be living off Father. And Grandfather made it in suspenders, I'll remind you!"

"The question is," said Herndon Wight, "where your father is. I hope there is no question of suicide. Who saw him last? Was he depressed?"

"Dreadfully," said Mrs. Spotts. "Oh, if I had only made him come to bed! I let

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him stay down, and I've always made him come to bed."

"It would be nice, wouldn't it," said Celia, "if our father went and ended his life, and all the papers said it was because his own daughters and their husbands wouldn't let him have a little money to help a factory Lafayette visited? Nice, wouldn't it, when the factory has a letter from a King of England thanking it for a pair of braces, and one from Andrew Jackson accepting 'aforesaid pair of galluses'!"

"It wasn't so much the money," said Ed Torrance.

"And are you all going to sit here and let Father do something awful?" demanded Celia. "I'm not. I'm going to telephone the police."

"Celia! Come back here! If there's anything of that sort we'll have a private detective agency take charge," said Emma.

MRS. SPOTTS had begun to weep gently, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief, but Celia was not to be stopped. Her hand was upon the telephone when the instrument's bell rang.

"It's for Mother," she said and handed the receiver to Mrs. Spotts.

"It's a telegram," said Mrs. Spotts. "Herndon, will you take it down? Yes, please do," she said to the operator, and repeated this:

Wife! Family! Napoleon, wishing a male heir, divorced Josephine. The Spotts suspender dynasty fails as the cowardly sons-in-law repudiate the suspender, for three generations the glory of the Spottses. Duty and honor call upon me to perpetuate the Spotts glory, now about to burst into new splendor with the Improved Triple-Elastic Webbing. Reno and Paris call me. Napoleon had his Marie Louise, who gave him the King of Rome; Spotts will make safe the suspender dynasty.

This was signed "Spotts."

"He's not dead," said Celia.

"But he wouldn't do such a thing!" cried Mrs. Spotts. "At our age, after we have been married all these years and years! Celia, the telephone is ringing again."

"It's another telegram," Celia said. "Will you write it down, Herndon? This one begins 'Family'—"

"Family! Napoleon had his Elba, but he had his glorious hundred days; Spotts had his sons-in-law, but he has his tomorrow. The great metropolis grants the honors the family refuses, and awards Egbert the First peddler's license number one one six eight two seven. Courage!"

"The operator says he can't just make out the signature," Celia said. "It is 'Egbert' but there's something after it—'l' or 'I', or something."

Mrs. Spotts groaned.

"It's a Roman 'one,'" she said. "Celia, your poor father is crazy. He thinks he's a Napoleon."

"He wouldn't be joking, would he?" asked Norbert Blane. "He never did joke."

"Never! Never!" said Mrs. Spotts, who was tearful again. "Not since we were married. There was a time—"

"You can believe me," said Celia, "this is no joke. It won't be a joke for you, Mother, to have Father get a Paris divorce and marry some flapper. It won't be much of a joke for you, May, and Emma, and Letty, to have Father's picture in all the tabloids—Suspender Peddler, Once Man of Wealth, Weds Mere Child. I suppose he'll have a pushcart!"

"More likely," said Emma, "he will have one of those suitcase things hung from his neck by straps, with suspenders hanging down all around. 'Get your suspenders here, gents; get your suspenders here!'"

"I don't believe he will do it at all," said Letty. "I think he is just bluffing us. He wouldn't have the nerve."

Again the telephone bell jingled, and Mrs. Spotts instinctively put her hands over her ears. Herndon picked up his pencil.

"Answer it, Celia," May said.

"Answer it yourself," Celia said. "You needn't think you can all order me around the way you've ordered Father about."

"Another Napoleon in the family, a female one," said Emma, rather too sneeringly.

"Yes; and she's not ashamed of it, if you want to know it," retorted Celia. "I may not be any Napoleon, but I have enough independence not to be beholden to you girls for my bread and butter and silk stockings. Father is not the only one who can peddle suspenders."

"Celia!" wailed Mrs. Spotts. "You wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I? 'Sub Deb Jars Kin—' Well, answer the 'phone, why don't someone?"

Ed Torrance answered it.

"YES, this is the home of Mr. Egbert Spotts," he said in reply to the question asked. "Item of interest? . . . No, I don't know any item of interest. One moment, if you please." He placed his hand over the mouthpiece. "It is a reporter for the 'Daily Tabloid'," he said. "What do you suppose that means?"

"Father must be up to something else," said May bitterly. "Some more of his Napoleon nonsense, no doubt. Don't tell that reporter a thing, Ed."

"I won't," Ed promised, and he uncovered the mouthpiece. "I'll tell you, old man," he said to the reporter, "there's no news here that we know of. We couldn't give it out if there was; Mr. Spotts is the head of the family; you'll have to get any news from him."

"But that's it," said the reporter. "Mr. Spotts is right here at my side. He told me to call you up. He said there might be an item for me."

"Just a minute," Ed Torrance begged, and again he covered the mouthpiece and turned to the family. "He's right there himself, Mr. Spotts (*Continued on page 99*)

He slept on the field of battle

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What Happened to

A Man *Who* Worked

As if He Owned His EMPLOYER'S BUSINESS

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

NOT many moments in American business could equal for drama those in which a brief announcement was made three years ago by George Eastman. Before the Board of Directors of the Kodak Company, Mr. Eastman arose to declare that the time had come for him to resign as active head of the greatest corporation of its kind in the world. He had a successor, he went on to say, the secret of whose identity was already known to some who sat about that board table.

Silence. All eyes were fixed upon George Eastman. He opened his broad, masterful mouth and spoke a name—the name of a man not present.

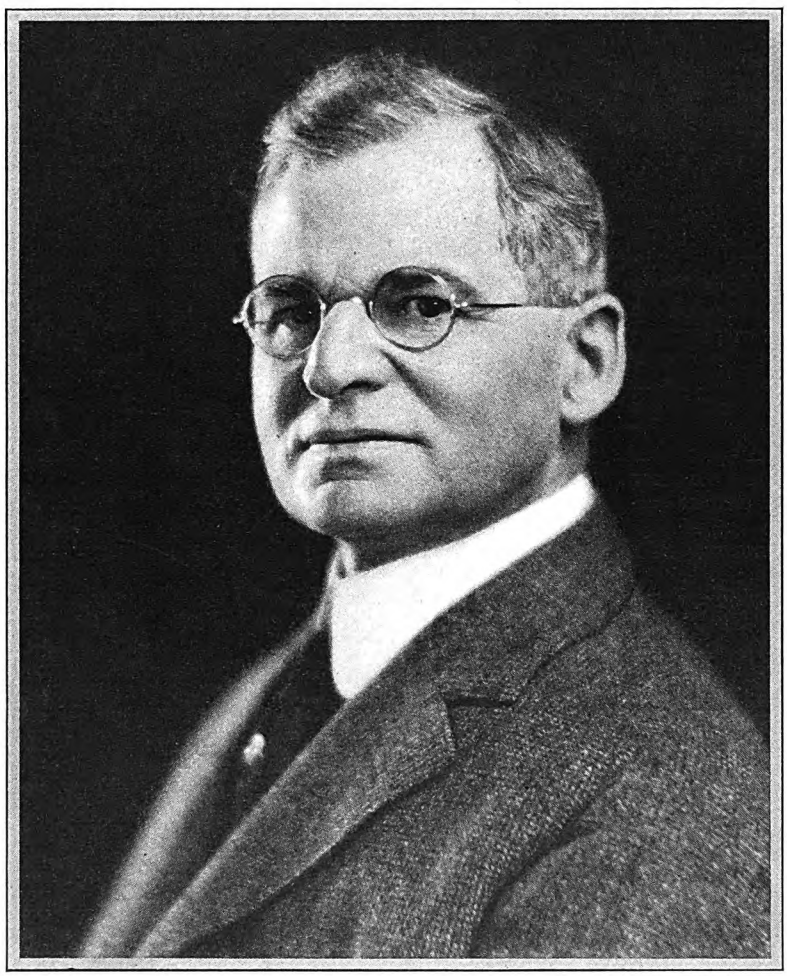
On a ship in the Mediterranean William G. Stuber was leaning on a taffrail photographing Gibraltar when a wireless operator brought him the news that he had been made president of the Eastman Kodak Company.

When Stuber returned to Rochester, his first act was to express gratitude to Eastman—his employer for thirty years. Then he faced a mob of reporters who scribbled notes about this iron-gray man of sixty—a man with a firm, almost ascetic, face, like that of a well-groomed lion.

"I'm too busy to talk, gentlemen," he said abruptly. "It's late."

That was at 8:05 A. M. Two minutes later, the new president was at a flat-topped desk in a room on the sixteenth floor of the Kodak Building. When the mob of reporters persisted in questioning and picturing this newly-revealed magnate of American industry, he sent out a biography briefer than a night letter and plunged forthwith into a conference with the European sales manager.

This characteristic action is a clue to the reason why George Eastman, on reaching the traditional threescore and ten, had no hesitation in nominating Stuber to step into his presidential shoes.



William G. Stuber, President of the Eastman Kodak Company

"Somebody," Eastman explains, "has attributed to Mr. Stuber the maxim that to succeed in any business a man should act as if he owned the business. That does not quite describe William Stuber's attitude toward his job. He always *worked* as if he owned our business."

Thus his first gesture as president was not, in fact, a gesture at all; no reception, no speeches, no display—just punctual and smooth continuance of his job.

THIS devotion to the daily task, plus intelligence and initiative that raises personal industry from the level of a grind, "made" Stuber with Eastman. It had "made" Stuber years before he knew Eastman, not in the sense of making his fortune, but in the more important sense of forming his character. And, curiously enough, the work he did before Eastman knew him—the work that led Eastman to seek him out—is still a hobby he pursues with a persistence that amounts to passion.

William George Stuber was more than thirty years old when he accepted the call that took him from his native Louisville to Rochester. At that age, in those days, young men who were wise men had usually established themselves in careers. Indeed, in these more mercurial times, the man in his thirties who is not also in his life work is rather up against it to find work that will last him for life.

STUBER had a profitable business and an interesting career, but an ambition that transcended both. His ambition was to make the perfect photographic emulsion, and he dedicated his energies to that goal with the constant zeal of a knight of legend seeking the Holy Grail. It led him eventually to headship of the concern that has made a world-wide business of perfect photography.

"My father," he tol me in his quick, clipped manner of speech—a voice touched with an aggressivenes strange to a gentle mouth and a high, studious forehead—"was a native of Alsace wh came to this country at a very early ag He was one of the first photographers t follow his trade in old Kentucky. Durin the Civil War, he was attached to variou regiments as a sort of official cameraman the photographs of those days being pra tically what we know as the tintype."

Stuber's earliest memories are of Louisville attic in which he spent hou posing for his father and diverting hims by sorting hundreds of faded pictures fighting men of all ranks, gauging th importance by an arbitrary standard the length of their whiskers. In tho days, photography that worked was mo of a novelty than aërial joy-riding is no Union Army men and Southern order

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pictures prodigally without paying for them punctually, for slow wages and sudden death frequently interfered. Result: Stuber, senior, was left poorer after the war than before it. And he had never been embarrassed by wealth.

Indeed, his sole assets, besides rent paid in advance for a miniature gallery with a cracked skylight, were a wet-plate camera and the urge to provide for two husky young sons and a daughter. This explains young William's remorse and consternation when, one prankful morning at the height of the Christmastide rush, he bumped into his father's camera and ruefully surveyed the pieces.

He expected a severe trouncing. Instead, his father made him sit down and watch the slow and painstaking repair of the broken picture box—romping and feeding being sternly suspended until the job was finished.

"Now," said Stuber, senior, "you know the damage one careless act can cause."

This object lesson in patience, combined with an inheritance of that virtue, has borne fruit as the guiding theme in Stuber's life work. Born and bred in his avocation, the circumstance of his father's premature death obliged him to follow the only trade he was acquainted with. In his teens, he was an accomplished tintype man. At county fair time, he invested in a stand to make likenesses of local dandies and their ladies. Profits, of course, were small: but the work was an unpremeditated source of advertising.

HE RECEIVED evidence of this after a particularly rainy spring when the photography trade in Louisville was about as lively as a well-regulated cemetery. Seated reading in the studio back of his frame house, a studio that was no more than a lean-to shack, a young man, in the pie hat and bell-bottom trousers popular in that generation, entered inquiringly.

"This is the fifth photograph shop I've been to," he explained. "I want to locate the man who made this."

He displayed, a little hesitantly, a copperish tintype in which Stuber detected the young man's features in proximity to the fairer face of a young woman. He admitted his handiwork to the visitor. The picture had been made at the last fall fair but one.

"It's the only tintype I ever had made that didn't fade before snowfall," the visitor explained. He added: "I'm going to marry that girl and she wants you to come and make a picture at the wedding."

The young man left with Stuber's promise, and he gave Stuber something more valuable than an assignment. He had confirmed a discovery for the photographer. During the years he had been struggling for a footing in his trade, Stuber had been absorbed in a problem just as immediate and exciting to him as that of obtaining a livelihood for himself and the family dependent on him—the problem of an effective and dependable photographic emulsion. That, he knew, was the touchstone of photographic success, more basic than skill in placing light and arranging posture; the element of science without which photography could not hope to become an art.

During long nights, he had experimented with varying strengths and quantities of silver (*Continued on page 116*)

If You Ask Me:

You Can't Afford to Spare *your* Spare Time

A LITTLE while ago the newspapers told of a man who refused a million dollars as payment for an invention which he had evolved and perfected "in his spare time."

He had put in a full day's work, year after year, on his regular job. Then, when the evening called other workers to loaf or to play, he settled down eagerly to hours of grindingly hard toil, on his invention. That was his way of resting.

The newspaper accounts could have spared space by omitting those words, "in his spare time." They could have been taken for granted. Of course, the invention was perfected "in his spare time." Most of the world's great men have achieved their true life work, not in the course of their needful daily occupations, but—in their spare time. Think it over, and you will see how true it is.

A tired-out rail-splitter crouched over his tattered books, by candlelight or by fireglow, at the day's end; preparing for his future, instead of snoring or skylarking like his co-laborers. Those laborers are forgotten. Lincoln is not. He cut out his path to later immortality—in his spare time.

An overworked and underpaid telegraph clerk stole hours from sleep or from play, at night; trying to crystallize into realities certain fantastic dreams in which he had faith. Today the whole world is benefiting by what Edison did—in his spare time.

A down-at-heel instructor in an obscure college varied the drudgery he hated by spending his evenings and his holidays in tinkering on a queer device of his, at which his fellow teachers laughed. I don't recall the names of any of those teachers. Neither do you. But we have not forgotten who invented the telephone—in his spare time.

Then there was a case which came under my own close observation and which is not mere history nor hearsay: the case of a woman—a clergyman's wife—who tackled the following none-too-easy job:

She had six children; and not only brought them up, but took sole charge of their education until they were nine or ten years old. Also, she was an inspired housekeeper, conducting the management of her large home and doing much entertaining. In addition to this, she was supremely active in church work and in missions; and was in fact the ideal helpmeet for her ever-busy clergyman husband.

She had the further handicap of years of ill health. But she performed her million duties brilliantly; shirking none of them.

That is a fairly large daily job, I think. Yet, "in her spare time" she was able to win fame as a novelist and household writer, under the pen name of "Marion Harland." (She was, incidentally, my mother.)

The list could be stretched out to infinity. It could be made to include nearly every successful writer, for instance. For almost all these writers mastered their chosen profession while they were slaving all day and every day at other forms of livelihood. They qualified for success and for fame—in their spare time.

The man who says: "I'd do such-and-such a big thing, if only I had time!" would do nothing great if he had all the time on the calendar. There always is time—spare time—at the disposal of every human who has the energy to use it.

Albert Payson Terhune

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Three Lives *in* One *and* Always Ahead *of his* Time

That, briefly, sums up DAVID STARR JORDAN, Grand Old Man of Science and Education, and Crusader for peace when peace was unfashionable

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

DAVID STARR JORDAN has wrung more out of life, has done more good for more people, and is happier at the sunset of his days, than anyone else I have ever known.

I don't mean to say that he has reached all his goals, or even come near them, for I happen to know that he has spent much of his time on the losing side of great questions, and that some of his most cherished dreams have not come true. But although often in the minority, he has always been respected by thinking people, and though bitterly opposed, he was usually found to be right in the end.

"If the matter is important," he said, "and you are sure of your ground, never fear to be in the minority. The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows where he is going."

For more than half a century David Starr Jordan has crusaded for the truth, and his door has ever been open to anyone with a problem of life for solution. He is retired now with the title of Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University, but the career of this grand old man has been an unusually full one. His outstanding achievements are the building of two great educational institutions, the University of Indiana and Stanford University. He has won distinction in the field of science as a foremost authority on fishes; and his crusade for world peace was climaxed by winning the Raphael Herman prize of $25,000 for the most practical peace plan.

So varied indeed are his major interests as to comprise three distinct and practically complete existences. He has succeeded in wringing three men's work out of one man's days. And even now, when he is nearing fourscore years of age, he is still searching ravenously for the truth.

"I have enjoyed my three more or less separate and independent lives," he told me, "and now I find that I have not merely one life to finish but all three of them. That complicates matters," he added with a smile, "and is the only objection I know to leading a triple life.

"The first life I have lived is that of the naturalist and explorer—a life I lived for the love of it. The second is the life of an educator, which covers my activities as a teacher and university president. This life also I have lived for the love of it. My third life is the life of a minor prophet of Democracy, a life I have lived from a sense of duty. I refer in this to the various crusades I have supported.

"All of these lives have been more or less complete, for I gave to them all that there was in me to give. I need scarcely tell you, I suppose, that they have kept my days more than full. But if I had my years to live over, I would choose all three of these lives to live again. They constitute my final choice of an ideal existence."

In addition to this, I happened to know that Dr. Jordan had composed verse and written children's fiction, yet he did not include the career of an author among the "lives" he had chosen, for the reason that writing was a hobby with him and not work.

"The poems were written mostly to my wife," he explained, naïvely, "and the stories were written for my children. I wrote when I had anything to say and spoke when I thought I had a message." But in each of the three lives he mentioned he has attained eminence.

NOT long ago it was my privilege to return to Stanford, where I had been a student, after a number of years and visit with Dr. Jordan. He resigned the helm of the University ten years ago, after piloting the new institution through its birth and its infancy and through two near catastrophes.

He wanted to finish his studies, and so he retired to a quiet little office in Jordan Hall, which they named in his honor in recognition of his achievements in science. I expected to find him taking life easily at seventy-seven years of age. Instead, I found him keeping office hours and busily engaged at a great roll-top desk. (*Continued on page 122*)

My Creed of Living

"I HAVE lived three separate lives, one occasionally predominating but never to the exclusion of the others," says Dr. Jordan. "To make this possible, I have always tried to use all my available time and energy. I never played any but athletic games. I did not play cards, not because I thought them wicked, but because cards seemed a waste of time. I always found time for baseball or for botanizing over the country. I never used tobacco nor alcoholics—tobacco because I couldn't afford to take the reduction in efficiency which, in my case, the use of tobacco entailed, alcohol for more profound reasons.

"I have managed to accomplish a good deal by avoiding the waste of time. Yet I never studied at night, because it weakens the eyes and makes one less capable in the daytime. That made it necessary for me to read and write rapidly. I sometimes read at a glance a full page in English or French.

"While eagerness is one of my strongest characteristics, it is a part of my plan never to get excited. I don't think anyone ever saw me excited outwardly. Understand, all this was not a preconceived plan on my part. I merely took my problems as they arose and made the best of them, but if I had tried to evolve a plan for living, it probably would have been the same."

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Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer

David Starr Jordan

DR. JORDAN is one of America's most famous private citizens. He has fought long and bravely for peace among nations; he has for fifty years been a distinguished educator; and he is credited with having studied, classified, and named more fishes than any other man. An amazing career which, though it has now been running for seventy-seven years, is still going strong! He is now chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, an institution which he guided from its inception until ten years ago. A native of Gainesville, New York, Dr. Jordan moved West with the pioneers. He first attracted wide attention as an educator when he liberalized the University of Indiana.

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Honoré Willsie Morrow

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW is distinguished as an editor, novelist, and short-story writer. She was born in Iowa and has spent a great deal of time in the West, which is the scene of most of her early novels. Among the best known of these are "Heart of the Desert," "Still Jim," "The Forbidden Trail," and "The Enchanted Canyon." For the past fifteen years, Mrs. Morrow has made her home in New York City. From 1914 to 1919, she was editor of "The Delineator." In recent years she has been making an intensive study of the life of Lincoln. The great Emancipator is the central figure in her latest two books, "Forever Free" and "With Malice Toward None." Mrs. Morrow is now concentrating on the study of Jefferson Davis.

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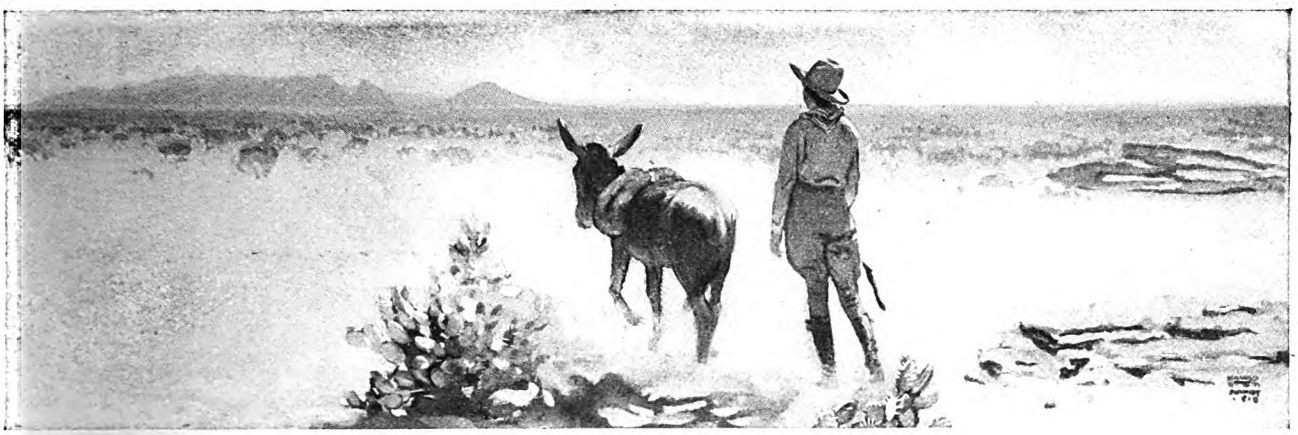

The Strangest Adventure a Woman Ever Had

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

ONE winter's morning when I was about twelve years old my mother wakened me before daylight. She told me to dress quickly and take the lantern and ask one of the neighbors to ride into town for the doctor. My baby sister was having a bad attack of the croup.

I was afraid of the dark but more afraid of sickness. We'd had a long siege of it. Mother could still scarcely crawl about after typhoid and we children had just finished with diphtheria. My father was away on business. This call from my mother was part and parcel of the loneliness, fears, and responsibilities that I was learning were life's essentials and I went shivering into the strange, cold dawn.

A blizzard delayed the doctor; delayed him too long! And that night I had my first meeting with sorrow when a neighbor, after helping my exhausted mother to bed, showed me how to keep a cloth wet with diluted baking soda over the little face which death in an hour's time had turned to marble.

It was, I suppose, this precocious vigil which has made me ever since then overconscious of death in life. Or, perhaps I was born a coward. At any rate, it seems to me I always felt a menace in life's kindest moments that was not shared by my contemporaries and that didn't make living any easier for me. For many years this early and poignant loss was a vivid and painful memory. But as I grew up and met with other griefs and not a few joys, its outlines became tenderly blurred for me and I was able to recall that night deliberately and to find a sort of beauty in the picture of the older child keeping the death watch over the younger.

But I never became less of a coward. I merely gained sufficient self-control to write myself down in my own estimation as a person of secret fears and to struggle to forget that fact. To laugh life off; that was the great idea. And I set about doing so.

It was not until I'd been laughing it off for many years that I realized that most of the people I knew were doing the same thing. It was astonishing and disconcerting. I always had comforted myself with the promise that some day I'd find someone with a fine, brave philosophy who'd give me enduring courage. And here I was discovering that after events have manhandled any of us enough the pretty, petty illusions that drape the hard contours of existence disappear and we learn that the basic facts of life are hard and bitter. It was a shock to me to discover that the fear of death and the passionate desire to ignore that fear are common to the whole human family.

UNTIL a few years ago I brooded a great deal over this discovery and over the whole agonizing mystery of life. Then came an event that changed my attitude of mind completely. The change was brought about indirectly by death once more striking in my family as casually as one crushes a fly. I was as horrified as an untried, undisciplined child and for weeks ran about like a rat in a tub in an effort to get my thoughts away from this the most recent of my tragedies. It was impossible to do so in New York where the thing had happened. And I began to dream of the one spot on earth where I recalled having felt complete serenity. This was the desert just below the Death Valley country. My mind fixed on this spot with feverish persistence.

I had no right to go there nor anywhere else. My duty lay clearly in New York. And yet so persistent was the dream and the desire that I finally cast aside every other consideration and fled to this land of haunting beauty.

There was nothing vague about my desire. I wanted to be just where I put myself: alone in the desert near the Mohave Indian village, north of the town of Needles. My lone tent lay about a quarter of a mile from the Colorado River, with its gray-green fringe of arrow weed. To the east, beyond the brown river, lifted the purple and gold of the Black Mesas. Above these towered the Blue Ridge Mountains, and beyond these lay Arizona. For the rest, golden wastes of sand and utter quiet save for the distant rush of waters. Surely, I told myself, if serenity were to be found, it was here.

FOR a few weeks, I thought I'd solved my problem. I tramped endless miles. I wrote several short stories. I slept pretty well, although I didn't like to be alone at night. And then one burning July morning as I brushed the sand from my typewriter and tied a handkerchief under my chin to keep the sweat from dropping on the paper, a sound drifted to me from the Indian village that shattered my serenity like a stone on thin glass. It was the death chant. Iretaba, the only son of Kemah, the chief, had been very ill with tuberculosis. This, then, was notice of his death to the world at large and to the Great Spirit in particular.

"Iretaba! Iretaba! Iretaba! Great Spirit, hear! Iretaba!"

It was evident that I had not run far enough away.

I set my teeth and pounded at the gritty keys. The wind during the spring had been balmy but as summer advanced it rose each day to ferocious dimensions and bent to its perpetual task of remodeling the face of the desert. The Colorado, now at the height of its summer flood, tore at its banks like a Niagara. But hour after hour the voice of human grief in the village yonder shrilled above both wind and river.

At two o'clock, the mercury said 110° but the wind was dropping. At four, the mercury had dropped five degrees. At

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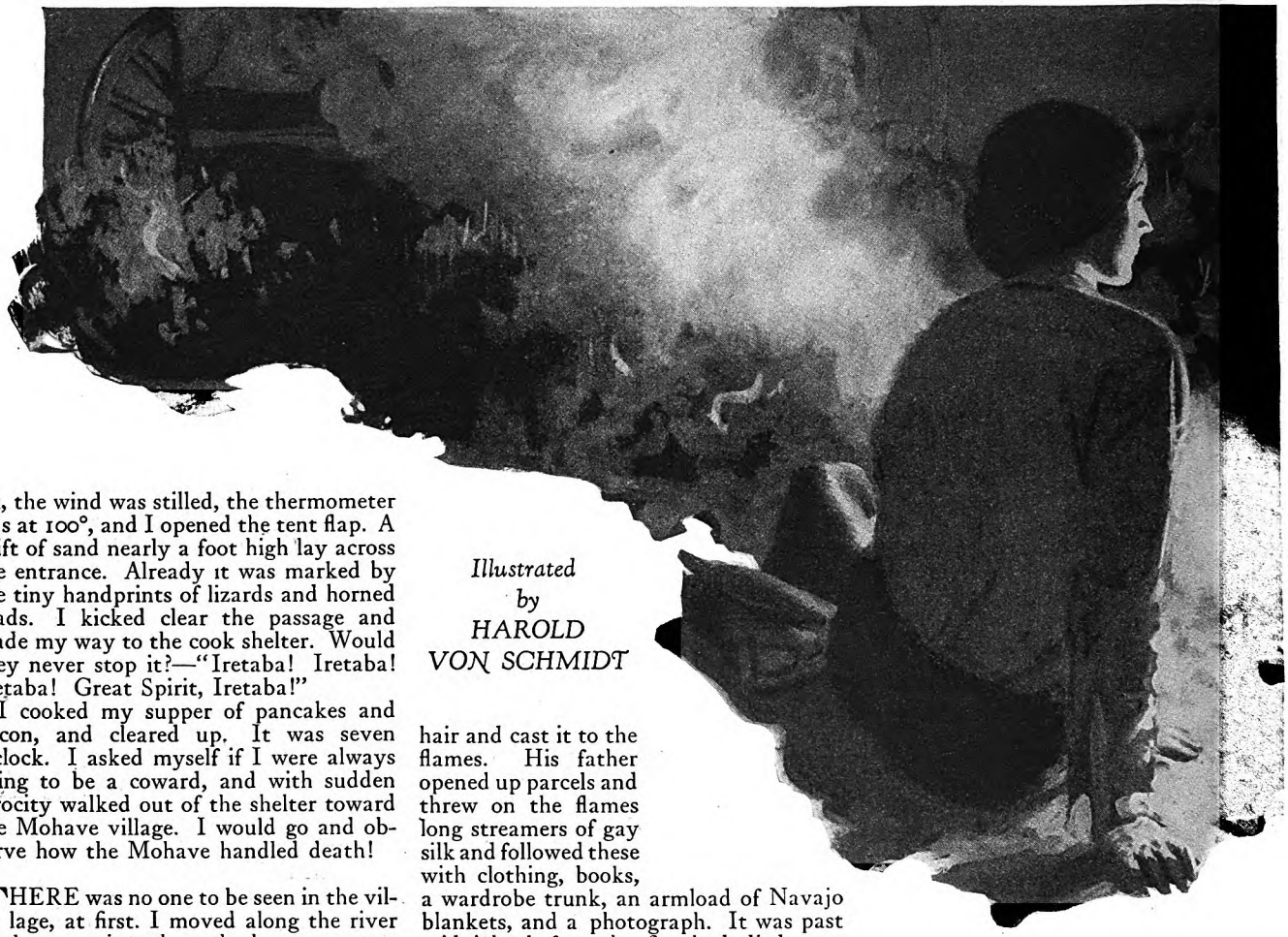

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

six, the wind was stilled, the thermometer was at 100°, and I opened the tent flap. A drift of sand nearly a foot high lay across the entrance. Already it was marked by the tiny handprints of lizards and horned toads. I kicked clear the passage and made my way to the cook shelter. Would they never stop it?—"Iretaba! Iretaba! Iretaba! Great Spirit, Iretaba!"

I cooked my supper of pancakes and bacon, and cleared up. It was seven o'clock. I asked myself if I were always going to be a coward, and with sudden ferocity walked out of the shelter toward the Mohave village. I would go and observe how the Mohave handled death!

THERE was no one to be seen in the village, at first. I moved along the river bank to a point where the hungry waters had made a deep undercut. Here had been scooped out a shallow grave on which had been laid, cradle fashion, a heap of piñon logs salvaged from the Colorado. The cradle was packed deep with greasewood. Just as the sun sank behind the western mesa, the medicine man emerged from his adobe shaking his rattle. Kemah followed. The old chief's arms were filled with parcels. After him came four other old men naked save for breech clouts, their long hair unbound to the waist. They carried a pole from which hung, hammock fashion, a red and black Navajo blanket. In this lay young Iretaba. Following the body, marched a long line of men, women, and children, winding along the trail to the piñon cradle, scarlet tomakwich shawls rippling, long black hair blowing, faces contorted with weeping as they sang the chant.

They laid Iretaba in his fragrant bed and heaped him over with more greasewood and logs. The chant ceased while the medicine man dropped his rattle and set a match to the pyre. A thin black line of smoke etched itself against the pink afterglow. The mighty frogs that follow the floods burst into their night chorus and against this and the sonorous rush of the Colorado, the Mohaves continued to call the attention of the Almighty to their loss.

"Great Spirit, Iretaba!"

The dusk deepened and the flames brightened. A great moon sailed over the river. A group of Mohave girls danced slowly back and forth before the pyre, begging the Great Spirit to make them fruitful, for their tribe was disappearing. Iretaba's women folk slashed off their hair and cast it to the flames. His father opened up parcels and threw on the flames long streamers of gay silk and followed these with clothing, books, a wardrobe trunk, an armload of Navajo blankets, and a photograph. It was past midnight before the fire had died to a sunken bed of coals. The chanting ceased with the flames and at last the tribe stood waiting.

They had not long to wait. During the ceremonies, the river had continued its work with relentless force, and a moment after the last note of the chant had receded, the bank before the pyre trembled and stirred and a wide crack appeared in the sand. Then, with a long-drawn sough, a slice of the desert bearing Iretaba's ashes slipped into the Colorado and the black waters closed above it. Immediately, old Kemah waded waist deep into the stream and with one last cry of "Iretaba!" cast into the angry current a bow and arrow, symbols of the boy's maturity.

As the weeping old man waded ashore, I turned campward. I'd had all I could stand.

BACK in my tent I couldn't sleep; so I lighted a candle and looked for something to read. A day or so before, a trader in Needles had insisted on lending me a copy of the diary of Padre Garcés, after whom the local railway hotel had been named. I felt no interest in the book, but now in desperation I opened it.

In a moment I was absorbed, and more than absorbed. I had not gone through half a dozen pages before a new set of ideas was flooding my brain and I realized that I was on the trail not only of a missionary but of a fascinating suggestion. I did not lay the book down till I had finished it.

Garcés was a monk, and in the years 1775-6 he made a long, solitary trip among the desert Indians, during which he kept the diary I was reading. The journal gave a minute account of his trails, with compass readings and watering spots so accurately set down that the trader had told me he had once retraced the monk's entire trip.

BUT there was more than mere geography in the diary. It presented a remarkable picture of a human being. Garcés was about thirty-five, a lean, brown Spaniard whom the Indians often took for one of themselves. He traveled light, carrying on his burro only a banner of the Blessed Virgin and shells for presents to the Indians. He wore only a black gown, having given his undergarments to the begging red men. Thus equipped, he traversed countries that no other white man would have tried to cross with a regiment.

Only one who has struggled for existence in the desert can appreciate the degree of hardship and suffering he underwent. No one not familiar with the savagery of the warfare that existed among those early tribes can appreciate the sheer bravery of the man. And only those who, like myself, had shuddered at the thought of death can seize with understanding on the reason he gave for taking the journey. And that brings me to the meat of Garcés' importance to me.

He didn't call his experience a journey. He called it an "*entrada*," which was a word used by the old *conquistadores* to describe their descent on the Indians when they were going to make either subjects or converts of them. Garcés said he was making an *entrada* for the sake of the Indians, but that more than that, h

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"Why you all time worry is because you stay so far away from your brothers. You come back to desert, live like Injuns live, then you believe like Injuns believe and you not worry"

was making what he styled an *entrada of the soul;* that his reason for going was because he knew death to be as good for the soul as life.

I stared at the tent canvas undulating in the night wind. What did he mean? What did the *entrada* hold for him? Had my coming to the desert also been an *entrada?* I shook my head at that. My attitude had been too passive. Garcés had not sat still while the elements roughed him, as I had. Forever on the move was Garcés. His was a high courage I couldn't hope to imitate. Courage! That supreme solace for human suffering!

How had Garcés found it? Could I, too, find it if I went over his trail? Not to conquer Indian souls of course, but my own. A sudden and powerful impulse swept over me. Why not take Garcés' trail and try to find what he had found—that death is as good for the soul as life?

I FOUND myself breathing hard. Good heavens, it had required almost more courage than I possessed to abide alone in this tent, close set through it was to the friendly Mohave village. It was hardly to be believed that I dared to spend a dozen nights alone on Garcés' solitary trail. And as I acknowledged this to myself, disgust sickened me. I wiped the sweat from my face and shivered.

"A weakling—all nerves and conversation!" I sneered at myself. "Let me tell you one hard truth, my good woman. It's highly probable that this urge you feel to take Garcés' trail, if yielded to, would prove to you finally whether or not you have even physical courage. Though you got nothing spiritual from it, wouldn't it restore a little of your self-respect if you found you possessed a tiny portion of Garcés' bodily nerve? But, of course, you'll invent some excuse—the idea is chimerical—absurd—"

"I certainly will not invent anything," I shouted suddenly. "I'll take Garcés' dare no matter how like a fool it may make me look!"

I mulled and muttered over this for some time but finally fell asleep. When I woke, with the sun hot on my tent, however, my resolution was clear-cut and I began to plan details. I'd get me a burro and, armed with a compass and Garcés' diary, I'd give myself to Garcés' trail to work upon.

FOR weeks, a stray burro had been coming to eat my meager table scraps. He probably had belonged to some prospector who had gone broke in the mountains to the north. The lonely little beast would be glad to have me take him on. After breakfast, I made up my pack. Two gunny sacks held my commissary. It consisted of a slab or two of bacon, oatmeal, coffee, evaporated milk, canned tomatoes, and a few potatoes, a coffeepot and skillet, a two-gallon canteen, two blankets, and a change of underwear. I wore a flannel shirt, riding breeches, and high laced boots, the last not alone against sand and thorns, but against the rattlers. They change their skins in July and strike at any sound without warning.

John, the burro, made not the slightest objection when I tied the two sacks across his back and jerked on the lead rope. Perhaps the *entrada* furnishes the normal mode of life for a donkey!

All day we worked along the sandy trail, northward toward Fort Mohave; dull going and very hot and wearying. Made camp that night within hearing of a rancho, with apologies to my pride. I was too tired to cross the river where I would find Garcés' kind of solitude. It was mosquito-ridden work sleeping in the arrow weed along the river, and the first night on the ground is always one of torment. But I was short of sleep and almost exhausted, so I closed my eyes at twilight and knew nothing more till dawn. A mild triumph, that! I told myself, as I hobbled about getting breakfast.

We crossed the river at sunup and, watching the compass and Garcés' diary, worked southest seeking his pass over the mesa and through the range which now loomed above us. But I made hard work of finding it, searching for hours without result. About four o'clock, as I squatted on a rock heap and gazed bleakly down at the distant Colorado, a squaw came along the trail I'd just left and stopped in front of me. She was a heavy, dull-featured woman wearing the inevitable red tomakwich cape or shawl. After she had stared her fill she suddenly began to shiver.

"Heap cold! White squaw give 'em Molly shirt!" pointing at my gray flannel standby.

"It's hotter than fury and you know it!" I retorted. "But I tell you what I will do. I'll give you my red necktie if you'll show me the old Mohave-Hualapai Pass I know must be near here."

She shook her bobbed head. "No sabez," she muttered. But she sat down near me, nevertheless.

I pulled off my tie and dangled it from my fingers.

"How much grub?" demanded Molly.

"I've only a little, but I can give you some potatoes," I replied.

She grunted. There was a long silence. Then Molly rose clumsily to her feet. She obviously was not far from motherhood.

"You fool heeko (white)!" she said, and scrambled up beside me to point over the rock heap on which I was squatting. "Pass go there."

I followed her finger. Sure enough, there was a wide draw leading upward. It was not an easy prospect, for the floor was half choked with broken rock and well grown with cholla cactus. No wonder it had long since been deserted. I wasn't keen about the look of it, but if the padre could, I could! I gave Molly the tie and half a dozen of my precious potatoes, took John's lead rope, and began my scramble.

I HAD thought from Garcés' diary that I could make the crossing before dark. There was a spring, he said, just before the descent was made on the east side into the Sacramento wash in Arizona. But Garcés, characteristically, made no note of the extraordinary roughness of the going. Perhaps it hadn't seemed rough to him. But dusk caught John and me sweating in a cactus-grown crack in the ranges with black walls scarcely a rod apart and only the evening star high above to keep alive our faith in the existence of (*Continued on page 80*)

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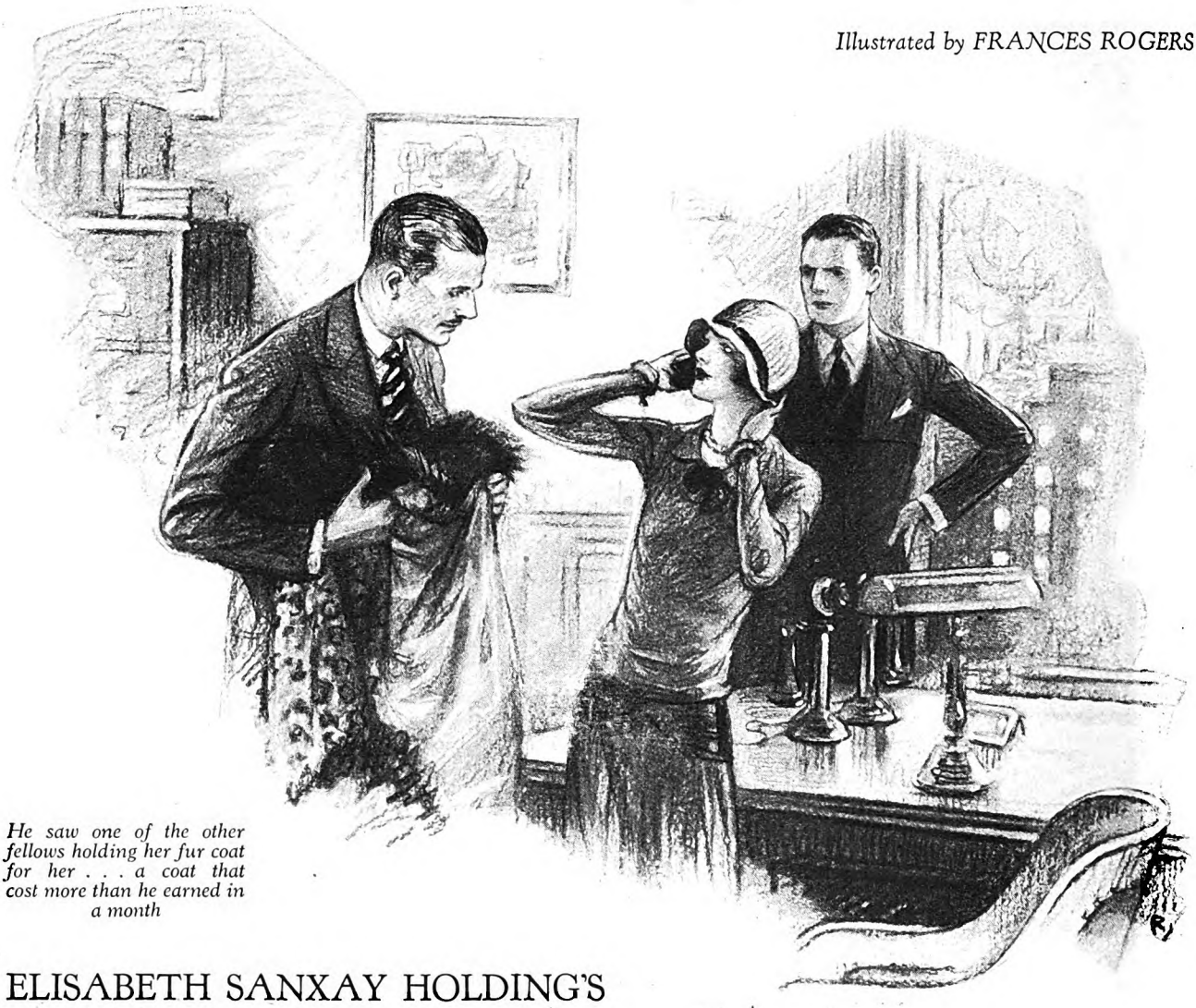
Illustrated by FRANCES ROGERS



He saw one of the other fellows holding her fur coat for her . . . a coat that cost more than he earned in a month

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING'S

charming love story

A Dinner Date

THE office was on the fifteenth floor, and young Cowan, standing at the window, could see stretched out below him in the dark something like a land of faëry. The towering buildings where lights glittered might have been castled crags; across the black waters of the bay the ferries swam, like squat jeweled dragons; in the dark sky a thousand multi-colored lights flashed silently.

And all this stirred him terribly. He stood there looking out, a fiercely rebellious prisoner, his hands in his empty pockets.

"Makes me sick!" he said to himself.

"Cowan!" said Mr. Prout.

"Sir?"

"Here's your dinner money, Cowan."

"Thank you, sir," said Cowan, and pocketed the dollar. One dollar. . . .

She was getting ready to go home. He saw one of the other fellows holding her fur coat for her. He had seen fur coats like that in shop windows and had found out what they cost; more than he earned in a month. And her white gloves and her smart little green purse, and her silk stockings and gleaming patent-leather shoes; all her air of delicate and fastidious luxury!

"Lord! She's wonderful!" he thought, staring at her with a sort of miserable delight.

Then he caught her eye, and he saw the color rise in her cheeks until they flamed, and she smiled at him, not a fastidious and luxurious smile, but shy and uncertain. He *knew* she never smiled that way for anyone else.

HE STROLLED over to her, stood beside her, looked down into her dark, delicate little face with a cool smile, as if he were indulgently amused by the pretty little thing. But he didn't feel like that.

He could have dropped on one knee before her and let her lay her hand on his bent head; he could have kissed her gleaming little shoe, and offered her all he had, and all his future. She was such a kind, gentle, friendly girl; not only lovely and dazzling, but kind.

Only, all he had wasn't enough, wasn't a tenth of enough. He had taken her out to lunch once, and it had cost him seven dollars. For a lunch and the taxi. She had been so nice about it, so happy; she had told him she had had a "wonderful time." But of course she must be used to that sort of thing; she had sat at the table like a little princess, gay and gracious, and all the time he had talked to her he had been making secret calculations. Rent and food and clothes . . .

"It'll be years before I have enough," he had thought.

He was twenty-four now, and he couldn't wait years. And she wouldn't, of course. Look at that other fellow. . . And there must be dozens of them, all ready to offer her everything.

"Have you got to stay late, Mr. Cowan?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, still smiling at her

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Then his amused, indulgent smile vanished; his mouth grew tense, his blue eyes looked at her with dogged despair. Just for that instant all his heart was in his face, and she read it. Her eyes fell, she turned away her head, so that he saw her clear profile.

"Come on, Marie!" called one of the girls from the doorway.

She was going, to heaven knows what sort of gay and expensive evening, while he would be left behind here, forgotten.

"I'm sorry," he said, and fancied that he spoke casually. "I'd wanted to ask you—if you wouldn't come out to dinner with me tonight; but now, of course—"

HE, WITH one dollar in his pocket! Well, it was true enough that he had wanted to ask her.

"Oh, come on, Marie!" called the other girl.

But she lingered.

"How late will you be?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, about eight," he answered.

"That's not too late, is it?"

His face grew white.

"N-not for me!" he said, valiantly.

"If you'll ring me up when you've finished, I can meet you somewhere."

"All right! I'll do that!" said young Cowan, and wrote down her telephone number.

Then she went, and in the doorway looked back over her shoulder, the loveliest look, her eyes a little misty.

"One dollar!" said young Cowan to himself. "What can I *do?*"

He went back to the window, saw again that land of faëry. Everything lay there below him: theaters, restaurants, superb cars, delicate food, music, dancing—and he had one dollar in his pocket.

"She wanted to come," he thought. "Really wanted to. . . . If I'd only saved my money. If I'd only worked harder. I could have studied in the evenings. I needn't have bought that other suit. If I'd known—"

His hands clenched in his empty pockets.

"Cowan, better go out and get your dinner," said Mr. Prout.

Cowan spun round on his heel and looked at the manager. A tranquil, gray-haired man in spectacles, Mr. Prout was, but not so mild as he looked.

"See here, sir," said young Cowan. "I—I've paid up all that advance I got last month."

"Yes," said Mr. Prout, serenely, "so you have."

He sat with a green shade over his eyes, bending over his desk.

"I—" said young Cowan. "See here, sir! If you'd let me have another twenty-five?"

"See me about it tomorrow morning, Cowan." Mr. Prout's reply sounded final.

"I mean—now, sir."

"Cash has gone to the bank, Cowan."

"Can you lend it to me, sir?"

Mr. Prout pushed up his eye shade and looked at Cowan.

"That's a rather peculiar request, Cowan."

"I know," said Cowan, doggedly. "But if you would . . . I need it . . . like the dickens, sir."

"This time of night, Cowan?"

"Yes," said Cowan.

"Ha!" said Mr. Prout, musingly. "Flyin' high, Cowan." And began to whistle, staring at the ceiling.

"It's . . . urgent private business, sir!" cried young Cowan.

"Urgent, eh?" said Mr. Prout, and was silent for a time. "Well," he said at last; "I happen to have it, and I'll lend it to you."

"Thank you, sir!" said Cowan, and his voice was not quite steady.

Cowan went out and gulped down two cups of black coffee and hurried back to the office, and worked better than ever he had worked before. The time went by extraordinarily fast.

"All right!" said Mr. Prout. "I guess that will do for tonight."

"Good night, sir," said young Cowan. "And thank you again."

AS HE went out of the office, his knees felt a little weak, as if he had escaped some great peril.

"Darned nice of Prout," he thought. "If he hadn't—!"

But he had, and young Cowan had twenty-five dollars in his pocket.

"I'm not going to ring her up and tell her to meet me," he thought. "I'll stop for her, and we'll take a taxi."

He found her address in the office address book; it was pretty far up-town, but he had got away a little earlier than he had expected. The subway train was almost empty; he sat with his long legs stretched out before him, and an odd look on his keen young face.

"I'd do just about anything," he thought, "for her."

The most fantastic and desperate ideas ran through his head. Could he manage to make some money on Wall

"I'll have to go!" he said, hastily. "I—I just came—to explain that I—I can't ask you to dinner tonight"

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Street? Other fellows did. A lucky break—easy money—quick money—

"Because I love her," he said to himself. "It's the real thing. I—I didn't know it would ever be like this. . . . So that I'd give . . . my soul for her. I love her so. And I haven't anything to give her!"

IN a queer mood young Cowan was, a dangerous mood. Like so many other fellows in that city that night, terribly stirred by that tinsel faëry land, filled with honest young passion, generously and pitifully eager to give to the beloved woman all that empty glitter.

"I've *got* to make money—quick!" he thought. And he couldn't well have thought anything worse.

He was surprised by the house she lived in; he thought he must be mistaken. She, to live here, in this dingy old apartment-house, in this dingy side street. Such a setting, for *her!*

He stood there looking out, a fiercely rebellious prisoner, his hands in his empty pockets

But her name was under one of the bells. He rang, and waited. The latch did not click, but he found the door unlocked, and in he went. He began to mount the dimly lighted stone stairs, one flight, two flights; then he heard her voice, up above, and he stopped.

"If you'll just wait!" he heard her say.

"Nope!" said a man's surly voice. "I bin waitin'—long enough."

"But just till tomorrow!"

"Nope!" said the man.

Cowan went quietly up a few more steps, hot with anger at the man who dared to speak to her like that.

"Just till tomorrow!" he heard her say, in a desperate little voice. "I have a dinner date tonight!"

"Nope!" said the man. "I can't."

"All right! Then t-take it!" she cried, with a sob.

As Cowan started up the last flight he met that man coming down, with a fur coat over his arm.

"It's her coat!" said Cowan to himself.

The man went past him, down the stairs.

"Her coat!" thought Cowan. "She was crying."

He turned and ran down after the man.

"See here!" he said, in a low, furious voice. "What are you doing?"

"What am I doin'?" said the man. "Mindin' my own business."

"That coat—" said Cowan.

"That coat ain't paid for," said the man.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars owin' on that coat," said the man. "Five weeks due."

"Here's your money," said Cowan.

The man went on down the stairs and Cowan stood on the landing, with the coat over his arm. And one dollar in his pocket. He tried to decide what to do.

"And what can I tell her?" he thought. "She'll be angry. . . . If I could only leave this blame' coat somewhere for her, and clear out. I can't see her—now."

"Mr. Cowan!"

He had to see her now. She was leaning over the banisters on the top floor, looking down at him, her little dark face very serious.

"I didn't know you were coming here!" she said. "You told me you'd telephone. I—" She stopped short as she caught sight of the coat. "Mr. Cowan!"

HE MADE up his mind that he was going to lie recklessly. He went on up until he stood beside her.

"I met a fellow on the stairs," he said. "He asked me if I'd bring the coat up to you. Said he'd . . . see you about it later."

She looked him straight in the face.

"Mr. Cowan!" she said again, and her voice was frigid.

"I'll have to go!" he said hastily. "I—I just came—to explain that I—I can't ask you to dinner tonight. I'm awfully sorry, but—the thing is—I—I can't."

He held out the coat to her, but she made no move to take it. So he hung it over the banisters, and with a strained and miserable smile turned to go.

"See you tomorrow," he said.

"Mr. Cowan! Please come back! I want to speak to you!"

"I'm in a hurry," said Cowan.

But he came. She pushed open the door behind her, and he followed her into a bare little room, not a stick of furniture in it, a bright light overhead shining down upon her little dark head.

"What's she doing here?" he thought. "In this place, without any furniture! And her coat. Poor little kid! What's happened to her?"

But he could not say one word to comfort her, could only stand staring at the floor in mute anguish.

"Mr. Cowan!" she said, "my coat—"

"The fellow told me—"

"No, he didn't," said she, looking steadily at him. "You had no right to do that."

"I'm sorry," said he, curtly; "I beg your pardon."

"But anyhow you've got your coat," he thought. "I've *done* something for you, anyhow."

"YOU see," said she, with that little air of dignity he so loved, "Auntie's been sick and . . . our expenses increased . . . and I couldn't pay for . . . things . . . for a while. But I'd have managed, later on. I always do. I'm not—dishonest."

"I know you're not!" he cried. "I know you're—" He stopped abruptly. "I'll have to be stepping along now. . . . I just wanted to explain that I couldn't go out to dinner with you tonight. Because—"

To save his life he could invent no plausible reason. So he fell silent, and she too said nothing.

"Well," she said, at last, "I'm sorry."

He thought then that he had mortally offended her.

"It's not that I don't want to!" he said. "I—I never wanted anything so much. Only I'm—just a darn fool, flat broke. I've never tried to save up. I'm going to try, though. I'm—"

"Then that makes everything m-much worse!" she cried. "You had no right—Just *think* how . . . it makes me feel!"

She was crying now, and he could not bear it.

"I know!" he said. "I'm so sorry. I can't tell you. Only—if you knew— If I could just offer you—everything. If you knew how I felt—about you—you wouldn't mind."

"I do mind!" she said. "It wasn't . . . fair!"

"I know!" said Cowan, and again had turned away, when she called him.

"Mr. Cowan!"

She was drying her eyes with a small handkerchief, but her air was quite composed.

"Mr. Cowan, won't you come in and have dinner with Auntie and me?"

"Come in? You don't live here then."

"Oh, no! We live in the next flat. I just ran in here to talk to that man. I didn't want poor Auntie to be disturbed. This is an empty flat, to let."

"To let?" Cowan repeated mechanically.

"Yes," she said. "It's cunning, isn't it?"

"Cunning?" he (*Continued on page 119*)

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Making Friends With LUCK

By IRVING BACHELLER

THOMAS A. EDISON and I were sitting in his smoking-room upstairs after dinner. I was looking at the animated portrait of a boy with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, hanging on the wall.

"That's me," he said. "I used to be a newsboy. By and by I rose to the dignity of news agent on a train which ran between Saginaw and Detroit. My last trip was as unexpected as a pair of twins. It's quite a story—and goes to show what queer happenings control our destiny or assist us to turn the tide of our affairs into other channels.

"Coming down from Saginaw one day I was passing through the smoking car with an armful of newspapers. A man stopped me. He was a Southerner, well dressed, standing collar, string tie, sparkler in his shirt front, big black hat on his head. A long cigar tilted upward from the corner of his mouth. A negro sat beside him.

"'BOY, what ye got there?' he asked.

"'Newspapers,' I answered.

"'How many?'

"'Thirty-four.'

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window,' he commanded.

"I hesitated.

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window,' he repeated. 'I'm able to pay for 'em.'

"Taking him at his word, I flung them through an open window.

"He lazily turned to the negro at his side, as if the vulgar details of business were beneath him, saying in a lordly tone: 'Nicodemus, settle with the boy.'

"The colored man paid me. I returned to my trunk. I had never sold my papers with so little effort. I thought that I would try him again. I returned to the smoking car with a load of magazines that staggered me. It was enough to give a horse the heaves. I left none behind.

"My customer saw me coming.

"'Hello, boy, what ye got there?' he demanded.

"'Magazines.'

"'How many?'

"I told him.

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window.'

"It was a bull market. I unloaded. For the first time my stock was moving fast. I think that half a mile of the right of way was paved with literature.

"'Nicodemus, settle with the boy,' my whimsical Southern friend commanded, as I returned empty-handed to his seat.

"I understood the situation. My customer evidently was having a few days of princely relaxation. Like many men of that time, on pleasure bent, he was playing the part of a lavish Roman emperor. His little hobby was the creation of astonishment. I decided that if I had been chosen by fate to assist him to ride his hobby, far be it from me to lag behind.

"I hurried back to my trunk. It was half full of novels: 'The Gun Maker of Moscow,' 'The Hidden Hand,' 'Beldemonio,' 'The Indian Slayer,' 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,' and a stock of Beadle's dime novels in yellow paper covers. Some of them showed signs of wear. The brakeman helped me stack them in my arms. It was almost a wagon-load. I was in the midst of an adventure as thrilling as any in the books I carried. I toiled into the smoking car with my burden, wondering if my streak of luck would hold.

"AGAIN the familiar words: 'Hello, boy, what ye got there?'

"'Novels,' I answered.

"'How many?'

"Having counted them I gave the number.

"Again the welcome order: 'Chuck 'em out o' the window.'

"Gladly I chucked 'em. For a minute the air was full of mystery and bloody murder. Every tramp on that railroad must have become a walking library, and I'm sure that the section boss acquired a surprising familiarity with literature.

"Once more I heard the princely command: 'Nicodemus, settle with the boy.'

"My bill was paid in full.

"I returned to an empty trunk. I closed and locked (*Continued on page 132*)

Good Luck *Picks Its* Pals

"I HAVE found that good luck is a wise chooser of its companions," says Mr. Bacheller. "It prefers to run with the man who sees his way clearly and is prepared to act quickly when approaching decisive moments. Luck is no laggard nor waster of time.

"Then, too, it is always on the lookout for the fellow who has a conscience, and sense enough to obey it. This, however, does not wholly satisfy the fickle goddess. The young man must be eager to find his place and generous in the work it demands.

"Every human being has a number of lucky breaks scattered through his life. Some people never recognize them. Others recognize them vaguely. The really lucky man is the one who knows good fortune when he sees it and then pushes it to the limit."

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. SIEWERT, FLA.

Irving Bacheller, through his books and his personality, has won a high place in the affection of America. He is the author of "Eben Holden," "Silas Strong," "A Man for the Ages," "In the Days of Poor Richard," "Father Abraham," and other novels

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ADVENTURES

Now and then he meets a crook, but most of his trouble is caused by extravagant or careless persons

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

DURING the busiest hour of a big store's special sale a small, dark, quietly dressed customer selected a pair of bargain gloves. After searching perfunctorily through his pockets, he said apologetically to the clerk, "Sorry, but as I have no money with me I'll have to ask you to cash my check. I'll make it in round figures so I'll get some change. The cashier will know me, as I have a charge account."

The clerk took the check that was proffered him, saying "I'll get your change," as with check and gloves he disappeared behind a row of shelves. Thus concealed, he spoke into a house telephone to the credit manager.

"A customer whom I do not know just gave me a check on the firm for $20, signed 'Tony Barreto,' in payment for a $1.95 sale," said the clerk. "Shall I take it to the accommodation cashier on this floor or send it up to you?"

As the credit manager received this message on one 'phone he talked through another to a stocky, decisive individual who immediately went into action when he heard, "There's another Tony Barreto check at the glove counter, main floor." To the clerk the credit manager said, "Hold check, gloves, and customer."

A moment later the store detective approached the small, dark man who wanted change. "There seems to be some sort of error," the detective remarked deferentially. "Do you mind going with me to the credit manager?"

The customer was incensed instantly. "I'm in a hurry. Who are you?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm just an employee of the store," said the detective. "The credit manager wants to meet you. Maybe there's some mix-up in the books. Anyhow, you and he can talk it over and clear it up."

Carrying the gloves and check and convoying the indignant customer, the detective entered the nearest elevator and presently appeared at a long oak desk behind which sat a suave young man.

"Please have a chair," the latter said, addressing the irate arrival and at the same time motioning the detective to wait outside.

"What is the reason for this outrage?" the customer demanded acidly.

"There seems to be some doubt about identity and I wanted you to help me clear it up," the credit manager replied. "You see, some weeks ago someone gave us one of your checks and it came back marked 'forgery.' I thought you might give us a hint as to who passed that forged check. For you, of course, are Tony Barreto."

"Of course," the dark one replied, producing a pass book on a bank. "See my name there? And here's my check book, and two letters addressed to me."

He held these exhibits where the credit manager could see them, but when the latter reached for them the dark one said, "Now are you satisfied?" and stuffed the evidence into his pocket.

"Looks as if you are Tony Barreto," admitted his inquisitor. "But who do you think forged that other check?"

"That's what puzzles me; I spotted the forgery right away."

"Are you familiar with forgeries?"

AT THIS chance shot from the credit manager, the dark one began to pale and beads of perspiration appeared on his brow. He blustered and glared, at the implied accusation. "Anyone can tell his own signature," he declared.

"Even when it's traced on transparent paper?" This time the erstwhile suave credit manager was leaning across the table, a long finger pointed toward the man. "Why did you try that bad check trick on us again?"

At the end of a tense moment the man cringed and began to whine. "I'm caught. I did it," he muttered thickly. "But, mister, you'll let me off this time? There's three state's prison sentences now against me. You know that under the Baumes law I'll go up for life this time. And I got a wife and two young children. Just tell that flatfoot out there you've made a mistake. Won't you, just this time?"

The credit manager had his turn at mental anguish. It is no pleasure to send a fellow being to a long life behind prison walls. The amount involved was only twenty dollars. It would be easy to tell the house detective that they had the wrong man. Then he shook his head sadly. "Sorry. I can't do it," he answered. "You'll have to go with the detective." And when the check passer had passed from view the credit manager resumed the examination of a sheaf of papers having to do with past due, slow pay, and suspended charge accounts.

WHEN Justin H. Edgerton described this incident twenty-four hours afte it occurred, he added, rather grimly "When I reached this office today tha check passer's police record was on m desk and one line especially appealed t me. 'He always shoots his way out c tight places,' the record read.

"That doesn't mean I was in danger but it illustrates some of the situation which face a credit manager. The book and files of James McCreery & Company by whom I am employed, and of the Associated Retail Credit Men of New York City, Inc., of which I am a past presiden show that ninety-eight per cent of reta charge customers are honest, althoug many of them are negligent in paying bill

"But in spite of this high percentage honesty a retail credit manager has sinecure. His job is to protect you ar other honest customers from dishones and negligence. I am responsible for tv hundred thousand charge accounts. T unreliable two per cent of these, plus t criminals who prey on retail credit stor *could* be a menace to all credit custome if the credit department wasn't watchi them. If my department relaxed vigilance, the store's losses would increa consumer cost of merchandise.

"A small proportion of our credit c

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# of a Credit Manager

Drawing by MARSHALL FRANTZ

Justin H. Edgerton is head of the credit department of James McCreery & Company of New York. He is a former president of the Associated Retail Credit Men of the same city

tomers abuse the privileges granted them and we have methods of correcting such abuse. But because credit is essential to our commercial scheme and there are many million charge accounts, a number of individuals try to beat the credit game, generally by using names in good standing on our books.

"That forger, who for once did not shoot his way out of a tight place, had filched the pass book, check book, and letters belonging to Tony Barreto (which is not his real name) from an apartment house mail box. Stealing mail from such places by bent wire or similar devices is not a novelty.

"And once in possession of Barreto's pass book and signature, it was an easy matter for him to trace that signature on another check or checks. His greatest error was in offering us a second check when he must have known the first one had come back to us.

"But check passers are rather rare with us. Most of those who try to get something for nothing at our store use the names of bona fide charge customers, but do not run afoul of banking laws.

"These minor crooks get hold of the names of our charge accounts in various ways. The most common is to overhear a customer say: 'Charge it, please. My name is Mrs. So-and-so.' The crook makes a mental or written note of the name and address which are usually given to the sales person by such a customer. Then he or she goes to another part of the store at once, or on a later date, and has purchases charged to that name but either takes the merchandise along or has it delivered to some 'new' address. The 'take with' method is the easiest.

"ONE of our most interesting cases started with a telephone message purporting to be from Mrs. Cortabilt to the effect that her maid would call that afternoon to take with her a certain sable coat which Mrs. Cortabilt had seen, fancied, and decided to become the owner of. 'My maid is short, slender, and blonde,' the message said. 'She will be dressed in black and the second finger of her right hand will be bandaged, as she cut it accidentally yesterday.'

"Mrs. Cortabilt had been our good customer many years. She had ordered merchandise of lesser value in that way more than once. Ordinarily, we would have delivered that sable coat to her maid without question. But something in the message—possibly its detail—prompted our department to telephone to Mrs. Cortabilt. The result was that when the blonde maid appeared, in black, with the second finger of her right hand bandaged and displayed convincingly, she was arrested by our store detective and is still paying the penalty of her attempted larceny. Mrs. Cortabilt had not ordered any coat delivered via her maid, and the blonde adventuress was unknown to the Cortabilt household.

"Not long ago a sweet young thing who by all the signs and (*Continued on page 120*)

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On *the* Road *to* JERICHO'S

PERSIS, Jim Rogers's wife, rested one hand on the gatepost and stood looking down the trail toward Pine City. Somehow, watching the big cottonwoods near the creek bank and hearing the doves mourn down yonder in the shadows, always made her think. Well, it was surely quiet enough to think . . . there on the ranch, with Jim away riding most of the time. . . .

She thought she loved Jim, all right. She hoped she did. They had been married three years now, and even though she guessed she loved him, those three years had been pretty terrible. They had been as arid as Montana in August, when the grass was burned with a white sun and the grasshoppers buzzed up in an animated spray as high as the horse's head as you rode along. Jim always swore at grasshoppers—said they ruined grazing.

Persis had a funny proud feeling about Jim. Everybody asked Jim about things: when to cut alfalfa; how he reckoned the third crop would be; what he thought of cottonseed meal for winter feed—did it really make cattle blind sometimes? You could tell by the way they came to Jim for advice that they thought a lot of him.

Well, maybe that was what made her love him; that is, maybe it helped some. But she wished he would really *converse* with her sometimes, instead of just telling her what he had done during the day, or what he had planned for tomorrow. Talking about todays and tomorrows seemed to narrow life down to barb wire, white-faced Herefords, grazi grasshoppers, and weather.

TWO evenings ago she and Jim walked along the edge of the riper alfalfa in front of the ranch house. Jus now, it was sunset time. She could the purple blossoms, and little dark gr leaves, and they seemed wonderful th in the twilight—millions and million them. She had said, "Jim, isn't the falfa beautiful? Don't you think Jim?" And Jim had said, "Yeah; ought to get a good third crop this ye

Jim had spoken about a thing of bea as a crop—a *crop!* "Oh, Jim," she said, "don't you feel a little pang w you see something beautiful like th

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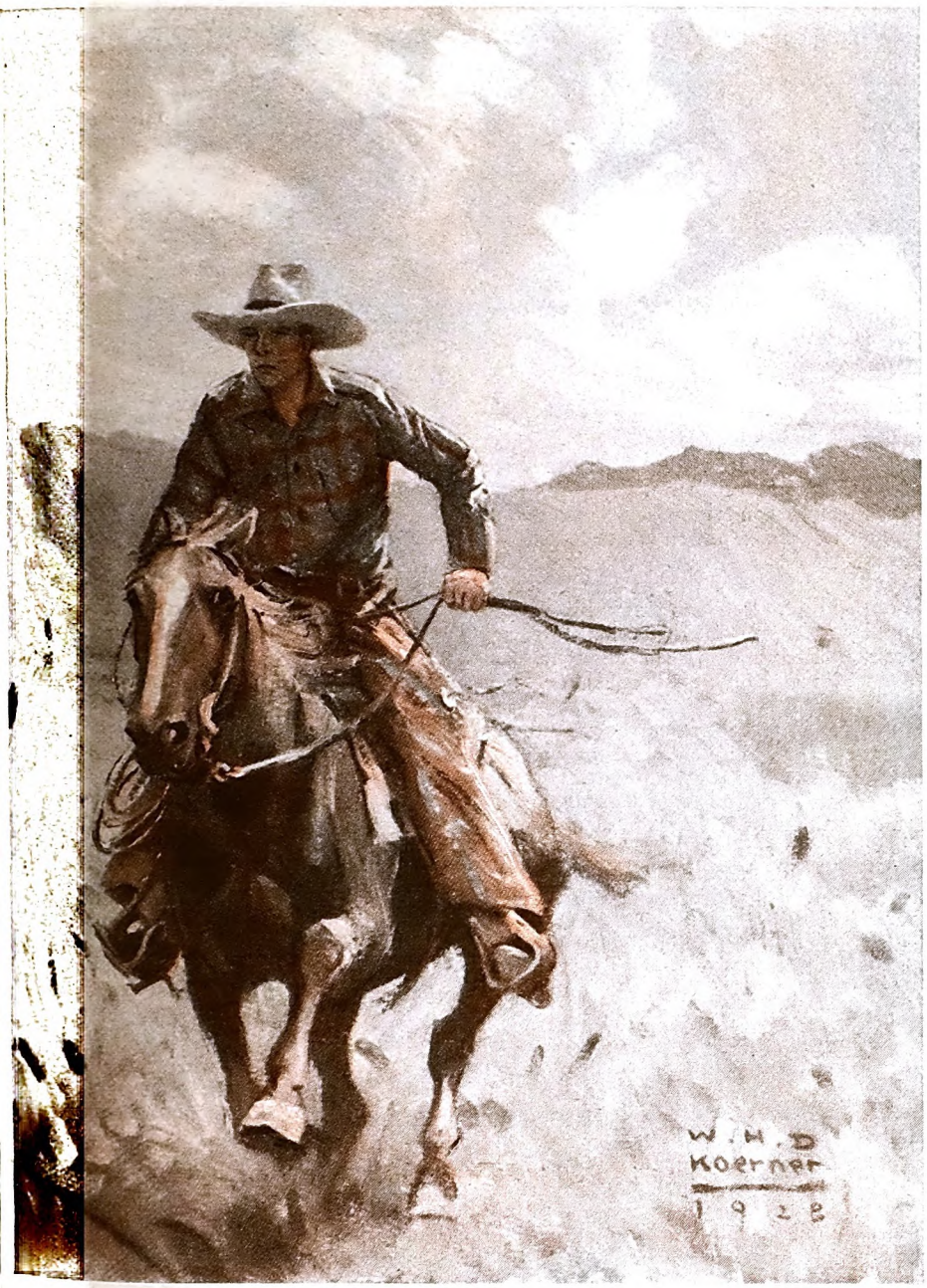

It was when her thoughts touched upon the "important business" that fear stole upon her. Persis could still see the tenseness of the men's faces as they rode away

A *story by* EDMUND WARE

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

like that alfalfa growing there?" Jim had put his arm around her then; but he had spoiled it by saying, "Well, I reckon it's mostly for women to feel that way. A man has to *do* things."

It hurt—Jim's saying that—because it confirmed everlastingly her fear that he looked upon her, even *down* upon her, as just a woman. She couldn't be much use to a man, or a man's affairs. She was out of it.

Just a woman, Persis thought, just a woman who stood the smell of burning flesh and hair at branding time; who listened to the bawling of hurt calves until it rang and rang and rang; who cooked and washed for the round-up crew—men who made noises while they ate, yet never spoke at mealtimes. She had done that for Jim, her husband. Wasn't that helping? Wasn't it?

Persis, resting one hand on the gatepost, stood looking down the trail toward Pine City, and deep in her throat she felt the hurt of loneliness. She wanted Jim to know that she counted . . . she wanted to *show* him that she did. She bit down hard on her lower lip . . . there was no one around to see.

WHERE the trail gleamed like a yellow band down the west side of Rimrock Ridge she saw a frolicking speck of dust. At last someone was coming from Pine City with the mail. Probably it was Jim . . . he had said something about going to town.

But it was not Jim. It was Rob Jericho. She could tell it was Rob when he got to the ford at the foot of the ridge, because no one but Rob Jericho would ride spurring across the Bear Creek ford just to see the water splash silver all around him. He was singing, too—singing sort of wildly she thought.

SHE followed his approach, watching his features take shape as his pony brought him nearer and nearer. First his face was a tan spot with nothing but dots for eyes and nose and mouth. Then, all at once, she could actually see the features—his thin straight nose, his sensitive mouth, his eyes, looking all around at the cottonwoods and the sky line, then right toward her. She could hear the creak of his riding gear and the breathing of his horse. Littlest details began to show. Then Rob drew rein.

"Well, hello, Mis' Rogers," he said. "I've got some letters for you here—two of them."

"Thank you," she said; and when Rob handed her the letters she noticed that he used his left hand, letting the bridle reins drop across the saddle horn. And she noticed a little blood on the sleeve of his gray shirt.

"You've got something the matter with your arm," she said, looking up at him.

"Yes." He dismounted, and the reins trailed down from the bridle. "Barbed wire," he added.

"I don't believe you. I don't believe it was barbed wire at all."

"Well, I didn't figure you would," he said. "Say, I saw Jim in town and he gave me these letters for you, and he said, 'Tell Persis I've got to stay in town. Tell her,' Jim said, 'that she can ride over to the Jenkinses for the night.'"

Persis frowned a little when she heard about Jim's staying in Pine City. Still, he had done it once or twice before—stayed on account of the Cattlemen's Association, or on account of a cattle buyer—at least it was cattle something. Jim did a sickish lot of things because of cattle.

These thoughts went through her mind quickly, like the sudden blinking on and off of a light. Then she looked again at Rob, and at the spot on his sleeve. "Rob, you'd better let me fix that up for you."

"Oh, never mind," he said, with a queer half-smile; "you don't want to go and ruin the red in my 'red badge of courage,' do you?"

Persis's eyes opened wide. "You think I don't know that means a wound," she said. "You think I never read about 'The

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Red Badge of Courage,' don't you, Rob?"

Rob shrugged. He seemed a little paler.

Persis was vaguely irritated to think that he—the sensitive, courteous, singing Rob Jericho—believed he had said something she could not understand. Yet she knew she had responded to something in him.

He stood motionless beside his grazing horse, staring intently, seriously, at the distant peaks. She watched him for a moment, then looked out over the alfalfa, which trembled in the twilight where the faint breeze touched. "Rob," she said suddenly, "look out there a minute. Look at the alfalfa. Don't you think it's beautiful, Rob?"

He looked. "Yes," he said, "I surely think it is. It looks cool and—and—well, just what you said."

ROB, about to ride on to his tiny homestead five miles farther up Bear Creek, reached for the trailing bridle reins. He was going to turn away, going to ride on. Persis didn't want him to. She wanted him to say some more things in his young, intense voice.

"Rob, tell me: Do things, I mean like trees and rocks and clouds, ever remind you of people? You know, animals sometimes look like human beings. Do things, ever?"

"Why, sure. Sometimes when I'm riding in the night the trees seem to look like different people. Why, I've got a tree for you, Mis' Rogers. Honest I have!"

It was nice to know that—to know that Rob thought about her . . . had a tree that reminded him of her when he saw it, riding by it in the night. She guessed Jim never had many thoughts like that.

Pointing toward a gloomy pinnacle—a sinister specter in the gathering dusk, she said, "See that? That's a cruel, dreadful-looking peak. That's always reminded me of someone. It reminds me of that man Shag Slade. You know him, Rob?"

He gave a little gasp. "Yes," he said, "I know him!" He turned toward his horse, about to depart. But he stopped and added, "If you want me to, I'll ride over to the Jenkinses with you, Mis' Rogers?"

Then she remembered that Jim had stayed in Pine City and that she would be left alone. Well, maybe she would punish Jim a little by not going over to the Jenkinses at all—by staying alone at the ranch. Jim would be sorry about that; and there would be his punishment.

Rob said, "I'll go catch up your horse for you. I'll go—" There was a queer break in his voice. It sounded weak and indistinct. "Say—I'll—catch—" His voice died out and in the dusk she saw him stagger a little. She heard his hand striking against the leather of his saddle as he reached for its support.

"Why—why, Rob! What's the matter, Rob?"

He had slipped to the ground. The horse snorted and moved away quickly. A new kind of loneliness spread over her. It was dark now, and there was a great silence where there had been a voice. She stood for a few seconds, searching through the darkness. She knelt beside him. She was afraid. . . .

Somehow she carried and dragged Rob into the bunk house. She let him slide onto a bunk. Somewhere was an oil lamp. She fumbled about in the dark, found and lighted it, placed it on the window sill.

She watched Rob as he stood motionless beside his grazing horse. He was staring intently, seriously, at the distant peaks

In Rob's pocket she found a knife. She cut away his sleeve. A wound bled in his forearm. "Red badge," she thought, and knew Rob had been shot. She did not dare wonder how.

At length, when the wound was bound, she sat in an old chair near him, watching his face in the lamplight. Once he opened his eyes and looked up at her, strangely. "You'd better go to sleep now, Rob."

He smiled. "Well, yes—thanks," and his lids fluttered down again. He reached out his hand the way a little child reaches out to touch an older person. Persis guessed it would be hard for people to understand how she felt then, if they should see her that way with Rob Jericho. She didn't care much, but it made her shiver to imagine eyes looking in. She felt ashamed of that, and so, after he had gone to sleep, she leaned down and kissed his mouth. She looked at him for a long time. He was helpless—he, Rob Jericho. But she had helped. He was like—well—he was like a little boy.

Under the floor a cricket was making some sounds, and outside there was a katydid, and from the creek bank a disturbed dove mourned. A breeze came and stirred the leaves; the steady stars looked at her from across ten billion miles.

After a while she tiptoed from the cabin, found Rob's horse grazing, munching away at the damp grass. She led him to the corral, unsaddled him, and turned him in. Then she came back to watch.

SHE knew it was a long time later, because the rectangular patch of moonlight on the bunk house had traveled clear across the room, until it began to glow on an old saddle and some riding gear in a corner; it was then that a sound from the doorway made her feel insecure.

She turned very slowly, afraid to turn, yet desperately wanting to. A tall man leaned against the casing log, looking at her. He made a commanding motion for her to come nearer, and she arose quietly and went toward him. The man was Shag Slade.

After a moment she said, softly, "What do you want here? Why have you come here, anyway?"

He stared. "Well, I've been watching you in here for a spell now. I don't expect you'd want your husband to know about your setting i here alone with youn Jericho? I don't figur you'd want him t know anything abou it, would you?"

She knew the though that was in his min But she did not know why he should sp on her—just in order to tell her that had, and then taunt her. She almo wished she could kill him for the expre sion that was on his face.

"DON'T you talk like that," she sai "Don't you look like that. Y don't know what you're about." S spoke intensely, with a swift motion her hands. Then, quite calmly, she we on: "I don't suppose it would be any u for me to tell you why I'm here. I do know that I want to tell you. I don't wa you here at all. I don't have to expla to you, or anyone else, what I do."

Slade's eyes seemed to grin as he stare "Well, I reckon you wouldn't like people to know about your being h this way, would you now? You would want me to go and tell people about would you?"

She thought suddenly of Rob and of h she had felt as she watched him, and h little anyone could ever know of emotions. What was the use of trying explain anything?

She looked hard at Slade, and witho caring what the words might mean to hi she shrugged her shoulders and sa "No! I don't want a soul to know abo it—least of all you!"

"Huh!" Slade grunted. "Well, didn't think you would want anyone know it—but you better remember tha do!" He made as if to leave, mov slightly.

"Go away from here—go on!" Pe cried, feeling at his move to depart a r of hot, dangerous blood. "You have got yourself anything by coming her not a thing!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Slade frown turned away, and was gone, as silently a shadow.

She could not believe he had ever b there. Everything was exactly as bef he had come—the cricket under the ca floor, the dove mourning now and th and inside the shadows made by the lar light. Everything was just the same, yet there was a throb of fear and disg

She leaned against the door cas looked out with big, staring eyes into

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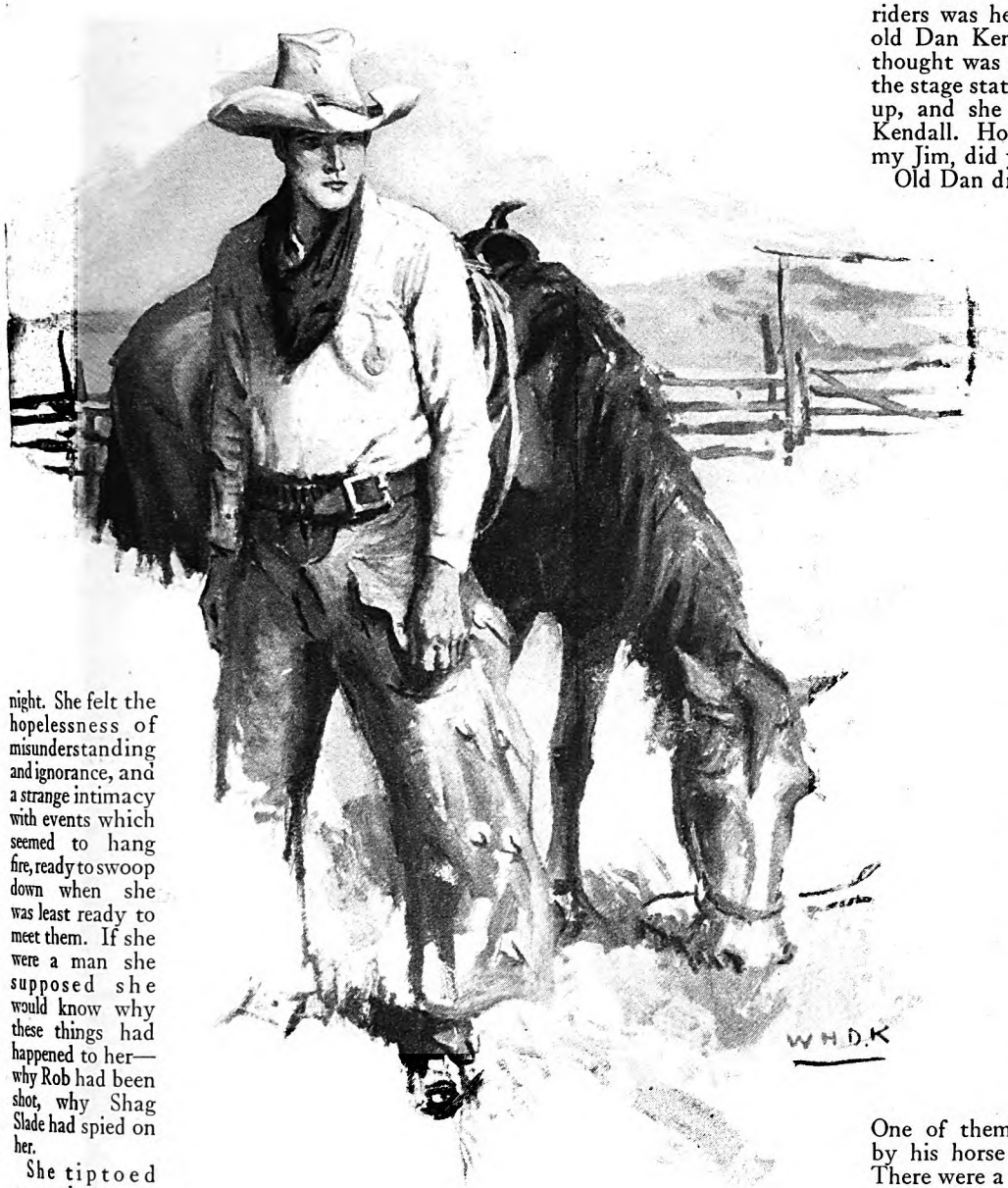

night. She felt the hopelessness of misunderstanding and ignorance, and a strange intimacy with events which seemed to hang fire, ready to swoop down when she was least ready to meet them. If she were a man she supposed she would know why these things had happened to her—why Rob had been shot, why Shag Slade had spied on her.

She tiptoed across the room, looked down at Rob, still sleeping, turned the lamp low, and walked up the little path to the ranch house. She stepped into the dark bedroom. Only once did she feel the absence of Jim. It was when finally she had gone to bed, and lay looking at the dull gray patch of the window. She missed Jim's long, tired sigh and the nearness of his arm beside her. "I wish," she thought, "that I could show Jim that I count—that I'm *not* 'just a woman'—" She gave a tight, low sob of loneliness.

NEXT morning when she awoke it was raining. She heard the dying mutter of remote thunder.

It seemed very late, as if she had slept half the morning through. But the alarm clock on the dresser said five minutes of eight. Well, that was pretty late for ranch folks to get up; but she remembered that she had been up almost all night. . . . And suddenly she wondered about Rob.

After she had finished dressing she went to the kitchen, kindled a fire in the stove, and put on the big coffeepot. Then she walked down the path to the bunk house. No answer came to her knock. He must still be sleeping, she thought, and stepped noiselessly inside.

The bunk was empty. The lamp stood just as it had the night before, on the window sill, and held underneath it by one corner was a piece of paper—a note from Rob.

"Thanks, Mrs. Rogers," the note read. "You needn't worry about me. The red badge isn't so red as to make you any worry. I guess I must have acted pretty foolish.—Rob Jericho."

She was sorry he had gone away; she had wanted to be responsible for him a little longer. But she knew he would not want that. Probably he had waked up feeling ashamed of himself for fainting. Probably it would have embarrassed him to see her in the morning after she had helped him in his weakness. She smiled and thought, "Rob's a boy; and he'd want to seem strong; he'd want to seem invulnerable—"

She went to the corral out back of the bunk house and saw that his horse was gone. "Well, I guess he'll be all right. I *hope* he'll be all right."

The rain ceased gradually as the morning wore away. She began to expect Jim's return from Pine City. Quite often she went to the door to watch for him, and at length she saw two riders. Neither of the riders was her husband. She recognized old Dan Kendall, and another man she thought was Pete Sisson, who worked at the stage station at Pine City. They rode up, and she hailed them. "Hello, Mr. Kendall. How are you? You didn't see my Jim, did you?"

Old Dan drew rein. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "He'll be along d'rectly."

"Don't you want to stop in for dinner? It's nearly time."

The two men seemed anxious to ride on. Persis felt an ugly little alarm, for no reason except that the men seemed too steadily bound for some place—or some thing.

"No—no, thanks; I reckon we better be goin'," said Old Dan, moving his bridle reins.

"Yes'm, we gotta be movin' on," said Pete Sisson.

"Well, good-by, Mis' Rogers." Old Dan touched his hat, and the two rode on up the Bear Creek trail.

SHE wondered why Old Dan was not more cordial. She thought it strange that they should depart so nervously and so quickly. With her eye she followed them around the bend in the trail, then she turned again to watch the yellow ribbon of the road to the eastward, where she had first seen them. Pretty soon two more riders appeared, and close behind them a third and a fourth. One of them was Jim—she could tell by his horse and by the way he rode. There were a hundred little gestures that distinguished him to her.

Jim carried his head at a new, stern angle; the muscles in his face were taut, just as had been Dan Kendall's and Sisson's; his mouth was almost grim, she thought; and his eyes looked straight ahead. She noticed that some of the riders carried rifles in long holsters under their stirrup fenders.

Jim halted in front of her. "I can't stop now," he said. "I got to be goin' on up the creek a piece."

There were things she wanted desperately to tell him; but his tone repulsed her. Something in his manner choked back all her glad response at seeing him.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a low voice. "What are you going to do?"

"We got to go up the creek a piece," he repeated. "We got some work up there we've got to get done." The men looked at Jim and at each other, nodding. One man mumbled something.

"We'll be back pretty soon," Jim said, and moved his feet deeper into his stirrups.

"Jim," she said, trying to keep her voice low, "Jim, won't you listen to me a minute? There's something I want to tell you."

Jim's face was hard, and a trifle pale. He looked steadily down at Persis. "I reckon it'll have (*Continued on page 102*)

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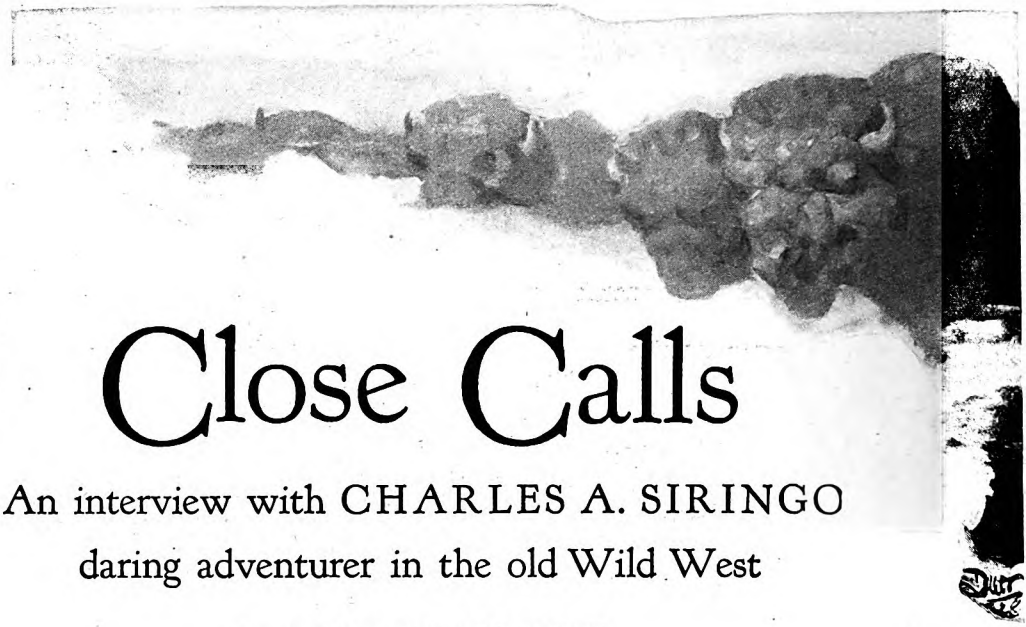

Close Calls

An interview with CHARLES A. SIRINGO daring adventurer in the old Wild West

By NEIL M. CLARK

Charles A. Siringo, the "Charlie Cowboy" of romantic fame, lived joyfully and daringly all of his days. He knew the famous bad men of the old days, and the famous sheriffs and marshals. Mr. Siringo died just before this magazine went to press, and soon after having given to Mr. Clark the thrilling interview that is printed here

DOWN in the State University at Austin, Texas, they have dedicated six bronze tablets to men representing the forces which went into the building of that state; on one of the six is inscribed simply: "Charlie Cowboy."

Those who know the literature of the cowboy's West need no introduction to "Charlie Cowboy," or, to give him his full name, Charles A. Siringo. The very name is synonymous with every vivid phase of the old West that is now history: buffalo-hunting, cow-punching, Indian fighting, the Chisholm Trail, broncho-busting, Billy the Kid, No-Man's-Land, John Wesley Hardin, sheep and cattle wars, rustling, sharpshooting, prairie fires, stampedes. Few lived as fully and daringly as Charles Siringo the varied life of those colorful days; few went so far afield and knew so many of the men, both good and bad, whose names are indelibly symbols of their generation and place; and none, probably, has told so well, out of a wealth of first-hand experience, the thrilling and romantic story as it really happened.

Siringo was born in 1855 in Matagorda County, in the extreme southern part of Texas. At the age of twelve he hired out as a cowboy at ten dollars a month, to rope and brand the maverick mustangs and long-horned cattle which then abounded in that country. Moving to Illinois with his mother a year later, he was thrown on his own at the age of fourteen, and for a couple of years wandered far, free, and lonely, earning his board and bed in various ways: by work on a farm, as a bell boy in a St. Louis hotel, as a roustabout on river boats to and from New Orleans; and once, after sleeping out on bales of cotton and going hungry a couple of days, he even took a turn at going to school, exchanging hand work for head work for a spell.

IN 1871 he returned to Matagorda and the life of a puncher. Here he soon became a full-fledged son of the range. He broke wild ponies at two dollars and a half a head, skinned dead cattle and sold the hides, registered his own brand and ran a few cattle under it. In 1876 he made his first trip with a herd up the famous Chisholm Trail. He held many jobs in the following years, as drifting, care-free punchers often did, and won a reputation as a dead-center shot with rifle or six-gun. At the age of twenty-two he began working for David T. Beals, owner of the huge LX Ranch near Amarillo, and advanced in responsibility until he was one of the company's most trusted men. He quit cow-punching finally to become a merchant in Caldwell, Kansas, prospering for a couple of years.

In 1886, however, he sold his store and moved to Chicago to go into a similar line of business there. But after a brief experience with city merchandising, which convinced him that the saddle was where he really shone, he joined the Pinkertons, became a cowboy detective, and for twenty years and more participated in scores of famous and thrilling Western man-hunts involving rustlers, bank and train robbers, mine thieves, dynamiters, and murderers, putting his neck in jeopardy a thousand times, and playing parts, in order to acquire the needed facts, ranging from hobo to broncho-buster, to pretended outlaw, and to wealthy mine or ranch owner.

In this many-sided experience, the total amount of formal education that Charlie Siringo found it possible to squeeze in would be equal to perhaps three or four months in a modern grade school. He learned to read and write and figure—that was about all. But he found life itself a grand schoolmaster, and nature had made him a willing pupil, with a seeing eye and a yarn-spinning tongue. So, though scarcely knowing the first principles of composition, he sat down and wrote in the eighties, in the intervals of keeping store in Caldwell, a book about his own experiences. "Fifteen years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony," he called it; and it became, and remains, one of the classics of cowboy literature. Over a million copies were sold before the copyright period expired, and it would be difficult to say how many more have been sold since. He has not written *many* books, but, as Will Rogers wrote him about his latest, "Riata and Spurs":

"Why, if you lived to be a thousand years old you couldn't write a bad book about the cowboys—the stuff they did might be bad, but you could tell it so well it would almost sound respectable."

A small man, weighing barely a hundred and thirty pounds, but wire-tough, brown of face, and keen of eye, with humor still invincible in spite of his seventy-two years, and a mind razor-sharp for accuracy and pertinent detail, Charlie Siringo is found today by his friends—and there is a host of them!—in his "Den" at Venice, California, convenient to Hollywood and his special cronies, Bill Hart, Will Rogers, and many more.

"CLOSE calls," said Charlie to me when I broached the story of his experiences to him, "I've had hundreds of 'em. Once I had to hunt my hole when a mob had the amiable intention of burning me at the stake. Several times, too, men were hired to kill me. And they came pretty near succeeding—too near for my comfort.

"But few of the bad men," he went on, "were really as bad as they're painted. Their deeds were exaggerated by rumor. I found them good fellows at heart, but simply hadn't learnt to control their impulses, and after getting into one desperate scrape, they went from bad

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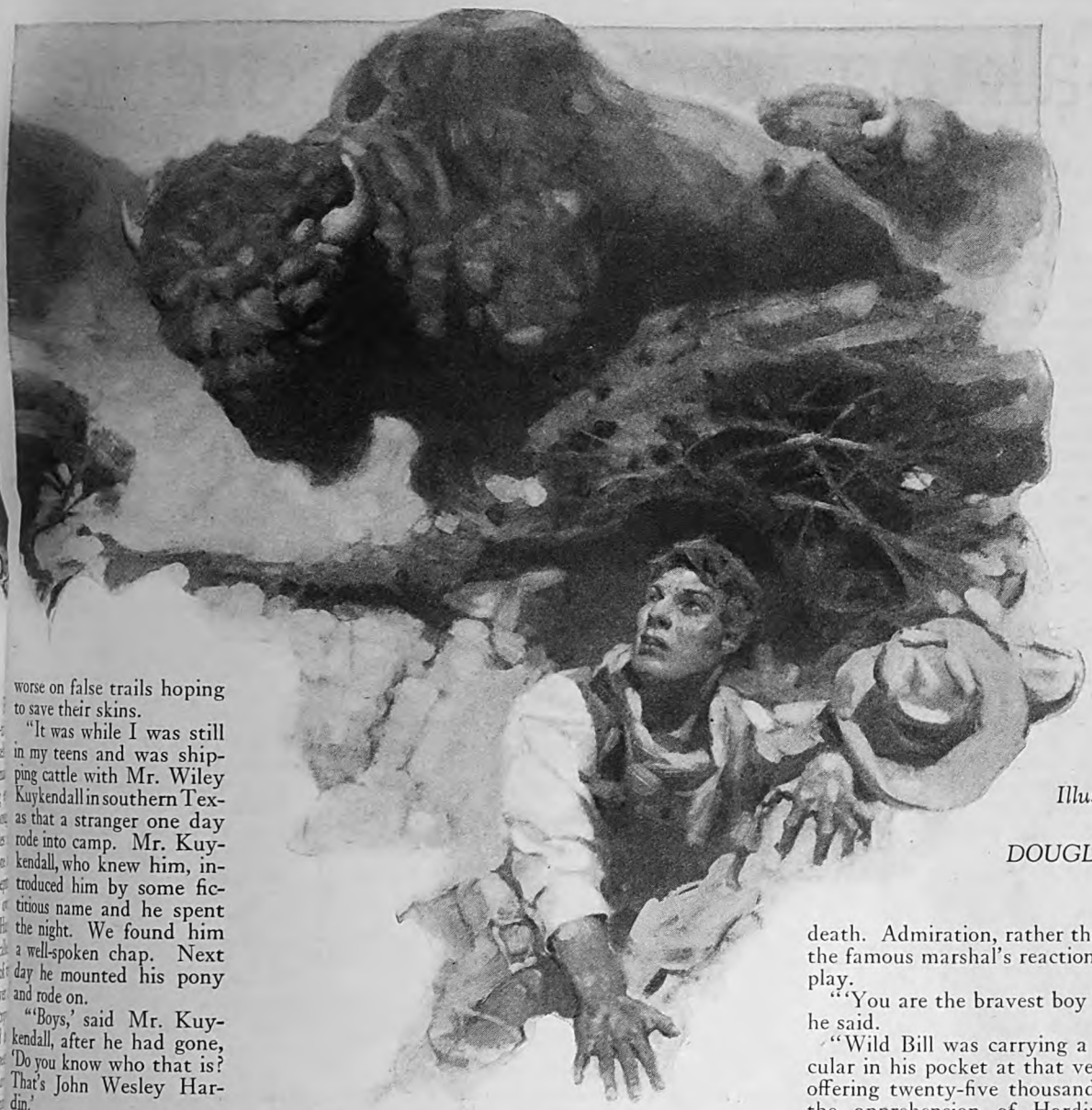

Illustrated by DOUGLAS DUER

worse on false trails hoping to save their skins.

"It was while I was still in my teens and was shipping cattle with Mr. Wiley Kuykendall in southern Texas that a stranger one day rode into camp. Mr. Kuykendall, who knew him, introduced him by some fictitious name and he spent the night. We found him a well-spoken chap. Next day he mounted his pony and rode on.

"'Boys,' said Mr. Kuykendall, after he had gone, 'Do you know who that is? That's John Wesley Hardin.'

"No bad man's name in that day was better known or more generally feared. First and last, Hardin killed thirty-four men. And how did he get his start on the outlaw trail? By an impulsive crime that probably nine out of ten men of spirit would have committed under similar circumstances.

"Hardin was a young man of good blood in post-war New Orleans, when Northern politicians of the 'carpet-bagger' stripe were running things with a high hand. These political scamps put in, as supposed guardians of peace and the law, men—even negroes—who were least qualified and most irritating to the people. Becoming involved in a fracas with one of these policemen, Hardin made his first killing. He realized that justice would not be tempered with mercy under the existing régime, so he fled. Most of his later killings were the result of his effort to make good his escape and to prevent people from capturing him for the sake of the big price on his head.

"Hardin was a fairly true type of the Western bad man, and he was the only one, I suppose, who ever made Wild Bill Hickok put up his guns. Wild Bill was the fast-shooting and fearless officer who kept the peace in Abilene, the famous cow town, and John Wesley Hardin, in the course of his travels, came to Abilene. He entered a saloon with a friend; this friend got into a ruckus with one of Hickok's deputies. Hardin intervened, took the officer's guns, kicked him out and said:

"'Tell your long-haired boss'—meaning Hickok—'that if he comes around I'll treat *him* the same way.'

"THE message, of course, was not long delayed in delivery. Knowing that to enter the saloon could only mean a shooting, Wild Bill waited for his man outside. Presently Hardin came out, alone, bound for another saloon. Hickok covered him, and told him to withdraw his guns from the holsters, being very careful to make no false move, and to hand them over, butt ends first.

"Now, though Wild Bill was not aware of it at the time, John Wesley Hardin was the man who invented the trick, devised for just such emergencies, of flipping the guns over, business end to the front, just as the officer was about to take them. So, when Wild Bill momentarily lowered his own guns to seize Hardin's, he suddenly found himself gazing into twin muzzles of death. Admiration, rather than fear, was the famous marshal's reaction to this display.

"'You are the bravest boy I ever saw,' he said.

"Wild Bill was carrying a printed circular in his pocket at that very moment, offering twenty-five thousand dollars for the apprehension of Hardin. But he promptly forgot it.

"'Put up your guns,' he said; 'you and I are friends. You can stay in Abilene as long as you please. Keep the peace, and I will not molest you.'

"So the famous outlaw and the famous marshal became friends. Wild Bill kept his word.

"Hardin's end, however, was typical of the fate of most of the men I knew who persistently defied the law and the sanctity of human life. He was captured later and sentenced to the penitentiary. While serving his time, he studied law. Being pardoned eventually, he went to El Paso to practice. But one day a gunman with an old grudge fired a bullet into the back of his head and killed him. No doubt the murderer thought he would never be bothered for killing so notorious a person as Hardin; but he was held for trial. However, before the trial came off, he in turn was shot and killed. So it went, with most of the wanton gunmen."

Mr. Siringo, without self-excuses, harked back to an incident occurring in Bat Masterson's saloon and dance hall in Dodge City, in order to show how impulsive action, if the result had been only slightly different, might have lent a conspicuously different shade to his own career.

"The typical (*Continued on page 129*)

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Taking *My Own* Medicine

By MARY B. MULLETT

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Not long ago, the Editors of this magazine said to me: "See here! You have written scores of stories of other people's lives. Take a dose of the same medicine and write the story of your own life."

When I protested that I didn't want personal publicity, they reminded me that a good many others don't want it—but are willing to make an exception of this magazine.

That was true; and I knew the reason. The personal stories printed here are not intended to boost anybody's vanity, but to help other men and women.

I had to admit that people write to me and ask me to tell them "something about" myself. Young folks especially want to know whether I have had to struggle for what they are pleased to call my "success."

Well, whatever you want to call it, I did have to struggle for it! And perhaps the story of *any* struggle is worth telling, so here goes.

I WAS born in the little town of Vevay, Indiana; but we moved from there when I was only four years old and I have but one vivid memory of that part of my life.

In interviewing other people, I like to discover what childhood incidents they most quickly and sharply recall. For these remembered incidents furnish a key to character. Almost invariably, they reveal some trait which is destined to reappear, later on, as a powerful directing influence.

Applying this in my own case, here is the first incident which I recall:

One day—it must have been before I was four years old—I climbed over the railing of a second-story porch and tried to walk along the projecting ledge outside.

Tried—and failed! I ignominiously fell off; and but for a mass of vines, which I clutched in my descent, my story might have ended then and there.

Thanks to those vines, I wasn't hurt—except in my feelings. I was terrified and humiliated. But especially humiliated! I can remember to this day how I wanted to escape the fuss that followed.

Above everything else, I hated to have *other people know* that I had literally and figuratively "fallen down." Even then, mortification was a terribly bitter pill to me.

During the next few years, I had two other narrow escapes: We had moved to Clinton, Iowa, then a Western sawmill town; and one day, when I was six years old, I attempted to "walk the logs" in a great raft tied up at the bank of the Mississippi River.

The logs rolled in the water and I fell through; but by some incredible good luck I managed to scramble up and out to the shore.

This time, too, I was frightened. But I was spared my worst dread—humiliation. No one had seen me! So I found a secluded spot, stayed out of sight until my clothes were dry, and kept the experience to myself.

Still another time, trying to do a foolhardy thing, I fell into the river and almost drowned. But again I had the, to me, great luck of not being seen and of being able, therefore, to keep my failure a secret.

These three experiences are the only ones, in my early childhood, that I vividly remember. I think they are important; not because they very nearly ended my life but because they foreshadowed how I was going to *live* my life.

For I have always been trying to do things which—at least when I began trying to do them—were beyond my powers. I never have accomplished all that I have wanted to accomplish. I never shall! There will always be some new "porch railing" to be climbed, some new "raft" to be walked.

In other words, there will always be some new test to be met! Some new and exciting thing to be attempted! And so long as that continues to be true, Life will not cease to be interesting.

Then there is the other phase of those childhood experiences: my dread of being humiliated. This sensitiveness to the opinion of others was a weakness which hampered me, just as it hampers so many people.

FOR years I was always shrinking under imaginary slights; trying to be like other people, for fear of being considered "queer." That was the only fear that played any part in my life, the fear of what other people would think of me.

It is one of the commonest of all human handicaps. I hate to admit that I have had it. It is a wretched piece of baggage with which to start the journey through life. But if I can help anyone else to get rid of it, I'm willing to confess that I carried it along with me for a good many years, and that it made me waste a lot of time.

Do you ever wonder what you would have been like if your father and mother had been different? I often do.

My own father and mother *lived* what they tried to teach their two children; my sister and myself. To have so consistent an example of absolute integrity would be of incalculable worth to any child; I never can sufficiently express my debt of gratitude to them.

My father was a "natural-born" scientist, an indefatigable searcher for the relation between cause and effect. It was he that taught me to ask the *why* of everything; to want to know and to understand things.

Both my father and my mother judged people by the *essentials of character:* such things as honesty, kindness, uprightness; by what people were—not by how much money they had or how much show they could make.

OUR family was, even in a socia sense, among the "best people" in our town; but we never hac much money. My father had been a poor country boy on a New York farm. He had worked hi way at school; and the little h then earned cost a lot of effort

As a result, he always had a instinctive feeling that mone must necessarily come hard. H couldn't bring himself to "charg good prices." So, although w were not poverty-stricken, w certainly were poor.

Looking back now, I can s that we two children were alwa taught ambition. But it was n the ambition to *get*, but to achieve! Ar to achieve by developing whatev abilities we possessed.

For example, we were expected to well in school. It wasn't anything th was discussed. It was simply accepted a foregone conclusion. I can rememb other children who talked of school as if were a penance; of study as if it we drudgery imposed on them by force. H my own parents managed it I don't kno but, to us, school was a privilege and stu was a pleasure.

And here, I believe, is an interesti thing. I hadn't thought of it until happened, the other day, to be talki with the Editor of this magazine.

"Where," he said, "did you get y feeling about work?"

"What feeling?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "in at least h the articles you write, there is some re ence to the joy and satisfaction of worl

"I don't do it deliberately," I repli "if I put it there, it is because I find i so many of the people I interview."

"Yes," he said; "but isn't it also beca you have the same feeling yourself? seem to find a keen pleasure in workin

That set me to thinking; and I've c to the conclusion that this story mus an acknowledgment of the debt I ow work!

It goes back, partly at least, to the I owe my parents. From their examp learned that I could get a certain plea and satisfaction out of *any* task—prov I took an interest (*Continued on page*

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Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer

Mary B. Mullett

MARY B. MULLETT is one of the best-known woman journalists in this country. As a girl in her teens she did newspaper work in Chicago, later coming to New York where, for a number of years, she was a special feature writer for the New York "Sun," the "Times," and various newspaper syndicates. Shortly after John M. Siddall became Editor of *The American Magazine*, in 1915, he discovered Miss Mullett's genius for writing about people from the inside out. Ever since, she has been a brilliant and steady contributor to this and various other magazines. Miss Mullett was born in Vevay, Ind., but grew up in Clinton, Ia.

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Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull

THIS family of raccoons would not eat until given water in which to dip their food. "Obedience to a custom," says Mr. Rutledge, "caused them many a hungry hour before I thought to put a pan of water inside their enclosure."

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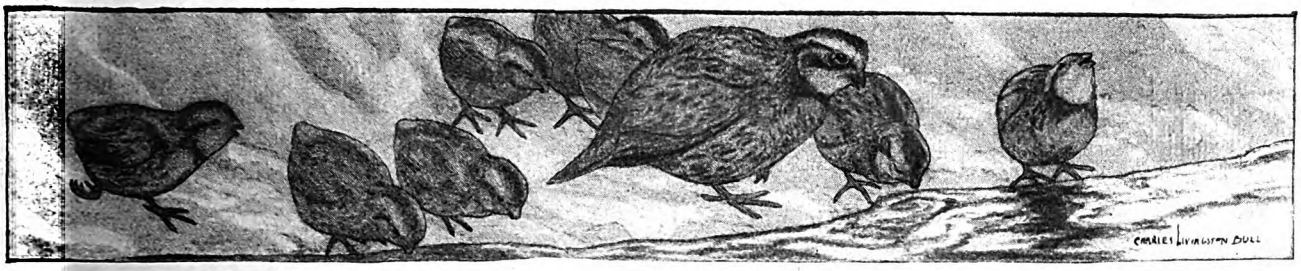


These Children Mind Their Mother

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT WAS late in the afternoon of a hot July day, and I should have been anywhere but on the sultry borders of that broom sedge field, more than a mile from the plantation house. For some time I had been trying to make accurate observations on a flock of young wild turkeys that ranged the pinelands and the sparkleberry thickets adjacent to this beautiful waste field.

I was perched in a small live oak, "spying out the land," when a gray fox passed almost beneath me, paused at an old rail fence, put his forefeet up on a rail just like a hesitating dog or cat, and then insinuated himself between two rails. He entered the sedge field, but his behavior made me think that he meant merely to skulk along its borders. Indeed, several times during the next few minutes I caught a gleam of his tawny coat and a glimpse of his sharply intellectual face as it momentarily peered over the grass-tops. His presence and his manner boded ill for the half-grown turkeys that were now not far off.

Indeed, I still had my eye on the Master of Stealth when I heard the turkeys coming. As they trooped rather drowsily to roost, they shuffled the dead leaves under the big oaks and the hollies; and the old mother kept calling them softly but with an imperious note of wild wariness. She knew the probable fate of a straggler at such a time and in such a place.

Looking into the broom sedge I could see the fox literally peeping through the grass-stems and apparently edging himself toward the fence, which he now probably regretted having crossed. The young turkeys were a hard lot to manage. They found grasshoppers so plentiful that obedience to their mother's warning to keep on coming was a difficult task. One young gobbler was especially enterprising. The grasshopper for which he had suddenly formed an attachment flew over the rail fence beyond which the fox was crouching. The turkey essayed to follow his prize. The mother called warningly. The fox slipped forward through the grass, his eyes gleaming. It was his chance to cut one of these birds out of the flock and pounce upon it ere it could take warning or wing.

The situation looked pretty critical to me. But in a moment the aspect of the whole affair changed. The young turkey heard his mother calling; he hesitated for an instant; in another moment he had abandoned his private adventure and was safe within the family fold. The fox, frustrated by the obedience of the young bird, crept through the fence. But the old mother saw him, gave the alarm, and the whole flock scattered in the air, alighting on the limbs of oaks and hollies and pines. There they settled for the night, far out of the reach of any marauder prowling on the ground beneath.

Wild children know how to obey!

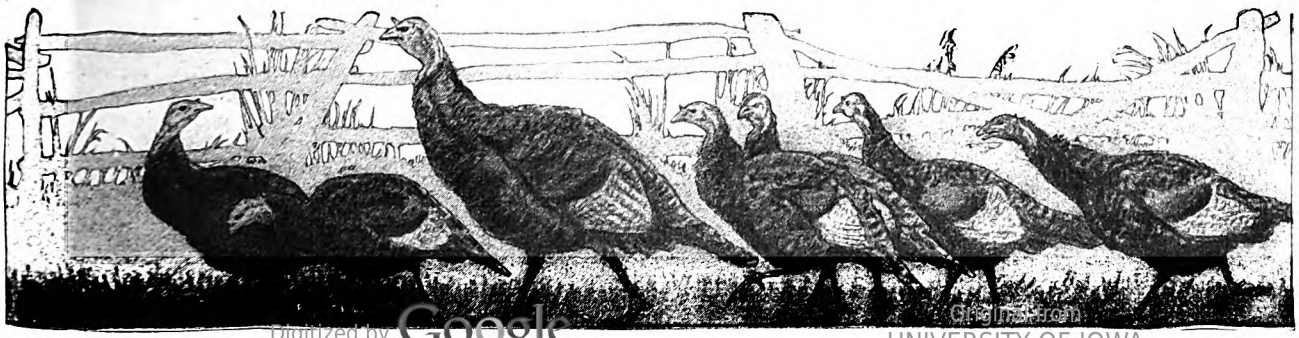
I AM told that over the entrances to certain encampments the American Marines have erected a sign which reads something like this: "If you don't listen, you'll get killed." Terse enough and significant surely. But this warning did not originate with the Marines. It is really the life code of wild things. With them to obey is to live, and to disobey is to die.

Almost daily, wild creatures are called upon to make life-and-death choices; and they usually choose with celerity and wisdom. Reason and natural laws go hand in hand; and to violate a law of nature is always to defy reason. It is only because of perverse pride that we humans sometimes imagine obedience to law a proof of the loss of our liberty.

I WELL remember an experience in a valley in southern Pennsylvania. I was ten long mountain-miles from any human habitation, and it was just about sundown. I was driving a car, but it was a rattletrap thing whose mortal race was about run. Its cylinders missed oftener than not. Its gait had a certain abandoned lightness that was neither grace nor health but rather a dizzy agility. At last my debilitated coffee-grinder snickered, sneezed, and was silent. "Her heart heaved but once, then forever was still."

As I have not the gift of fiddling with an engine until it starts again, I knew that I should have to wait until the late mail-car came along, at nine o'clock at night Hours on that desolate road! What was I to do? At first, I was troubled, impatient, anxious. But this mood quickly passed. Twilight was dawning; and as I walked down the deserted road, I began to feel that waiting would have its compensations.

The lonely oriel-windows of the west were resplendent. About the silent hills there was the mystery of Nature's peace, the charm of her quietness. I had a sense of the beauty of it all; of the perfection of its law and order. Some people speak of Nature and (*Continued on page 139*)



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All Arted Uppe

By DON MARQUIS

Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY

MOTORING through New England not long ago I saw a painted signboard attached to a rough pine shed on which appeared the legend:

YE OLDE HOTTE DOGGE SHOPPE

Nobody could mean this seriously, even in a country that has gone and got itself all arted up; that seems to get itself increasingly arted up as the years go by. It could be nothing but satire, conscious satire. I decided to investigate.

I took a chance, and stopped my antique motor car—a chance, because it is always a gamble when I stop this Horseless Carriage as to who is going to get it started again, and when. As I approached the pine pavilion I was greeted by an aroma of sizzling frankfurter which disbursed its richness on the summer air. And behind the plank counter sat the proprietor, reading Bryce's "American Commonwealth," which need not, after all, surprise anyone who is acquainted with the rural New Englander.

"I'll have a hotty doggy," I said, pronouncing it phonetically, as lettered upon his sign, and with the hope that by so doing I might get a conversation started with him.

BUT you cannot always get conversations started that easily with the native New Englander. This man gave me one level glance from the steady gray eyes set in his weathered face, and then allowed his attention to drift back to his book. Still looking at the page, he reached out with his right hand, took a fork, removed a frankfurter from the iron griddle, inserted it expertly within a split roll, and handed it to me.

"Mustard," he said, motioning towards a bottle of it, and still not looking up.

I understood that I was dismissed, until the moment arrived when I should pay him; and I felt sure that he would make the change with his eyes still upon his book.

I persevered, trying a direct attack th time. "Your spelling," I said, "is peculiar

He gave me another glance which i dicated that he was beginning to find m a bore.

"See here," I said, "you must have p that sign up in order to attract attentio You didn't make a private joke of it—p it inside your shack where you could gr at it yourself, but nobody else could see You've invited attention and commen now don't act as if I were impertine when I speak of it."

HE LAID his book aside, and frank studied me. I suppose he reflect that he would never see me again, a therefore he could talk—a little—in p fect safety. It was highly improbable th I would ever marry into his family. T chances were all against my ever settli in that locality and becoming one of l neighbors. In short, no verbal ind cretions he might commit now wou arise to plague his after life. He looked the New York license plate on my car, a felt still safer. He burst into comparati loquacity:

"Did you come past an old mill abo five miles back?"

I had. I grinned at the recollection. had been turned into Ye Olde Gift Shop The ancient and honorable nether sto which had surely earned a better f through more than a century of faith service, had been taken from its place a set up outside the door, and the sign w painted upon that stone, if you c imagine it—Ye Olde Gift Shoppe. I do know why it was "gift" instead of "gift The hot dog man almost grinned hims as he saw my grin.

"A mile farther on," he said, "y passed Ye Olde Waffle Shoppe."

"I did," I said.

"And about three miles farther o he continued, "you're going to come t big frame house that sets back about f yards from the road, under some c trees. It's been made into another o

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hoppy, and they try to give the impression that the place used to be a roadside tavern. It never was. But it's all arted up. Woman from Indiana comes down here and runs the place every summer. She brings an old man with her, a kind of feeble old fellow. He don't do anything but sit around all summer and do his best to look like a retired sea captain.

"The theory of the thing is that he's an old New England skipper. But he isn't. They just throw him in for ornament and decoration. What he is, really, is a retired Indiana farmhand. The only salt water he ever came into contact with was what he gargled out of a glass to help his tonsillitis.

"There's people livin' right in this very town," he went on, using the word "town" in the New England way to indicate an entire town hip, "who think I'm a little bit off mentally on account of that sign—Ye Olde Hotte Dogge Shoppe. They don't see that it is just sarcasm. And I don't bother to explain that it's just my protest against the way the whole country's getting all arted up."

I don't get around much myself—I mean, even when I am engaged in the placid and deliberate progress which I call a motor trip, I don't get around much. The Horseless Carriage to which I have referred was built in the days before breathless speed was the ideal of the manufacturer, and nothing has happened to it in a great many years to make it want to go any faster. The attitude of this vehicle is that it is doing me a great favor when it goes at all and that I should not be too particular as to how fast it goes or in what direction.

It has been suggested by some of my friends that I might find it advantageous to put sails on it; others have asked me why I did not give it to some museum dedicated to an exhibition of the History of Transportation, with a neat card attached explaining that it is the Missing Link in vehicles and was found among the bones of several Neanderthal men. And a deliberate attempt has been made by certain parties to hurt my feelings by naming it Archy the Wheeled Cockroach. I have never thought of it as a cockroach, in spite of its color and gait, because I have never been personally acquainted with a cockroach that had adenoids. And my car has adenoids. All you have to do is to listen to its breathing to be certain of that. So, as I say, I don't get about much.

BUT wherever Ye Old Horseless Carriage does take me, coasting solemnly down the slopes and panting laboriously up the hills again, I find that the country is just as the Hotte Dogge man described it, all arted up. Or, if you please, Arted Uppe.

I took the long count of seventeen one day in Illinois (*Continued on page 125*)

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For young lovers, warm moonlight is the best, but in the sixties there seems to be nothing that can touch a kitchen range

ONE Out of Every SEVEN

Dot undertakes to beat the law of averages

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrated by T. K. HANNA

I'M REALLY not nearly so strong on matchmaking as Will insists that I am. He says I can't see a single he and a single she without trying to maneuver them into the holy bonds of matrimony. As a matter of fact, when I invited Scott's Uncle John to take his meals with us for two weeks, I was glad to be doing what I could for Scott and Corinne. But it really never occurred to me then that things were in anything like so dangerous a way between them.

I don't know of anything that gives you much more of a turn than to realize for the first time that the law of averages can work right in your own crowd. It never seems as though statistics can have anything to do with people you went to school with.

When Miss Waters—who, being both a dressmaker and society reporter for the "Monitor," usually gets hold of any gossip the instant it happens, if not before—hinted to Dulcie and me that there was anything seriously wrong between Scott and Corinne, we just thought she'd gone crazy with the heat. Why, they had two children and had gone with our bunch ever since we all went to the old Bee Street Primary School! I helped Corinne dress for her wedding, and Will and Howard Merton tied white streamers on the car that took them to the station.

"Just the same," Miss Waters insisted, "they may be the one couple in seven. Statistics prove that one marriage every seven ends in divorce. It's th of averages."

As I say, we brushed the sugg aside as being a crazy notion; but knew only too well how many of Waters's crazy notions have proved true. I suppose it did set us to no things that we might not have n otherwise. If it hadn't been for her h said that, I might not have take account of the first sign I saw, b thinking it didn't seem at all like C to be talking that way.

Scott's Uncle John had come t with them, so they needed an extr room and Will was showing the Custer place, which was for sale bargain. I just happened to be

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Corinne went from room to room, looking at everything with lackluster eyes. Finally Scott asked her what she thought about it. She shrugged her shoulders and said:

"Not one of the curtains in the other place will fit one of these windows." Her voice had a queer little disagreeable edge to it which was so different from her regular tone that I looked at her in surprise, just in time to catch her look at her husband. That look was even less like Corinne than her voice. "Not that you'd mind about that," she said; "I suppose you think it's fun for me to go through life making new curtains every year."

I imagine that if Miss Waters's gloomy talk about statistics hadn't been in my mind, I'd just have thought it natural enough that even easy-going Corinne was getting tired of moving, at last.

In the six years that she and Scott had been married, they had lived in six different houses. The first had been a tiny bungalow that Corinne's father had given them for a wedding present. Scott had traded his old motorcycle for some of the windows in a house that was being torn down and built a sun parlor on the side of the bungalow. Then he had set out a lot of shrubs and made cute little flagstone walks and, what with one thing and another, improved the place so much that they sold it for a thousand dollars more than Corinne's father had paid for it.

THAT was the start. After that, the Forrests lived in a house just long enough to improve it and sell it at a profit. We girls all declared we didn't see how Corinne stood it, moving every year; but she didn't seem to mind a bit. She'd known Scott most of her life and knew he was a born trader, long before she married him.

Even when we were kids, and all trading stamps and marbles, Scott used to be specially good at it. And when we got into our teens and the rest of us dropped it, Scott kept right on. He was always trading a camera for two wrecks of bicycles; then taking the bicycles apart and getting enough good parts between them to make one good one. Then trading that for a lawn mower and selling the lawn mower to Mr. Dunwoodie for enough to get the kind of camera he had wanted in the first place.

When he and Corinne got married, she used to tease the life out of him about his trading.

"Why, one time," she declared, "he bought me a lot of bulbs for a perennial border, and when I had three quarters of them planted he had a chance to trade them and some other things for a bird bath, and didn't he make me dig up the bulbs and give them back?"

And she laughed and laughed, as though she thought it was just a good joke.

Another time, he traded her sewing machine when she was in the very middle of making curtains. But she didn't mind that either. As she said, she just laid the curtains away and then finished them up the next week on an electric machine, which she hadn't thought she could afford for years. Goodness only knew how Scott got it, she giggled. She only hoped it was honestly.

When their second baby came, Will pretended to be surprised to find Jimmie, the three-year-old, still there.

"I thought of course Scott had traded Jimmie in for this year's model," he said.

But all the kidding was good-natured because there was nothing mean or tricky about Scott's trading. He was a little more foresighted than most people, that was all. Or, just more ingenious about seeing how things could be made use of. Of course, before his Uncle John came, he had always used this in his business too.

He was a second cousin or something of old Mrs. Wallie Blake and managed her estate, getting a salary and commissions. He didn't make such an awful lot because, though she owned three or four farms and several business blocks in Dawson, Montrose, and Verblen, almost everything was tied up in leases. But as fast as a lease ran out Scott would figure out a way she could make more out of the place. In time, when more of the leases ran out, managing the estate wouldn't be a bad job.

And in the meantime, whatever house Scott and Corinne happened to be living in that year was a regular headquarters for our crowd. It was always the one house where there never was a reason why you couldn't push back the rugs and dance. Scott, just managing an estate, didn't have to keep business hours like the rest of our husbands, so they could sleep late in the morning if they wanted and we never felt guilty if we stayed late. Their babies seemed to be always healthy, and Corinne had trained them to keep quiet in the morning and to sleep through murder at night, so we had some gorgeous noisy times there.

THE Forrests couldn't afford to spend much money, but that never mattered.

"Listen," Corinne would say, "if you all want to come over for supper, I'll make Hungarian goulash."

Then Dulcie would go home and get the cake she'd planned on having for their supper at home, I'd bring our potato salad and rolls, Rosie Merton would bring a pot of soup and a jar of piccalilli, and we'd have the grandest party in the world at no expense to anybody.

When the Forrests moved the fifth time, Howard Merton said:

"I expect, if I only live to a ripe old age, to have eaten Corinne's Hungarian goulash in every dining-room in Montrose."

Corinne laughed, of course. She seemed to be always laughing those days. There was something so happy-go-lucky about her. And she and Scott had always seemed so pleased with each other and so happy together that they were the last couple in town I'd have picked as likely to have any trouble.

I shouldn't have given much thought to

When the Forrests moved the fifth time, Howard Merton said, "I expect to eat Corinne's Hungarian goulash in every dining-room in Montrose"

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the one little sign I had noticed, myself, if it hadn't been for Miss Waters's law of averages and the fact that everybody else was noticing the same sort of things. When Scott traded an old tractor that he'd picked up in another trade for a second-hand electric refrigerator, Corinne didn't seem pleased at all.

"Oh, it would be very nice to have the refrigerator," she said listlessly; "but I won't have it long enough to decide which shelf to keep the butter on. Scott will trade it for a fine acre out in Oregon, or one of the old street cars they're scrapping, or some other handy thing to have around the house."

And there was a queer, sharp bitterness in her tone that was as different as could be from her old joking, secretly proud voice.

It seemed a particular shame because, as Mother Horton said, right now was when the Forrests had everything to live for. Scott's Uncle John had done a really wonderful thing for them. He had a few thousand dollars that he had saved during his life, and he had bought Scott a partnership in the Morley coal and ice concern.

Scott hadn't wanted him to do it. It is a terrible responsibility to have an old man put his savings into you, so to speak. But, as Mr. Perkins said, Scott was his only living kin and he wanted to see him getting started right. He felt that it was a shame for a young man to be working for somebody else, when he might be getting into business for himself. And he never felt that Scott's job with Mrs. Wallie Blake was a real job at all.

So he took his own money and bought a partnership for Scott. Everybody said how wonderful it was for Scott. They had new signs painted. Instead of T. L. Morley, Coal and Ice, it was Morley and Forrest, Coal and Ice.

BEING in business for yourself does give you a little different standing in a town like Montrose. They asked Scott to pass the plate in the Water Street Church, and as he would be making more money—with coal and ice, of course, not passing the plate—and they needed a bedroom for Uncle John, Scott bought the Custer place. It was in the block with our new house and was quite a little bigger and nicer than any of the houses the Forrests had lived in before. And Corinne got herself some pretty new clothes.

Oh, take it altogether, everything looked wonderfully promising for Scott and Corinne. It seemed the silliest time in the world for them to begin getting on each other's nerves. And yet that is what they were certainly doing. Nothing that either one of them did seemed to suit the other.

Corinne got a real boyish bob, hair combed straight back, leaving her ears all out in the open, so to speak. It was extreme but very becoming. I happened to be with them when Scott saw it first, and you could see he thought it was cute. He laughed and told that joke: "Who was the gentleman I seen you with last week?" "That wasn't no gentleman, that was my wife."

But their Uncle John thought it was awful.

"Crowing hens are going against nature," he kept saying. "A woman ought to look womanly."

And by the very next day Scott himself had lost his taste for his wife's hair-cut. He kept making jokes about it, but not like the first one. It's queer how two jokes can sound almost alike, and yet one be good-natured and the other mean. Scott and Corinne had always joked each other a lot, but the jokes had always been funny, loving ones. Now every one had a little hidden sting to it. The kind of joke that the oftener you recall it the less you like it.

EVEN worse than the joking, they actually began to complain about each other to other people. Corinne told me confidentially that Scott was so unappreciative.

"I dry-cleaned and pressed every one of his neckties the other day—it took me all morning—and he didn't even thank me. Was just cross because I'd thrown away a ragged one that, it seems, he was particularly attached to. I'm sure I don't know how I could have been expected to know that. And he really is unappreciative; not only to me, either. Why," she lowered her voice, "he doesn't even seem to appreciate what Uncle John did for us. He doesn't say anything to Uncle John, of course, but he keeps complaining to me that coal and ice is a dull business."

And Scott complained to Will that Corinne didn't have any discipline with the children.

"Why, even Uncle John has noticed it," Scott said. "They call her by her first name, and when she tells them to do something they wait till they get good and ready to do it."

I suppose when any couple get to putting their minds on each other's faults, they can find plenty of them. Certainly Scott and Corinne could. And did, as the weeks and months went on. Most of the faults were true enough, I guess; but it did seem funny that, after having lived together for six years, they were just beginning to notice them. One that Corinne found in Scott seemed just funny when she first mentioned it.

"I don't see how we're ever going to get ahead any in the world," she said. "Scott's so lazy and impractical."

When I repeated that to Will, he just whooped.

"Lazy! Why, he's at something every waking minute. How does Corinne get that way? And practical—well, whatever else can be said against Scott, he's always been practical."

It seemed, though, once our attention had been called to it, that there was some truth in Corinne's remark. Scott seemed to be changing. He had stopped doing all the kind of things he had used to, like building that sun parlor on their first bungalow. And, someway, his ideas for turning an honest penny seemed all to have changed into ways of making a hundred million dollars.

These ways, naturally, required something rather difficult at the very beginning, like changing the course of the Gulf Stream. By the time Scott had one of these deals all figured out, he would be in such a glow of pleasure in his own powers that expecting him to come down to figuring out how to make a hundred dollars on a wooded acre was like asking a captain of finance to go back to peddling papers.

Nobody knew, of course, just how things were really going with the Forrests, but each week there were more outside signs that all was not well. People began to joke about it. And all the time, of course, Miss Waters going on about how every seventh marriage ends in divorce, and how the seventh year has been proved by statistics to be the most dangerous. The number seven certainly seems to be a hard one on marriage.

I might never have known any more if I hadn't happened to be putting some string beans in cold pack and had run out of rubbers for my jars. It was so far down to the store, and Corinne being right in the block, I ran over to see if she had any in the house.

Her children were playing house on the front porch and they said Corinne was in the kitchen, so I went around to the back door. She was sitting on the porch steps and didn't hear me as I turned the corner. She had been fixing some white mosquito netting for the door of the children's tent and it was billowed all about her. I stopped short for a few seconds and stood staring at her. Of course it was just an illusion, due to the white mosquito netting, but suddenly I saw her in a floating veil and a wreath of orange blossoms.

CORINNE hasn't any mother or sisters, so Rosie Merton and I had helped her dress for her wedding. I could feel it all again, the faint, goose-fleshy moments in the upstairs hall while we waited for the first notes of the Wedding March, to give Corinne the signal to start slowly down. We had been laughing and joking excitedly all the time she was dressing, but suddenly we had stopped, listened. The preliminary music died away, there was a rustling, waiting hush below. The smell of orange blossoms, the white mist of the veil, Corinne's hand on mine, trembling a little, cold as ice.

Her hand tightening tensely.

"Oh, wish us good luck, Dot," she whispered breathlessly. "Wish us good luck!"

Suddenly, out of the waiting stillness below:

"Here comes the bride—here comes the bride—"

My own hands were as cold and shaky as Corinne's as she started slowly down the stairs. I could hardly keep them steady enough to straighten her veil as it floated behind her. Through the living-room arch and a blur of tears, I saw Scott standing, straight and solemn, waiting for her.

Oh, it isn't funny when a married couple gets to bickering and fighting—in spite of all the vaudeville jokes in the world. It isn't funny! Not when you can remember them loving each other and in all soberness and honesty taking those vows: "for richer, for poorer—for better, for worse—in sickness and in health—and forsaking all others—so long as ye both shall live—." Standing there, the two of them, chancing all the hazards of the world, together—oh, it isn't funny!

Suddenly, Corinne felt me there and looked up. I snatched myself back to the present, asked her about the jar rubbers I dropped down on the back step beside her, and we chatted about cold packing and Howard Merton's new office, and Dulcie's new sports suit, as though such

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Frankie Kirsted always is a pest but it was especially unfortunate that he should have broken Mr. Perkins's watch

things were important. And all the time we were talking and laughing, I felt as though we were joking beside the crib of a sick baby, so sick it might never get well.

As Corinne got up to see if she had any rubbers, she said casually that Scott was taking a vacation next week. I asked where they were going, and she said she wasn't. She couldn't get away.

"Wouldn't Beth take the children for you, as she did last year?" I asked. Beth is Corinne's sister.

"Oh, I imagine so," Corinne said. "But we can't leave Uncle John."

"Couldn't he stay in the house alone," I asked, "for just two weeks?"

"How would he get his meals? He can't cook a stitch. And he hates restaurants."

"Let him come and eat with us," I said promptly. "It's just a step, and it wouldn't be a bit of bother. I have to get three hearty meals a day for Will and the twins anyway."

OF COURSE Corinne demurred for a while, but I could see she was crazy to go. Scott came home for dinner while we were still talking about it, and he seemed just as keen to have her. Finally, she agreed. It really seemed as though things couldn't be absolutely hopeless between them when they were both still crazy to go off on a vacation together.

They started off the next Saturday afternoon. Mr. Perkins, of course, was coming to our house for supper, and I had asked Corinne what he specially liked. It seemed that his favorite dish was fried eggplant, which Will specially hates, and his next favorite was coleslaw which, while it's all right enough, I have always regarded as among nature's lesser gifts to man. But I had made up my mind to do this right, so I had them both.

In spite of my good intentions, the supper was not a pronounced success. For one thing, I got home too late. In the dull season, Will usually takes Saturday afternoon off, and we had taken the children and driven to Dawson. On the way back, we had two punctures. As Will said, it was lucky I'd worn my knickers, because I helped him a lot in changing the tires; but even so, it was later than I'd planned when we got home. In fact, Uncle John was already there, sitting on the porch and looking at his watch.

It made me rather nervous, and the second I get nervous the twins begin to act like all possessed. I gave them their supper on the kitchen table while I was getting ours, and they were naughty as could be. Jack wouldn't eat his bread and milk and Jill cried all through hers, because she wanted to keep on riding. By the time I finally got them to bed and the three of us down to our supper, I was fairly twittering.

UNCLE JOHN thought the eggplant and coleslaw were delicious and praised them highly. I'd forgotten to ask Corinne what he liked for dessert and had, unfortunately, hit on fruit salad. He didn't say anything, but he didn't eat his; which made me very uncomfortable. When I got up to clear the table afterward he noticed my knickers and began to joke about crowing hens. Will joined in, just to be polite, he insisted afterward. I didn't mind Uncle John, but, considering the way I'd worked over changing those tires, it made me mad for Will to pretend he'd rather I'd had on frilly pink georgette.

"Have considerable trouble with your children, don't you?" Uncle John asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no," I denied, "they're perfectly healthy and really awfully good. The way they were carrying on tonight was very unusual."

"Yeah?" said Uncle John. And there was a certain (*Continued on page 112*)

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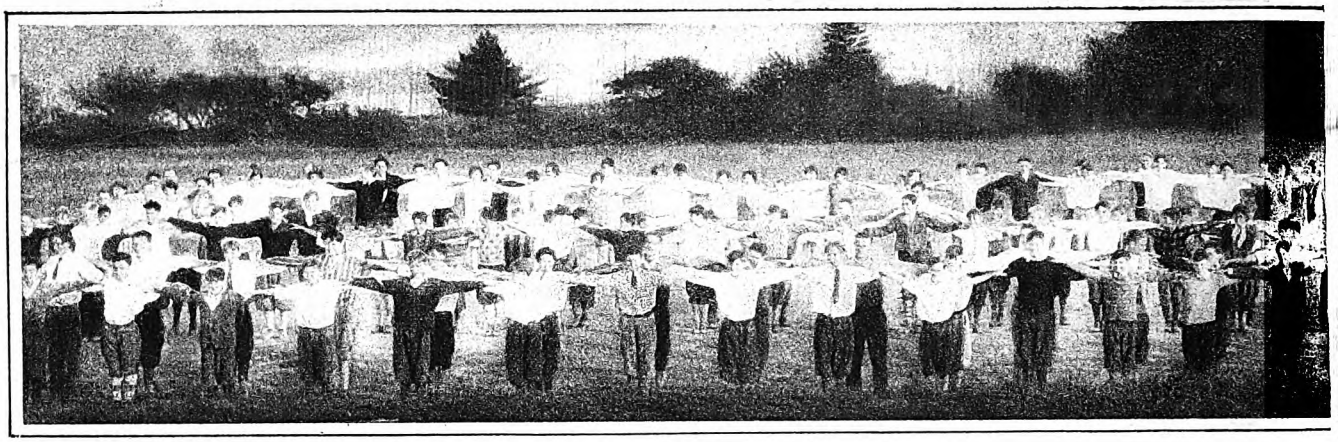

Thousands of Happy Youngsters in his Air Castles

By
WILLIAM S.
DUTTON

IN THE Bible is written a promise which men have been reading and pondering for centuries:

"Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

Forty-odd years ago, in Bangor, Maine, a man read that promise and decided upon a strange and a daring experiment. For one year, under conditions laid down by himself, he would deliberately make a test of the promise! He would make a test of God!

Since boyhood it had been his dream to found a home for needy parentless boys. His whole life had been directed toward that end, but he had got nowhere. At thirty-three years of age, he was without money and without influence among those who had money. His earnings were only eight hundred dollars a year, barely enough to provide for his own small family.

"It was in an hour of discouragement and doubt that I read that promise in the psalms of David," this man, George W. Hinckley, told me. "Then and there I decided to commit my way unto the Lord, and trust him to 'bring to pass' that thing which was in my heart.

"I resolved to take into my home, to live among my own children, the neediest derelict of a boy I had ever seen in the state. Toward the support of this boy I decided to devote one tenth of my salary, which was the maximum that I personally was able to give. And realizing that this one tenth could not possibly clothe, feed, shelter, and educate a boy for one year, I told myself:

"'I will say nothing of what I am doing; I will ask no person in this world for a single penny, but if I receive anything over my salary from any source—cash or anything that might be converted into cash—I will regard it as given for the support of the boy. Then, at the end of the year, if I have adequately supported the boy and have a nucleus of one hundred dollars left over, I will accept it as a sign from God that I shall go on to fulfill my dream of a home for many needy boys.'"

We were seated, Mr. Hinckley and I, on the porch of a little summer camp facing the Kennebec River, at Hinckley, Maine. Up the river came the happy shouts of boys who "played Indian" in a canoe. From the depths of the great pine grove, in which the camp was almost buried, floated boyish laughter. It was a happy and a most beautiful spot.

Across the river, opposite us, New England cottages snuggled white against the green of lawn and trees and shrubbery. A little stone chapel reared its tower toward the blue; I could see the white façade of a Carnegie library, a museum, a school, and the tall clock tower which marked this settlement's headquarters. There, over the lazy Kennebec, was a bit of a town, and a famous town. It was populated by boys and girls.

THE man beside me had founded that town and called it Good Will—the Good Will Homes and Schools. He had begun with a farm of a few acres, a cow that wouldn't milk, three homeless boys, and fifty dollars. Since then Good Will had sent more than two thousand young men and women into the world to take their parts, and take them nobly; its few acres had grown to more than two thousand; its few old buildings had multiplied into forty fine structures; its three homeless boys had come to number two hundred and thirty-five boys and girls; and their original capital of fifty dollars had become a permanent endowment of more than eight hundred thousand dollars.

"What," I asked Mr. Hinckley, "is the story of this place? How did it begin? What has kept it going, growing, and ever growing?"

I emphasized the third inquiry. Good Will seemed to have started on nothing, and to have thrived on it! The place was merely the realization of a poor man's dream. It had had no state or county or municipal support. It belonged to no church, no society, no foundation. One man, a poor man, had conceived and built it, and had carried it on. Mr. Hinckley was still, to the best of my knowledge, a poor man.

THEN he told me of the promise, of his vow, of that needy boy—of that test made, forty-odd years ago, of God.

"And you did this thing?" I asked.

"I went through with it literally," he replied. "I found the boy six miles outside of Bangor, in need of clothes, hungry, friendless, and destitute. I took him into my home, though I hadn't the slightest notion from where the means to support him for a year would come. But the means came. They came from the most unexpected sources, a thousand sources.

"My work at that time was with the American Sunday School Union. It was my duty to go into the remote parts of the state to organize Sunday schools, and that took me far off the beaten ways among people who mostly were poor. It was the poor folks of the villages and crossroads and lumber woods of Maine who helped me provide for the boy and to begin what you see here at Good Will.

"For instance, after a Sunday school was organized, I was required to take a collection. These collections were small and no part of them belonged to me. People gave what they could for the work that it might go on elsewhere—a dollar was a large contribution. But often, as I was leaving the place, a woman would stop me. It was winter and a cold one.

"'Mr. Hinckley, I knitted these mittens for you,' the woman would say. 'Would you take them as a present for yourself.'

"Sometimes the gift would be two or three pairs of mittens, or several pairs of thick knitted stockings, or a muffler such as they used to knit on the farms, or a pair or two of woolen 'wrist warmers.' I couldn't possibly wear them all and

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have lived

The administration building at Good Will Farm

George W. Hinckley founded and runs the famous Good Will Farm, which has sheltered, guided, and taught more than 2,000 homeless boys and girls

act, none of them was mine according to my covenant; they belonged to the boy. C. White, who was a dealer in knitted oods in Bangor, agreed to buy these gifts rom me at the usual price then—twenty-ive cents a pair. This money I put aside nto what I called the Boys' Fund.

AGAIN, one evening a party of seven girls who were members of a Sunday chool class I had organized, drove in to Bangor from Kenduskeag, and before idding me 'Good night' they left a purse f a little more than seven dollars for my ersonal use. It was added to the Fund.

"Thus gifts of various kinds came to me, most of them from people who could ive but little. Regardless of what the ift was—a bushel of potatoes, a can of reserves, a bag of hickory nuts, or a slice f ham—I credited its value to the Fund, ut told nobody what I was doing.

"At the end of one year I had cared for he boy and in the Bangor Savings Bank he Fund had a surplus, not of one hun-red dollars, but of a little more than two undred. It was the sign for which I had sked, a double meeting of the test, and y last doubt left me, never to return. Next day, for the first time, I made public nnouncement of my plan to found this chool.

"You ask what has kept it going," said Mr. Hinckley. "I can only tell you what as happened. I have talked about Good Will and written about it, but I have never asked anybody for money, by letter or by word, nor has any agent of mine. And yet every dollar that we have had, every acre and every building that we own, has been given to us. Our gifts have come in, year after year, from all parts of the country. Thousands of these gifts have been less than one dollar.

"The only exception to this is the rule that when a boy or a girl has a relative who can and wishes to contribute to his support, this help is welcomed. However, many have no such relatives. Few can contribute more than a small fraction of the cost. At this moment we are in need of many things, some of them urgent, a high-school building, for instance. I don't know from where the money for them will come, but I do know that it will come as surely as I know there will be a dawn tomorrow. It has been so from the beginning—at the proper time the means to carry on have been at hand."

Whereupon this tall, spare, kindly-eyed man who had grown old in the service of youth and who, clad as he was in rough corduroys and a flannel shirt, looked more like a woodsman than a schoolmaster, related to me one of the most remarkable stories I had ever heard; while on the river below and in the pine grove, laughing boys "played Indian."

"There has always been a wide streak of sentiment in me," he began. "I can't bear to see anything hurt. Other folks' troubles have always had an annoying way of making themselves my own troubles. An act of injustice will upset me for days.

"My father was a poor man, a farmer in the summer and a carpenter and joiner in winter. We lived in Guilford, Connecticut (where I was born seventy-five years ago), and I attended the local school. There was another boy in the school who was the only son of a widow—a bright, lively, likable boy whom, secretly, I admired. He was so much brighter than I was, so much bolder, and he was a handsome boy. Myself, I was dull, shy, and far from handsome.

"THIS boy's mother had to earn their living by working in the homes of neighbors. As was customary, she obtained her noonday meal at the home where she worked. On such days she would get breakfast for herself and her boy, then lock the door of the house, and my schoolmate would have to go dinnerless and without food until evening, when his mother returned home and prepared supper.

"One week this happened three days in succession. On the third day, in the afternoon, the boy was caught behind the foundry with his hand in a workman's dinner pail in the act of helping himself to the remnants of the man's dinner. What followed wouldn't be allowed now: he was

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sentenced to the State Reform School until he should be twenty-one years old.

"I was only a boy myself, but my heart was hurt; my blood boiled at this injustice. My schoolmate wasn't a bad boy, simply a hungry and neglected boy. Young as I was, I demanded, 'Why hadn't somebody taken an interest in that boy *before* he had been driven to steal food to eat?'

"THE thing grew on me, the injustice of it. I told myself, with all the vehemence and sincerity of boyhood, that when *I* became a man and had money I would build a house—I would build houses—and whenever I heard of any boy who was hungry or needed a helping hand, I would give him a home in my houses, and a chance.

"The idea was fanciful, of course, 'boy stuff' you might call it, but gradually it became a fixed dream of mine. Other youngsters might dream of becoming pirates, or engine drivers, or chiefs of police, but I was never happier than when building air castles which were homes for boys who had no homes.

"Then, at fifteen, I became a pupil in the Guilford Institute. One day a 'new boy' appeared on the campus, and while every 'new boy' was a subject of general attention, this one commanded an attention that was open-mouthed. He had red hair, blue eyes, and freckles; he wore a butternut-brown jacket with big brass buttons, a cherry-red necktie, navy blue short trousers, and black stockings. It was a striking combination.

"'Who is he?' was my question.

"Someone said that he was Ben Mason, a boy who had been sent by the New Haven Orphan Asylum to live on a farm near our town. I was speechless. Here was the first genuine flesh-and-blood orphan I had ever seen. I knew boys who had no father and boys who had no mother, but Ben was the first motherless and fatherless boy of my experience, outside of books.

"At the first opportunity I told Ben Mason my name, gave him my hand, and we became chums. We played together, dreamed together in the shade by the creek, read books together. Ben told me all about the 'asylum,' confided to me his troubles, his heartaches. Perhaps some of these were imaginary, I don't know. They were very real to me, and now my air castles kept me awake nights.

"One evening Ben and I were walking together. Things had gone wrong that day with him. He was talking of 'running away,' of 'carving a place' for himself in the world—what boy has not talked of 'running away' when things have gone wrong? And suddenly Ben burst into tears and said:

"'If I had a place in the world to lay my head, I wouldn't stay where they've put me another night.'

"I felt as badly as Ben. The lump in my throat almost choked me. 'Ben, don't say that again,' I said. 'Father's house is small, but I think there's room enough for both of us in it; but if there isn't, I'm older than you and will take care of myself, so you can have my place.'

"Next morning, while I was working away in our potato field, a familiar voice called to me. There at the edge of the field was Ben, smiling and waving.

"'George,' he said, 'I've come to stay.'

"And he had.

"I took him in to my mother—hard-worked, over-worked Mother, who never complained; and suddenly it occurred to me that I had done a very thoughtless thing in offering Ben a home with us. There were five of us children already. Ben made one more for Mother to cook for, one more for Father to feed and clothe.

"BUT, oddly, neither Mother nor Father uttered a protest. Ben was made welcome in our small house. Another plate was set for him beside mine at the table; he shared my bed at night; and for a year or more the two of us were inseparable.

"But I saw this couldn't last always. The house was too tiny for all of us, the burden upon my parents too heavy. We weren't both needed there anyway; and so one day I talked with Father and arranged that I should go and that Ben should stay in my place. You see, he was several years younger than I, not old enough yet to earn his own way. Thus he became the first of the hundreds of boys I've tried to help."

"What became of him?" I asked.

"He became a successful lawyer in New York State," said Mr. Hinckley. "Upon the founding of Good Will, he wrote me that he regarded himself as the first of my Good Will boys. Some years after this I was returning home on the train. It happened that I had talked of Ben the night before, and that morning my thoughts were full of him. The news agent passed my seat and I bought a New York paper, still thinking of the old boyhood days with Ben.

"And on the front page of the newspaper I read a headline I will never forget. It said simply, 'DIED A VICTOR.' Below it, the news item related how Benjamin B. Mason, a lawyer of Keeseville, New York, had plead a case at court in Plattsburg on the previous day, and when he learned that he had won, he had stepped to the telephone and told his wife, 'I'm a victor. I'll be home in the morning.' And then he had gone to his hotel room, laid down on the bed, and died."

MR. HINCKLEY was seventeen when he left home to make a place for Ben. He went to Meriden and got work in a factory. It was his ambition, he told me, to save enough money to enter Yale University.

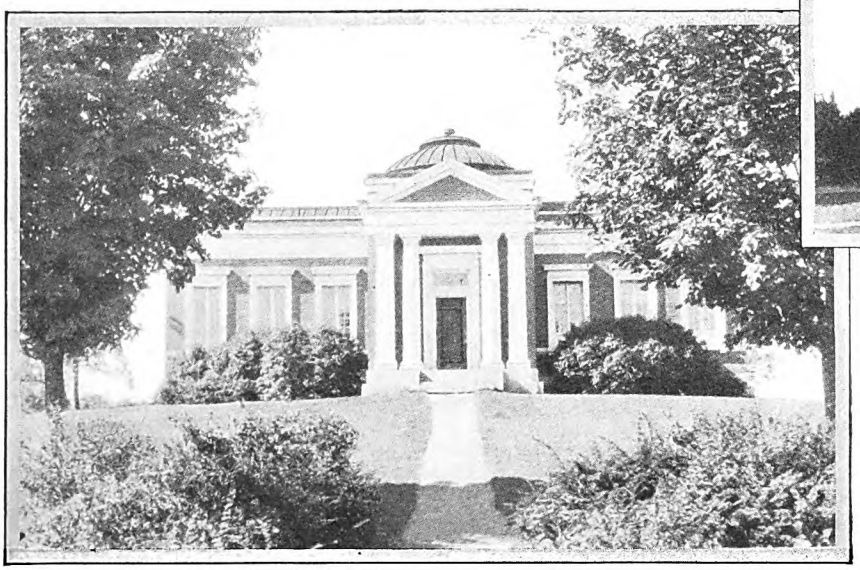
"By now I realized that to found a home for boys such as I had in mind, I needed either wealth or friends who possessed it. I had neither, but it was my thought that if I could qualify as a minister I might preach of my project and so interest people in it. The ministry seemed the likeliest road to my goal."

But Hinckley had been working only three months when he got bad news from home. The barn had burned and his father needed his help to rebuild it. He quit his factory job to return to Guilford. What little he had managed to save and his labor for the next five months went toward rebuilding the barn.

Then he got a position at Kingston, Rhode Island, teaching school. The winter passed and spring came again, and once more he had laid aside a little money. And again came bad news from home: his father was down with pneumonia. The savings, as before, were wiped out by the needs at home, and for another spring and summer Hinckley had to work the farm in Guilford.

"I was becoming discouraged," he confessed, "and impatient. I had worked almost two years and still was without a penny. Friends had gone into business and were doing well. I asked, 'Why should I waste my life upon a dream? Isn't

One of the cottages for girls at Good Will Farm



The Carnegie Library

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nough for me to work for happiness and omfort for myself?'

"In this spirit I went back to Rhode sland and found work in a store at Allenon, and for two months things went wimmingly. I reorganized the display of tock, managed to dispose of merchandise which had been on the shelves for years, nd I studied business methods, resolved o make business my career.

"My chance came unexpectedly. My employer offered me a partnership. He even offered to arrange it so that I could borrow the money to buy a share of the business, this money to be repaid out of my share of the earnings. And at the same time, from an altogether different source, came another offer.

"AT KINGSTON I had interested myself in the church and Sunday school and had been active in organizing boys. While teaching school, my room had been open always to the boys in my classes, and at every opportunity I had talked to boys. Though I had been reared as a Congregationalist, upon coming to Rhode Island I had affiliated myself with the Baptist church, because that was the church available. Previous to this, too, I had been a Methodist. It has always been the church itself and not its denomination which has concerned me. From its very beginning, Good Will has been strictly undenominational and it always will be. People of all creeds have been among its donors.

"However, in Rhode Island I was active in the Baptist church and it seems that my work had gained some attention. At any rate, at the same time that my employer offered me a partnership and a career in business, the Baptists offered me a chance to become a minister.

"Alone, in my room, I fought it out. If I entered business I possibly could become a wealthy man in time, but whoever heard of a Baptist preacher getting rich! I was thinking seriously of getting married. Was it fair for me to accept a preacher's meager pay when I could earn several times as much in business? The Yankee in me said, 'Stick to the store or be a fool!' but in my heart were thoughts of Ben Mason and of that boy in the reform school—and my heart won. I resigned at the store. Not many months later I was married, earning a preacher's pay of $525 a year, and wearing new ruts in the dirt road between my two charges—one at Bloomfield, Connecticut, and the other at West Hartford, sixteen miles apart.

"Eventually, after a number of years of preaching, my unabated interest in boys led to the American Sunday School Union offering me the post of a home missionary in a territory of my own choosing. I picked Maine, which is how I came to Bangor."

"And during these years you were able to interest nobody in your plan for a boys' home?" I asked.

"As I see it now," Mr. Hinckley answered, "it was right that I shouldn't interest anybody. I, myself, was unprepared to carry out the work. While I thought that I was failing, I really was laying the necessary foundation for later success. It is often that way with failure, or what seems to be failure. You must dig *down* first and construct the cellar before you build your house on its walls.

"My first plans were vague. I wanted to help needy boys, but really didn't know how to help them. It was not until I had a boy of my own to rear and think about that I began to see clearly and to formulate definite, practical ideas.

"The so-called 'homes' of that time were conducted as institutions. Children were herded into dormitories, ate in common dining halls, and every time they passed through the front gate the name over it reminded them that they were homeless and set apart as objects of charity. My first definite decision was this: that nothing in the name or conduct of my proposed home would suggest charity, orphanhood, or destitution, and to the fullest extent possible it would *be* a home in fact.

"SLOWLY grew the cottage idea, for I had nothing other than my own ideas to go on. We would begin, I decided, with one cottage—and put my sister in charge of it. When the family in this cottage became too large for it, we would open a second cottage and put in charge of it, as matron, a capable, understanding woman who had reared boys of her own. Each cottage would be independent of the other; it would have its own kitchen, its own dining-room, and its own wood-box, and it would do its own trading at the store just as any independent home does anywhere in the land. The chores would be done by the boys, just as they would have to do the chores under their own parental roof; they would have to mow the grass, help wash the dishes, weed the garden, fetch in the wood. And there would be, too, a swimming hole in a nearby stream, open woods and fields and fishin', and skating in winter, hikes, snow fights—freedom for every boy. Our home would be in the country, a farm.

"As my plan grew in mind during those years when I seemed to be failing, I decided that above all my boys would be taught to live. For instance, we would teach organized sports such as football, baseball, ice hockey, running, but we would also teach them to know the woods, the flowers, the birds, the streams and hills. A boy learns football and baseball in school, but forgets them once school is behind him; but teach him to fish, to walk, to camp, teach him love of the out-of-doors, and he will have habits of recreation that will last him a lifetime. I wanted my boys, as men, to know how to work, but I also wanted them to know how to keep on playing. (*Continued on page 110*)

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The Trail Eater

A story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

TO THOSE who have once known its ways, Nome beckons irresistibly. Each winter it draws its men back from the ranges. With senses clean and sharp from a summer in the open, they come eager and thrilling to the inexplicable lure of the ugly Alaskan town. So Kerry Wayne, one blue November night, came home from his prospecting in the hills, in time to attend the supper with which the Malamute Racing Club opened the dog-training season.

He found interest at fever heat in the great central event of the Alaskan winter—the Sweepstakes Trail—in which, the year before, Kerry had been the only club member to race his own dogs. And he found something else—lovely Barbee Neilan, daughter of Nome's newspaper editor, come home to stay after the completion of her schooling in the States. Before the supper was over Kerry had lost his heart to Barbee and begun to worry about Rance Herrington of the Gray Wolf Mine, his friend and the richest man in Nome. Rance was flirting with Dr. Kramer's wife, Kitty; he was showing the effects of soft living and heavy drinking; and he was evidently hand in glove with Luce Barton, shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyer in the town.

Kerry was disturbed. Three years before, he and Rance had come on the same steamer to Nome and "bached it" together until Kerry had found himself doomed to a year's exile in the hills because of his lungs. It was Duna, his dog, who came back from that exile with him to lead his team in that famous last year's race which had made Kerry forever "The Trail Eater" to all of Nome. He had run the race with outcasts from the "Kashim," a retreat for dog waifs he had set up with the help of "Doorknob" Balsh. The dogs were a joke—and Kerry checked in at Nome three weeks after the four-hundred-mile course had been covered by the last of the other teams.

Now another Sweepstakes was at hand. Rance and Barton had formed a Syndicate, with the best dogs cornered—including Tokon, greatest and most lawless husky in all Alaska. On the morning after the club supper several things happened to Kerry. Lim Phayden, carrier of water and gossip for Nome, confirmed his fears about Rance and Kitty. Rance tried to induce him to join the Syndicate, which he refused to do because he was entering his own team. This so stung Rance's pride that the Gold King swore he would drive one of the Syndicate teams himself, with Tokon in the lead—he would tame the brute or kill him. And then Rance, quite casually, broke the staggering news that he was engaged to little Barbee Neilan!

PART II

AT HERRINGTON'S announcement of his engagement to Barbee Neilan, Kerry felt the subtle radiancy of the morning ebb away. He hardly listened to his friend's account of the meeting with Barbee on the steamer that had brought them both from Seattle that summer, and he was relieved when Herrington broke off his recital and with a groan pressed his hands against his temples: "Oh, man! What a headache! It's getting worse, Kerry. Let's get out of this warm room

"For gosh sake, Rance, don't try to run that brute today," Barton pleaded

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I'll tell you—come over to Doc Kramer's with me, and I'll get something to straighten me out."

The low frame house that was both dwelling and office for Doctor Kramer lay so far out on the white road known as Steadman Avenue that by the time the two men reached the little path leading to the front door, frost had crisped the fur about their faces.

There was no one in the doctor's office, but from behind the door leading to the physician's living quarters at the back of the house came the sound of a phonograph. Herrington tapped lightly upon the closed door, and, without waiting, turned the knob and passed familiarly into the Kramer living-room.

Kitty, in a house gown of ivory-colored wool, was sitting against a square of curtained window through which the snow-light filtered on her bright hair. At the sound of the opening door, her listless hazel eyes moved to rest on her unceremonious guests. For the nonce those eyes were misted with tears.

"Why—what's the matter, Kitty?" queried Herrington.

Kitty languidly indicated chairs; then, with a sigh, she stared pensively at the phonograph, which was grinding out a song:

I bring—a breath—of Spriiing—time
From woodlands—where I—greeew...

"That's what's the matter with me, Rance!" She spoke tremulously. "That dewy, springtime stuff. I—I wish I were different. I'd like to be very young, and —and innocent—and clean. . . . You know what I mean, Rance. Like pretty little Barbee Neilan."

Herrington did not smile. Perhaps some vague longing for unsullied youth touched him too. He crossed to her side and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Sure, I know," he said kindly. "It's a pig-iron world, Kitty. But where's Doc? I want something for my headache."

Kitty reached out and shut off the phonograph. "He's down at the Fort. But you'll find the bromo on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet."

Hung with nuggets! Shackled with lumps of raw gold, with blatant diamond eyes that winked mockingly at her

AFTER Herrington had gone into the office Kitty sat silent and, without turning her head, looked out from under her hair at her other visitor. Kerry was six years younger than Rance and, despite the lines that were already deep at the corners of his eyes, he had that lean, alive look that is attractive to women.

She sat long enough now, so that Kerry might not miss the plaintively lovely picture her wall mirror gave back; then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she turned toward him with an apologetic smile. Before five minutes had passed, she was earnestly questioning Kerry as to the name and characteristics of each new dog in his team, and listening with every appearance of intelligent attention to details which he knew she did not remember two minutes.

Herrington returned from the office and leaned in the doorway listening, a faint, uneasy expression growing in his eyes. A moment later he sauntered in and drew Kitty's attention to himself by announcing his intention of driving his champion team in the coming Sweepstakes.

This news wiped all thought of Kerry and his mongrel dogs from the lady's mind. She sprang to her feet, her hazel eyes lighting with genuine interest: "Oh, Rance! How splendid of you! Only—" Her glance shifted from Herrington's thickened waist line to Kerry's lithe figure, and her blond brows came together. She reached out and patted Herrington's waistcoat. "Off with that tummy, Rance. You must get into training at once! I'll tell you—from now on you mustn't drink a drop. No more liquor for you." She hesitated a second, then in an unwonted burst of generosity, "And none for me, either!"

"Hurrah for you, Mrs. Kramer!" applauded Kerry. "Come, come, Rance, you old slowpoke! Shake hands on it, and I'll be a witness to the pact!"

"What are you two trying to do to me, anyway? Put me on the water-wagon? Oh, for gosh sakes!" as Kitty kept insisting. "Well, all right! All right! Have it your own way."

THE telephone in the doctor's office began an insistent ringing and Kitty hurried to answer. Through the open door her words came distinctly: "Y-e-s. . . . He's here. . . . Who? . . . The Gray Wolf! *O-oo!*" Her voice rose ecstatically. "Here! Come quick, Rance! Your foreman—he says the pay streak's doubled in width at the Gray Wolf! He says it's *lousy* with gold!" She thrust the receiver into Herrington's hand, and tiptoed back to the living-room to stand before Kerry, a vibrant, radiant creature utterly foreign to the weeping Kitty of a short half-hour before.

On Herrington's return he seated himself on the couch beside Kerry, but made no comment on his good fortune. It was Kitty who supplied the enthusiasm for the occasion. She swooped over to Rance and, placing a hand on either of his shoulders, bent down to look into his face.

"Oh, Rance! How ripping! How perfectly splendid!" A new idea caused her to step back and include both men in her flashing glance. "Boys, shouldn't we do *something* in recognition of this wonderful luck? Shouldn't we at least—" She broke off and disappeared into the kitchen.

On her return Nallah, her Eskimo servant, followed in her wake, his brown face a-grin above a tray on which were three glasses and a cocktail shaker.

"But . . . look here, Mrs. Kramer," Kerry protested, eying the tray. "What about that pact you and Rance made a few minutes ago?"

Herrington leaned forward in sudden animation. "Oh, shush, shush, Kerr. We'll swear off tomorrow; you meant tomorrow, didn't you, Kit? . . . Sit down, Kerry, and behave yourself." He flung an arm about the younger man and drew him roughly to the couch.

By the time the first drink had been multiplied by three, Kitty had become convinced that the only proper gesture in the face of the golden favors Fortune had showered upon Rance was the celebration of her own birthday a few weeks distant, the celebration, it went without saying, to be financed by Rance.

Later, when the two men stepped out

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of the warm house into the street, Kerry was grateful for the clean smell of snow and the crisp air that stung refreshingly in his lungs and nostrils. He whistled to his scattered dogs and, despite his friend's impatience, devoted a moment to their welcoming charge.

Then the two linked arms, and in a fellowship enhanced by Kitty's refreshments set off toward the town, where pale lights were already pricking through the blue haze of approaching dusk.

They had gone only half the length of a city block when the sound of harness bells crept up behind them.

"Trail! . . . Trail!" A girl's voice, clear and peremptory, rang out above the tinkle.

Kerry swung Rance to one side, ceding the right of way, and looked back.

Down the road toward them dashed the coral-tongued, tail-waving mail team. Swaying on the runners back of the handlebars was a slight figure in a white parka, the hood of which had slipped back to frame the small, vivid face of Barbee Neilan.

AS SHE neared them recognition crept into her attitude. Kerry noted that she applied her foot brake with the alternating pressure of the accomplished dog driver, and skillfully halted her twenty-malamute team beside them.

"Are there any passengers for me?" She leaned smiling over the handlebars, her face fresh and cold from the Arctic air, her violet eyes half closed and provoking under wind-tossed hair that the frost had touched.

"I'll say there are passengers!" the gold king exclaimed, sliding a possessive hand over that of the girl. "Have you heard the news, Barbee? The Gray Wolf's pay streak has doubled. You can run me out there, dear, and on our way we'll drop Kerry at the Kashim." He stood looking down at her.

A shadow, fleeting, but unmistakable, crossed Barbee's face, marking that moment when she became aware that Rance had been drinking. Her quick glance swept Kitty Kramer's nearby house, and came back to rest on her fiancé's flushed face. Was she thinking that Rance, not three hours ago, had excused himself from driving with her, only to spend the afternoon with the doctor's wife? If so, her voice, with its gay touch of humor, did not betray her when she urged the men to take seats in the basket sled.

Barbee was almost vehement in her refusal to allow Herrington to drive the dogs, and he reluctantly took his place on the sled in front of Kerry. As the team sped along the white road toward the Kashim, Kerry was silent. Though loyalty made him close his mind to critical thought of his friend, he was feeling strangely heavy of heart. And he could not stifle the protective tenderness that was born in him for Barbee Neilan. Gallant little Barbee!

She was jauntily riding the runners back of him and Rance; but Kerry kept wondering if she hadn't insisted on driving so that she might hide from them both the hurt he had glimpsed in her violet eyes. . . .

Barbee Neilan lay among the cushions of the couch in her living-room, reviewing the events of the month that had passed since the Malamute Club supper. She looked very young as she lay there, yet there was a suggestion of something vital in her slender, girlish figure, a potential energy that might be called upon in emergencies. Her hands were clasped behind her small dark head; her little foot in its high-arched slipper swung up and down.

She was waiting for Rance.

She had put on the frock he liked best, a soft silken thing of pale rose; and, though she despised the barbaric nugget jewelry so much favored in Nome, she had wound about her throat a chain he had given her.

There was a shade of impatience in the swing of her foot, unconsciously keeping time to the rhythmic muffled thump of the printing press downstairs where her father was running off the "boiler plate" sheet of tomorrow's "Prospector."

Barbee recalled the day she had returned from the States last summer—the day she had told her father of her engagement. She had been sitting on his knees, her face level with his own. At the news his gray eyes for a long moment of silence had searched the depths of her violet ones with a look she didn't understand.

"Do you love him, Barbee?"

"Oh, yes! I do—I do, George!" She buried her face against his shoulder.

"But he's twelve years older than you are, dear; and—"

"That's what makes him so wonderful, Dad! He knows all about life! He's so wise, so big, so protective! But, oh! You're not wanting me to marry him, George! I can see—I can see—"

"Darlin'—it isn't that I don't want you to marry him, but—" there was a vague, sorrowful indulgence in his tone that she knew of old; his arms went about her—"but it's what life with him will do to the soul of you."

AND a feeling faint and indefinitely menacing had stirred in her, a cool fog of foreboding that dulled for a moment her romantic visions of a future with Rance Herrington.

Those radiant daydreams had begun on the steamer last summer, when Barbee, through with school days and eager for the North, had found herself homeward bound across the twenty-five hundred miles of open sea that lie between Seattle and Nome.

For the first few days, surrounded by a coterie of admiring young men, Barbee had paid little attention to Rance Herrington—big Herrington of the Gray Wolf Mine, for whose golden favor half the women on the ship were vying. Then had come the night when the vessel overtook the wake of a storm, a night with a tawny moon rounding in a wind-spent sky. Very late, Barbee had gone out alone on the deserted deck. She leaned on the railing, pleasurably surrendering her body to the motion of the ship, which swung down into wide-spaced hollows, then climbed gloriously to crests breaking silver in the moonlight.

After a long time she looked up to find Rance Herrington balancing his tall figure on the tilting deck near her. Through her father's letters, she was familiar with stories of Nome dogs and the racing trail, and when Herrington came over to her and leaned on the railing beside her it was of these things that they talked. Before they parted that night their acquaintance, founded on a mutual interest in dogs, had ripened into friendship.

Barbee liked to recall the glamorous intimacy of that voyage: how she and Rance had swung along the deck together breathing the cool sea air, light-hearted, light-footed, keeping time to the gay airs they hummed; how they'd sat in the secluded corner on the upper deck by the smokestack while he told her incidents of his life—stories that made vivid, appealing pictures in her mind.

BARBEE came to think during those shipboard days that he could be easily hurt. Once or twice he had hinted at a woman in his past who had played with his heart and tossed it aside. "But I'm like a wolf," he finished. "You know, when a wolf gets hurt he goes off by himself to lick his wounds. . . . I came to Alaska."

To Barbee's youthful, romantic mind there was something infinitely touching in that statement. She thrilled with sudden tenderness for the big man, so strong, and yet so lonely. She longed to make up in some way for the hurt done him by that other unknown member of her sex.

One evening, as the ship lifted to the drowsy swell of Bering Sea, they sought their corner near the smokestack. The other passengers had deserted the decks for a concert in the social hall, and they two were alone in a land of color and enchantment.

She stood beside Rance in the twilight, her head not quite level with his wide shoulders, her mind busy with her shy young thoughts. Then suddenly she found him looking down at her with an expression that made his dark face radiant and youthful. Something electric passed between them. He caught her up in his arms, an ardent, impetuous lover, murmuring against her ear words that melted her, sent her spirit soaring on the wings of a wild ecstasy: "Barbee! Come here where you belong . . . into my arms . . . against my heart. . . . Oh, you little, little soft thing—you little fragrant, soft thing. . . . You belong to me—you're mine! Put your arms round my neck, Barbee . . . sweetheart. Kiss me . . . kiss me. . . ."

Barbee stirred among the cushions on her couch and sighed. During the months that had passed since then there had been many such moments—fierce, blinding contacts when Rance's great arms had closed about her. But, did love hold nothing but embraces?

Barbee wondered why she should feel this vague disappointment, this baffling expectation of something that had not come? She wished she might ask her father about it. But she couldn't. He didn't want her to marry Rance. He hadn't forbidden her, that wasn't his way. But he had asked her to wait a year, and think the matter over carefully for herself.

She had been doing a lot of thinking lately. And she was vaguely troubled. Something seemed not quite right between Rance and herself. She didn't know exactly what it was, but sometimes she almost thought it had to do with Kitty Kramer. Of course, with Lim Phayder delivering water in the kitchen every day

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Herrington returned from the office and leaned in the doorway listening, a faint, uneasy expression growing in his eyes

she couldn't help hearing gossip about Kitty; but to one of Barbee's age many of these tales seemed so preposterous that she dismissed them with an unbelieving laugh. Still—

Sometimes, as on the night of the Club supper, the way Rance looked at Kitty—Barbee frowned and her teeth caught sharply at her lower lip. Then she put the memory from her. Rance had been angry because she had gone to the supper that night. That was the reason for his apparent devotion to Kitty. He had confessed as much after the quarrel they had had the next evening here at her home.

The sound of someone's coming rapidly up the stairs brought her to her feet. That would be Rance, she thought, running eagerly to the door.

Half an hour had passed since Barbee opened the door to her fiancé. He was dressed as for some special occasion, in his dinner clothes; but with fine disregard for the creases in his trousers, he was kneeling before Barbee's chair. He liked to do this, taking both her hands in his to rub her palms over his face. He always concluded by taking her fingers, one at a time, between his strong white teeth, and biting them.

Sometimes he hurt her, and then he laughed, as he was doing now. It made Barbee faintly dizzy to look at him then, his dark, laughing face with its cleft chin; his dusky eyes with little fires glowing way back in them, so close to her, so overwhelmingly masculine. It wasn't easy to think of anything but his physical nearness then.

But already she had begun to long for other more impersonal things. With her keen curiosity of (*Continued on page 88*)

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The baffling case of "The Invisible Thieves" shows how

Unseen Eyes *Protect You when You* Travel

By SHERMAN GWINN

LET'S begin with the story of what the newspapers next day called "one of the greatest diamond robberies of the country," but which in the minds of at least five of its actors will forever be remembered as "The Case of the Invisible Thieves." It is a typical Keliher story.

Timothy T. Keliher, to give him his full name, is the Chief Special Agent of the Illinois Central, which means that he heads and directs that great mid-country railroad's "special service," the Unseen Eye of the system that stands guard over its thousands of miles of track, its equipment, its goods, and the lives of its passengers.

Every railroad in the land has its hundreds of Unseen Eyes. Whenever and wherever you travel, or whenever and wherever you ship freight or express matter, these "eyes" are intently on watch for the protection of you and yours. They may be in the car seat across the aisle, or behind you in the line at the ticket window, or off alone somewhere in the night. The railroad unromantically calls them special agents. Timothy T. Keliher is one of the master eyes of this craft.

On the night of September 8th, 1926, three men carrying hand bags and brief cases boarded the crack New Orleans train of the Illinois Central, at Chicago. They were substantial-looking, middle-aged business men, and their tickets assigned them to a stateroom together.

"Wholesalers, on a selling trip," was the mental check of a tall, quietly dressed man who unobtrusively was watching the passengers file onto the train.

Less than a minute later, another trio of men boarded the train and occupied a stateroom in the car ahead. These were younger men, dressed a little too showily for traveling men. One of them, distinguished by heavy-rimmed spectacles, carried a large yellow suit case. His companions were empty-handed.

"Ever see any of them before?" the tall man inquired of the colored porter. The porter had not. "Look like card sharps," said the watcher. "Keep your eye on them."

When the train pulled away from the station, the tall man also was aboard, in the sleeping car behind that of the business men.

The train rolled southward through the night. Outside, the rain came down in torrents, driving against the car windows like sheets of water flung violently from countless lines of hose. Dimly lighted stations flashed by, almost deserted. Porters were slow about making down the berths. A few passengers read, but most sat in their seats idly staring at the windows.

At Champaign, Illinois, the train stopped to change engines. During that brief interval, the porter heard a muffled, wailing scream. It came from behind the closed stateroom of the three business men, a distorted cry for "Help!" The porter hurried through his car to the sleeper behind. He touched the tall man on the shoulder. "Somethin' terrible's happened, Chief," he gasped. "A man's groanin' in the stateroom!"

"All aboard!" came the conductor's shout outside.

"Tell him to hold the train," snapped the tall man to the porter, and an instant later he was trying the knob of the stateroom door. The door, unlocked, swung open.

There sat the three business men, bound hand and foot, gagged and helpless. The contents of their hand bags were strewn over the floor.

AS THE tall man quickly released the men, he noted that their bonds were of picture wire, and that they were secured with professional ingenuity. The three, in mingled alarm and rage, sputtered out their story:

Three men, they said, had suddenly entered the stateroom, thrust revolvers under their noses, and threatened instant death to the one who made an outcry. The intruders had gagged and bound them, looted the baggage, and had escaped before they even had recovered from their surprise.

"What were they after?" demanded the tall man.

"We are diamond merchants," answered one of the victims. "We had $437,000 worth of diamonds in these bags. They got everything except about $100,000 worth I happened to have in my brief case."

"When did it happen?" came the next question.

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Drawing by ROBERT J. JOHNSTON

lay on a seat. Beneath a seat he found a wooden spool that once had been wound with picture wire, and a pair of heavy shell-rimmed spectacles.

Not more than ten minutes had elapsed since the porter's alarm; but when the Chief stepped from the train to the station platform two men reported to him, special agents ready for duty. A third was summoned by a word over the nearest 'phone.

ONE of the agents, familiar with the town, went to a telephone to call every garage with cars to hire. A second, familiar with the surrounding country, sent out telephonic alarms which put local police, state highway police, and sheriffs on guard at every road and crossroad. The telegraph stuttered the alarm to outlying agents, sent it on back to Chicago. The train was searched, and the disappearance of the three robbers explained. They had opened a door on the side away from the station, slid down an embankment, and vanished into the rainy night.

All of this delayed the train only fifteen minutes. The merchants were hustled off, and the train went on. The red light of its last sleeper was still in sight when an agent reported to Keliher the first definite trace of the fugitives! They had hired a taxicab which had taken the road to Kankakee. Nineteen miles north on this road, drenched by the rain, waited Sheriff Charles Curtis, of Paxton, and a deputy. The deputy stood in the middle of the road with a red lantern. The sheriff, at the side, had a shotgun loaded with buckshot. (*Continued on page 107*)

"Less than twenty minutes ago," was the reply. "They probably left the train when it stopped at this station."

At this statement, the porter edged through the doorway. His mouth hung open and his eyes stared. "Chief, suh," he said, addressing the tall investigator, "I's been close by this do' for an hour an' I's seen nobody go in or out. I'd swear to that, suh. Nobody opened that do'."

"The porter is right," broke in a passenger. "I've been less than ten yards away in my seat ever since dinner. I saw nobody enter or leave the stateroom."

One by one the other passengers were examined. A woman had been reading so close to the stateroom door that she could have reached out and touched it. A second woman had been facing it two seats away. The manager of an insurance company had sat near by. Not one of these, not one person in the entire car, had seen anybody go in or out of the stateroom since the merchants themselves had returned to it, following dinner! No trainman had seen three men leave the train!

This was the positive and unanimous testimony of reputable, disinterested witnesses.

THE three merchants reiterated their story, exhibited the deep red marks left by the tightly bound wire on their wrists; but I doubt if a person present believed them, save the tall quiet man whom the porter addressed as "Chief." You no doubt have guessed his name, Timothy T. Keliher.

After a whispered word to a trainman and a nod toward the merchants, Keliher darted into the forward sleeper and flung open the door of the stateroom occupied by the three who had followed the business men onto the train. The room was empty. The yellow suitcase sat in a corner, empty. A discarded coat and hat

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. ATWELL, CHICAGO

Timothy T. Keliher (the man in plain clothes) is a product of the Old West, and was a frontier sheriff before he devoted his shrewd talents to catching railroad crooks. He is now Chief Special Agent for the Illinois Central Railroad

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The Mill of Miracles

Doctor FRED H. ALBEE devised it, and with it he and other skilled surgeons can transplant bones from one part of the human body to another—Cripples are made whole, limbs restored, and shattered faces built up

By FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

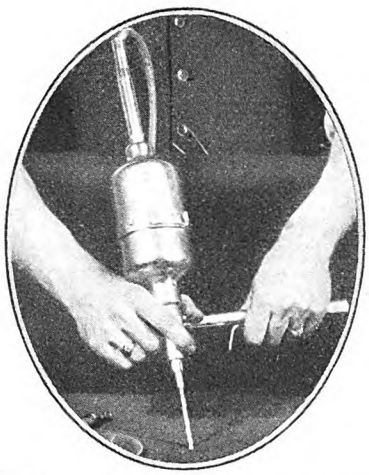
FORTY years ago or so a Yankee boy, handy with tools, made a toy buzz saw out of a sheet of zinc, rigged up a crude turbine water wheel for running it by the power of a brook which flowed through his father's farm, and amused himself by sawing rutabaga turnips into toy "timbers" and "planks." He had to use turnips for lumber, because the zinc teeth wouldn't cut wood and he couldn't lay his hands on a piece of steel out of which to make his saw.

Twenty years afterwards the same boy, Fred H. Albee, with a Harvard "M. D." added to the Bowdoin "A. B." which he is entitled to inscribe after his name, was casting about for some means of shaping another kind of raw material into strips, plates, and pegs. But the "lumber" this time was living human bone. His problem was how to fashion and manipulate it for surgical repair work in the speediest and most workmanlike fashion. Then he remembered the toy buzz saw of his boyhood, and after some experimentation, a new surgical technique came into being.

As a result of the application of a boy's toy to surgery hundreds of hunchbacked children have been made strong and healthy, thousands of men and women shattered by war or by the accidents of peace have been given new bones to replace those lost, and many more thousands who otherwise might have spent the best years of their lives as helpless, hopeless cripples, have been restored to self-supporting activity.

The Albee bone mill, a direct evolution from the Maine boy's toy, is the tool which enables the modern surgeon to perform operations so marvelous in their methods and results that they almost deserve classification as miracles. What other word than "miracle" is there with which to describe the fabrication of a new jawbone from the patient's own skeleton? How else describe the manufacture of a finger, and making it grow on a human hand?

What could be more miraculous than rebuilding the pelvis of a young woman, whom Nature had designed in such a faulty manner she could never bear a living child, and making it possible for her to become a mother of healthy children? Or combining a bone from a woman's



foot with another bone from a man's leg to give a little girl a new hip joint? Or fitting a new and perfectly working shoulder joint to a pianist who had been so crushed in an automobile accident that her means of livelihood had been destroyed?

THOSE are just a few of the wonders among the more than three thousand bone-grafting operations contained in Dr. Albee's case-books. Every part of the human body, from skull to toes, can be patched and restored, as a carpenter repairs the timbers of a house or a ship, but with this difference: the patches and plates, the braces and screws and dowels in this human joinery are carved, sawed, and turned out of *living* material, the bones of the patient himself.

There are many instances of marvelous plastic surgery in Dr. Albee's records. But I found it much easier to get him to talk about his other enthusiasms and activities than it was to break down the barrier which the medical code of ethics sets up between the physician and the general public when it comes to the discussion of his own work. And before we had got through talking I found myself marveling at the apparently limitless energy and enthusiasm of the man himself almost as much as at the wonderful things he has done in orthopedic surgery.

Only a physique inherited from generations of Yankee farmers and seafaring men and trained on the football field of Bowdoin—where Fred Albee played right tackle on the famous eleven of which Donald MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, was halfback—could stand up under the strain of this man's multifarious activities. They cover such a diversity of interests as the development of a Florida subdivision, the foundation and the active presidency of a bank, the operation of an orange grove, editing an international magazine, the "Rehabilitation Review," acting as consulting surgeon to three railroad companies and twenty hospitals scattered all over the country, directing the work of the Curative Workshop for the restoration of industrial cripples to productive activity, serving as Chairman of the New Jersey Rehabilitation Commission, holding down the chair of Professor of Orthopedic Surgery at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and personally operating on hundreds of difficult cases every year.

And as if that were not enough to keep a man of fifty-one fairly well occupied he responds to a dozen or more demands a year to address medical societies and conventions all over the world. In the couple of months during which I was checking up with him the material used in this article, he gave addresses and demonstrations in North Carolina, New Jersey, and California, and was preparing to sail for Europe to give a course in bone-graft surgery at the International Clinics in Paris.

To me such tremendous, untiring activity seems even more marvelous than the grafting of a piece of a "chinless" young man's shin bone to his lower jaw thereby giving him a "strong" face. His new chin, by the way, won him a position that had been denied him because of the fallacious belief of his employer that his receding chin indicated a weak character.

FOR fifteen years Dr. Albee has been teaching other surgeons his method and the use of the bone mill which he invented. It sounds simple enough, the explanation of the method of taking a piece of bone out of one part of the body and putting it in at another place and making it grow there. But it took years of study and experiment to find a way of doing it so efficiently and expeditiously that the newly transplanted bone would

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DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

Dr. Fred Houdlett Albee's original methods of bone grafting are responsible for much of the surgical reconstruction of wounded soldiers during the World War. Born 51 years ago in Maine, Dr. Albee obtained his medical degree from Harvard, and is now internationally famous as a surgeon

"stay put" and the patient be in no great anger while the operation was being erformed.

For years surgeons had been using etal plates and bands, screws, nails, and egs, in the effort to fasten together broen bones failing to unite or to take the lace of missing pieces of bone. The rouble was that the metal was not and ever could become an actual part of the keleton. It was always a foreign subance, and as such always a possible urce of trouble.

"The strongest and most highly temred metals, including metallic alloys, ill weaken and give way when subcted to constant overloading," said Dr. bee. "In marked contrast to this, bone, hen overloaded, will not only increase in e and strength but will undergo readtment of its external contour and its internal architecture, to withstand the added stress."

Realizing this, surgeons here and there tried transplanting bones from other animals into the human body. There were a few temporary successes and a great many serious failures. Occasionally opportunity offered to graft a bone from another human being. That was often more successful, but the supply of fresh human bones available to the surgeons for such purposes is, naturally, limited. Moreover, it was found that many of these bone grafts from one person to another would not grow in their new environment. Hardly any two individuals in the world have the same chemical and biological make-up, so the chances of success in transplanting any kind of tissue from one person to another become more and more remote with differences in kinship. A graft from a brother or a sister stands a better chance of growing than one from a parent. Even then, there is always the possibility of the introduction of disease germs with transplanted bone.

"One of the most pathetic incidents that has ever come to my attention," Dr. Albee told me, "was a letter I received some years ago from a woman who offered her bones for sale for transplantation in my operations. She had read, somewhere, that such things were being done, and she hoped that she might get enough money to keep soul and body together for a while, by selling her bones. She was entirely destitute, she said, and was dying of tuberculosis of the lungs. She was willing to sell her skeleton piecemeal, leaving the bones necessary to life until the last. But even had I been willing to negotiate with anyone in

(*Continued on page 95*)

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"If you're poor, you can come to my party," is this man's Christmas invitation to all the kids he knows

Challiss Gore *is* Santa Claus *to* Children *of the* Slums

IT WAS an October evening in Hell's Kitchen, one of New York City's poor sections. Unkempt children played on the wide sidewalks and overflowed into the street. Tired-looking mothers sat upon dingy doorsteps watching, or gossiping with neighbors only a few feet away.

An automobile, driven by a plain-looking man, slowed to a stop beside the curb. The man stepped out on the sidewalk, walked over to the nearest woman and, apparently, made an inquiry. Then he passed on to the second door beyond, went up the steps, and disappeared into a desolate-looking building.

Later, a little boy, his trousers tied up with a piece of string, came running out of the door through which the man had disappeared and skurried down the sidewalk. "Hey, Red! Mr. Gore—the Christmas-party man—he's up t' our place!"

"You gonna git to go?"

"Yeah—he said so. He took the size o' my shoes."

"Aw, gee, wish I could—"

Before long the man came back down the steps. The children crowded about him, while he shook the hand of each one and asked him his name.

"Mr. Gore, this here kid wants t' come t' yer party. His ole man's sick and his ma works out."

"Let me see, what did you say your name was?"

"Red."

Another child to be investigated, another destitute home for the man to visit.

PHOTO BY CHARLES MILLER

In such a manner, Challiss Gore, philanthropist of moderate circumstances, who lives in Crestwood, New York, and works for an advertising company in New York City, each year makes up the list of children who receive invitations to his Christmas party.

Ten years ago, Challiss Gore was a bachelor. There were several girls, knew, to each of whom he wished to se a remembrance on Christmas Day. went to one of New York's well-kno candy stores and ordered his prese The cost to him amounted to more tl fifty dollars. Mr. Gore began to feel easy. He thought:

"I have spent fifty dollars on gift candy that are unnecessary. Somewh there are families to whom fifty dol at Christmas time would bring gr happiness. Next year, I shall spend Christmas money on those who do already have more than they can preciate."

And so the two following Decem he filled stockings and carried them the homes of shut-in cripples. The t year he called at the New York Office and collected Santa Claus let He selected for investigation those w seemed the most hopeless. He calle the homes of the children who written these letters, and observed t situations. Fourteen he invited t Christmas party which he gave in apartment of a friend.

The following year, invitations sent to seventy-five children. But year Mr. Gore had to call upon al friends for assistance. They used automobiles for transportation, helped to look after the little ones. T outsiders learned of it, approved the and asked to be allowed to aid financ

In 1927, three hundred and sixty

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ones between the ages of four and twelve were entertained. Shining sedans were seen stopping in unaccustomed places. Women in fur coats and well-groomed men climbed three and four flights of rickety stairs, and felt their way along dark and distressing corridors to knock at the doors of these children's homes.

Sometimes they would find one or two small rooms crowded with stove, table, bed, a dog or cat, and bewildered people. But in most instances two or three children would be waiting in the foreground with wraps already on, and the ride to the hotel followed, where the party was being held.

When every car with its quota of children had arrived, the party was ready to begin.

The orchestra swept into a lively march. The doors of the grand ballroom in the Hotel Majestic swung open, and down the hall toward a glittering Christmas tree went the grand march, led by Mr. Gore himself.

In time, Christmas dinner was announced, which consisted of turkey, cranberries, ice cream, cake, and all that one pictures at an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, including nuts, apples, and candy.

Each and every child received a whole bag of Christmas gifts wrapped decoratively in colored paper, gifts that had been selected and wrapped with the needs of that particular child in mind. The success of the party glowed in the faces of the little ones, but there was more to come.

Each family represented was sent a basket of groceries, turkey, potatoes, sugar, butter, and other things, when the child or children returned home.

VIRGINIA GOFF

Here's How Mrs. Rochester Met a Big Emergency

Out in Enid, Oklahoma, Mrs. Hewer Rochester discovered that she could make handkerchiefs that would sell like hot cakes. Now it's her business

ABOUT seven years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Hewer Rochester bought a little home on what used to be a part of my front yard, and settled down to housekeeping. But things somehow went wrong, as they sometimes have a way of doing in this topsy-turvy world, and the Rochesters lost not only their home but practically everything else they owned.

One unsuspected resource remained, however, which came to light some time later on.

Mrs. Rochester is nothing less than an artist when it comes to doing fine embroidery on the little squares that now masquerade as women's handkerchiefs. All through the year, she used to put in her spare time making handkerchiefs to give her friends at Christmas.

It was curious that this kindly custom was to be the stepping stone to her unique success.

One day she carried some of these cobweb creations to the office where she was employed, to show them to the girls, and a lady happened to step in. Attracted by the beauty of the work and the originality of the designs, she picked one up and remarked: "If these are for sale, I'll buy this one." More as a joke than anything else, Mrs. Rochester consented, and the woman gave her two dollars. Right there and then a handkerchief business was born that has grown by leaps and bounds ever since, and that gives pleasant employment, to say nothing of weekly pay checks, to many women and girls.

Mrs. Rochester considered that if one person would pay two dollars for a handkerchief that she had intended to give away, why shouldn't there be many more who would do likewise. Therefore, she questioned, why shouldn't she go into the business of making and selling just such unusual handkerchiefs?

She lost no time in following up the idea, and by the time Christmas had rolled around, she had made and sold 108 handkerchiefs, besides the ones she gave her friends. With this as a starter, she commenced making handkerchiefs in real earnest, and in 1924, 600 handkerchiefs were sold. The following year the number had swelled to 1,300, and in 1926 she made and sold 3,600. Last year, the sales crawled up to around 10,000 handkerchiefs, and it seemed then that she was just beginning.

This year Mrs. Rochester has set the goal at 50,000.

At first, Mrs. Rochester carried on the handkerchief business in her home; but it outgrew that, and larger quarters had to be obtained. Fourteen trained assistants are now employed on regular salaries, while from fifty to sixty piece-workers are paid according to the amount of work they do in their homes.

Mrs. Rochester mentioned one woman, a widow, living in the outskirts of her town, who made in one month fifty-four dollars doing handkerchief work just at odd times. How she has any odd time is a mystery, for, Mrs. Rochester tells me, she milks five cows every day, churns three times a week, does all her housework, and takes the children to and from school.

August of last year, Mrs. Rochester decided to hire an assistant, as the business had outgrown a one-woman affair. It seemed the natural thing to employ her sister, who already had a good position.

In talking it over, the sister said: "Now, if I give up my work and come with you, it must be clearly understood that I can't be fired!" Laughing, Mrs. Rochester replied: "Well, since we are having a heart-to-heart talk, I want to say this: You are not to go round with a chip on your shoulder, imagining things; and when I tell you to do something, or to change something, it is because I understand conditions better than you do—and what I say goes." The sister agreed, and the subject has never been mentioned since.

Most of the finished product of this unique little handkerchief plant finds its way to the gift shops, and to the big de-

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partment stores of Chicago, Kansas City, Tulsa, Wichita, and Los Angeles, as well as those of New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities.

"An interesting angle of the business," said Mrs. Rochester, "is the everlasting hunt for new designs for the embroidery. I have got so that I sometimes find myself actually thinking in terms of handkerchief embroidery; and I often get ideas from the most unlikely sources. Sometimes the etching in a sherbet glass, the stitching on the toe of a sports slipper, the scroll work on a vase, the carving on a picture frame, or the tooling on the back of some old book, may give me a valuable idea. I can see handkerchief designs in nearly everything I look at—and when I close my eyes they fairly tumble over one another."

Mrs. Rochester's mother is also an artist, with years of experience in the designing department of an exclusive dressmaking establishment. Not long ago she gave up her work in this field to join her daughter in the handkerchief business. Both mother and daughter have great times together, puzzling over the creation of new handkerchief designs.

"I'm just as enthusiastic about it all today," says Mrs. Rochester, "as I was the day I started. Even the selling end of the business fascinates me as much as the manufacturing end, and though I have salesmen on the road, I still give my personal attention to the first big accounts I sold. It's a joy to meet the buyers and see how thoroughly each one knows his or her special line."

Mrs. Rochester's home town is Enid, Oklahoma, and the unusual handkerchiefs she makes have done their part in putting it on the map. CHARLES A. DAVID

This "Marrying Parson" *is a* Janitor *in his* Off Hours

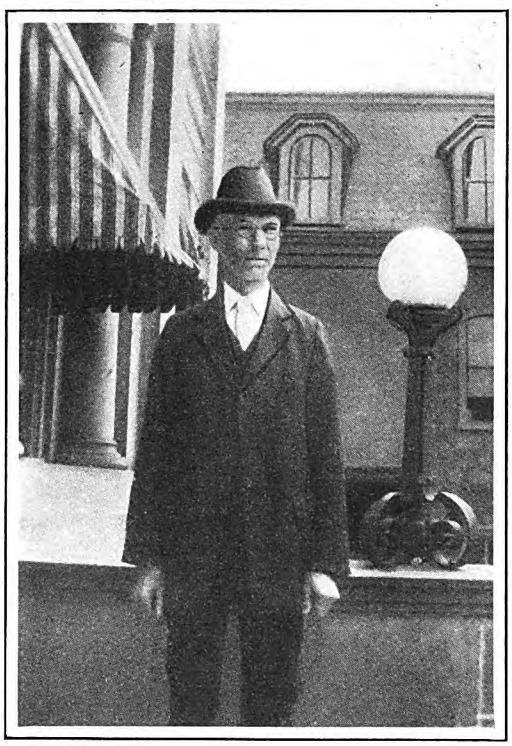
IF YOU secure a marriage license at the Montgomery County Court House, Norristown, Pennsylvania, and wish to be married within the walls of the imposing building, the license clerk will refer you to the Rev. Harry Thompson, one of the corps of janitors and an ordained minister of the Holiness Christian Church, who is known as "The Marrying Parson of the Court House."

When Pastor Thompson applied for his present position nine years ago, it was learned that he was a clergyman, and since then he has been frequently called upon to assist Cupid in completing a "world-without-end bargain." Although no part of this temple of justice has been set aside for hymeneal rites, any unoccupied room in the building may be used as a nuptial chapel. Jury rooms, small apartments arranged for jurors' sessions during a trial, serve usually for court-house ceremonies.

Before performing a marriage service, this sincere, spiritual-looking janitor-pastor takes off his denim working clothes and assumes the sober black cloth of his calling. He is then ready to join the waiting couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, provided they hold the proper license from the state and—this is also essential—possess no previous matrimonial partners. The tenets of his religion and his own convictions prevent him from marrying persons who have living husbands or wives, even though the state has granted them divorces. Tempting sums have been offered him to forego his unbroken rule, but Pastor Thompson has never sacrificed his principles for golden dollars.

The fees received by this marrying parson of the court house vary, according to the means and generosity of the bridegrooms, from one to ten dollars. He never got more than ten dollars on any occasion but—sometimes his purse is no heavier after he has performed a ceremony than before.

"You see," he explained, "some of them are rich in love but poor in worldly goods. A few I've met didn't offer to give me a cent; while others said they would send me something later on when their fortunes improved. But then," his smile softened with the tolerance of one who has learned to make allowances for the failings of fellow men, "people forget."



A wedding a week is the record of the Rev. Harry Thompson, the "marrying parson" of the court house in Norristown, Pennsylvania

"I married fifty-two couples last year," he went on. "That was an average of one a week, although June and July are my busiest months in the marrying business. Easter time, too, brings a big crop of weddings. But no matter what the month, Saturday is the most popular wedding day of the week. So far, I've married two and sometimes three couples a week, so I think this year will carry off the honors for court-house ceremonies.

"They come here all ages from fifteen to seventy-five. Last week I had a man past seventy just starting out on his fourth matrimonial voyage—took a sailing partner half his age this trip. They're mostly young folks, however, and not overly anxious as a rule for their parents to know too much about their affairs; but as long as they show the proper license I don't refuse to marry them. Twenty-one is the legal age in Pennsylvania; otherwise they've got to have their parents' consent as shown by their signatures written on the court-house records.

"Most brides come here to get married to avoid fuss and fancy fixin's, but one lady I recall didn't want to be cheated out of her bridal finery just because she chose a court house instead of a church for the ceremony. I was called away from the west corridor one afternoon and when I turned a corner there stood a vision all in white.

"White satin dress, long veil floating all around her, white slippers, bouquet of roses and lilies with fluttery ribbons, just like a bride in a picture. There was a man, too, but I didn't notice him very much just then. As a rule, the employees here don't bother about weddings; they're too used to them by this time, but that day they all turned out. The jury room was crowded and they overflowed into the hallway. That was the most stylish wedding I ever had in my nine years' experience.

"While I am repeating the solemn words of the marriage service, 'Until death do us part,' it happens sometimes that a judge in the adjoining court room is handing down a decree dissolving the union of those 'whom God hath joined.' One couple married by me in an office of this building three years ago obtained a divorce in the very next room a month ago. It's too bad," he said, shaking his silvery head sadly. "I like to see them live long and happily together."

His own marriage testifies to the sincerity of his views regarding matrimony. The Rev. Harry and Mrs. Thompson have celebrated twenty-eight joyful anniversaries of their wedding day. Thoroughly sympathetic with her husband's religious zeal and eager to aid the cause of Christianity, Mrs. Thompson assists him at frequent meetings and, as a licensed evangelist, conducts revivals herself.

The marrying parson gives his birthplace as Holmesburg, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, and his birthday March 17th, 1868. Tall and straight, his clear blue eyes shining with good will to all men, Pastor Thompson looks much younger than his avowed years.

MARY THERESA COLLINS

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Miss Sadie Young, of Beacon, New York, turned her love for beautiful flowers into a profitable business

Neither Bad Luck *Nor* Bad Weather *Could Damp* Miss Young's Enthusiasm

THIRTY-FIVE years ago a woman who owned and conducted her own business was something of a novelty. Those were the days without the automobile and without many of the conveniences which today are quite common to most of us.

It was in those good old days, as some folks are wont to call them, that Dr. Young, a well-known Fishkill physician, passed away, leaving his family of five girls and one boy not only fatherless but penniless.

True, they had a beautiful estate on the banks of the Hudson River, but this home was heavily mortgaged, and with no income whatever the family could not hope to continue living there.

One of Dr. Young's daughters, Sadie, determined upon a plan of action. She was led to her decision by the only asset which her father's estate contained—twelve greenhouses. Dr. Young loved flowers devotedly, and paid one man to bestow his time exclusively on the care and nurture of rare varieties of blooms. Perhaps Miss Sadie naturally developed her love for the fragrant plants, as there were few activities in which she could engage, because of a foot deformity from which she had suffered since childhood. Consequently, she spent much time with her flowers and had marvelous success with them.

Shortly after their father's death, Sadie and Mary Young decided, after much consultation, to become florists. To anyone knowing the girls' early environment, the situation would have been ludicrous had it not been exceedingly pathetic. We, of today, could not but prophesy that their venture would have been an immediate failure. Doubtless it would have been that, too, had not Sadie Young possessed courage and perseverance.

"I won't say that we weren't discouraged," Miss Young admitted. "But the very persistence in growth of the plants all about us reminded me that we must just keep on going regardless of occasional bad weather." She laughed a little. "We know what the rain does for roses, and I really think that too much sunshine is a bad thing for humans even as it is for plants."

The sisters' first experience in flower selling was indeed unfortunate. The wholesaler to whom they shipped their flowers took advantage of their innocence and they lost what little they had invested. The incident, however, was not without its advantages, for they decided to market their wares in their little home town, which was then known as Fishkill-on-the Hudson. With rapidly dwindling resources they inserted an ad in the local paper, which brought to their greenhouses many sympathetic and admiring purchasers. Their venture seemed really to be succeeding in spite of their preliminary loss.

But the weather suddenly went against them and their plants were ruined by such unforeseen calamities as droughts, storms, and an unusually severe winter. The boilers in the greenhouses that had always seemed solid began developing leaks, and consequently they were unable to heat the houses to the necessary temperature.

And then, as if this misfortune were not enough, fate now dealt them another blow when the mortgage on their old home was foreclosed.

An old friend learned of their plight and lent them sufficient money to enable them to "get on their feet." Their friend's confidence in their ability gave them new courage to face the struggle ahead of them.

"It was the most heartening incident in all our experiences," Miss Young revealed. "It was an instance of faith in us individually, and we both felt it to be a turning point in the whole affair. Some one *believed* in us, and this thought made it lots easier to carry on and to have confidence in the future."

Then, slowly and surely, they began to make progress. At last they opened a tiny store in Fishkill, and business began to grow in no uncertain way. They were so well known for their fair-dealing and for the beauty of their plants that many customers came from distant points to patronize the little store, known as The Spy Hill Conservatories.

The business was indeed doing well, when suddenly Mary died, leaving Sadie alone in her new prosperity and with a great ache in her heart. But she put all of her energies into her work, hoping thus to forget a bit, while she made further plans for the future.

Recently, Miss Young celebrated her thirty-fifth year in business. She turns her gaze reminiscently away now, as she shows you the large and centrally located city block which she has purchased, and I know that she pictures that first tiny store and recalls the hard knocks that the world gave two fatherless girls.

She is proud of her modern and lovely flower shop in the center of her city block. She is proud too of her nice new delivery truck—her thirty-fifth anniversary present to her business—and she is happy to know that she can give employment to six assistants.

MRS. H. C. MOHR

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Bob Limbert's Feet *Have* Carried Him *Into* Strange Places

BACK in the days when the region was largely peopled by Indians, a lone white man was cooking his supper over a camp fire beside a little stream on the Fort Washakie Indian Reservation in Wyoming. A party of Indians rode up and, dismounting, said: "You huntum money rock" (meaning "prospecting"). "Me no like."

Relying on his ability to awe the red men through their superstitious natures, the white man retorted, "Me no huntum money rock, me huntum *money*," and with clever sleight-of-hand maneuvers he palmed several coins from his pockets. "Ho, look, ketchum money all around!" he exclaimed, as, with sleeves rolled up, he began picking actual money out of the air.

The braves watched every move with keenest interest and finally the leader concluded, "Huh, heap big medicine man!" and they sat around the camp fire, delighted, while Bob Limbert went through his whole repertoire of tricks and magic.

Robert W. Limbert, naturalist, master of the craftsmanship of the out-of-doors, and explorer of American wildernesses, came into national prominence when he discovered the volcanic wonderland called "Craters of the Moon" in Idaho, which was later set aside as a National Monument.

Limbert has spent most of his life in the hills and mountains, and knows as much about the remote sections of our Western country as any other living white man. Moreover, his training and experience in natural-history study have enabled him to bring the secrets of the wilderness to the attention of the civilized world.

Robert W. Limbert, naturalist and explorer, discovered "The Craters of the Moon" in southern Idaho

For years Limbert had heard of the lava beds in the triangle between Minidoka, Circo, and Carey in southern Idaho. One trapper had told him he had penetrated about eight miles, and another six miles, but both were forced back through fear. So, daring disaster from desert thirst and laughing at the weird legends of old-timers who tried to dissuade him, Limbert set out with one partner to explore this area which for a hundred years had been shunned by the superstitious Indians and whites because of its hostile aspect and mystifying desolation.

For many days they subsisted on a diet of dehydrated foods and on water obtained from a few water holes which the explorer located by flights of doves or by the melting ice from great caverns. In this manner, they traveled a rough area of eighty miles in seventeen days.

Sleep at night was almost impossible, for they could find no level place on which to lie. After the fourth day, however, traveling became easier, and they began to pass straggling cinder cones and blowout holes which had evidently been caused by underground explosions of steam and gas. Then they came to more open country with patches of scrub cedar, juniper, and piñon pine.

On this marvelous volcanic trip, Limbert saw hundreds of bottomless abysses, literally honeycombed with underground caves, and passages bewildering in their immensity and mystifying in their variety of strange forms. Natural bridges unknown to geographers, and lava formations which rival in interest and beauty even those famed lava beds of Vesuvius in Italy and Mauna Loa in Hawaii, were among the other natural wonders he beheld.

The explorer was amazed to find in all this waste land dwarf buckwheat and tufts of grass growing in bear tracks which were made hundreds of years ago in the then plastic lava. Here he found craters of dormant volcanoes half a mile wide and apparently bottomless, huge cups in which a five-story office building might be dropped by Titan hands and resemble a lone cube in a huge sugar bowl.

Exhibitions of lava flow were most interesting and bizarre. Here were pieces of sage brush with lava "frozen" around them. One flow, called the Blue Dragon, was like gray and blue taffy, magnified until its twists and folds were thirty feet across like whirlpool snakes, colored a remarkable cobalt blue with an enameled surface smooth as glass. Limbert did not wonder at the superstition which the region evoked in the human mind.

"Some of the outlandish formations," he said, "were enough to give you the shivers. They were unlike anything I had ever seen or read of before."

At what he called "Echo Crater," which was a mile and a quarter wide and eight hundred feet deep, the explorers established central, or headquarters, camp, and made daily side trips of exploration.

Near Echo Crater, Limbert found eight caves varying from a half to a full mile long. One was like a miniature theater; another had its walls coated with a two-inch armor of ice and from its roof hung pendants of icicles five to eight feet long, upon which the lantern lights played magically. From the ceiling of still another cavern hung lava stalactites covered with fine green flower moss.

The Craters of the Moon will soon become a mecca for the American travelers who are curious enough to see such odd things on the earth's surface. A visit to this wonderland can well be made in connection with a tour of Yellowstone Park. From Pocatello, Idaho, one travels to Arco, then twenty-six miles west on the Hailey road. Visitors from the west should go to Hailey, then or to Picabo, or from Shoshone to Picabo then nine miles to Carey and thirty-one miles to "The Craters."

In the early days, Limbert was champion wrestler of Omaha. At twelve years of age he swam across the Missouri River, and at thirty-seven he allowed himself to be tied hand and foot and then dived from a height of sixty-three feet into fourteen feet of water at the Boise City Natatorium. He tells of an experience with Zybysco.

"At one time I was making a trip in the Craters country with Stanislaus Zybysco the famous wrestler, and I jokingly filled his pack with rocks. When Zybysco got wise to it, he grabbed me by the legs and nape of the neck, lifted me high in the air and doubled me up as if I were a baby; but when it came to tramping over the hills made him lie down and holler for mercy."

CLAUDE P. FORDYCE

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup•• *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

No wonder vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one. Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. So why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? Remember that they are at your service every day.

Campbell's is the finest Vegetable Soup that can be made! And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. So hearty and substantial that it is served as a meal in itself by millions of women.

Here's an ideal luncheon or supper—so tempting and convenient for those "in-between" meals. This soup is wonderfully healthful for the children, too. And how they like it!

For variety in your menus, let your grocer supply you with selections from the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

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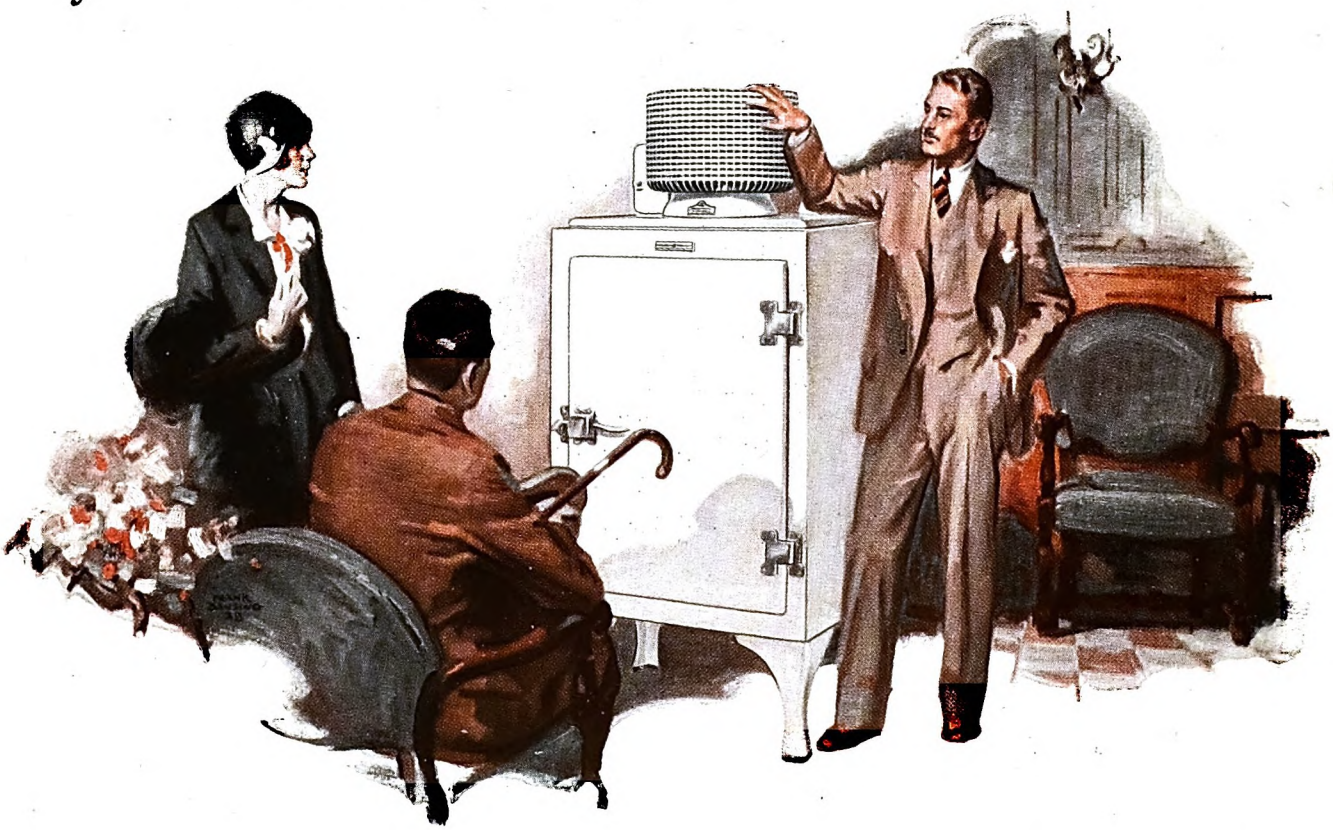
All the machinery is on top

–you never see it.. never oil it..barely hear it!



ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to determine the simplest, the most efficient, the most worry-proof arrangement? The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years.

All its mechanism is contained in an hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it. Installation is a matter of minutes—without any soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current. For complete specifications of all the models, write for Booklet A-1.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND. OHIO

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The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 14*)

like to speak about to you.—We understand you have a key to the rear door of the Drukker house."

She gave him a puzzled nod.

"Yes; I've had one for years. I run back and forth so much; and it saves Lady Mae a lot of bother. . . ."

"Our only interest in the key is that it might have been used by someone who had no right to it."

"But that's impossible. I've never lent it to anyone. And I always keep it in my hand-bag."

"Is it generally known you have a key to the Drukkers'?"

"Why—I suppose so." She was obviously perplexed. "I've never made a secret of it. The family certainly know about it."

"And you may perhaps have mentioned or revealed the fact when there were outsiders present?"

"Yes—though I can't recall any specific instance."

"Are you sure you have the key now?"

She gave Vance a startled look, and without a word picked up a small lizard-skin hand-bag which lay on the wicker table. Opening it, she felt swiftly in one of its inner compartments.

"Yes!" she announced, with relief. "It's where I always keep it. . . . Why do you ask me about it?"

"It's important that we know who had access to the Drukker house," Vance told her. Then, before she could question him further, he asked: "Could the key possibly have left your possession last night?—that is, could it have been extracted from your bag without your knowledge?"

A LOOK of fright came into her face. "Oh, what has happened——?" she began; but Vance interrupted her.

"Please, Miss Dillard! There's nothing for you to worry about. We're merely striving to eliminate certain remote possibilities in connection with our investigation.—Tell me: could anyone have taken your key last night?"

"No one," she answered uneasily. "I went to the theatre at eight o'clock, and had my bag with me the entire time."

"When did you last make use of the key?"

"After dinner last night. I ran over to see how Lady Mae was and to say good-night."

Vance frowned slightly. I could see that this information did not square with some theory he had formed.

"You made use of the key after dinner," he recapitulated, "and kept it with you in your hand-bag the rest of the evening, without letting it once go out of your sight.—Is that right, Miss Dillard?"

The girl nodded.

"I even held the bag in my lap during the play," she amplified.

Vance regarded the hand-bag thoughtfully.

"Well," he said lightly, "so ends the romance of the key.—And now we're going to bother your uncle again. Do you think you'd better act as our *avant-courier;* or shall we storm his citadel unannounced?"

"Uncle is out," she informed us. "He went for a walk along the Drive."

"And Mr. Arnesson, I suppose, has not yet returned from the university."

"No; but he'll be here for lunch. He has no classes Tuesday afternoons."

"In the meantime, then, we'll confer with Beedle and the admirable Pyne.—And I might suggest that it would do Mrs. Drukker no end of good if you'd pay her a visit."

With a troubled smile and a little nod the girl passed out through the basement door.

HEATH at once went in search of Beedle and Pyne and brought them to the drawing-room, where Vance questioned them about the preceding night. No information, however, was obtained from them. They had both gone to bed at ten o'clock. Their rooms were on the fourth floor at the side of the house; and they had not even heard Miss Dillard when she returned from the theatre. Vance asked them about noises on the range, and intimated that the screen-porch door of the Drukkers might have slammed shut at about midnight. But apparently both of them had been asleep at that hour. Finally they were dismissed with a warning not to mention to anyone the questions that had just been asked them.

Five minutes later Professor Dillard came in. Though surprised to see us, he greeted us amiably.

"For once, Markham, you've chosen an hour for your visit when I am not absorbed in work.—More questions, I suppose. Well, come along to the library for the inquisition. It'll be more comfortable there." He led the way upstairs, and when we were seated he insisted that we join him in a glass of port, which he himself served from the sideboard.

"Drukker should be here," he remarked. "He has a fondness for my 'Ninety-six,' though he'll drink it only on rare occasions. I tell him he should take more port; but he imagines it's bad for him, and points to my gout. But there's no connection between gout and port—the notion is sheer superstition. Sound port is the most wholesome of wines. Gout is unknown in Oporto. A little physical stimulation of the right kind would be good for Drukker. . . . Poor fellow! His mind is like a furnace that's burning his body up. A brilliant man, Markham. If he had sufficient bodily energy to keep pace with his brain, he'd be one of the world's great physicists."

"He tells me," commented Vance, "that you twitted him on his inability to work out a modification of the quantum theory in regard to light-interference."

The old man smiled ruefully.

"Yes. I knew that such a criticism would spur him to a maximum effort. The fact is, Drukker is on the track of something revolutionary. He has already worked out some very interesting theorems. . . . But I'm sure this isn't what you gentlemen came here to discuss. What can I do for you, Markham? Or, perhaps you came to give me news."

"Unfortunately we have no news. We have come to solicit aid again. . . ." Markham hesitated, as if uncertain how to proceed; and Vance assumed the rôle of questioner.

"The situation has changed somewhat since we were here yesterday. One or two new matters have arisen, and there is a possibility that our investigation would be facilitated if we knew the exact movements of the members of your household last night. These movements, in fact, may have influenced certain factors in the case."

The professor lifted his head in some surprise, but made no comment. He said merely: "That information is very easily given. To what members do you refer?"

"To no member specifically," Vance hastened to assure him.

"Well, let me see. . . ." He took out his old meerschaum pipe and began filling it. "Belle and Sigurd and I had dinner alone at six o'clock. At half past seven Drukker dropped in, and a few minutes later Pardee called. Then at eight Sigurd and Belle went to the theatre, and at half past ten Drukker and Pardee went away. I myself turned in shortly after eleven, after locking up the house—I'd let Pyne and Beedle go to bed early.—And that's about all I can tell you."

"DO I understand that Miss Dillard and Mr. Arnesson went to the theatre together?"

"Yes. Sigurd rarely patronizes the theatre, but whenever he does he takes Belle along. He attends Ibsen's plays, for the most part. He's a devout disciple of Ibsen's, by the way. His American upbringing hasn't in the least tempered his enthusiasm for things Norwegian. At heart he's quite loyal to his native country. He's as well grounded in Norwegian literature as any professor at the University of Oslo; and the only music he really cares for is Grieg's. When he goes to concerts or the theatre you're pretty sure to find that the programs are liberally Norwegian."

"It was an Ibsen play, then, he attended last night?"

"'Rosmersholm,' I believe. There's a revival of Ibsen's dramas at present in New York."

Vance nodded. "Walter Hampden's doing them.—Did you see either Mr. Arnesson or Miss Dillard after they returned from the theatre?"

"No; they came in rather late, I imagine. Belle told me this morning they went to the Plaza for supper after the play. However, Sigurd will be here at any minute, and you can learn the details from him." Though the professor spoke with patience, it was plain that he was annoyed by the apparently irrelevant nature of the interrogation.

"Will you be good enough, sir," pur-

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sued Vance, "to tell us the circumstances connected with Mr. Drukker's and Mr. Pardee's visit here after dinner?"

"There was nothing unusual about their call. They often drop in during the evening. The object of Drukker's visit was to discuss with me the work he had done on his modification of the quantum theory; but when Pardee appeared the discussion was dropped. Pardee is a good mathematician, but advanced physics is beyond his depth."

"Did either Mr. Drukker or Mr. Pardee see Miss Dillard before she went to the theatre?"

PROFESSOR DILLARD took his pipe slowly from his mouth, and his expression became resentful.

"I must say," he replied testily, "that I can see no valid object in my answering such questions.—However," he added, in a more indulgent tone, "if the domestic trivia of my household can be of any possible assistance to you, I will of course be glad to go into detail." He regarded Vance a moment. "Yes, both Drukker and Pardee saw Belle last night. All of us, including Sigurd, were together in this room for perhaps half an hour before theatre time. There was even a casual discussion about Ibsen's genius, in which Drukker annoyed Sigurd greatly by maintaining Hauptmann's superiority."

"Then at eight o'clock, I gather, Mr. Arnesson and Miss Dillard departed, leaving you and Mr. Pardee and Mr. Drukker alone here."

"That is correct."

"And at half past ten, I think you said, Mr. Drukker and Mr. Pardee went away. Did they go together?"

"They went downstairs together," the professor answered, with more than a suggestion of tartness. "Drukker, I believe, went home; but Pardee had an appointment at the Manhattan Chess Club."

"It seems a bit early for Mr. Drukker to have gone home," mused Vance, "especially as he had come to discuss an important matter with you and had had no adequate opportunity to do so up to the time of his departure."

"Drukker is not well." The professor's voice was again studiously patient. "As I've told you, he tires easily. And last night he was unusually played out. In fact, he complained to me of his fatigue and said he was going immediately to bed."

"Yes . . . quite in keeping," murmured Vance. "He told us a little while ago that he was up working at six yesterday morning."

"I'm not surprised. Once a problem has posed itself in his mind he works on it incessantly. Unfortunately, he has no normal reactions to counterbalance his consuming passion for mathematics. There have been times when I've feared for his mental stability."

Vance, for some reason, steered clear of this point.

"You spoke of Mr. Pardee's engagement at the Chess Club last night," he said, when he had carefully lighted a fresh cigarette. "Did he mention the nature of it to you?"

Professor Dillard smiled with patronizing lenity.

"He talked about it for fully an hour. It appears that a gentleman named Rubinstein—a genius of the chess world, I understand, who is now visiting this country—had taken him on for three exhibition games. The last one was yesterday. It began at two o'clock, and was postponed at six. It should have been played off at eight, but Rubinstein was the lion of some dinner downtown; so the hour set for the play-off was eleven. Pardee was on tenterhooks, for he had lost the first game and drawn the second; and if he could have won last night's game he would have broken even with Rubinstein. He seemed to think he had an excellent chance according to the way the game stood at six o'clock; although Drukker disagreed with him. . . . He must have gone directly from here to the club, for it was fully half past ten when he and Drukker went out."

"Rubinstein's a strong player," observed Vance. A new note of interest, which he strove to conceal, had come into his voice. "He's one of the grand masters of the game. He defeated Capablanca at San Sebastian in 1911, and between 1907 and 1912 was considered the logical contender for the world's title held by Doctor Lasker.* . . . Yes, it would have been a great feather in Pardee's cap to have beaten him. Indeed, it was no small compliment to him that he should have been matched with Rubinstein. Pardee, despite the fame of his gambit, has never been ranked as a master.—Have you heard the result of last night's game, by the bye?"

Again I noted a faint tolerant smile at the corners of the professor's mouth. He gave the impression of looking down benevolently on the foolish capers of children from some great intellectual height.

"No," he answered; "I didn't inquire. But my surmise is that Pardee lost; for when Drukker pointed out the weakness of his adjourned position, he was more positive than usual. Drukker by nature is cautious, and he rarely expresses a definite opinion on a problem without having excellent grounds for so doing."

VANCE raised his eyebrows in some astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me that Pardee analyzed his unfinished game with Drukker and discussed the possibilities of its ending? . . . Not only is such a course unethical, but any player would be disqualified for doing such a thing."

"I'm unfamiliar with the punctilio of chess," Professor Dillard returned acidly; "but I am sure Pardee would not be guilty of a breach of ethics in that regard. And, as a matter of fact, I recall that when he was engaged with the chessmen at the table over there and Drukker stepped up to look on, Pardee requested him to offer no advice. The discussion of the position took place some time later, and was kept entirely to generalities. I don't believe there was a mention of any specific line of play."

Vance leaned slowly forward and crushed out his cigarette with that taut deliberation which I had long since come to recognize as a sign of repressed excitement. Then he rose carelessly and moved to the chess table in the corner. He stood there, one hand resting on the exquisite marquetry of the alternating squares.

"You say that Mr. Pardee was analyzing his position on this board when Mr. Drukker came over to him?"

"Yes, that is right." Professor Dillard spoke with forced politeness. "Drukker sat down facing him and studied the layout. He started to make some remark, and Pardee requested him to say nothing. A quarter of an hour or so later Pardee put the men away; and it was then that Drukker told him that his game was lost—that he had worked himself into position which, though it looked favorable, was fundamentally weak."

VANCE had been running his fingers aimlessly over the board; and he had taken two or three of the men from the box and tossed them back, as if toying with them.

"Do you remember just what Mr. Drukker said?" he asked without looking up.

"I didn't pay very close attention—the subject was not exactly one of burning moment to me." There was an unescapable note of irony in the answer. "But, as nearly as I can recall, Drukker said that Pardee could have won provided it had been a rapid-transit game, but that Rubinstein was a notoriously slow and careful player and would inevitably find the weak spot in Pardee's position."

"Did Pardee resent his criticism?" Vance now strolled back to his chair and selected another cigarette from his case; but he did not sit down again.

"He did—very much. Drukker has an unfortunately antagonistic manner. And Pardee is hypersensitive on the subject of his chess. The fact is, he went white with anger at Drukker's strictures. But I personally changed the subject; and when they went away the incident had apparently been forgotten."

We remained but a few minutes longer. Markham was profuse in his apologies to the professor, and sought to make amends for the patent annoyance our visit had caused him. He was not pleased with Vance for his seemingly garrulous insistence on the details of Pardee's chess game, and when we had descended to the drawing-room he expressed his displeasure.

"I could understand your questions relating to the whereabouts of the various occupants of this house last night, but I could see no excuse for your harping on Pardee's and Drukker's disagreement over a game of chess. We have other things to do besides gossip."

"A hate of gossip parlance also crown' Tennyson's Isabel thro' all her placid life," Vance returned puckishly. "But—my word, Markham!—our life is not like Isabel's. Speakin' seriously, there was method in my gossip. I prattled—and I learned."

"You learned what?" Markham demanded sharply.

With a cautious glance into the hall Vance leaned forward and lowered his voice:

"I learned, my dear Lycurgus, that a black bishop is missing from that set

*Akiba Rubinstein was then, and is today, the chess champion of Poland and one of the great international masters of the game. He was born in Stavisk, near Lodz, in 1882, and made his début in international chess at the Ostend tournament in 1906. His recent visit to America resulted in a series of new triumphs.

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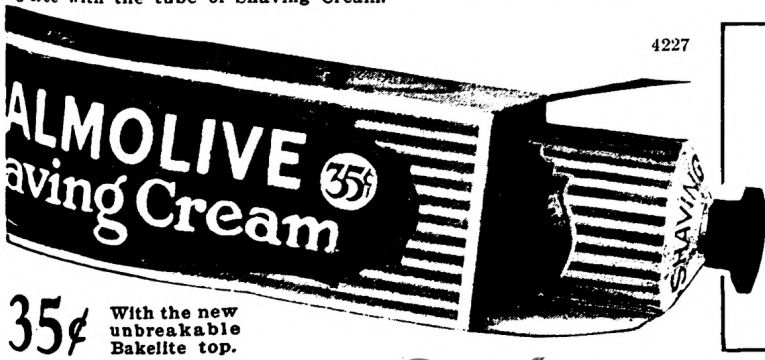

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the library, and that the chessman left at Mrs. Drukker's door matches the other pieces upstairs!"

XV

AN INTERVIEW WITH PARDEE

(*Tuesday, April 12th; 12:30 p. m.*)

THIS piece of news had a profound effect on Markham. As was his habit when agitated, he rose and began pacing back and forth, his hands clasped behind him. Heath, too, though slower to grasp the significance of Vance's revelation, puffed vigorously on his cigar—an indication that his mind was busy with a difficult adjustment of facts.

Before either had formulated any comment the rear door of the hall opened and light footsteps approached the drawing-room. Belle Dillard, returning from Mrs. Drukker's, appeared in the archway. Her face was troubled, and letting her eyes rest on Markham, she asked:

"What did you say to Adolph this morning? He's in an awful state of funk. He's going about testing all the door locks and window catches as if he feared burglars; and he has frightened poor Grete by telling her to be sure to bolt herself in at night."

"Ah! He has warned Mrs. Menzel, has he?" mused Vance. "Very interestin'."

The girl's gaze turned swiftly to him.

"Yes; but he will give me no explanation. He's excited and mysterious. And the strangest thing about his attitude is that he refuses to go near his mother. . . . What does it mean, Mr. Vance? I feel as though something terrible were impending."

"I don't know just what it does mean." Vance spoke in a low, distressed voice. "And I'm afraid even to try to interpret it. If I should be wrong . . ." He became silent for a moment. "We must wait and see. Tonight perhaps we'll know.—But there's no cause for alarm on your part, Miss Dillard." He smiled comfortingly. "How did you find Mrs. Drukker?"

"She seemed much better. But there's still something worrying her; and I think it has to do with Adolph, for she talked about him the whole time I was there, and kept asking if I'd noticed anything unusual in his manner lately."

"That's quite natural in the circumstances," Vance returned. "But you mustn't let her morbid attitude affect you.—And now, to change the subject: I understand that you were in the library for half an hour or so last night just before you went to the theatre. Tell me, Miss Dillard: Where was your hand-bag during that time?"

THE question startled her; but after a momentary hesitation she answered: "When I came into the library I placed it with my wrap on the little table by the door."

"It was the lizard-skin bag containing the key?"

"Yes. Sigurd hates evening dress, and when we go out together I always wear my day clothes."

"So you left the bag on the table during that half-hour, and then kept it with you the rest of the evening.—And what about this morning?"

"I went out for a walk before breakfast and carried it with me. Later, I put it on the hatrack in the hall for an hour or so; but when I started for Lady Mae's at about ten I took it with me. It was then I discovered that the little pistol had been returned, and I postponed my call. I left the bag downstairs in the archery-room until you and Mr. Markham came; and I've had it with me ever since."

Vance thanked her whimsically.

"And now that the peregrinations of the bag have been thoroughly traced, please try to forget all about it." She was on the point of asking a question, but he anticipated her curiosity and said quickly: "You went to the Plaza for supper last night, your uncle told us. You must have been late in getting home."

"I never stay out very late when I go anywhere with Sigurd," she answered, with a maternal note of complaint. "He has a constitutional aversion to any kind of night life. I begged him to stay out longer, but he looked so miserable I hadn't the heart to remain. We actually got home at half past twelve."

VANCE rose with a gracious smile.

"You've been awfully good to bear with our foolish questions so patiently. . . . Now we're going to drop in on Mr. Pardee and see if he has any illuminatin' suggestions to offer. He's generally in at this time, I believe."

"I'm sure he's in now." The girl walked with us to the hall. "He was here only a little while before you came, and he said he was returning home to attend to some correspondence."

We were about to go out, when Vance paused:

"Oh, I say, Miss Dillard; there's one point I forgot to ask you about. When you came home last night with Mr. Arnesson, how did you know it was just half past twelve? I notice you don't wear a watch."

"Sigurd told me," she explained. "I was rather mean to him for bringing me home so early, and as we entered the hall here I asked him spitefully what time it was. He looked at his watch and said it was half past twelve . . ."

At that moment the front door opened and Arnesson came in. He stared at us in mock astonishment; then he caught sight of Belle Dillard.

"Hallo, sis," he called to her pleasantly. "In the hands of the *gendarmerie*, I see." He flashed us an amused look. "Why the conclave? This house is becoming a regular police station. Hunting for clews of Sprigg's murderer? Ha! Bright youth done away with by his jealous professor, and that sort of thing, eh? . . . Hope you chaps haven't been putting Diana the Huntress through a third degree."

"Nothing of the kind," the girl spoke up. "They've been most considerate. And I've been telling them what an old fogy you are—bringing me home at half past twelve."

"I think I was very indulgent," grinned Arnesson. "Much too late for a child like you to be out."

"It must be terrible to be senile and—and mathematically inclined," she retorted with some heat, and ran upstairs.

Arnesson shrugged his shoulders and looked after her until she had disappeared. Then he fixed a cynical eye on Markham.

"Well, what glad tidings do you bring? Any news about the latest victim?" He led the way back to the drawing-room. "You know, I miss that lad. He'd have gone far. A rotten shame he had to be named Johnny Sprigg. Even 'Peter Piper' would have been safer. Nothing happened to Peter Piper aside from the pepper episode; and you couldn't very well work that up into a murder. . . ."

"We have nothing to report, Arnesson," Markham broke in, nettled by the man's flippancy. "The situation remains unchanged."

"Just dropped in for a social call, I presume. Staying for lunch?"

"We reserve the right," said Markham coldly, "to investigate this case in whatever manner we deem advisable. Nor are we accountable to you for our actions."

"So! Something *has* happened that irks you." Arnesson spoke with sarcasm. "I thought I had been accepted as a coadjutor; but I see I am to be turned forth into the darkness." He sighed elaborately and took out his pipe. "Dropping the pilot!—Bismarck and me. Alas!"

Vance had been smoking dreamily near the archway, apparently oblivious of Arnesson's complaining. Now he stepped into the room.

"Really, y' know, Markham, Mr. Arnesson is quite right. We agreed to keep him posted; and if he's to be of any help to us he must know all the facts."

"It was you yourself," protested Markham, "who pointed out the possible danger of mentioning last night's occurrence. . . ."

"True. But I had forgotten at the time our promise to Mr. Arnesson. And I'm sure his discretion can be relied on." Then Vance related in detail Mrs. Drukker's experience of the night before.

ARNESSON listened with rapt attention. I noticed that his sardonic expression gradually disappeared, and that in its place came a look of calculating somberness. He sat for several minutes in contemplative silence, his pipe in his hand.

"That's certainly a vital factor in the problem," he commented at length. "It changes our constant. I can see that this thing has got to be calculated from a new angle. The Bishop, it appears, is in our midst. But why should he come to haunt Lady Mae?"

"She is reported to have screamed at almost the exact moment of Robin's death."

"Aha!" Arnesson sat up. "I grasp your implication. She saw the Bishop from her window on the morning of Cock Robin's dissolution, and later he returned and perched on her door knob as a warning for her to keep mum."

"Something like that, perhaps. . . . Have you enough integers now to work out your formula?"

"I'd like to cast an eye on this black bishop. Where is it?"

Vance reached in his pocket, and held out the chessman. Arnesson took it eagerly. His eyes glittered for a moment. He turned the piece over in his hand, and then gave it back.

"You seem to recognize this particular bishop," said Vance dulcetly. "You're quite correct. It was borrowed from your chess set in the library."

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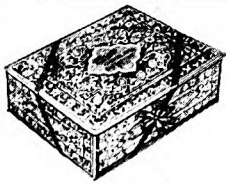

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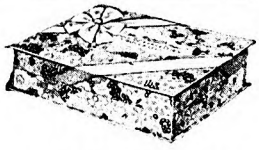

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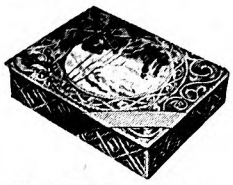

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Arnesson nodded a slow affirmative.

"I believe it was." Suddenly he turned to Markham, and an ironic leer came over his lean features. "Was that why I was to be kept in the dark? Under suspicion, am I? Shades of Pythagoras! What penalty attaches to the heinous crime of distributing chessmen among one's neighbors?"

Markham got up and walked toward the hall.

"You are not under suspicion, Arnesson," he answered, with no attempt to conceal his ill-humor. "The bishop was left at Mrs. Drukker's at exactly midnight."

"And I was half an hour too late to qualify. Sorry to have disappointed you."

"LET us hear if your formula works out," said Vance, as we passed out of the front door. "We've a little visit to pay Mr. Pardee now."

"Pardee? Oho! Calling in a chess expert on the subject of bishops, eh? I see your reasoning—it at least has the virtue of being simple and direct. . . ."

He stood on the little porch and watched us, like a japish gargoyle, as we crossed the street.

Pardee received us with his customary quiet courtesy. The tragic, frustrated look which was a part of his habitual expression was even more pronounced than usual; and when he drew up chairs for us in his study his manner was that of a man whose interest in life had died, and who was merely going through the mechanical motions of living.

"We have come here, Mr. Pardee," Vance began, "to learn what we can of Sprigg's murder in Riverside Park yesterday morning. We have excellent reasons for every question we are about to ask you."

Pardee nodded resignedly.

"I shall not be offended at any line of interrogation you take. After reading the papers I realize just how unusual a problem you are facing."

"First, then, please inform us where you were yesterday morning between seven and eight."

A faint flush overspread Pardee's face, but he answered in a low, even voice:

"I was in bed. I did not rise until nearly nine."

"Is it not your habit to take a walk in the park before breakfast?" (I knew this was sheer guesswork on Vance's part, for the subject of Pardee's habits had not come up during the investigation.)

"That is quite true," the man replied, without a moment's hesitation. "But yesterday I did not go,—I had worked rather late the night before."

"When did you first hear of Sprigg's death?"

"At breakfast. My cook repeated the gossip of the neighborhood. I read the official account of the tragedy in the early edition of the evening 'Sun.'"

"And you saw the reproduction of the Bishop note, of course, in this morning's paper.—What is your opinion of the affair, Mr. Pardee?"

"I hardly know." For the first time his lackluster eyes showed signs of animation. "It's an incredible situation. The mathematical chances are utterly opposed to such a series of inter-related events being coincidental."

"Yes," Vance concurred. "And speaking of mathematics: are you at all familiar with the Riemann-Christoffel tensor?"

"I know of it," the man admitted. "Drukker uses it in his book on world lines. My mathematics, however, are not of the physicist's type. Had I not become enamored of chess"—he smiled sadly—"I would have been an astronomer. Next to maneuvering the factors in a complicated chess combination, the greatest mental satisfaction one can get, I think, is plotting the heavens and discovering new planets. I even keep a five-inch equatorial telescope in a pent-house on my roof for amateur observations."

Vance listened to Pardee with close attention; and for several minutes discussed with him Professor Pickering's recent determination of the trans-Neptunean *O**, much to Markham's bewilderment and to the Sergeant's annoyance. At length he brought the conversation back to the tensor formula:

"You were, I understand, at the Dillards' last Thursday when Mr. Arnesson was discussing this tensor with Drukker and Sprigg."

"Yes, I recall that the subject came up then."

"How well did you know Sprigg?"

"Only casually. I had met him with Arnesson once or twice."

"Sprigg, also, it seems, was in the habit of walking in Riverside Park before breakfast," observed Vance negligently. "Ever run into him there, Mr. Pardee?"

The man's eyelids quivered slightly, and he hesitated before answering.

"Never," he said finally.

Vance appeared indifferent to the denial. He rose and, going to the front window, looked out.

"I thought one might be able to see into the archery range from here. But I note that the angle cuts off the view entirely."

"Yes, the range is quite private. There's even a vacant lot opposite the wall, so that no one can see over it. . . . Were you thinking of a possible witness to Robin's death?"

"That, and other things." Vance returned to his chair. "You don't go in for archery, I take it."

"It's a trifle too strenuous for me. Miss Dillard once tried to interest me in the sport, but I was not a very promising acolyte. I've been to several tournaments with her, however."

AN UNUSUALLY soft note had crept into Pardee's voice, and for some reason which I could not exactly explain I got the feeling that he was fond of Belle Dillard. Vance, too, must have received the same impression, for after a brief pause he said:

"You will realize, I trust, that it is not our intention to pry unnecessarily into anyone's private affairs; but the question of motive in the two murders we are investigating still remains obscure, and as Robin's death was at first superficially attributed to a rivalry for Miss Dillard's affections, it might help us to know, in a general way, what the true situation is concerning the young lady's preference. . . . As a friend of the family you probably know; and we'd appreciate your confidence in the matter."

Pardee's gaze traveled out of the window, and the suggestion of a sigh escaped him.

"I've always had the feeling that she and Arnesson would some day be married. But that is only conjecture. She once told me quite positively that she was not even going to consider matrimony until she was thirty." (One could easily guess in what connection Belle Dillard had made this pronouncement to Pardee. His emotional as well as his intellectual life had apparently met with failure.)

"You do not believe then," pursued Vance, "that her heart is seriously concerned with young Sperling?"

PARDEE shook his head. "However," he qualified, "martyrdom such as he is undergoing at present has a tremendous sentimental appeal for women."

"Miss Dillard tells me you called on her this morning."

"I generally drop over during the day." He was obviously uncomfortable and, I thought, a little embarrassed.

"Do you know Mrs. Drukker well?"

Pardee gave Vance a quick, inquisitive look.

"Not particularly," he said. "I've, naturally, met her several times."

"You've called at her house?"

"On many occasions, but always to see Drukker. I've been interested for years in the relation of mathematics to chess. . . ."

Vance nodded.

"How did your game with Rubinstein come out last night, by the bye? I didn't see the papers this morning."

"I resigned on the forty-fourth move." The man spoke hopelessly. "Rubinstein found a weakness in my attack which I had entirely overlooked when I sealed my move at the adjournment."

"Drukker, Professor Dillard tells us foresaw the outcome when you and he were discussing the situation last night."

I could not understand why Vance referred so pointedly to this episode, knowing as he did how sore a point it was with Pardee. Markham, also, frowned at what appeared to be an unforgivably tactless remark on Vance's part.

Pardee colored slightly, and shifted in his chair.

"Drukker talked too much last night." The statement was not without venom. "Though he's not a tournament player he should know that such discussions are taboo during unfinished games. Frankly, though, I put little stock in his prophecy. I thought my sealed move had taken care of the situation, but Drukker saw farther ahead than I did. His analysis was uncannily profound." There was the jealousy of self-pity in his tone, and I felt that he hated Drukker as bitterly as his seemingly mild nature would permit.

"How long did the game last?" Vance asked casually.

"It was over a little after one o'clock. There were only fourteen moves in last night's session."

"Were there many spectators?"

"An unusually large number, considering the late hour."

*Since this discussion took place Professor Pickering has posited, from the perturbations of Uranus, two other outer planets beyond Neptune: *P* and *S*.

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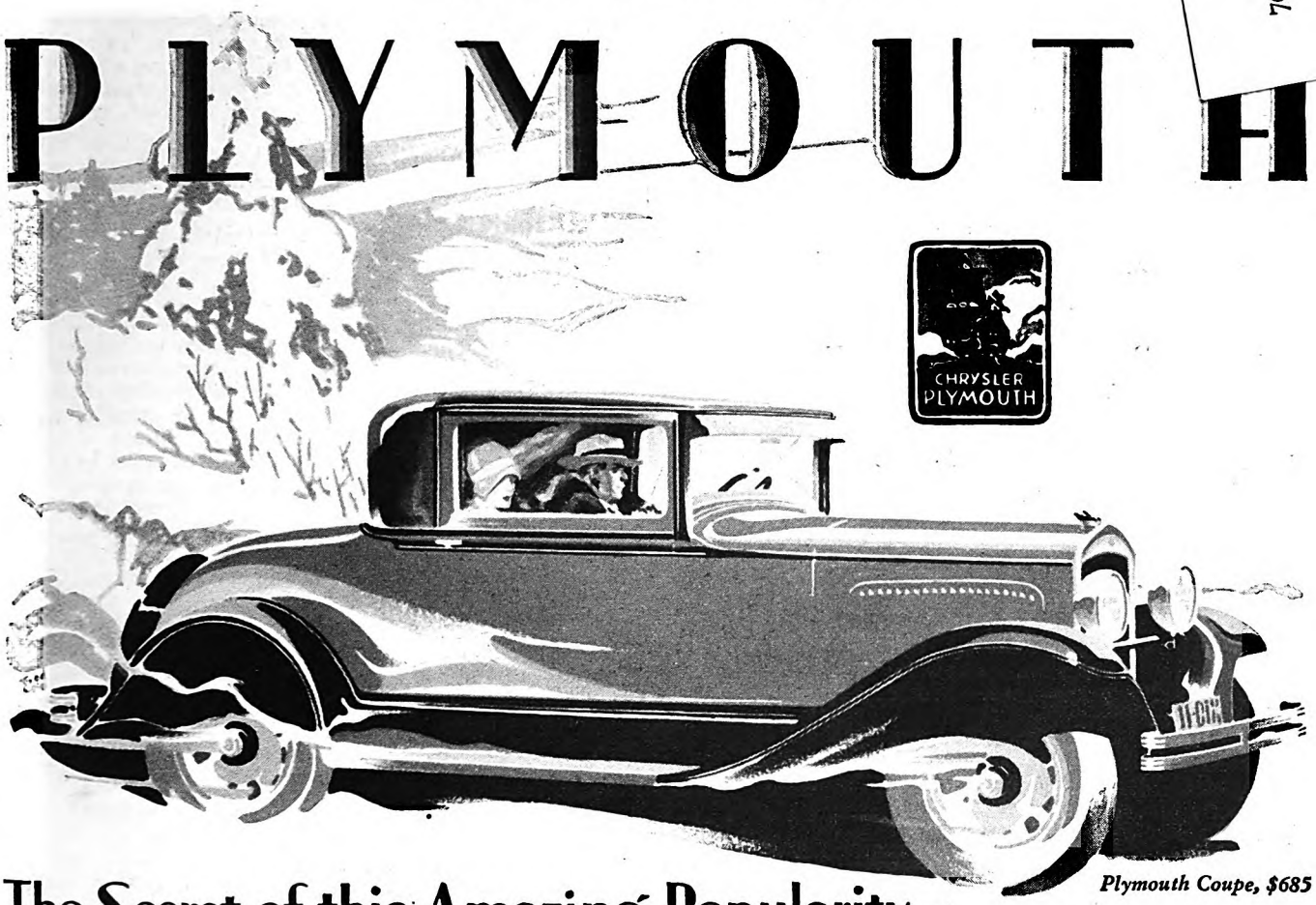
PLYMOUTH



Plymouth Coupe, $685

The Secret of this Amazing Popularity—

Greater Dollar Value

Greater dollar-for-dollar value is the important difference which people at once recognize when comparing the new Plymouth with the few other cars of its price-class . . . ¶ To place any of these cars beside the Plymouth is to become conscious immediately of contrasts in Plymouth's favor. These begin with its full-size, its new style, and include such luxury features as the new chromium-plated slender-profile radiator, "air-wing" fenders, arched-windows, among a score or more of others . . . ¶ Moreover Plymouth has built into it those qualities of performance which distinguish each and every car built under the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality . . . ¶ Riding in the Plymouth, you sense at once its fundamental strength and durability as well as the abundant power, speed and smoothness of its new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine and the safety of its internal hydraulic 4-wheel brakes . . . ¶ Give yourself the joy of half an hour's demonstration in the Plymouth . . . ¶ We are confident you will declare it as unapproachable in performance as in dollar-for-dollar value-giving.

$675 AND UPWARDS

All Plymouth models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 5th to 12th, and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 26th to Feb. 2nd.

Roadster (*with rumble seat*), $675; Coupe, $685; Touring, $695; 2-Door Sedan, $700; DeLuxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*), $735; 4-Door Sedan, $735. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.*

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Vance put out his cigarette and got up. When we were in the lower hall on our way to the front door, he halted suddenly and, fixing Pardee with a gaze of sardonic amusement, said:

"Y' know, the black bishop was at large again last night around midnight."

His words produced an astonishing effect. Pardee drew himself up as if he had been struck in the face; and his cheeks went chalky white. For a full half-minute he stared at Vance, his eyes like live coals. His lips moved with a slight tremor, but no word came from them. Then, as if with superhuman effort, he turned stiffly away and went to the door. Jerking it open he held it for us to pass out.

As we walked up Riverside Drive to the District Attorney's car, which had been left in front of the Drukker house on Seventy-sixth Street, Markham questioned Vance sharply in regard to the final remark he had made to Pardee.

"I was in hopes," explained Vance, "of surprising some look of recognition or understanding from him. But, 'pon my soul, Markham, I didn't expect any effect like the one I produced. Astonishin' how he reacted. I don't grasp it—I don't at all grasp it. . . ."

He became engrossed in his thoughts. But as the car swung into Broadway at Seventy-second Street he roused himself and directed the chauffeur to the Sherman Square Hotel.

"I have a gaspin' desire to know more of that chess game between Pardee and Rubinstein. No reason for it—sheer vagary on my part. But the idea has been workin' in me ever since the professor mentioned it. . . . From eleven until past one—that's a deuced long time to play off an unfinished game of only forty-four moves."

WE HAD drawn up to the curb at the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-first Street, and Vance disappeared into the Manhattan Chess Club. It was fully five minutes before he returned. In his hand he carried a sheet of paper filled with notations. There was, however, no sign of jubilance in his expression.

"My far-fetched but charmin' theory," he said with a grimace, "has run aground on base prosaic facts. I just talked to the secret'ry of the club; and last night's session consumed two hours and nineteen minutes. It seems to have been a coruscatin' battle, full of esoteric quirks and strategical soul-searchin's. Along about half past eleven the onlooking genii had Pardee picked for the winner; but Rubinstein then staged a masterly piece of sustained analysis, and proceeded to tear Pardee's tactics to smithereens—just as Drukker had prognosticated. Astonishin' mind, Drukker's. . . ."

It was plain that even now he was not entirely satisfied with what he had learned, and his next words voiced his dissatisfaction:

"I thought while I was at it I'd take a page from the Sergeant's book, so to speak, and indulge in a bit of routine thoroughness. So I borrowed the score sheet of last night's game and copied down the moves. I may run over the game some day when time hangs heavy."

And, with what I thought unusual care, he folded the score and placed it in his wallet.

XVI

ACT THREE

(*Tuesday, April 12th—Saturday, April 16th*)

AFTER lunch at the Élysée, Markham and Heath continued downtown. A hard afternoon lay before them. Markham's routine work had accumulated; and the Sergeant, having taken on the Sprigg case in addition to the Robin investigation, had to keep two separate machines working, coördinate all his reports, answer innumerable questions from his superiors, and attempt to satisfy the voraciousness of an army of reporters. Vance and I went to an exhibition of modern French art at Knoedler's, had tea at the St. Regis, and met Markham at the Stuyvesant Club for dinner. Heath and Inspector Moran joined us at half past eight for an informal conference, but though it lasted until nearly midnight nothing of a tangible nature came out of it.

Nor did the following day bring anything but discouragement. The report from Captain Dubois stated that the revolver given him by Heath contained no sign of a finger print. Captain Hagedorn identified the weapon as the one used in the shooting of Sprigg; but this merely substantiated our already positive belief. The man set to guard the rear of the Drukker residence spent an uneventful night. No one had entered or departed from the house; and by eleven o'clock every window had been dark. Nor had a sound of any kind come from the house until the next morning, when the cook set about her chores for the day. Mrs. Drukker had appeared in the garden a little after eight; and at half past nine Drukker went out the front door and sat for two hours in the park reading.

Two days went by. A watch was kept on the Dillard house; Pardee was put under strict surveillance; and a man was stationed each night under the willow trees behind the Drukker house. But nothing unusual happened; and, despite the Sergeant's tireless activities, all promising lines of investigation seemed to be automatically closed. Both Heath and Markham were deeply worried. The newspapers were outdoing themselves in gaudy rhetoric, and the inability of the Police Department and the District Attorney's office to make the slightest headway against the mystery of the two spectacular murders was rapidly growing into a political scandal.

Vance called on Professor Dillard and discussed the case along general lines. He also spent over an hour on Thursday afternoon with Arnesson, in the hope that the working out of the proposed formula had brought to light some detail that could be used as a starting point for speculation. But he was dissatisfied with the interview, and complained to me that Arnesson had not been wholly frank with him. Twice he dropped in at the Manhattan Chess Club and attempted to lead Pardee into conversation; but each time he was met with the reticence of cold courtesy. I noticed that he made no effort to communicate with either Drukker or Mrs. Drukker; and when I asked him his reason for ignoring them, he answered:

"The truth cannot be learned from them now. Each is playing a game; and both are thoroughly frightened. Until we have some definite evidence, more harm than good will result from any attempt to cross-examine them."

This definite evidence was to come the very next day from a most unexpected quarter; and it marked the beginning of the last phase of our investigation—a phase fraught with such sinister, soul-stirring tragedy and unspeakable horror, with such wanton cruelty and monstrous humor, that even now, years later, as I set down this reportorial record of it, I find it difficult to believe that the events were not, after all, a mere grotesque dream of fabulous wickedness.

Friday afternoon Markham, in a mood of desperation, called another conference. Arnesson asked permission to attend; and at four o'clock we all met, including Inspector Moran, in the District Attorney's private room in the old Criminal Courts Building. Arnesson was unwontedly silent during the discussion, and not once did he indulge in his usual flippancy. He listened with close attention to all that was said, and seemed purposely to avoid expressing an opinion, even when directly appealed to by Vance.

We had been in conference perhaps half an hour when Swacker entered quietly and placed a memorandum on the District Attorney's desk. Markham glanced at it and frowned. After a moment he initialed two printed forms and handed them to Swacker.

"Fill these in right away and give them to Ben*," he ordered. Then, when the man had gone out through the outer-hall door, he explained the interruption: "Sperling has just sent a request to speak to me. He says he has information that may be of importance. I thought, in the circumstances, it might be well to see him now."

TEN minutes later Sperling was brought in by a deputy sheriff from the Tombs. He greeted Markham with a friendly boyish smile, and nodded pleasantly to Vance. He bowed—a bit stiffly, I thought—to Arnesson, whose presence seemed both to surprise and disconcert him. Markham motioned him to a chair, and Vance offered him a cigarette.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Markham," he began, a bit diffidently, "about a matter which may be of help to you. . . . You remember, when you were questioning me about my being in the archery-room with Robin, you wanted to know which way Mr. Drukker went when he left us. I told you I didn't notice, except that he went out by the basement door. . . . Well, sir, I've had a lot of time to think lately; and I've naturally gone over in my mind all that happened that morning. I don't know just how to explain it, but everything has become a lot clearer now. Certain—what you might call impressions—have come back to me. . . ."

He paused and looked down at the carpet. Then, lifting his head, he went on:

"One of these impressions has to do with Mr. Drukker—and that's why I

*Colonel Benjamin Hanlon, commanding officer of the Detective Division attached to the District Attorney's office.

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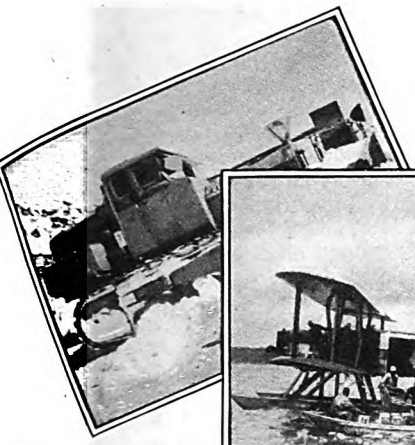
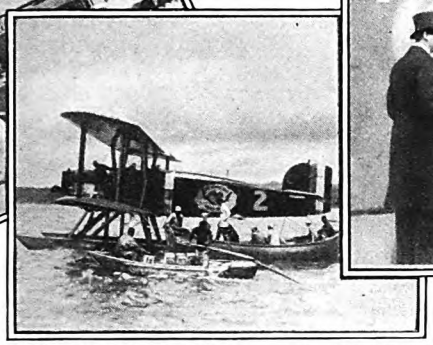
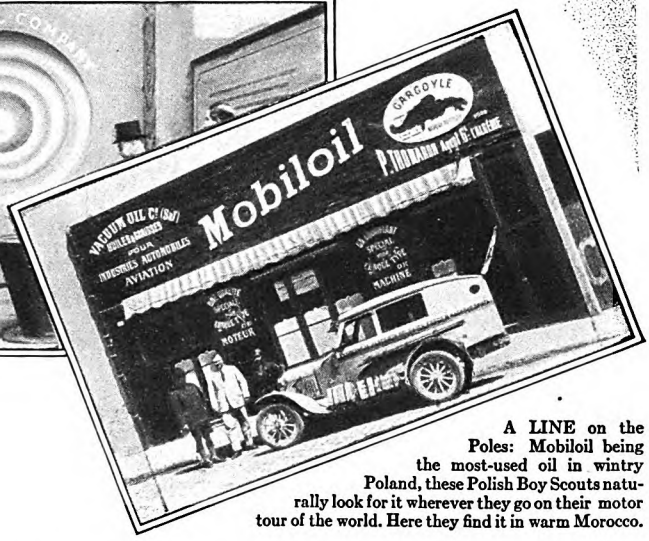


WHERE THE HILLS are high but the temperature low: Mobiloil-lubricated snowplow at work in the Swiss mountain passes.



SAFE IN JAPAN: Bringing a supply of Mobiloil to the U. S. Army Round-the-World 'Planes after they had left the Alaskan snowstorms behind them.

QUALITY ALL AROUND: The Crown Prince of Denmark (left) visits a Mobiloil exhibit in Copenhagen where they still have old-fashioned winters.



A LINE on the Poles: Mobiloil being the most-used oil in wintry Poland, these Polish Boy Scouts naturally look for it wherever they go on their motor tour of the world. Here they find it in warm Morocco.

Easy starting is not enough

Winter engine troubles are invited if you use many of the so-called "winter oils" which are made extra thin to give you quick starting in cold weather.

Such oils will give you the quick starting—but at the sacrifice of good lubrication.

Such oils usually lack the body and richness needed to seal the pistons and prevent dilution by gasoline.

And they usually lack the rich oily character that insures thorough lubrication of all moving parts.

Mobiloil Arctic meets both of the major winter lubricating requirements. It has fluidity enough to give you easy starting. And it has the rich oily body and character that insure thorough lubrication and prevent undue dilution by gasoline.

Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for the lubrication of most cars in winter (below 32° F.). Consult the Chart at your dealer's. You are always sure with

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Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart

from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Cold Weather Tips:

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.
2. When starting in cold weather use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.
3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.
4. Use suitable anti-freeze mixture (first cleaning out the radiator thoroughly). Keep at proper strength during cold weather.
5. If the temperature of the engine is not maintained by thermostatic control or radiator shutters, use a suitable radiator cover.
6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of Mobiloil Arctic in crankcase, or Mobiloil "E" in Ford (Model T) cars.
7. Be sure you have Mobiloil "C" in the transmission and differential.

TO assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.
2. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.
3. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.
4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.
5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.
6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Put in Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic unless your car is a Ford (Model T) in which case use Mobiloil "E". Change oil more frequently in winter than in summer.

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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wanted to see you. Just this afternoon I was—well, sort of pretending I was in the archery-room again, talking to Robin; and all of a sudden the picture of the rear window flashed across my mind. And I remembered that when I had glanced out that morning to see how the weather was for my trip, I had seen Mr. Drukker sitting in the arbor behind the house. . . ."

"At what time was this?" Markham demanded brusquely.

"Only a few seconds before I went to catch my train."

"THEN you imply that Mr. Drukker, instead of leaving the premises, went to the arbor and remained there until you departed."

"It looks that way, sir." Sperling was reluctant to make the admission.

"You're quite sure you saw him?"

"Yes, sir. I remember distinctly now. I even recall the peculiar way he had his legs drawn up under him."

"You would swear to it," asked Markham gravely, "knowing that a man's life might rest on your testimony?"

"I'd swear to it, sir," Sperling returned simply.

When the sheriff had escorted his prisoner from the room, Markham looked at Vance.

"I think that gives us a foothold."

"Yes. The cook's testimony was of little value, since Drukker merely denied it; and she's the type of loyal, stubborn German who'd back up his denial if any real danger threatened him. Now we're armed with an effective weapon."

"It seems to me," Markham said, after a few moments of speculative silence, "that we have a good circumstantial case against Drukker. He was in the Dillard yard only a few seconds before Robin was killed. He could easily have seen when Sperling went away; and, as he had recently come from Professor Dillard, he knew that the other members of the family were out. Mrs. Drukker denied she saw anyone from her window that morning, although she screamed at the time of Robin's death, and then went into a panic of fear when we came to question Drukker. She even warned him against us and called us 'the enemy.' My belief is she saw Drukker returning home immediately after Robin's body had been placed on the range.—Drukker was not in his room at the time Sprigg was killed, and both he and his mother have been at pains to cover up the fact. He has become excited whenever we broached the subject of the murders, and has ridiculed the idea that they were connected. In fact, many of his actions have been highly suspicious. Also, we know he is abnormal and unbalanced, and that he is given to playing children's games. It's quite possible—in view of what Doctor Barstead told us—that he has confused fantasy and reality, and perpetrated these crimes in a moment of temporary insanity. The tensor formula is not only familiar to him, but he may have associated it in some crazy way with Sprigg as a result of Arnesson's discussion with Sprigg about it. . . .

"As for the Bishop notes, they may have been part of the unreality of his insane games—children all want an approving audience when they invent any new form of amusement. His choice of the word 'bishop' was probably the result of his interest in chess—a playful signature intended to confuse. And this supposition is further borne out by the actual appearance of a chess bishop on his mother's door. He may have feared that she saw him that morning, and thus sought to silence her without openly admitting to her that he was guilty. He could easily have slammed the screen-porch door from the inside, without having a key, and thereby given the impression that the bearer of the bishop had entered and departed by the rear door. Furthermore, it would have been a simple matter for him to take the bishop from the library the night Pardee was analyzing his game. . . ."

Markham continued for some time building up his case against Drukker. The logical and relentless way in which he pieced his various factors together was impressively convincing; and a long silence followed his résumé.

Vance at length stood up, as if to break the tension of his thoughts, and walked to the window.

"You may be right, Markham," he admitted. "But my chief objection to your conclusion is that the case against Drukker is too good. I've had him in mind as a possibility from the first; but the more suspiciously he acted and the more the indications pointed toward him, the more I felt inclined to dismiss him from consideration. The brain that schemed these abominable murders is too competent, too devilishly shrewd, to become entangled in any such net of circumstantial evidence as you've drawn about Drukker. Drukker has an amazing mentality—his intelligence and intellect are supernormal, in fact; and it's difficult to conceive of him, if guilty, leaving so many loopholes."

"THE law," returned Markham with acerbity, "can hardly be expected to throw out cases because they're too convincing."

"On the other hand," pursued Vance, ignoring the comment, "it is quite obvious that Drukker, even if not guilty, knows something that has a direct and vital bearing on the case; and my humble suggestion is that we attempt to prize this information out of him. Sperling's testimony has given us the lever for the purpose. . . . I say, Mr. Arnesson, what's your opinion?"

"Haven't any," the man answered. "I'm a disinterested onlooker. I'd hate, however, to see poor Adolph in durance vile." Though he would not commit himself it was plain that he agreed with Vance.

Heath thought, characteristically, that immediate action was advisable, and expressed himself to that effect.

"If he's got anything to tell he'll tell it quick enough after he's locked up."

"It's a difficult situation," Inspector Moran demurred, in a soft judicial voice. "We can't afford to make an error. If Drukker's evidence should convict someone else, we'd be a laughingstock if we had arrested the wrong man."

Vance looked toward Markham and nodded agreement.

"Why not have him on the tapis first, and see if he can't be persuaded to unburden his soul. You might dangle a warrant over his head, don't y' know, as a kind of moral inducement. Then, if he remains coy and reticent, bring out the gyves and have the doughty Sergeant escort him to the bastille."

Markham sat tapping indecisively on the desk, his head enveloped in smoke as he puffed nervously on his cigar. At last he set his chin firmly and turned to Heath.

"Bring Drukker here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. You'd better take a wagon and a John-Doe warrant in case he offers any objection." His face was grim and determined. "Then I'll find out what he knows—and act accordingly."

THE conference broke up immediately. It was after five o'clock, and Markham and Vance and I rode uptown together to the Stuyvesant Club. We dropped Arnesson at the subway, and he took leave of us with scarcely a word. His garrulous cynicism seemed entirely to have deserted him. After dinner Markham pleaded fatigue, and Vance and I went to the Metropolitan and heard Geraldine Farrar in "Louise."*

The next morning broke dark and misty. Currie called us at half past seven, for Vance intended to be present at the interview with Drukker; and at eight o'clock we had breakfast in the library before a light grate fire. We were held up in the traffic on our way downtown, and though it was a quarter after nine when we reached the District Attorney's office, Drukker and Heath had not yet arrived.

Vance settled himself in a large leather-upholstered chair and lighted a cigarette.

"I feel rather bucked this morning," he remarked. "If Drukker tells his story, and if the tale is what I think it is, we'll know the combination to the lock."

His words had scarcely been uttered when Heath burst into the office and facing Markham without a word of greeting, lifted both arms and let them fall in a gesture of hopeless resignation.

"Well, sir, we ain't going to question Drukker this morning—or no other time," he blurted. "He fell offa that high wall in Riverside Park right near his house last night, and broke his neck. Wasn't found till seven o'clock this morning. His body's down at the morgue now. . . . Fine breaks we get!" He sank disgustedly into a chair.

Markham stared at him unbelievingly.

"You're sure?" he asked, with startled futility.

"I was up there before they removed the body. One of the local men 'phoned me just as I was leaving the office. I stuck around and got all the dope I could."

"What did you learn?" Markham was fighting against an overwhelming sense of discouragement.

"There wasn't much to find out. Some kids in the park found the body about seven o'clock this morning—lot of kids around, it being Saturday; and the local men hopped over and called a police surgeon. The doc said Drukker must have fallen off the wall about ten o'clock last night—killed instantly. The wall at the spot—right opposite Seventy-sixth Street—is all of thirty feet above the playground. The top of it runs along a bridle path; and it's a wonder more people haven't broke their necks the

*"Louise" was Vance's favorite modern opera but he greatly preferred Mary Garden to Farrar in the title rôle.

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Just One Thing

"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"

© 1928 M. L. I. CO.

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-A. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Kids are all the time walking along the stone ledge."

"Has Mrs. Drukker been notified?"

"No. I told 'em I'd attend to it. But I thought I'd come here first and see what you wanted done about it."

Markham leaned back dejectedly.

"I don't see that there's much of anything we can do."

"IT MIGHT be well," suggested Vance, "to inform Arnesson. He'll probably be the one who'll have to look after things. . . . My word, Markham! I'm beginning to think that this case is a nightmare, after all. Drukker was our principal hope, and at the very moment when there's a chance of our forcing him to speak he tumbles off of a wall——" Abruptly he stopped. "Off of a wall! . . ." As he repeated these words he leapt to his feet. "*A hunchback falls off of a wall! . . . A hunchback! . . .*"

We stared at him as if he had gone out of his mind; and I admit that the look on his face sent a chill over me. His eyes were fixed, like those of a man gazing at a malignant ghost. Slowly he turned to Markham, and said in a voice that I hardly recognized:

"It's another mad melodrama—another Mother-Goose rhyme. . . . 'Humpty Dumpty' this time!"

The astonished silence that followed was broken by a strained harsh laugh from the Sergeant.

"That's stretching things, ain't it, Mr. Vance?"

"It's preposterous!" declared Markham, studying Vance with genuine concern. "My dear fellow, you've let this case prey on your mind too much. Nothing has happened except that a man with a hump has fallen from the coping of a wall in the park. It's unfortunate, I know; and it's doubly unfortunate at just this time." He went to Vance and put his hand on his shoulder. "Let the Sergeant and me run this show—we're used to these things. Take a trip and get a good rest. Why not go to Europe as you generally do in the spring——?"

"Oh, quite—quite." Vance sighed and smiled wearily. "The sea air would do me worlds of good, and all that. Bring me back to normal, what?—build up the wreck of this once noble brain. . . . I give up! The third act in this terrible tragedy is played almost before your eyes, and you serenely ignore it."

"Your imagination has got the better of you," Markham returned, with the patience of a deep affection. "Don't worry about it any more. Have dinner with me tonight. We'll talk it over then."

At this moment Swacker looked in, and spoke to the Sergeant.

"Quinan of the 'World' is here. Wants to see you."

Markham swung about.

"*Oh, my God!* . . . Bring him in here!"

QUINAN entered, waved us a cheery salutation, and handed the Sergeant a letter.

"Another *billet-doux*—received this morning.—What privileges do I get for being so big-hearted?"

Heath opened the letter as the rest of us looked on. At once I recognized the paper and the faint blue characters of élite type. The note read:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Then came that ominous signature, in capitals: THE BISHOP.

(*To be continued*)

The Strangest Adventure a Woman Ever Had

(*Continued from page 27*)

familiar things. With sinking heart, I realized that I must make camp while there was still enough light to find a comparatively smooth spot for my blankets. There were no makings for a fire. There was no water. My two-gallon canteen was nearly empty. I poured some into the skillet for John and he then began nibbling contentedly at the grass which grew among the cactus roots. I ate some oatcakes and lay down on my stony bed.

Coyotes, with their howls of indescribable loneliness, were beginning their night prowling high above me. I set my teeth and stared at the stars. For a long hour every sense in my body seemed turned to hearing. From every direction I caught the whisper of unknown movement. Did all the tiny life of the desert range about at night—rattlers, Gila monsters, lizards, horned toads, rats? Perhaps!

"Well, what then?" I asked myself.

"Why, then," I replied with a surprised laugh, "it's quite all right with me. I am just making the discovery that I have no fear at all of creatures."

"Why, then, are you so tense?" I asked myself.

The reply required thought. "Because I'm lonely," I answered, after a long stare at the new stars pricking through the blue velvet above. "I depend on human contacts for courage not to meet creatures but my own thoughts and dreads."

"BUT," I asked myself, "what have humans ever done for you?—done to soothe that which lurks within you? I'd say one purpose of the *entrada* was to wean you from that futile dependence. Humans can't help your loneliness because it's the desolation of a soul which has no faith in an all-caring, all-seeing Providence."

"You mean," I cried, "that if I believed that death was not chemistry but evolution, evolution planned by some force that recognized and cared about our little personalities, I'd feel as if I belonged somewhere and to something and my desolation would leave me?"

"Don't bite off more than you can chew as usual," was the reply. "The matter to face right now is this particular night alone in the ranges. You say you don't fear creatures. And you admit that human beings never have really helped you. Just for tonight, then, why not go to sleep?"

Why not, indeed! I closed my burning lids and when I lifted them it was not to the stars but to the dawnlight.

BREAKFAST was meager but that didn't matter, for, two hours later, we emerged from the pass and stood looking across the Sacramento wash to the saw-toothed Cerbat range. Ten of Padre Garcés' leagues it was, or thirty miles, to the pass south of Cherum's peak. Close at hand lay the spring I had hoped to reach the night before. It was grass-grown and willow-fringed, just as the diary described it.

The night in the pass did a little for me because when dusk again found me in my blankets, flat in a sandy draw, I felt little uneasiness as to my physical situation.

We took three days to the march across to the Cerbats, John and I. It was very hot and very sandy, with no shade and little water. But, oh, what a world of burning beauty!

We'd been out about a week when I began to work John up into the Cerbats, rich yellow against bronze-blue heavens. The trail followed a broad canyon for several miles, then swung north around the thighs of a peak, to disclose still another peak, black and rose-colored and striated in pale green. Slowly we dipped into the intervening valley, where lay the ruins of an old stamp mill, and slowly up the spine of the black-and-rose mountain.

Still to the northwest Garcés sent us, where uptilted still another naked peak, while behind us half the range dropped into twisted, tormented, multicolored chaos. Late one afternoon, we found another of Garcés' springs, in a canyon so barren that not even a cactus mirrored itself in the quiet pool. There were hieroglyphics on the rocks hereabouts. We drank, and moved on to find food for John. The night before, he'd eaten part of my bacon and the papers off all the cans in my pack. Halfway up the next mountain we came upon an old, sheet-iron shack near a crude hole in the rocks. There was a spring at hand and grass. On the window ledge of the shack lay several pieces of uncut turquoise matrix. "This must be one of the old Tiffany workings," I thought.

A SHOUT arrested me. Out of the shack rushed a man in faded brown overalls. I dropped my hand and apologized.

"Funny I can't cure a few stones without someone trying to steal 'em," he snarled.

He was a bearded old fellow with a queer look under his shaggy eyebrows. He wouldn't accept my apologies, but ordered me to move along. I'd have been glad to do so but for John's hunger.

"Do you own the spring, too?" I asked.

"I been watchman here for thirty years and I reckon I got more rights here than you or any other fool. You get along to where you're going to. And when you get there you tell 'em Grover S. Cleveland's still on the job but he can't show himself till the assessment work's done."

"But my father voted for you," I urged.

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"That ought to win me a few spears of grass."

"Why didn't *you* vote for me?" he shouted. Then without giving me a chance to reply, he roared, "By God, thought you'd fool me, coming here with a Democratic donkey. I knowed you the minute I seed you! Susan B. Anthony, that's who you are! Now you get away from here or I'll get my gun out of the shack."

It took all my strength on the lead rope to win John away from the grass-grown spring, yet I managed it with considerable celerity and started eastward again. But I was still in sight of the shack when the old man shouted, "Susan! Come back! Come back!"

I jerked John's lead rope and shook my head. But I wasn't reckoning on the depth of Grover's sudden passion for my society. He sent a shot over my head. I returned, towed rapidly by the delighted burro, and I was very angry.

"I'll not have anything to do with you," I panted, as I reached the shack, "unless you put that gun away."

"You'll come when I call you, Susan, with your heels fanning your ears," growled Grover. "I called you back because I didn't want you should go away mad."

I dropped John's lead rope. He immediately began gorging himself, so I could give my whole attention to Grover.

"But I *am* mad!" I cried.

"Just for that, you can get out of here again!" he shouted.

"I'll do nothing of the sort till my burro's had all he can eat," I retorted.

"And just for that you can leave the burro with me!" The old man grinned craftily.

I suddenly tried a different angle. "What chance will you have for reëlection when your constituents hear you stole a donkey from Susan B. Anthony?"

He dropped his rifle into the crook of his left arm and scratched his beard reflectively, then said, with a nod, "They'll say I done right, seeing Susan had no business with it. It certainly ain't yourn, Susan!"

I was too angry to chuckle. "It's mine as much as that turquoise is yours," I said, as I began to edge down the trail again.

But he was too quick for me. Keeping me neatly covered, he threw the bags and the Navajos off John's back. "Now git!" he ordered. And I picked up the pack and got! Still angry, but helpless.

HERE was a quandary. Garcés had always had his burro at least. I couldn't pack this stuff a mile without being done up. I decided to go back to the hieroglyphic springs for the night. It was full dusk when I arrived there. I was trembling with exhaustion and, now that my anger had receded, very much afraid that the insane old man might follow me. I ate cold oatcakes, then rolled up in a Navajo, and as my weariness topped my fears, I shortly fell asleep.

A consciousness of someone's presence woke me at dawn. At first I was sure it was Grover. But it wasn't. An Indian woman was squatting over my pack, examining its contents with the naïve curiosity common to her race. I sat up, angry again. Then checked myself. I was forgetting that I was seeking the thing Garcés had found. Though he had been Spanish and priest and over a century and a quarter dead, still he had been human, and some of the things he did in the way of self-control I could do. I walked over to the woman. She looked up at me. It was Molly of the Pass.

"Hello!" I said, as I took away the hairbrush she was trying. "I've been having hard luck. I've lost my burro. If you'll help me pack this stuff till we find firewood, I'll cook us both some breakfast."

She gave me an impudent look and repeated the previous formula, shivering violently and twitching at my shirt sleeve. "Heap cold! Give 'em shirt!"

"No! but I'll give you your meals if you'll help me pack this stuff down to Kingman where I can rent a burro."

"Heeko squaw can go to hell," was her response.

"I'm right next door to there now, I reckon," was my reply. "You know, whites have to wear these flannel shirts out in the desert or they get a heat chill. You know it as well as I do, Molly. And there's no use in your pretending not to understand me, because you're young and that means the government's educated you. Now, do tell me where you live and where you're going."

THERE was a short silence, during which the squaw appraised the amount of food in the gunny sack. Then, evidently having made up her mind to pay the price, she said, with a grin that made her whole face kindly, "I live over yonder," jerking her thumb eastward, "on the Hualapai reservation. My sister married Kemah, the Mohave chief, and I've been visiting her. Now I'm going back to my husband. I'm going to have a baby and I want the other wives to take care of me."

"Would you mind telling me," I inquired, "why you pretend you can't speak English?"

"Because it shuts the whites up," she answered. "I get tired of their questions. I went to school at Fort Mohave eight years and I worked for two white women in Kingman. I'd rather be a squaw."

"Shall we go get breakfast?" I asked, with a smile.

"I'm ready when you are!" She scrambled to her feet and hoisted the heavier of the two bags to her head where she balanced it, neatly. I picked up the other bag and the blankets, gave Molly the canteen, and followed her as she moved rapidly down the canyon.

By sunup she had found a good growth of scrub cedar. There was no water, but my canteen was full. We set about getting the meal in an amicable silence. It was not until she'd had a good drink of coffee and several hot cakes that Molly began to talk.

"The Mohaves think you're crazy," she remarked. "Why do you do such a thing as this? If you wanted to get to Kingman, why didn't you go on the Santa Fe or take an auto, or even a horse outfit? You bet I wouldn't have come on foot only there was no money left after Iretaba's burning. *Are* you crazy?"

I examined her round brown face appraisingly. It was ugly but not dull. The eyes were intelligent. So I told her the story of Padre Garcés. She listened intently but said nothing when I had finished. For several moments we both looked at the far view of the desert, framed in the open end of the canyon.

"Don't you see what I mean?" I finally urged.

She shook her black head. "Indians don't die," she murmured. "They shed their skins like snakes and we burn up the old skins so they can't be used again."

"And don't you mind leaving the old skin?"

"I never think about it," she answered. "Live in the sand and you don't think!" She smiled. "Anyhow, you don't worry over what you can't help."

I gave up and began to tell her about my experience with Grover. She laughed till the mountains rang.

"That's old Turquoise Jim!" she said. "He's been crazy a long time. Years ago he killed a man and the white law let him off because he was crazy."

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated. "Well, he has my burro. Will you help me to get to Kingman?"

"I've got to go home, but you come with me up toward the reservation. My husband is coming to meet me and he'll find you a burro."

I liked the suggestion and shortly we picked up our loads and started onward. We made an easy day of it; too easy for Molly. Barefooted and long-skirted and near motherhood, she still could walk me off my feet. We found another of Garcés' springs about five o'clock. Molly knew it well. We made camp and after the meal Molly suggested that we go on down to the valley below to look for her husband. But I shook my head.

"Molly, I've done fifteen mountain miles today. I'm white and I'm soft and I'm through, until tomorrow."

She laughed delightedly. "First white woman I ever knew would admit she was no good! Well, I'll go down and if I find him I'll send for you. If I don't, I'll come back myself."

I nodded and dropped to my blanket.

IT WAS dark when a long-drawn cry roused me. At first I thought it came from a lone coyote. But as it was repeated I realized that it was a human voice. I crawled to my aching feet and stood listening. The call was repeated from the valley.

"Help!"—It must be Molly. I cupped my hands around my lips and sent a return shriek. "Coming! Coming!"

In about twenty minutes I found her twisting in the sand. A few miles out, a rattler had bitten her just above the ankle. She had tried to hurry back to me but was soon too ill to walk. She had crawled for a mile or so but her agony was too great. While she gasped out her explanation, I was kindling a greasewood fire. The moon was not up and we needed light. I used the red tie as a tourniquet, slashed and bled the bite and cursed myself for not carrying permanganate of soda, as I knew one ought in July.

"Where's the nearest help?" I asked as I worked.

She was perfectly cool. "There's a ranch ten miles up this valley." She paused till a spasm of pain passed. "You stay and when the baby comes you take him there. He'll be full of snake bite and need a white doctor.—Maybe you'll meet my husband on the way—"

"Don't be frightened!" I said. "You

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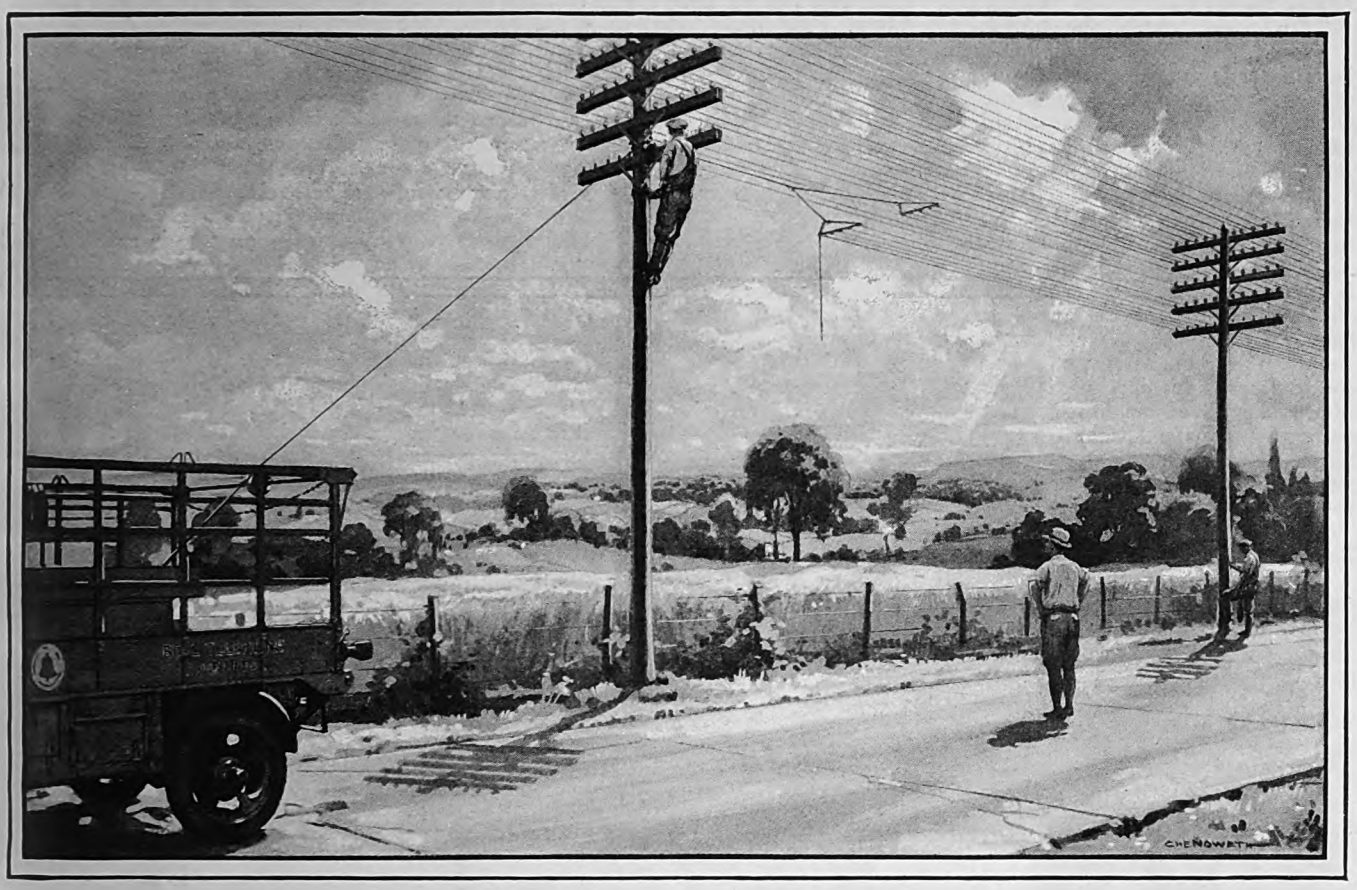

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be all right. I'll see you through if you'll tell me what to do."

"I'm beyond fright!" she panted.

Thus it came about that the moon three hours later found me tramping along the east trail with Molly's boy in my arms wrapped (after all) in my flannel shirt and his mother's tomakwich. He was, I thought, a very sick little Hualapai, though I didn't know much about babies with rattler bite in their circulations. So I was making what speed I could under the faded old moon, my thoughts alternating between Molly in a coma, back there in the sand, and the baby in my arms. Dawn showed me a green patch to the northeast; the dry rancher's alfalfa. But it showed me also more immediate help in the shape of a tent made of burlap bags and bits of carpet before which a squaw was kindling a fire. She stared at me in my undershirt, with a broad grin. But the grin faded rapidly as I told my story.

Before I had finished, she snatched the baby and ran shrieking into the tent. In a moment, out she came, followed by another woman and a tall old man, naked save for a pair of striped underdrawers. He carried the baby in his arms and began to talk to me excitedly in pidgin English. I cut him short by telling him to send one of the women to the ranch with the baby and to hitch up his old ore wagon and go after Molly.

After a mighty hurrah and scramble my orders were carried out and I was left alone with the first squaw, who fed me coffee and some delicious tortillas baked on the coals as I ate. She offered me the tent to rest in, but I preferred the clean sand under a mesquite bush. Here I slept soundly, till they brought in Molly, who really seemed in fair condition. The squaw had come back from the rancher's with the poor little baby, dead in his blanket.

It was mid-afternoon when, in my badly laundered shirt and riding a moth-eaten burro that Molly's husband had given me with a magnificent gesture—I had a conviction that it belonged to the dry rancher—I made my way back to my previous night's camp. Affairs there were just as I had left them.

I FELT the need of thinking matters over more than I did of sleep. So I tethered John the Second near some gramma grass and seated myself against a boulder while I examined the inner side of the *entrada*.

The trip thus far had been at times a little on the strenuous side. I knew enough about desert living to realize that there was nothing extraordinary in that fact. Life under pioneer conditions is life in the raw, and when I placed myself in contact with these conditions, melodrama was sure to follow. Garcés had found it so. I don't know how many births he attended nor how many deaths. He recorded them with monotonous frequency. But he took them in his stride, as it were!

Well, hadn't I, to a small extent? Hadn't the cessation of physical cowardice which had begun in the Pass continued with me? I had looked death in the face when Grover threatened me. I had known I was looking at death and I hadn't been afraid. I had been too indignant to have room for fear. Surely, one aspect of death—fear—was pure bugaboo. All of us meet death hundreds of times during our lives and are too much concerned with extricating ourselves from his clutches to give thought to fearing him. Poor Molly, writhing in the double agonies of labor and snake virus, spoke the truth. She was beyond fear!

Aye, bugaboo! Evidently we all are possessed of physical courage sufficient to meet death with something of gallantry. But before I could preen myself further, a new thought came crowding. Wasn't the real terror concerned less with the act of dying than with afterward? Whither?

I felt the sweat of agonized concentration spring to my forehead as I tried to picture myself as non-existent. I did not concern myself with the body's dying nor with the mind's, but with the death of the essential *me*. I gave every ounce I possessed of will power to the effort, yet I could not send my thoughts into a future that did not contain *me*. Somehow, in some condition my mind could not grasp, I was forever there.

DID this mean heaven? No! But it could mean that the essential me is part of an eternal whole; the whole that is the animating cause of the universe. It could mean that my mind and body are only one of the innumerable manifestations of the whole cause. And as the whole is indestructible, so is the part which is me. Only my manifestation can disappear.

And this cause, does it care? Can it be named Providence? Is it soul or mere chemistry?

For one moment something supernal within me stirred and almost replied. But I could not hold the moment. This poor physical thing through which that something had to function was utterly inadequate—clumsy, and so soon exhausted in this effort to pierce through pure mystery! All that glorious summer afternoon, as I fought again and yet again to give voice to that faint stirring within me, my poor old mind and body never would permit me to go on after a rest period from the last barrier we had crossed. Each effort must begin with the *entrada*, from the first minute, must examine each experience, must demand the herculean concentration, and then must come to a dead stop with only, one believed, a single thin wall between us and truth.

It had long been dusk. My little moth-eaten John Second, lonely too after the manner of his kind, nudged me with his soft nose and made mysterious breathing in my ear. I talked to him and we got supper together.

The next morning I made an inventory of my resources. They were not impressive. My face and hands were blistered and peeling. My eyes were inflamed from sun and sand. My flannel shirt, by some alchemy of squaw and alkaline water, had shrunk three sizes and had split in several directions. The leather reinforcing of my riding breeches hung in tatters. All this, of course, might be mortifying but was not serious. The serious matter was that the soles of my shoes were worn through. Garcés probably wore moccasins. But I didn't see how I could procure them. The Indians thereabouts went barefoot.

Moreover, I was practically penniless. There was a chance that a small check for a story lay in the post office at Needles, but going back for the check meant breaking in on the *entrada*. My food supplies were at low ebb. Feeding Molly had made frightful inroads on my commissary. The padre had lived off the country and the Indians. I thought of eating desert rats by myself as the only available game or of sharing an Indian rabbit stew along with dogs, burros, sand lice, and other intimates of Indian home life—thought of these and turned a little sick. There was no use pretending. I was not within a thousand degrees of Garcés' quality of fortitude.

Yes, my inventory made rather shameful showing! And yet as I looked ruefully at the blistered sole of my foot through the hole in my boot, I was conscious of a degree of content in spirit that I never before had known. What if I was broke? So much the nearer was I to Garcés' riches.

Molly's husband, Obob, had told me that old Kemah was soon to join him and that then they were all going up into the Navajo country near the Grand Canyon to trade turquoise matrix for Navajo blankets. I undoubtedly could bargain with them to take me along, paying my share after the return to Needles. But could I exchange my clean solitude for an Indian journado? —Garcés did so frequently.—With a curious combination of amusement, liking and distaste, I once more broke camp and, after padding my shoes with leather from my breeches, began to retrace my steps to Obob's camp.

Indians sometimes have a pleasantly casual attitude toward the vagaries of the whites. No one appeared surprised to see me nor to learn that I wanted to join up with them. Molly was frankly glad and made the bargain with her husband for me. For a dollar a day I could share and share alike with the other squaws. I found a piece of old rubber belting from a deserted mine in Obob's miscellany and made new soles of sorts for my shoes. Then I went to sleep under the mesquite bush.

AT SUNDOWN, I was wakened by the arrival of Kemah with his *entourage*: two ponies dragging a buckboard in which were packed two wives and several small girls, half a dozen dogs, an equal number of horses and burros, and the old chief himself on a rattle-boned pinto mare. Obob's dogs greeted Kemah's dogs; Obob's burros greeted Kemah's burros; Obob's wives greeted Kemah's wives. The New York subway was quiet in comparison.

But in the course of a couple of hours the children and the lesser creatures settled down for the night, and one of Kemah's wives, Ochee, and I joined Obob and the old chief, who were sitting in the sand near a tiny fire. Then blessed silence.

After a half hour, Ochee said something in the Hualapai tongue. I spoke quickly "I'll add two bits a day to my fee if you'll speak English when I'm around." I knew that although Obob and Kemah had only pidgin English, Ochee had been to school. They all laughed.

"I only said it was queer," repeated Ochee, "that Kemah and Obob should have had the burnings of their only sons so close together."

"It is best," murmured Kemah.

"No!" grunted Obob fiercely.

"What good for Injun chief have son?" demanded Kemah. "Big sheriff at Washington, he Injun's chief now. Great Spirit knows that. Takes sons away."

"If the Great Spirit knows it, why does He send sons in the first place?" I asked

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Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3. With this $3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from —the choice is yours.

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And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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"Great Spirit won't change way of world, way of men and women, just for Injuns! He say, let Injun learn, poor fool!" Kemah's tragic eyes were on the fire.

"When Iretaba alive you no talk so," Obob said sardonically.

"Injuns never learn," muttered Kemah.

"Great Spirit heap sorry about that!" Obob still was sardonic.

Kemah's return was serious. "Yes, He's heap sorry."

I leaned forward to catch the old Mohave's eye. "Kemah, how do you know He's sorry?"

"Because," replied Kemah seriously, "Great Spirit is in me, in Obob, in Ochee, in Molly. We all sorry. He is in us so He must be sorry too. Must be."

I gasped. This old Indian had come farther than I. What was this he had just given me? I looked at him eagerly, but he turned away as if regretting that he'd said even that much. I felt as if one of the rare moments of the previous day's thinking were beckoning me and I rose from the fire and strode into the desert to meet it. Not until I was out of sight and sound of the camp did I halt and face the low-hanging stars.

ONCE again I forced my brain to cross the barriers in colossal effort to catch up with Kemah's thought. What he meant was that the essential me, which is a part of the universal cause, suffered and was sorry for the agony of every living creature. There was no separating my soul from the universal soul. Whatever my brain recorded as being felt by the essential me was being felt by that of which I was an integral part.

"He's in use so he must be sorry. Must be!" Yes, the cause did care! *It was not mere chemistry. It could be called Providence.*

Such an unprecedented increase in the visibility of my spiritual world, such a lift of barriers, was all but shattering to my mental machinery. I stood, I know not how long, struggling to take in its implications. After a time I realized that there was no use trying to interpret nor assimilate it all at one mouthful. I must get it subconsciously first. In the meantime I could respond to a mental buoyancy unique in my experience.

Filled with new purpose, I returned to the fire.

"Kemah," I said, "I'm not going up into the Navajo country with you. I'm going to start back to Needles tomorrow, if you'll trust me for a week's grub."

"How come?" asked the old Mohave.

I eyed him thoughtfully. Would he understand? Certainly he had given me enough that night to entitle him to an explanation. So, choosing my words with great care, I tried to make him see the state of mind that had brought me to the desert. I told him how I had felt about Iretaba's burning and I described Padre Garcés to him, his bravery and some of his adventures with the early Mohaves. Kemah listened intently.

"It seemed to me," I said, when I had finished with the account, "that if I came into the desert and lived as the padre lived, I might get to look at death the way he did; not afraid of it; sure that it is good for our spirit."

"All Injuns believe," said Kemah simply, "that birds, stones, coyotes, and stars are all his brothers. Great Spirit use same sand to make them all. Why you all time worry is because you stay so far away from your brothers. You come back to desert, live like Injuns live, then you believe like Injuns believe and you not worry."

I took this in, then went slowly on with my account of my *entrada* and the thoughts it had begot, ending with Kemah's own contribution that evening.

He gave me a long, not unkindly look. "How long you going to live near Mohave village?"

"But don't you see, Kemah, you and the rest of my *entrada* have given me strength to go back to the city where I belong, where I *must* be. I'm returning to New York as soon as I can pack up."

"Big fool!" grunted Kemah. "Any desert in New York?"

"I'll take my desert back with me," was my answer. "I can be brother to the same stars in New York as you are here, Kemah. I must get back to my own campfire though its circle is so broken; like yours, Kemah."

Kemah shook his head. I was not sure that I had made him understand. But it didn't matter. He had given me his best and he had no need for my broken thoughts.

The next morning John Second and I started back to Needles.

It took us about a week to make the trip. The grade was easier than on the out-journey. My new buoyancy of mind helped the pace, too. I tried to form into words what the *entrada* had given me. But not with striking success. To formulate it was like painting the rainbow in hard stripes, without the impalpable blending that makes the real rainbow a part of both earth and sky.

I could say that death had found its rightful place for me in the scheme of things. But so tight a sentence would not explain that the loss that had driven me desertward had lost its horror, had even attained a melancholy beauty, because through it I had been put on Garcés' trail.

I could say that I had found a belief in immortality, but it was nothing so concrete that had come to me. Say, rather, that I'd come to feel that the cause would not and could not destroy itself in me or in any other of its manifestations. Yet saying this would not convey how completely my loneliness had dropped from me and how deeply, though intangibly, I felt myself to be an inalienable part of the indestructible universe—brother to the sand, the coyote, and the star.

LOOKING back on the experience, I see it as my most tremendous spiritual adventure, the adventure that stilled the desperations of my mind. I see it in colors of unbelievable beauty; an *entrada* set with sapphire and gold of sky and earth, with rose and ocher and turquoise of snow-capped peaks, and with the sepia of the voracious river. But when I attempt to share the experience to the full with others, I falter and fail.

It was an *entrada* of the soul for which there are no words.

This seemed for a long time to be the sum of what I brought back from the desert. But today, as I wrote this last sentence, I paused. I am in New England. It is early autumn and outside my window a majestic wind sweeps the oak-tops and is still. In the quiet, a jay calls once, twice, then he too is silent. Peace! And deep, deep within me, after the mighty winds of grief and unrest, peace. Yes, it is there, an increasing essence distilling slowly from the ardors of that strange *entrada*.

And I realize as I write that the *entrada* no longer lacks words. For I believe concretely that my soul is a part of the universal soul; that death no more ends it than shutting off an electric light destroys the current; rather, the current is conserved thereby. Thus death is as good for my soul as life. I believe that the uses to which my soul shall be put in the universe are infinite in number and time. And I believe that with each manifestation my soul will become more conscious of itself and its relation to the universe. And as I for the first time set down these words, I am conscious of the astounding and stupendous fact that I look on death without fear and without horror. Amen

Where Do You Go When You're in Trouble?

Prize Contest Announcement

MRS. MORROW says that when she wanted solace she went to the desert for it. We know a man who journeys to a certain spot on a little river when he is in trouble and threshes it out with himself. Some children sob their woes to the trees. Most of us have a "solace spot," to which we retreat when in distress. It may be a human "spot," someone to whom you run with your problems; it may be a particular chair that not only eases your body but eases your mind and spirit; it may be a spot in the woods, or it may be your church.

Tell us about your "solace spot" and how it came to be such.

For the best four-hundred-word letter we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes on January 20th. Winning letters will appear in the April issue.

Address Trouble Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and all enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of The American Magazine.

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How Does Your Employer Size You Up?

How much are you actually earning for your company?

How much are you *capable* of earning?

What are you doing to increase your earning power?

Answer those questions — as your employer answers them — and you will know exactly how he grades you for promotion.

SO MANY employes wonder why they stick at the same old salaries year after year!

"Just an old tight-wad," that's the way they speak of the boss — when he isn't listening — and in their dreams they see themselves stepping into his office and laying a curtly worded resignation on his desk. "I'm leaving to go with So-and-So," reads the ultimatum, "and they're paying me twice as much. *There's* a place where my services are *appreciated.*"

How dumbfounded such employes would be if someone in authority should ask them point blank the three questions at the top of this page — and what a revelation if, for just an instant, they could see themselves as their *employer* sees them!

Little they dream how eagerly he watches the man who is able to cut costs and increase profits—who possesses the capacity for *growth*—who in spare time is striving to increase his earning power!

Does the average employer favor such a man—promote him rapidly?

You bet he does—and by way of proof we are going to tell you about three men who put their employers to the test!

A LaSalle Button Won the Job It Proved His Case

A bookkeeper-cashier was wanted by a large Chicago firm, growers and shippers of flowers, to supervise the accounts of their fifty greenhouses.

More than one hundred men applied for the position.

But a LaSalle lapel button helped turn the trick for Louis Breisch. It showed the employer that Breisch had successfully completed six months' training with LaSalle Extension University. That carried weight, and Breisch got the job *at a salary higher than he had asked.*

How G. Roy Eshelman Said Good-bye to $16 a Week

G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois —cog in a big industrial machine—was earning only $16 a week when ambition prompted him to enroll for Higher Accountancy training with LaSalle.

"Through my training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department of my company, and often remained after hours watching the auditor at his work.

"Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant.

"It is sufficient to say that with the aid of my LaSalle training my present income is many times greater than when I enrolled."

A "Raise" of 137 Per Cent in Fifteen Months!

For four years Philip S. Blessing, of the Lancaster Brick Company, Lancaster, Pa., worked hard as a clerk and got nowhere.

During that time plenty of opportunities came his way—and passed him by. He began to realize what every successful man knows—that opportunities without trained ability mean nothing. He decided to get ready.

Within 15 months after he started training with LaSalle, Mr. Blessing was made Assistant Treasurer of his company, and his salary was increased 137 per cent. It has now been increased 250 per cent.

His employer, Clarence B. Horning, General Manager, adds the vital point: "We believe he has many successful years ahead of him." His business progress has only begun.

Send for Free Book "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

How does *your* employer size you up?

Does he see in you the trained ability to cut costs, increase profits? *Read again how Louis Breisch won out over 100 applicants for a position!*

Does he perceive by your interest in some special field that you are capable of discharging greater and greater responsibilities? *Read again how Eshelman said good-bye forever to $16 a week!*

Can he say of you—by reason of your spare-time efforts to increase your earning power—"We believe he has many successful years ahead of him?" *Read again how Philip Blessing won the position of Assistant Treasurer at a 250% increase in salary!*

The business world is crowded with unthinking fellows who are forever looking to hard work and faithful service to put them ahead—forgetting that these are only the *beginning* of what the boss wants.

"Merely a loyal worker"—is that the way your employer sizes you up? Or does he rate you as a first-class business man —*a future leader?*

Prove that you have the will and the stamina to win success—by what you do with this coupon NOW!

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NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

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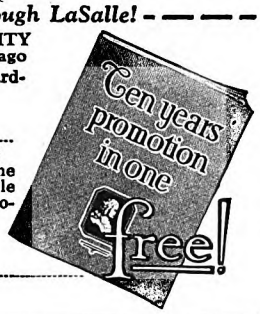

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The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 57*)

life she wanted to hear his ideas, his thoughts about men and women, and to tell him hers. She wanted to read with him the books her father was always having sent her from the States.

Rance released her fingers, but instead of rising from his knees he took a jeweler's box from his pocket and held it between his hands.

"Now, Barbee, honey, shut your eyes and hold out the little paws!" That was his absurd formula whenever he wanted to give her a present. But tonight he had already given her an armful of carnations and a huge box of glacé fruit ordered especially for her from San Francisco. Wondering, she obeyed.

She felt the cool touch of gold as he snapped a bracelet on each arm, then his warm lips shoving them aside to press a kiss on the inside of her wrists where tiny veins showed blue under her skin. "*Now!* Look what happens when you've been a good girl!" She knew the pleased expectancy with which he awaited her thanks.

SHE looked. Falling heavily over each of her hands was a circlet of nuggets, and—crowning touch of barbarity—every nugget was set with a small diamond!

"Oh-o-o . . . Rance! . . ." Her voice broke hysterically as she tried to force a note of glad surprise into her words. Her weighted arms went about his neck and she hid her face against his shoulder. How could she ever wear those chunks of gold set with diamonds! She wanted to cry; yet, paradoxically, Rance's pathetic bad taste roused in her a very passion of protective tenderness. Her arms tightened about him and she kissed him rapidly on his ear, his neck, his chin. "Oh, Rance . . . Rance! . . ."

He laughed with masculine complacence. "I knew you'd like 'em, Barbee. I picked every one of those nuggets myself out of the last clean-up at the Gray Wolf. . . . Darling! . . . I'd like to hang 'em all over you—and drench you with the finest perfume in the world, you little, soft thing!" He wrapped his arms about her and buried his face in her hair.

But a few minutes later he said something about having to leave early. "Oh, no!" Barbee drew away from him and looked, with astonished protest, into his face. "Why, you don't have to go so soon, dear! It's only nine o'clock—and your bedtime during training season is *ten*, Rance!"

"Yes, little one, I know. But tonight, you see, there's a special meeting of the Malamute Club. We're making a few changes in the Sweepstakes rules. Several of us are talking things over with Doc Kramer this evening."

Barbee drew down her hands and considered him with grave eyes. He avoided her gaze by sweeping her to him and murmuring against her ear, "Don't look at me that way, honey. I don't want to run off and leave my little girl now; I swear I don't, Barbee. But you see how it is, darling—I'm due there right this minute. They're waiting for me now. . . . There, there. You're a reasonable little thing, Barbee. You can understand I'm in this Sweepstakes business now, and I can't very well stay away when the boys are discussing anything important. . . . You *do* understand, sweetheart? Don't you? . . . Don't you?"

Barbee was ominously quiet in his arms. He kissed her throat and repeated his explanations—repeated them until the girl nodded her head wearily. "Ah, that's my sensible little woman! And she won't find it so hard to forgive her busy old Rance when she looks at these." He ran his finger round the bracelets. "Barbee, I don't think you realize what a lucky little thing you are, honey!" He laughed "There isn't another woman in town who can show a pair of diamond-studded handcuffs like those!"

After he had gone, Barbee stood alone at the window that commanded a view of the Bering's frozen sweep. Then she turned from the window, and holding out her wrists considered them a long time. . . . Hung with nuggets and drenched with perfume! So that was the way Rance liked women. Hung with nuggets and drenched with perfume—like *Kitty Kramer*.

Kitty was giving a birthday party tonight. Barbee hadn't been invited, of course; neither her father nor Rance would let her go to these parties of the One Hundred set. But she knew, because Lim Phayden had told her when he arrived late to deliver water; he had been delayed because he had to take two loads to the Kramer house. Rance had not mentioned the party. A cold, leaden feeling of distrust deepened about Barbee's heart.

She looked down at the bracelets and shook them. . . . Hung with nuggets! Shackled with lumps of raw gold, with blatant diamond eyes that winked mockingly at her. . . . Suddenly she stripped them from her arms, twisted the nugget chain from her neck, and threw them all into a carved ivory vase that shared the top of the bookcase with a handsomely framed photograph of Rance.

BY DECEMBER mining and all other occupations had become of secondary importance in Nome, for the camp was plunged into dog-training, the serious business of the winter. Homes, stores, glittering bars and clubrooms, all hummed with talk of racing dogs, their speed, endurance, feeding, and conditioning.

Slim, alert drivers who had won fame in former races were at the grueling work that would fit them again for driving in the Sweepstakes; other drivers whom dissipation had rendered unfit for the rigors of the Trail were there too, unable to resist the indefinable lure which attended even the preparations for the great event. The Dog Room at the Golden Sands was open to all those members of the sporting fraternity who drove or owned racing teams; and the "Daily Prospector" ran a column headed "Dog Dope," which was eagerly read by every man, woman, and child in the community. George Neilan, at his daughter's insistence, had turned this department over to Barbee, who spent half her time gathering items for her column.

Though December was too early in the season for the opening of betting books, every move of the racers was watched by Sweepstakes gamblers intent on making a clean-up. In every saloon, at every kennel, or wherever dog men gathered to talk, there appeared sharpshooters avid to learn anything which might enable gamblers to place their money with more certainty when the time came.

Along the trails where teams were tried out were telephone stations, where railbirds, with stop-watches in hand, timed the increasing speed of the dogs between known points. Every subterfuge was resorted to by these men in order to get the time of different entries; and on the drivers devolved the double duty of developing the speed of their teams, while keeping their time from those sharpshooters and railbirds.

KERRY was thinking of this problem as he shoveled freshly-fallen snow from the dooryard of the Kashim. Though his long-legged cross-breeds were objects of derision to the other dog men who raced nothing but pure-bred malamutes, huskies, or Siberians, Kerry had become aware, even during the short ten- and fifteen-mile runs with which he began his training, that he was never free from espionage.

He knew he would have to use every honorable artifice, every stratagem of which he was capable if, practically penniless, he were to compete successfully with the picked teams of the gold kings. To this end he was secretly using a weighted sled for training; but in a locked room back of the Kashim he and Doorknob worked as secretly on the sled he would use in the big race. It was a lithe thing of steamed hickory that was less than half the weight of the lightest racing sled in Nome.

He grinned to himself when he thought of his weighted sled. There wasn't a sharpshooter or railbird in the country who could get his real time while he used it!

Rance had begun his training; that is, he had purchased an elaborate outfit of racing furs, and he was taking his dogs out for a daily run. After the first flush of his enthusiasm wore off, he decided he would not drive his champion team. He turned it over to Slim Carvey, who had won the cup for him last year. Rance worked another Syndicate team, trying, though so far unsuccessfully, to use the rebel Tokon as a wheel dog next to the sled.

Kerry was still suffering from the pangs attendant on his giving up of tobacco; but Rance, while daily informing the boys in the Dog Room that he would stop smoking "tomorrow," continued to consume his usual quantity of cigars and cigarettes. Kerry knew that Kitty Kramer, despite her promise, was not making it any easier for Rance.

Kitty had given her birthday party last night, and both she and Rance had been

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offended when Kerry refused to break training to attend. He felt a peculiar satisfaction in recalling the fact that Barbee had also stayed away from Kitty's party. Barbee was often in his thoughts, she and Rance—and Kitty Kramer. One night, soon after Kerry's return to town, he had found Rance at the Malamute Club a little the worse for liquor and had taken him home.

"Wha—wha's wrong with me, Kerry?" the big fellow had asked plaintively as he settled into a black leather chair before his own fireplace. "Now—I'd never dream of cheating my partner, would I? . . . But, darn it all—with Barbee . . ."

He slumped forward, elbows on his knees, hands clasped between them, dull eyes fixed on the fire. "An' I think the worl' of her, too. Little thing, all youth, an' innocence, an' . . . ideals. Kitty now, absolu'ly different—no ideals, no brains, but lord—can't she w-w-ear clothes! An' that flaming hair . . . above white shoulders. . . ."

"For Pete's sake shut up, Rance! You're maudlin. Hey, Amatook!" Kerry roared, as he rushed out of the room, "put him to bed!"

He ran down the stairs into the cold, starlit night and walked to the Eskimo village and back before he could compose himself.

"WHOA there, Kerry!" A contralto voice with a laugh in it roused the young man from his thoughts. "Easy on the shovel, kid, or you'll be dislocating your shoulder!"

Kerry straightened himself. "Thunder, Tolovana! I wasn't expecting you for an hour yet. But you're as welcome as a pay streak! We've got everything ready."

It was difficult at first glance to tell whether Tolovana Belle was a man or a woman. Her reindeer parka was a man's, as were her neat mukluks, which met it at the knee. Her bare head rose from the thick ruff of her parka hood; but in an age of long-haired women, heavy black locks with a touch of gray were cropped and swept back off her forehead. And neither rouge nor powder hid the lines that frankly recorded every one of her thirty-seven years. From one arm dangled a man's fur cap. Under the other she carried a sewing basket such as her own grandmother might have used.

Kerry took the basket from her, and the two, with Duna twisting at their heels, walked to the wide door of the Kashim and entered.

It was warm in the shadowy, barnlike room, lighted even at this hour by a hanging gasolene lamp. A driftwood fire crackled in the big stove made of a gasolene drum; and in another flat-topped stove in one corner a coal fire was glowing under the tin washtub in which dog feed was cooking—the carefully balanced ration of oatmeal, walrus, and whale meat which Kerry fed his racers at the beginning of their training.

A man with his back toward the door stood before the tub stirring the steaming contents with a large wooden paddle. His mukluked legs were astraddle to withstand his vigorous stirring, and the stagged sleeves of his shirt left bare strong white arms that were sprinkled not only with freckles but with golden hairs so thick-growing that they would have been a distinct addition to the bald head which gave Doorknob Balsh his nickname.

Intent on his task, he was unaware of the entrance of Kerry and Tolovana until the latter stepped up behind him and slapped her small, muscular hand on his shoulder.

"How's the dog-punching old reprobate?"

Doorknob's genial flushed face looked back over his shoulder. "Finer than frog hair, Belle! Hold a minute, my girl, and I'll help you off with your parka."

Doorknob Balsh was the only one in Nome who called Tolovana Belle by her given name alone. Before she had acquired the Tolovana, he had known her—back in the wild Dawson days of 'Ninety-Eight, when her singing of "After the Ball" and "On the Banks of the Wabash" had set the gang in the old Monte Carlo a-wiping their frost-burned eyes with the backs of their hands. And he was a witness when she later married his friend, Walter Ballinger, impractical, good-hearted Wally, who just missed making good in everything he undertook.

IN a businesslike manner Tolovana crossed to a large table under the hanging lamp, where a bolt of white canton flannel had been cut up into dozens of dog moccasins. These, when sewed together and padded, would protect the feet of Kerry's racers from sharp ice on the Trail. During her husband's absence in the States, Tolovana came daily to sew on this canine footwear.

"Well, boys, the Ladies' Aid is now in session," she announced cheerfully. And for some time talk of racing equipment occupied the workers—the proper thickness of blankets, the green mosquito-netting that kept a dog from snow-blindness, the lightest weight possible for harnesses and collars, until finally Kerry asked when Wally Ballinger was bringing his team in over the ice from the coast town of Valdez.

"Well," Tolovana drawled, "as for my sainted Wally, he missed his steamer in Seattle. He always does miss his steamer two or three times before he finally gets aboard. If he makes the next one, I expect him in over the trail in about six weeks. . . . The tow-headed, blundering, elongated son of Britain," she added fondly. "I'll certainly be glad to see him!"

As she finished there sounded outside the jingle of harness bells, together with Lim Phayden's voice. He was bringing his water sled to a halt next door where he lived in a small cabin Kerry had fitted up for him. A few minutes later he entered the Kashim, the tinkling little Crooger padding at his heels.

Tolovana hailed him with a thimbled finger.

"Come hither, Phelim, me jewel! Sit forninst me now, and spill all your back-door dirt!"

"Divil a whisper have I heard this day, Mistress," denied Lim, sadly. He placed himself on a long packing box near the fire, and, leaning over, swung his fur cap between his knees. "But 'tis enough I've seen," he said.

"As I wiz passin' the Syndicate this mornin' I spies a crowd outside the fence. Thinks I, I'll see what's goin' on, so I edges up an' begins axin' questions.

"'Twould seem Rance came down to the kennels this mornin' wid the liquor from Kitty Kramer's party still in him, an' tried to work that divil outlaw of his. But the baste Tokon growls at him, an' won't let him put the harness on him. Thin Rance chains him to a telephone pole, an' begins pourin' the silk into him; but Tokon gets one good swipe at him an' fair rips the parka off Rance's back. 'Tis foamin' wid rage Rance is thin; an' whilst Slim is prayin' him not to do it, he sends for a bolt cutter. He ties the poor divil of a dog down, jams a two-inch stick in his mouth to keep him from bitin', an' wid the bolt cutter breaks Tokon's lower tusks off at the gums!"

Exclamations of pity, of horror, of incredulity, greeted this announcement. Kerry rose from the table, an indefinable nausea rising within him. Taking his cap and mittens from a peg near the door, he called to Duna and passed into the back section of the Kashim, where his dogs were housed in stalls behind a partition.

At his entrance there was a joyous tattoo of tails thudding against stall walls. Every dog was on his feet, wagging, whimpering, woofing, in welcome; but, though none was chained, each animal, perfectly trained, stayed in his place awaiting the word which would release him.

Kerry talked to them while he harnessed them and hitched them to the towline, but for once his mind was not on his team. He was thinking of Rance. He found it hard to believe that his best friend, the man who was so generous with his money, could have done this unreasoning, cruel thing to a dog.

KERRY was snapping the towline to his sled when he stopped midway to look down the road. From the direction of the Eskimo village came Barbee Neilan in her short white parka and ermine cap. She was walking fast, with her skates over her shoulder. Luce Barton, patently unskilled in winter walking, skidded along beside her.

The girl saw Kerry standing among his dogs, and her hand went up in gay recognition. After a word to Barton she came toward the Kashim. He shrugged his shoulders, raised his cap, and reluctantly went on alone.

Kerry met her at the Kashim gate, his cap raised with an air of shy respect.

"Could a lame lady get a bit of a lift home on your sled, Mr. Wayne?" she asked gravely.

There was nothing of lameness about her, and Kerry looked puzzled for a moment. Then his eyes followed the road, where Barton's plump figure was at that moment engaged in a wild left slipping, arm-flinging effort to regain balance. His glance came back to Barbee and they laughed in mutual understanding. He thought her half-closed eyes and the little wrinkle on the bridge of her nose adorable when she laughed.

He felt he wouldn't change places with Barton for all the money in the world. He was suddenly aware of his own lithene of his swift sure-footedness, of his tingli youth. Would he take Barbee home? wanted nothing better!

He wrapped her in the wolf robe on sled, and took his place behind the hand bars. "All right, boys! Let's go!" Ev

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Prof. Dr. Reyher

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dog, yelping with eagerness, sprang in the harness to a flying start. Out of the gate they dashed, onto the broad white road. Duna, leading free and unharnessed, leaped ahead like a lean gray wolf.

The two on the sled laughed in sheer joy of the motion. Cold air broke against their faces, filled their lungs, went to their heads exaltingly! The road lured like the North itself. Tundra cabins fell behind them. All signs of civilization ceased. There was at last only the vast white country sloping up from the frozen sea, and the line of dogs speeding with them across snowfields toward a mystical, far-away mountain range.

Kerry, swaying on the runners, had seldom felt so happy.

He felt that Barbee was happy too She said little, but sometimes she turned her head and looked up at him, smiling, sparkling-eyed, young; and he read in her face an appreciation of the pure enchanting beauty of their Arctic world.

Kerry wanted to go on thus for hours; but already there was the violet of evening in the hollows of the hills. The short afternoon light would soon be gone. He swung his dogs and reluctantly headed back toward town.

The calling of ptarmigan came wistful and thin above the silver of the harness bells. The cries sounded like: *Go b-a-c-k! . . . G-o . . . b-a-c-k!* Strange, he had never noticed that before. . . . He wished he might go back now—back across the Range to the high-timbered country that he knew so well. The country where frost crystals sparkled on fir and spruce growing thick about a hunting cabin he had built on the shores of a mountain lake; back with Barbee on his sled to the warmth of a supper fire, the luxury of a moose steak and coffee, and afterward the wonder of ideas shared in the candle glow, while outside the forest twilight deepened into a night overspread with stars.

But suddenly he remembered—he had no right to think of Barbee this way. He never would have. She belonged to Rance Herrington.

The rose of sunset went gray about him. A night wind woke and blew across the tundra, scooping up powdered snow and flinging it coldly into his face. Ahead in the town, lights were coming out. He gee-d Duna into Steadman Avenue, the street down which Barbee had driven a month ago when she had picked up Rance and himself after their bibulous afternoon with Kitty. He wondered if she remembered.

But Barbee did not glance toward the Kramer house as they passed. Instead, she looked up at him with some laughing remark. He bent to catch her words and neither of them noticed the two men who were standing at the front window of Doctor Kramer's office.

THE news that Herrington had broken the tusks of the racer Tokon spread like wildfire up and down the coast, and for the time being concentrated the interest of the community on the Syndicate kennels. To the euphony-loving Northerners the outlaw dog instantly became "Tokon of the Broken Tusks," a cognomen he was never to lose.

All Nome was aware of the hatred that lay between Herrington and the dog, and it was no secret that when he drove Tokon he carried a revolver. Both he and Slim kept a billy-club handy when they harnessed the outlaw; and the snow about the wire netting that fenced off the Syndicate kennels was trampled flat where crowds gathered daily to watch the harnessing.

A few days after the incident of the broken tusks the usual crowd was assembled outside the Syndicate kennels watching the teams get off for their tryouts. A murmur of interest broke from the spectators when the trainer, with a harness over his arm, came from the low, wide kennel-house, leading Tokon on a chain leash. The wolf-dog followed, reluctant, hostile, balefully eying the curious faces banked outside the wire fence. At the sight of Herrington and Barton waiting at the head of the team, his lean head, with its pale gold spots above the eyes, lowered watchfully. Barton backed away a few steps.

"For gosh sake, Rance, don't try to run that brute today," Barton pleaded. "It would be better for all of us if you'd shoot him!"

"I'll make a racer—or an angel—out of him before I'm through," declared Herrington stubbornly. "Either way I'll get my money's worth."

HE TOOK the harness from Slim and stepped to the side of the magnificent tawny husky. Today it was evident that Tokon was in one of his devil moods. He stood waiting. Not a muscle quivered in his long, lithe body; but as his owner approached, his nose wrinkled and his lip lifted in a canine sneer that bared his upper fangs.

Herrington bent to slip the collar over the dog's muzzle. Taking no account of the still bruised jaw he shoved it roughly home. A yelp of pain turned to a menacing growl in Tokon's throat.

"Shut up!" Herrington cuffed him on the ear. Like lightning Tokon struck and ripped Rance's parka from throat to waist. Slim leaped and laid hold of the dog's collar as Barton jerked the cursing Herrington aside. "For the lord's sake, have some sense, man!" he implored. "Let that beast alone!"

"Let him alone?" Herrington's voice shook. Someone outside the fence laughed. "Let him alone?" he repeated, the line of his jaw showing white. "Not while he makes me a laughingstock! Slim! Tie him to that pole."

Deliberately he unwound the rawhide whip fastened about his waist.

There was a disapproving, murmurous shifting outside the fence. Herrington rose on his toes, flung back his whip and with all his strength brought it down. The husky reared on his hind legs and met it with a roar, ears flattened, eyes flaming, lips writhing back from his saber fangs.

That unmistakable challenge plunged Herrington into a mood of unreasoning fury. Panting, mad for conquest, he swung his blacksnake, cutting blindly across the dog's legs, his back, his ears, his eyes. But Tokon, with quick, grating cries of defiance, reared forward at every lash. His head darted like a snake's, his terrific lunges threatened every moment to snap the chain that held him from his flogger. Never had Nome seen such indomitable courage—nor such a brutal dog beating.

It was Herrington that showed the first sign of weakening. Finally, with a furious, baffled curse, he flung the whip aside and thrust his hand beneath the tatters of his parka. A second later a revolver gleamed in his trembling fingers.

The harnessed team, instinctively knowing the meaning of firearms, began to cringe and belly away at the sight. But Tokon, breathless, heaving, stood looking into the rage-contorted face above him—looking with proud, fighting eyes that had something human in their depths. Herrington raised his weapon. The dog sprang forward the full length of his chain and, standing on his hind legs, snarled his defiance into the death-dealing muzzle of the revolver.

Shaking with fury and fatigue, Herrington took aim—and pulled the trigger!

The pistol crack was lost in a yell of warning from a hundred throats, for the harnessed malamutes, bolting in terror for the kennel-house, had looped their tow-line about Herrington's legs and mowed him down. His smoking gun went flying into a snowbank.

For a moment he floundered helplessly in a tangle of yelping dogs. Then, waving aside Slim's assistance, he scrambled to his feet and looked for the body of his victim.

A baffled roar broke from him. A few feet away, Tokon was shaking his head and pawing at the tip of the ear which had been barely grazed by the bullet.

The crowd was delighted and uproarious at the turn of events. "Oh, momma! did you see him flop on his ear!" . . . "Say, Slim, bring him a machine gun, so he can hit the dog next time!" . . . "You broke his tusks, you big bum, but you can't break his spirit!" . . . "Awh, he's yellow! Has to tie a dog to shoot him!"

THIS last gibe penetrated Herrington's frenzied, futile searching for his weapon. "Who said I was yellow?" he demanded, his rage suddenly transferred to the jeering throng outside the wire netting. He brushed the black hair back from his mad eyes and shook a fist at them. "Who thinks I'm yellow? . . . Why, you loud-mouthed stiffs, I'll bet you a hundred there isn't one of you has the guts to shoot that dog when he's loose! . . . Come on! Come on! Here's your chance! Prove yourselves! I'll make it two hundred dollars! Two hundred dollars!"

"Oh, button up your lip, Rance! No one wants that kind of money!" . . . "Freeze your teeth, Herrington, and give your tongue a sleigh-ride!" . . .

Goaded by the badgering of the crowd Rance changed his challenge. "But of course," he continued with heavy sarcasm, "there's one among you who can show me how to *drive* him! Don't all speak at once now! Come! Who'll drive Tokon?"

Among the spectators there was a jostling and a turning of heads; but no man stepped forward in response to Herrington's offer. "A fine bunch of dog whalers you are—telling *me* what I should do! I'll make you another proposition: I paid two thousand dollars for that dog—two thousand cold cash! More money than some of you stew-bums ever saw in your lives. But if there's one of you who can drive him—drive him even to the

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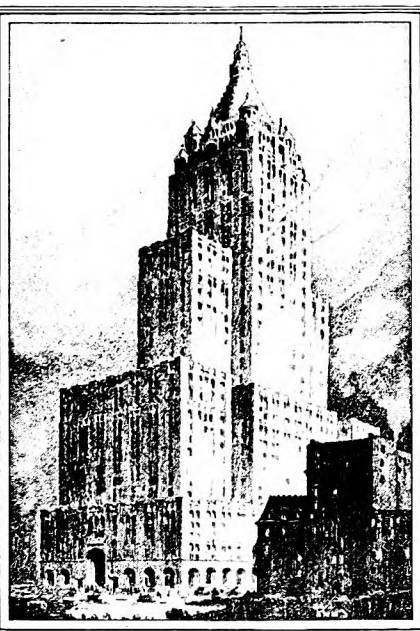
Harnessing the Waves of Sound

In any building—as in these widely varying structures, Johns-Manville, through the science of sound control, can end troublesome noise and reverberation—and insure perfect acoustics.



475,000 square feet of ceilings in the New York Life Insurance Company Building are finished with Johns-Manville sound-absorbing material.
—*Cass Gilbert, Architect*

THESE buildings were put up to meet a wide variety of purposes—to earn dividends, to house businesses and fraternal orders, to provide care for the sick, and entertainment for the public. Yet in each a problem of sound control was present and important. In some there was excessive noise, echo, and reverberation to be stilled—in others sound had to be amplified and properly directed so that audiences of thousands might easily hear and enjoy. In each instance Johns-Manville acoustical engineers were successful in harnessing the waves of sound!

How Science Controls Sound

Sound travels in waves, ordinarily invisible to the eye, but subject to reflection and distortion just as are water waves. The sound waves of voices, music, office machines, or street traffic strike against the hard cement, plaster and glass surfaces of our modern building construction—and bound back to another surface until the constant overlapping and amplifying of these reflected waves produce that irritating, nerve-wracking noise and reverberation which make life or work in such structures unbearable.

Johns-Manville acoustical engineers through scientific application and substitution of interior finishes that absorb and dissipate the sound waves, are able to control, subdue, or amplify the all-important factor of sound in modern life, to meet the individual acoustical requirements of any building.

Noise, if necessary, can literally be blotted out. In hundreds of offices, hospitals, restaurants, etc.—in fact, wherever quiet is desired—an amazing quietness and elimination of disturbing noise have resulted from the work of the J-M acoustical experts. In scores of churches, theatres, auditoriums—wherever sound must be carried clearly and distinctly to large audiences Johns-Manville has so controlled echo and reverberation and the path of the sound waves that perfect audition and acoustics are now enjoyed.

Free Advice on Sound Control

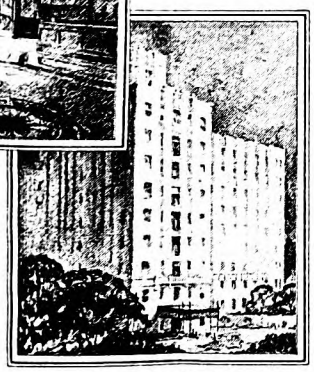
Write to us now about any problem of sound control in any building. We maintain a department for free advice on any phase of sound control. Architects value our suggestions so highly that we have been consulted on almost every important auditorium constructed in this country in years. And remember that this is not a treatment for auditoriums only—but for every place where sound must be controlled.

MASTER of ASBESTOS

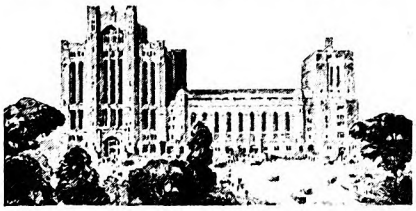
Johns-Manville

SOUND-ABSORBING TREATMENT

A world famous Wall Street banking room. The beautiful ceiling decoration was unaffected by the application of Johns-Manville office quieting treatment. The same treatment is also been applied to all work places.—*Trowbridge & Livingston, Architects.*



The corridors in the Private Patients' Pavilion of the new Presbyterian Hospital Medical Center are effectively quieted with Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment.
—*James Gamble Rogers, Architect*



The Shrine Auditorium, Commandery Asylum, Scottish Rite Cathedral, Ball Rooms and Supper Rooms in the great Detroit Masonic Temple are assured of good acoustics through Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment.
—*George D. Mason & Co., Architects*

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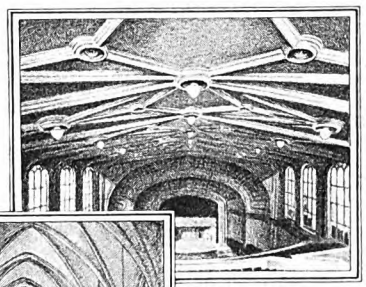
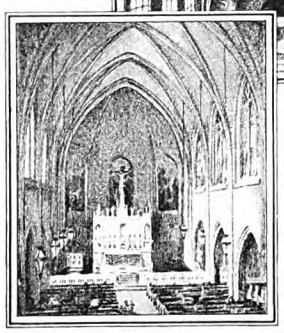


From the highest seat to the front row of the orchestra Johns-Manville Treatment assures good acoustics in this auditorium of the University of Colorado.



In beautiful St. Gabriel's R. C. Church, Hazleton, Pa., Johns-Manville has provided perfect acoustics without harm to the architectural effect.
—*Peter B. Sheridan, Architect*

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Fort and back, I'll *give* him to you! Give him to you free, gratis, for nothing!"

The commotion at the edge of the throng increased; the blur of talk rose suddenly to a hubbub of new excitement. Then a triumphant voice soared: "You overplayed your hand that time, Rance! Here's a fellow who'll take your two-thousand-dollar jinx! Here's the baby who'll drive your hoodoo pup!"

There were sounds of laughing dissent—some resistant scuffling—then from a hundred hoarse throats came the cry, "Break 'way, there! Gang-way! Gang-way!"

The crowd was split by a flying wedge of three men, and the next instant two brawny bouncers from the Golden Sands broke through the wide Syndicate gate, shoving before them the helpless but protesting figure of a young man in a fur parka. "The Trail Eater! The Trail Eater!" came a yell of acclaim. And his captors left him, somewhat bewildered, facing Herrington and the outlaw dog.

KERRY, caught up by the sport-mad crowd as he was passing the kennels, was totally unaware of the events that had led up to Herrington's challenge. He looked questioningly into the man's tensed, swarthy face. "What's the trouble, Rance?" he asked quietly. "You don't really want me to try my luck with Tokon today, do you?"

Into Herrington's black eyes hostility leaped like a flame. After a calculated, contemptuous silence he spoke. There was a bitter twist to his lip, and he purposely kept his words deep in his throat so that only Kerry should hear: "You've had no scruples about trying your luck with my girl, so why balk at my dog? Unless"—deliberately now he raised his voice so that it should carry to the crowd—"unless, of course, you're afraid of him!"

Kerry took a step forward, his puzzled gaze still fixed on Herrington's face.

"Just what do you mean by that, Rance?"

"You know what I mean well enough!" The words were clipped to a vicious significance. "As for the dog—I'm through!" He threw out his hands in a gesture of finality. "You can drive him, beat him shoot him—anything you please with him. *If* you've got the nerve!" he sneered, as he turned on his heel and started for the kennel-house.

Kerry flushed, then he woke to action. He sprang after Herrington, and swung him around to a standstill.

"Hold on a minute!" His voice, pitched low for Herrington's ear, shook with suppressed anger. "You've been making a big war talk here, and I'm going to call you. I'll drive Tokon. And I'll do it by giving him what he's never had before from you, or from anyone else who's owned him—I'm going to give him a square deal! . . . As for that other question—we'll settle that later."

"If you think you're so good, go to it!" sneered Herrington. "Everything I said stands."

Kerry turned back to the uproarious crowd and the problem of the dog. The tawny husky was lying on the snow. His watchful topaz eyes were on Kerry; but his lip lifted in a silent snarl at every fresh burst of yelling that rent the air.

Kerry became acutely conscious of that motley crew, whose favor swayed like smoke in the wind. At any other time or place he would have gone about harnessing Tokon immediately; but here he had to consider the disturbing effect of the crowd on the dog, Tokon's recent cruel flogging, and, most important of all, his own state of mind. He could not hope to deal successfully with the nerve-racked animal until he had mastered himself; until he had wiped from his heart all the anger, the resentment, the turmoil seething there. He knew he could hide his inner self from those babbling men who craned their necks outside the fence; but he had no shield against that enigmatic intelligence, that strange, unerring intuition of the wolf-dog who lay studying him with steady eyes.

When he did turn from the crowd to Tokon there was a deliberate surety in his manner. He saw the dog become tense, alert. He walked directly to the pole to which he was tied, talking quietly to instill confidence. When he unfastened the chain, the husky, vigilant-eyed for treachery, came to his feet, and began to back away. Kerry picked up the harness and put his hand on the tawny head. Tokon flinched and lifted his lip.

"Now then, old man, you and I are going to be friends." He patted the dog's head. "We're going to be friends. We're beginning all over again, Tokon. A good clean start—and no trouble."

He slipped the working collar over the outlaw's neck, stroked him for a moment longer, and in a nonchalant manner knotted the traces to keep them from dragging.

"Come along, old man!" Without looking back, he led off toward the gate, beyond which his own team lay waiting for him on the outskirts of the crowd.

Tokon, with lifted head, was considering Kerry's back, eyes steady, nose twitching. "Come on, Tokon!" Kerry's voice sounded calm, kind, but inexorably commanding. The dog hesitated, then sullenly advanced, ears back and tail straight down, his stalking wolf-walk setting his muscles rippling under his tawny coat.

A MURMUR rose as the watchers fell apart to clear a passage to Kerry's team. Tokon, passing down the line, shifted malevolent eyes from one side to another, lips lifting in spasmodic, silent snarls.

When Kerry reached his sled he hitched the wary rebel team-mate with Karluk, a pointer, just behind the swing dogs. He put an extra section into his towline and placed Duna on the end of it, a spike leader. When all was in readiness for the start, he raised himself and looked about him. Herrington was nowhere in sight.

"Hey, Barton!" Kerry shouted to the lawyer. "Hop aboard. I'm going to drive to the Fort and back—and I want you to see me do it!"

"Take me too, Kerry!" Slim Carvey came forward. As one prize-fighter measures another in the ring, so this dare-devil of the Sweepstakes Trail had been studying every move that Kerry made.

"Sure. Get in, Slim!"

The two passengers settled themselves on the sled. Kerry grasped the handlebars and whistled sharply. His team came to attention.

"Mush, Duna! Let's go, fellas!"

Every dog threw himself into the collar. Tokon, stiff, suspicious, was carried along. The team dashed down the road in a tinkle of bells, and the crowd, whooping with excitement, surged behind Kerry swaying on the back of his sled.

"The Trail Eater's driving Tokon of the Broken Tusks!"

BY TELEPHONE and by word of mouth the news spread. From every corner of the town came dog teams and reindeer sledges, spilling over with fur-clad human freight. They fell in line behind Kerry. As he shot down Front Street, every saloon, every restaurant, every store, added to the cavalcade its quota of men, women, and children, both white and Eskimo. Everyone was eager to witness the contest of wills that was inevitable between the Trail Eater and Tokon, the two most notorious figures of the All-Alaska Sweepstakes.

The team worked as a unit until Kerry reached Barracks Square in the middle of the town. Here he had to swing them to the trail, which ran along the edge of Bering Sea.

"*Haw!* Come *haw!*" he shouted, in the short, explosive tones that meant a quick turn to the left.

Duna swung immediately, but Tokon plunged headlong in the opposite direction. His superior strength, so near the head of the team, took half of them with him.

"Who-o-oa!" Kerry's pronged foot-brake bit the hard-packed snow, and the sled slowed down in a screen of flying white.

"Haw, Duna! . . . *Tokon!* Come *haw!*"

Duna threw himself gallantly into the collar, whining, scratching, bellying lov to swing the string of dogs. But his eage strength was insufficient against th powerful Tokon, who continued to hea gee, straight for a restaurant where durin the summer he had been fed daily by th fat proprietor.

The sled stopped. Duna whirled for th refractory Tokon. "Down, Duna! I' fix him!" The leader obeyed, plainly at loss to account for his master's comman The outlaw yelped and lunged resolute toward the restaurant. With every le the halted team was jerked into agitate uncertainty. The well-trained anima kept their feet, but their eyes turn questioningly toward the rebel.

Tokon's lungings suddenly ceased. H turned in his hampering harness. H topaz eyes grew malignantly intelliger his legs doubled under him. As Ker rushed forward he met him in a defia snarling leap.

The fettering towline broke his stri so that Kerry grasped him easily on ea side of the jaw. He flung him down in t soft snow by the sidewalk and held h there while he winded him with his kne

Even as he was doing it he realized t this was but the beginning of his fi with the outlaw. He must conquer Tok now, conquer him here in the pu square, the last and most unfavora place he would have selected for the j . . . He became conscious of the gr crowd that was gathering about. (sweeping glance took in the smug, gl ing Barton; miners, Eskimos, and salo bums, in parkas of reindeer and wl

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drill; Kitty Kramer glowing from the white fox depths of a basket sled that was bringing her back from a Fort tea.

He was even aware of the weather-beaten saloons about the Square, each with its windows filled with faces; and of the "Prospector" building just across the way—and Barbee Neilan looking down on him from an upper window.

All these impressions flashed across his vision while he knelt beside Tokon. The dog was quiet now, breathless but unhurt by the careful pummeling of Kerry's knees.

He hastily unbuckled the traces from the towline, and unwinding the long whiplash from about his waist, snapped the end of it, like a leash, to Tokon's collar. When he came to his feet he noticed a red stain seeping through the slashed white fur of his sleeve. A burning sensation told him that Tokon's upper fangs had ripped a furrow along his arm. Dr. Kramer started forward solicitously, but Kerry waved him aside.

The winded dog was recovering. Kerry stripped his parka from him and tossed it to the sled. He waited bareheaded, slim and athletic, a soft leather jacket buttoned snugly about his body. His alert blue eyes never left the recumbent dog.

The husky recovered and slowly got up on his feet. Kerry stepped out toward the middle of the square, the improvised leash in his hand. When it tightened, he tugged on it meaningly. "Come here, Tokon!"

There was no response. He turned.

The outlaw stood in his trailing traces, every muscle tensing for action, ears flattened, hair lifting above his neck and along his spine, eyes blazing with murderous energy clamoring for release. . . . He crouched, a low, rumbling growling in his throat.

Kerry suddenly dropped the leash and snapped into an attitude of defense.

A hoarse voice shouted, "My *God!* He's going to fight him like a man!"

A woman screamed.

And the great, tawny beast, gleaming-fanged and terrible, hurled himself straight at Kerry's throat!

(*To be continued*)

The Mill of Miracles

(*Continued from page 61*)

such a transaction, the fact that she had tuberculosis made it impossible to use her bones. Tuberculosis is the most serious enemy of the bony structure."

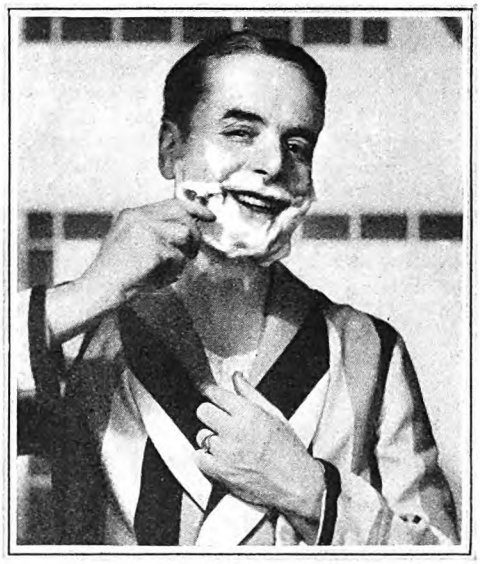
Very early Dr. Albee came to the definite conclusion that nothing would satisfactorily replace human bone tissue except living human bone, preferably taken from the individual himself.

His problem, therefore, was to find a way of taking a piece of bone, of the right size and shape, from one part of the patient's skeleton, and putting it in another place; doing this, moreover, swiftly and accurately so as to avoid unnecessary shock to the patient or keeping him too long under the anæsthetic. That was simple enough if it involved merely the making of a new bridge for the nose; it was immensely more difficult when deeper and more extensive repairs were needed.

You know the result

Here's the reason why

Shaving is Smoother
Small-Bubble Way



Razor-pull banished. No more sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth when beards are softened this scientific way. There's a big difference in shaving creams that you can prove by test . . . see offer in coupon below.

◆ ◆ ◆

IF you think all shaving creams are alike, there's a surprise for you in this advertisement.

It's the story of a new way . . . an easy way . . . a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands buy it daily.

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base where the razor work is done. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair—floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets soft and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened . . . ready for your razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated throughout the day.

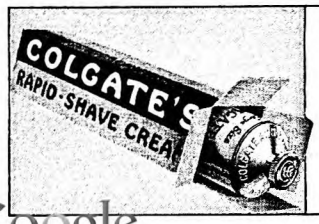
You be the judge . . for 7 days

These astonishing improvements are so easy to judge, that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a 7-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Compare it with the shave cream in your bathroom now.

Do this please, at our expense.

As an extra dividend we will also send you a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men. Try it after shaving. Mail coupon below.



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FREE OFFER

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

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It was the pitiable plight of the little hunchbacked children who came under his observation in a New York hospital, where he was a visiting orthopedist, that led Dr. Albee into his first great success in bone grafting. I think he still feels deeper satisfaction over the development of a means of helping these crippled little children than in any of the other marvels he has performed since.

It was victory memorable in medical annals, this victory of Fred Albee's over Pott's disease, the tubercular condition of the vertebræ which causes hunchback.

The medical profession had recognized that cure was practically impossible, in the majority of cases, so long as there was the slightest motion of the bones of the spine. So the little hunchbacks were encased in plaster casts, buckled into metal braces, or strapped tightly to flat boards, in the effort to hold their spines rigid while Nature, aided by nourishing food and sunshine, did its work of checking the infection which was eating away the substance of the bones themselves. Many wonderful cures were made, but at best it was a slow, long-drawn-out process.

"Even the influence of the movement of the ribs in the act of breathing keeps up an irritation in such cases, which delays recovery or prevents it," Dr. Albee told me. "Any external device which would hold the vertebræ absolutely rigid would prevent breathing entirely. I concluded that if we could devise some way of holding the diseased spinal bones in place so that they could not rub against each other under any conditions, there was a better chance for cure. So I tried grafting a piece of bone to the vertebræ themselves; one strip of solid bone long enough to extend through all the diseased bones and the two healthy ones at each end. If it grew into place, became part of the spine itself, it certainly should keep the vertebræ from moving. And that is just what happened."

FOR the strip of bone required for this operation, Dr. Albee had recourse to the patient's own shin bone, the tibia, or larger of the two bones of the lower leg. The tibia has proved in thousands of bone-grafting operations to be the most generally useful source of repair material. It is possible to take almost half of the tibia and still leave a nucleus of bone which will again develop into a perfectly good leg in a short time.

Instead of six years of immobility, such as was often imposed, the little patient now discards his bandages in six *weeks*. For in that short time his new backbone has grown strong enough to hold in place the three or four vertebræ in which the germs of tuberculosis had found lodging. Nature's remedy of fresh air, sunshine, rest, and nourishment can then be relied upon to effect a cure, for nothing the ex-hunchback can do will make those spinal bones move upon each other enough to irritate the infected parts and so keep the infection alive.

And when the cure is complete, the spine is almost as good as new. Even if it is not always straightened—for in some cases the disease has advanced too far and too fast to make a complete removal of the "hump" possible—it does not interfere with the free use of all the big muscles which are attached to the spine. Once cured, the former hunchback is able to do nearly anything other boys or girls can do.

"We found that in practically every case which was taken early enough we could straighten out the spine," said Dr. Albee. "And many of those early cures developed into really athletic young men and women."

THIS first successful operation for hunchback, in 1911, widely heralded in the medical press, brought a demand from all over the world for instruction in the new technique. But Dr. Albee was not satisfied with the crude method of chiseling the strip of bone from the tibia. There was too much shock to the patient, it took too long, it could not be regarded as an accurate piece of work in any event, and there was too much danger of the strip of bone being broken while being removed. How could he shorten the operation, increase its precision, lessen the risk to the patient from being kept under the anæsthetic long enough for *two* operations, one on the tibia and another on the spine, and at the same time reduce the shock of mallet on chisel? Pondering that problem, Dr. Albee remembered the toy sawmill of his boyhood in Alna, Maine.

How swiftly those saw-teeth had slid through those slices of turnip! Why not cut bone as fast as that? A little steel saw, an inch and a quarter in diameter, with the tiniest of teeth but driven at high speed by electricity—*that* would do the trick. Two little saws, mounted parallel on the same axis, so as to cut both edges of that strip of bone from the tibia at the same time. Easy enough to fit the saw mandrel with depth gauges, to determine in advance just how deep to cut into the bone and make it impossible to cut deeper.

If he could make a machine like that, light enough to be handled easily, and capable of meeting the rigid aseptic requirements of the operating-room, he believed he had the answer. You can't boil an electric motor without ruining it as a motor; but with the aid of an ingenious electrical concern Dr. Albee finally encased the motor in an outer jacket or sleeve which could be boiled, insulated the connection-cord so that it could also be boiled, and found that his "bone mill" could be rendered as germ-free as any other operating equipment.

That was the beginning of the marvelous new surgical technique, the results of which I have faintly suggested. The bone mill worked. It worked so much faster than the old-fashioned hand saw and chisels that the heat generated threatened to burn and so destroy the bone. Dr. Albee overcame that in the same manner that the machinist overcomes the heat generated when turning or cutting a piece of metal with a high-speed steel tool. The machinist keeps his work and tool immersed in a stream of oil or soda solution; a stream of normal salt solution, of the same mineral content as the blood, keeps the bone and the cutting tool of the Albee bone mill cool while the operation is going on and aids too in keeping the transplanted bone alive until it has finally been grafted to its new base.

The electric motor which ran the little saws at such high speed would run a drill, even a miniature turning lathe. Tools and chucks were devised for attachment to the bone mill, by means of which a piece of living bone could be turned into a peg or dowel, to fit precisely into a hole drilled by the same machine; and these dowels could even be screw-threaded, the holes tapped to engage the threads, where greater security was required!

Dr. Albee and I were looking over some X-ray photographs when he called my attention to one which showed clearly the outline of a long bone peg or dowel running through the neck of a thigh bone. The femur, or long bone of the upper leg, carries an arm at its upper end, projecting inward at a right angle or, in women, even a sharper angle, and terminating in a ball-shaped protuberance which fits into a socket in the pelvic bone, forming the hip joint. This projecting arm, connecting the long shaft of the thigh bone with the ball-head, is the neck of the femur.

"FRACTURE of the neck of the femur is one of the commonest of accidental injuries and formerly was one of the most difficult to cure," Dr. Albee said. "But today such a fracture, if there are no complications, offers no difficulties. This X-ray picture shows the hip of a young carpenter who fell from a scaffold on which he was working, fracturing the neck of the femur. With the aid of the X-ray it is easy to diagnose the precise nature of such an injury, and it is a comparatively simple matter of mathematics to bring the broken parts into juxtaposition again. The problem is how to hold them there. There is a tremendous muscular pull working to keep them apart. The ball which forms the head of the femur just doesn't want to stay in one place, after it has been broken off. And even though it can be held in place by external means, there is no certainty that it will ever reunite with the rest of the bone.

"If it does not unite it needs to be pinned, and pinned tightly, to the rest of the thigh bone. The pin must be made of something which will grow new bone. So in this case, as in many others of the same kind, I drilled a hole right through the center of the neck of the femur, passing through the shaft from the outside and going on into the head. Then I sawed a strip out of the patient's tibia and with the dowel-shaper attached to the bone mill, turned it into a peg which exactly fitted the hole.

"That is one of the beautiful thing about working with precision machinery like this—the ability to get a cabinet maker's fit. What we try to do in a cas like this is to have the peg fit the hole s precisely that it will not only hold the tw pieces of bone firmly in place, but wil leave no open spaces to cause trouble either by filling up with air or a blood clot The peg must *grow* to the bone in whic the hole has been drilled.

"In this case the bone peg from the le had become an actual part of the bon of the femur in a very few weeks. Th operation was done nearly five years ag and the carpenter is still working at h trade, climbing ladders as well as he di before he was hurt."

Another of Dr. Albee's noted cases w the manufacture of a complete new low jaw for a man who had been injured b the explosion of a Fourth-of-July canno All of the jawbone, except the joints, h been torn away, and with it had go

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much of the flesh of the chin and throat. Even though the victim might retain all of his mental faculties, and be able to keep alive on the liquid food administered through a tube, which was the only nourishment he could take, he could never appear in public without a mask. In this case the tibia could not furnish a large enough piece of bone, so Dr. Albee sawed out a thin, semicircular layer of bone from the patient's pelvis, just above the hip. The pelvic bones are made up of two layers. Taking off a piece of the outer layer did not materially weaken that part of the skeleton, and the thin piece taken off was counted upon to grow in thickness after transplantation, which it did.

Before making the bone-graft, Dr. Albee prepared the way for covering the new jaw with flesh. What remained of the soft tissues of the patient's chin was sewed to a pedicle graft of skin and underlying tissue obtained from his shoulder, which was held in place with plaster of Paris for a few weeks until circulation was established between the chin and graft. Two months later a piece of bone was sawed from the pelvis and mortised into the fragments of the jaw, just in front of the joints, and the fleshy flap from the shoulder was molded around the new jaw.

The transplanted bone grew to the bony parts to which it was grafted, and the transplanted flesh grew to the bone. A dental plate furnished new teeth and now the patient is able to eat, to talk, and to appear in public without having people turn their faces from him.

ONE of the most interesting jobs of human repairing accomplished by means of the bone mill was the creation of a new finger for a man who had lost all four fingers in the war. His thumb was uninjured, but useless, since he had nothing to which to oppose it. The first step in this operation was to cut a slit in the patient's abdominal skin, marking three sides of a quadrangle, and to sew the scarified stump of the crippled hand to the abdominal skin and subcutaneous tissue, bandaging it so that the parts could not be moved. In three weeks the hand had grown fast to the abdomen, with the blood circulation established between the two parts. Then the patient was again put on the operating table. The flap of skin and tissue was cut away from the abdomen, remaining attached to the hand. The tibia, that human lumber yard, was called upon for a strip of bone, which was screwed into a hole drilled in the bone at the base of the hand, where the missing forefinger had once been jointed. The flesh flap from the abdomen was molded around the new bone and sewed fast in place.

It was only a few months before the patient was using his new finger as if he had always had it. It had no joint, to be sure, but between it and the perfectly sound thumb he is able to pick up small objects, handle tools, button his clothes, and do almost as much as most people do with their forefingers. And there is no fingernail to require manicuring!

There is something magical, almost, in those little strips of bone which the tiny saw of the bone mill slices from the tibia. It is hard for one not familiar with Nature's wonderful ways to see how a piece

No more coaxing....

with these new ways of handling children

"MOTHERS are discovering that there are simple ways to make children *want* to do a particular thing. Then the thing almost does itself," says Gladys Huntington Bevans, famous authority on child training.

Just when you think you've solved the problem of bringing up these little scamps—out they burst in a new direction! Today there are new ways of handling children. Full of fun but scientific, too.

That matter of correct breakfast habits, for instance. Mothers know that nation-wide school tests show that the child who tackles his lessons after a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast has a head start on the child who goes to school without it. That is why this rule hangs on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Conscious of how important hot cereal is, parents make the often fatal mistake of saying, "Now you *must* eat your Cream of Wheat. It's good for you."

Then it's all off, nine cases out of ten. The youngster pushes his bowl aside and answers, "I don't want to eat Cream of Wheat," or "I don't want oatmeal," or whatever the cereal may be. That "must" has spoiled everything.

Child psychologists have realized that mothers need help. So an ingenious plan has been devised. When it is used, children delight their parents by wanting *hot, cooked* cereal every morning.

Considered ideal by child specialists

For 32 years specialists have recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for growing children.

1. Because it is so rich in both mental and physical energy. It is all real food.
2. Because Cream of Wheat is astonishingly easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the grain.
3. Because it is so easy to vary its creamy goodness by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your children by giving them Cream of Wheat regularly.

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FREE—*mothers say this plan works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All materials free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-19
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

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of bone only half or three quarters of an inch across and not any thicker can be made to grow into a full-sized thigh bone or upper arm bone. But Dr. Albee's own records and the surgical textbooks are full of instances in which precisely that thing has happened. It happens, with but few exceptions, when Nature is given the chance to make a new bone grow.

BOTH in war and peace, fractures, bone infections, or tumors necessitating the removal of several inches of the femur or of the humerus, the upper arm bone, are not uncommon. Sometimes the remaining sound portions, after the crushed or diseased part has been removed, may be brought together and made to grow together; but that is a difficult and uncertain operation, and when it succeeds the patient is left with a permanently shortened arm or leg. And if the gap is not filled, a dangling leg, useless because there is no continuous bony support, or a "flail" arm, equally useless, remains. Rather than be bothered with such useless appendages, thousands in the past have consented to amputation.

Now, when a man loses three or four inches of bone in his upper arm, as happened to many soldiers of all the warring nations in the recent conflict, a piece of his own tibia is inserted in place of the missing bone, mortised into the remaining ends of sound bone, pegged into place with dowels from the same tibia shaped in the bone mill, and Nature does the rest. Out of a strip of bone which is literally nothing but a strip taken from the surface of the leg bone, Nature manufactures a complete round bone, fills it with marrow, attaches the muscles to it, welds it to the sound bones at either end, and in a year or two even the X-ray cannot detect the substitution!

Even the bearing surfaces of such important joints as the shoulder and the hip can be replaced, when they have been entirely destroyed, by methods of Dr. Albee's devising. A woman pianist, her shoulder crushed in an automobile accident, had been assured by several surgeons, before she came to Dr. Albee, that she would never be able to play again. Some had even advised amputation of her right arm. Six inches of the upper end of the humerus, including the shoulder joint, had been lost, and the arm hung limp and dangling. In this case the bone drawn upon for replacement was not the tibia, but its companion, the fibula, the smaller bone of the lower leg. A piece of the patient's fibula, including the upper joint surface and head, was taken out and grafted to the remaining part of the humerus. The former knee joint became the new shoulder joint. Eleven months after the operation the patient had resumed her professional piano concert work!

One of the rare instances in which bone from another person has been successfully grafted was that of a little girl of five, who had lost the head of the thigh bone. At the same time, Dr. Albee had under his care an Italian who was to have a bone-graft operation for a fractured arm and a Polish woman with a deformity of the foot which necessitated taking out the astragalus, which is the large, round bone just in front of the heel. It occurred to the surgeon that this astragalus, with its hard, rounded surface, was just the thing with which to replace the ball-shaped head of the little girl's thigh bone; so when he took the bone-graft from the Italian's tibia he took a piece not only large enough for that patient's own requirement, but a surplus sufficient to fashion a dowel with which he pinned the bone from the woman's foot to the neck of the little girl's femur.

It is not to be wondered at that surgeons all over the world are constantly inviting the man who works wonders like that to come to their meetings and show them how to perform miracles. For much of the surgical reconstruction of wounded soldiers on both sides in the World War, Dr. Albee's teaching and his bone mill are responsible. In the spring of 1914 he went to Germany, to lecture at Berlin on bone surgery, and it is a matter of military medical history that his methods and his bone mill were used throughout the war by German army surgeons. Then, in 1916, he joined with Dr. Harvey Cushing, the great brain surgeon; Dr. George W. Crile, the authority on surgical shock, and Dr. Richard H. Harte, famous for his plastic operations on the face, on the staff of the American Hospital in Paris, where some of the most wonderful surgery ever performed was done by these American volunteers.

Several French soldiers were given new faces by Dr. Albee and the other American surgeons, and the fame of the Albee method and the bone mill, by means of which innumerable wounded men were restored to duty, who otherwise would never have been able to fight again, became so great that the French Government asked him to make a tour of their base and field hospitals, to instruct the French surgeons in the new surgical technique.

He spent six months as close to the firing lines as a noncombatant could get and, accompanied by Mrs. Albee, visited the great reconstruction hospitals of both France and Belgium. When they returned to America Dr. Albee brought with him the conviction that, if and when his own country entered the war, one of the first and most important needs would be the establishment of a reconstruction hospital where war cripples could be rehabilitated and taught to use their repaired and restored faculties.

It came about as he had foreseen. America did enter the war, and Fred Albee, with his European experience in war surgery, was one of the first to be called into consultation by the Surgeon-General of the Army.

SINCE the war this task of the rehabilitation of the injured and crippled has been one of Dr. Albee's chief enthusiasms. "I maintain that the surgeon's work is not complete until his patient has learned how to use the restored members to the limit of their possibilities," he said to me. "It is not enough to give the patient a foot or a finger or an arm which *looks* all right; he must be taught to use it. And that is not merely a matter of muscular manipulation. It is easy to overcome the muscular stiffness which follows any important bone operation. It is often extremely difficult to overcome the mental apathy to which injured men and women succumb if means are not adopted to lift them out of it. Fortunately, this fact is now recognized by surgeons all over the world.

Through the "Rehabilitation Review," which Dr. Albee edits, the work of these organizations throughout this country and in Europe is coördinated on an international scale.

His educational visit to Europe last summer was his third since the war. He was a representative of the United States Army Medical Corps at the Inter-Allied Rehabilitation Congress of 1919, where he read the opening papers at the sessions in Rome and Paris. In 1925 he was the Honorary President of the Fourth International Congress for Reconstruction Surgery at Amsterdam. But always, in spite of the multitudinous calls upon him, he finds time for his beloved Florida.

LONG before there was anything like a "boom" in Florida real estate, Dr. Albee foresaw the eventual demand for property there as a refuge from Northern winters. He went to Florida ten years ago, found an enchanting strip of land along the Gulf of Mexico, and began to buy it as fast as he could raise the money, until he owned thirty miles or more of water frontage which somebody, some day, would surely want to build and live upon. He set the example by building for himself a beautiful home, on a hundred-acre point surrounded on three sides by water, where he and his family spend every moment of time which he can spare, from November to May.

We sat there by the fountain in the *patio*, looking out across the bay to the setting sun, sinking into the Gulf o Mexico, Mrs. Albee, Ted, Shawn, and the Doctor. Ted is Fred H. Albee, Jr., nin years old and as full of energy as migh be expected of an American boy of nin with two such energetic parents. Fo Mrs. Albee herself is almost a match fo her energetic husband. She was Mis Louella May Berry of Williamspor Pennsylvania, before her marriage to D Albee, twenty years ago, and she has bee his constant companion, closest frien and, as he admits, his soundest advis ever since.

"We don't make enough use in Americ of our natural advantages for the trea ment of disease," Dr. Albee said. "He in Florida we are throwing away Nature greatest curative agent—sunshine. So am going ahead now with plans, whi are practically complete, for a great sar tarium right here at Venice, to whi medical men can send every kind of ca for which sunshine and winter warmth c possibly be beneficial.

"They have discovered in Switzerlan for example, that not only tuberculo of the lungs and joints is definitely cural by exposure to the sun, under care medical observation, but that rickets a other infantile diseases due to failure the physical mechanism to assimilate fo are also curable by the same means, wh in the treatment of nervous affectio heart troubles of many kinds, rheumatis and a long list of other ailments, the tinic rays of the sun are worth more th all the medicines in the physician's mamentarium."

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Egbert the First

(*Continued from page 19*)

is," he said. "What do you make of that, Herndon?"

"It's an ultimatum, Ed," Herndon said, grinning, but not grinning much. "He means we can tell the reporter we're going to put our money into the factory, or he will tell him he is going to peddle suspenders or sail for Paris or some disgraceful thing."

"If you haven't any news to tell him, Edward," Celia said, "let me speak to him. 'Society Girl to Hawk Braces.' With photographs by the staff photographer."

At this point Norbert Blane glanced at his wife, and Emma gave him a meaning look.

"Pshaw! Why all the chatter?" he demanded. "We know that we're in a corner. We're dealing with a desperate man. I'll put a hundred thousand into the factory if that will shut him up."

"How about you, Herndon?" asked Ed Torrance. "I'll match Norbert's amount."

"All right; let's get the agony over," said Herndon. "I'm in," and Ed Torrance spoke into the 'phone.

"Sorry, old fellow, we haven't got anything sensational to give you," he said, as genially as he could. "There's nothing but that we three sons-in-law are putting money into the Spotts Suspender Factory. Just tell Mr. Spotts, will you?"

IN HIS office in the suspender factory Mr. Spotts listened while his chief clerk, who had for the moment impersonated a reporter of the 'Daily Tabloid,' reported what Ed Torrance had said.

"Very good, Brent," said Egbert I. "You will order the new webbing machines by telegraph. Telephone to the advertising agency, and have someone here at one o'clock prompt. And one moment, Brent; write this for me."

Mr. Spotts put his hands behind his back and walked up and down the office, thinking deeply.

"Send this by special messenger to my house," he commanded. "Are you ready?" He dictated his final manifesto:

Family! I will be home for dinner at six o'clock; love to all.

Taking the pen from Brent he dipped it deep in the ink and wrote his name—"E. Spotts."

IF GEORGE WASHINGTON were alive today would he be a general, a senator, a cabinet minister, or President? Well, the chances are, according to Eugene Ernst Prussing, who has been thirteen years digging up fresh material about Washington, that he would hold no one of these jobs. He might be a presidential candidate, but it would be for the presidency of some big industry or public utility, rather than of the United States of America. Next month, in "George Washington as a Business Man," the Father of Our Country will be revealed in a new and interesting light.

Her hair is oily

She should use

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use

Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
☐ Tar Shampoo
☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 6-A, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York City: Send me offer checked, with your 28-page illustrated book on hair health.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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You Can Soon Tune In and Get Your Education

(*Continued from page 15*)

this piece goes like this:" And then the instructor turns around and plays very deliberately on the piano the dominating strain of the piece.

"Now, children," he concludes, "we are ready to hear the music. You must keep your ears open for the theme and watch for those oboes and those Panpipes—the piccolos."

Then he rises and lifts his baton, and the great orchestra proceeds to play that gloriously merry little march. The children are transported. They recognize at once the controlling strain which has been noted for them. Whenever those little Panpipes ring out shrilly, there is a brightening of eyes. When the deep guttural of the oboe rumbles in the piece, the children note it with the delight of understanding recognition. When it is all over they break out into uproarious applause. A thing of beauty has touched their souls and, because of the genius of that wonderful instructor, they have been able to perceive it, to catch it, and to receive its refining impress.

OF COURSE this sounds like a piece of fiction. There can be no little prairie schoolhouse with such an instructor and a symphony orchestra of sixty fine musicians. Can't there? Well, the fact is there is hardly a little schoolhouse anywhere in the land which cannot have this very thing. For this is the beginning of that great University of the Air of which I have spoken.

The instructor is Walter Damrosch, for so many years director of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and he reached that little schoolhouse through the radio. Last year Dr. Damrosch laid before the National Broadcasting Company his plan for giving this kind of musical instruction to American children. He had just rounded out a distinguished career as conductor of our greatest purely American orchestra and announced his retirement. But Dr. Damrosch had been learning something about the radio. His own broadcasts had brought to him such a flood of letters from everywhere that he came to see in this new invention the most potent force for advancing the musical culture of America.

"Give me three years," he said, "and I will make America the most musical country in the world."

He proposed to give three experimental concerts last year in order to see whether or not the schools were really interested. The results of those concerts were so amazing that the National Broadcasting Company, without waiting for anybody to finance the great plan, decided to make Dr. Damrosch its music councilor and to start him off this year with twenty-four concerts like the one I have described.

After the experimental concerts letters poured in on Dr. Damrosch. He must have gotten more than twenty-five thousand of them, and they came from colleges and from crossroads village schools. His concerts had converted thousands of schools and millions of children into one vast classroom in music. Down in Florida with the sun shining briskly; out in Minneapolis with a near blizzard piling a late snow against schoolroom doors; up in Portland, Maine, with a wind roaring in from the Atlantic; way down in San Antonio, Texas, under a tropical sun—all were part of a single class in music, with the instructor and his musicians in New York. And did the children love it? One little boy wrote from Iowa that he had always wanted to know what an oboe was and he was delighted to have heard it and recognized it in that little piece about the Entrance of the Little Fauns.

But here was and still is the rub: A boy of eleven wrote Dr. Damrosch that he was glad he had broken his leg not long before because it forced him to remain at home where he could hear the concert; whereas, had he been in school, he would have missed it *because the school had no radio set.*

That was true in the vast majority of schools. It is still true. In one city four thousand children were marched to the city hall, where there was a large auditorium and a fine set, because there was no school in the town with a radio receiver. In most of the cities where the children were able to hear, they would not have been able if public-spirited citizens—and in most cases merchants—had not supplied the sets for that day.

And yet they most certainly did want to hear. In New York City over two hundred schools with their two hundred thousand pupils sat in at this great music class. In Washington, D. C., when Dr. Damrosch broadcast his concert for high schools and colleges, sixteen thousand students listened in. Hardly had the last notes of the first concert faded out of the ether before the telegrams began pouring in from all over the country.

WHEN it is possible to have Walter Damrosch visit your school with his orchestra in a series of music lessons without paying one cent for it, can it be possible for a single school anywhere to miss it for the sake of saving the price of a good receiving set? So here is a chance for public-spirited residents all over the land. If you are looking for a way to spend a few dollars usefully—donate a good receiving set to your school. The youngsters—if they can't find any generous grown-ups to pay for them—can get up little entertainments and buy them. Go down to the Mayor in a body, or to the School Board, and tell them you want to join Dr. Damrosch's music classes. Here is one of the finest cultural things that has ever been done in any country. It is up to the school to see that it is not only a success but is made permanent.

It is well that this new university idea should begin with music. Radio has had a good start there. And already radio has done wonders for the musical taste of our people. When I first began announcing programs eighty per cent of the music broadcast was jazz. The demand was for jazz. Now seventy-five per cent of the requests are for the better music and seventy-five per cent of the leading programs give better music. Dr. Damrosch once mentioned to me his own observation of this: "Without any friction," he said, "the bad has given place to the better music, the better to the good, and in some cases the good to the best."

Has not everyone noticed the vogue of Victor Herbert's music? Herbert has been dead for some time. Some of his operas, like "Dreaming" and "Babes in Toyland," have been off the boards for many years. And yet scarcely a day passes without a rendition on some program of a Herbert number.

EVERYONE will remember how some years ago George Cohan had a trick of making songs around the sentiment in some old piece of music and weaving a few bars of the old song into his popular hit. People would be sure to recognize the old song. Now, however, several song hits have utilized the same trick, but instead of using some familiar folk song, they have used well-known operatic numbers. The other day we had a program of Paul Whiteman music played by his jazz orchestra. One of the numbers was called "Tchaikowskiana." A popular audience would not have recognized that name a few years before. The success of the piece depended largely on the audience's recognizing the original music of Tchaikowski, the famous Russian composer. And of course an audience now would be almost sure to do so. The most popular symphony number over the radio is Tchaikowski's Sixth Symphony.

Another amazing thing is the way in which fine old songs, disused for years, come back and have almost as much vogue as a popular hit.

In my own case, I was on a musica program for the Atwater Kent radio hou and had to select a group of several song to sing. Perhaps many of my readers d not know that all my time is not con sumed in broadcasting. Before I was radio announcer I was a concert singe And even yet I manage to get in abou two hundred concerts a year. In one these concerts I had sung an old favorite- "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"- and it had been favorably received. So picked it out for my radio concert. Wel after that I began to hear it everywher Other singers used it. Orchestras playe it, and with the cumulative effect whi the radio produces, the first thing I kne the old song had something of the force a popular hit. Other singers have had t same experience. But always it is wi songs and music of high quality.

Now, so much for the start in t great university dream. What are to the next steps? Well, the next ste have already been taken. First of a the National Broadcasting Company h named an advisory council to work c this fine ideal. It is made up of m whose national reputations are a guar tee of the seriousness of the undertaki It comprises Mr. Owen D. Young, Cha man of the Board of the General Elect Company; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, Pr dent of the University of Virginia; H Charles E. Hughes; Hon. Elihu Root; M Julius Rosenwald, head of Sears, Roeb

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& Co.; and others. A special committee headed by Dr. Alderman has worked on the plan and it is probable that little time will be lost in extending the idea to include other fields than music.

Of course, education does not end when people leave school. In fact, it is only then that the opportunity and the capacity for real culture begins. And so these gentleman have recognized the need for making this University of the Air useful to the adult listener-in. A beginning has been made in a scheme for political education by the man who has done much to develop this great dream—Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company. It has been worked out with the assistance of the League of Women Voters. It is, in fact, a good deal like a course of lyceum lectures on the structure and functions and problems of government and public affairs. It undertakes to take care of another one of these three C's—Citizenship. Lectures are given each week on such subjects as "How Congress Works," "How Party Platforms are Made," "How We Nominate Presidents," and so on. In connection with the lectures the American Library Association issues lists of books for the use of those who wish to follow the subjects further, and the League is promoting the formation of groups to meet and make the subjects topics of discussions.

WE HAVE had a number of experiments in radio teaching. The schools in Schenectady have done some work along this line. Over our own broadcasting station we have had a course in Phonetics by Dr. William Tilly of Columbia University. Professor Phillip Molt has given a course in French which was most successful. Beyond doubt, the radio will lend itself admirably to the teaching of languages. Dr. John B. Watson has given a course of lectures in Psychology. We have had other lectures on various subjects. But all this has been unorganized. Radio instruction will work out its own technique in the field of science and literature just as in the field of music. In the past it has not been possible to have a great musical authority give lectures in a school accompanied by a magnificent symphony orchestra. But the radio enables the school to do what American business is doing—adopt the benefits of mass communication.

So when we come to have courses in literature, it will be possible to have the greatest critics and scholars reach the remotest schools and to have the students hear the greatest living authors tell at first hand of their methods.

And now we are apparently about to have another ally in this great university idea. It is television. Think what this will do for students of science and art! Studies in science can be best carried on visually as well as orally. There will be nothing in the scientific world which the lecturer on a scientific subject will not be able to bring to his hearers, with this new invention feeding his teachings to both their eyes and ears. And as for art—well, just as Damrosch can send to the crossroads school the concert of a great orchestra, so the greatest works of art in the world can be delivered through television to the humblest schoolhouse.

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On the Road to Jericho's

(*Continued from page 37*)

to wait. This business is important. We got to be getting on up the creek."

The men looked down at the ground. Their hands brushed their hat brims in awkwardly courteous salutes and they rode away, with Jim in the lead. Persis stared after them.

They had kept her outside again. They had told her nothing. And Jim had deemed her tidings too trivial to mention.

It was when her thoughts touched upon his "important business" that fear stole upon her. In her mind she could still see the tenseness of the men's faces. What were they going to do?

Almost without realizing her intention, she found herself running toward the corral. *She* had purpose, now. She wanted to know the meaning of those flint-hard expressions and averted eyes. Well, she knew where she could find out easily enough: Mrs. Jenkins would know.

She saddled and, mounting, rode away, heedless of the open gates behind her.

Mrs. Jenkins must have seen Persis coming, for she walked part way down the path in front of her cabin door. Persis, looking very small and wide-eyed, thundered up on Natchie, her big roan horse, and stopped.

"I want to know what's going to happen," she said, her voice shaking. "I want to know why Jim and all those men are riding up Bear Creek. I want to know what they're going to do up there."

"Gracious sakes, child! Ain't you heard? They're goin' to hang Rob Jericho!"

Persis at first thought she had not actually heard the words; then they began to pound on her consciousness. She seemed to see the look on Jim's face, on the faces of the men who rode with him. Her mind leaped back to the night before—the lamplight on Rob's face—his wounded arm—the cricket chirping under the floor—the stars looking down—the wind in the leaves—Rob looking up at her. She felt a numbness stealing over her, trying to dull her senses. "They're going to hang Rob Jericho! Why? What's he done? Tell me, Mrs. Jenkins. Tell me quick!"

MRS. JENKINS rested the backs of her hands on her hips. "He held up the stage from Show Low about nine o'clock last evenin', where the trail crosses Bear Creek down below your place. He shot Link Haynes, the driver. Link hung onto the ribbons clear into Pine City, and he told some of the boys before he died that he'd shot the road agent once—seen him sway a little as he rode off."

"How'd they find out it was Rob Jericho? Did Link Haynes say it was him?"

"Why, no, he didn't. It was one of the boys found out. Shag Slade. He noticed Rob warn't to his cabin all last night, an' then, early this mornin', he seen the young rascal ride in with his arm all bandaged up."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"Yes; an' this mornin', when they was lookin' at the ground near the holdup they found Jericho's gun layin' in the dirt. Guess they'll hang him all right."

"How did Slade happen to see him riding in this morning? What was he doing around Jericho's cabin?" Persis leaned toward Mrs. Jenkins, one hand on her knee, the other twisting in Natchie's red mane.

"Why," said Mrs. Jenkins, "Slade's land is right 'joining on Jericho's. You know they always been squabblin' over water rights, them two."

Persis thought she remembered some vague talk about it. Then, for just a moment, something seemed to snap inside of her. It was not her own controlled voice that cried sharply, "They shut me away from them! They wouldn't talk to me! Jim rode on without speaking to me! But they *won't* hang Rob Jericho!"

The two women regarded each other. A rain-freshened breeze blew down the valley, and carried to them the faint reports of rifle shots.

Mrs. Jenkins turned her head, listened for a moment, looked again at Persis. "They're shootin'," she said.

Persis had heard. She gripped the bridle reins. Natchie snorted and started at a dead run.

DIMLY Persis saw things from the corner of her eye as she rode—gray-green clumps of sage, distant peaks, a yellow rimrock, cattle staring at her. Once, when the wind came just right, she heard shots again. This time they were much nearer. She brought the quirt down sharply.

One moment she felt the stifling horror of failure; the next, a recklessness born of pounding hoofs and relentless purpose. She was in the thick of things. She was the only really important cog in the important business of averting a boy's death. She knew things that those men did not know. She could stop them all. She could show Jim—if only she could get there in time. . . .

A four-strand barbed-wire fence loomed ahead. She took a long chance and determined to jump Natchie. He was running at terrific speed. Now! Up! His front hoofs cleared—one of his hind hoofs caught. She felt him tip sideways, and twisted her body to balance. She heard the wire screech through the staple on the post. Then the strand snapped. Natchie stumbled, plunged headlong. She pitched over his head onto the soft ground. There was a little cut on her face, and the blood trickled down.

She got up and turned toward the fallen horse. Natchie struggled to rise, fell back, struggled again, and lay still. She came to him and saw that his leg was broken. She cried out once, stretching her hand toward him: "Natchie!"

She ran on. Down a steep draw, quickly up the other side, through a thin, clean growth of pines. She listened once. The shooting had stopped. Probably they were bringing Rob from his cabin now. Probably he had surrendered. Perhaps he had been killed.

Suddenly she came to the edge of a high plateau, where she could look down at Rob's homestead. She could see by the cottonwoods where the creek wound its way. She could see the cloud shadows chasing across the hills and bottom lands. Below her, not more than two hundred yards away, stood a little group of men.

She stumbled swiftly down the incline, crying out as she ran. She came right into the little circle they had formed, and stood panting, her breast heaving with the pain of fear and exhaustion. Her hair streamed down over her shoulders, and some blood had dried in a streak on her face. It showed dark against her whiteness.

She took a swift step toward her husband, who stood near Rob Jericho. Shag Slade and the others stood around her, staring.

"What do you think you're going to do!" she gasped. "You've got to tell me!"

The men looked up from under their hat brims at Jim Rogers. He frowned, and drew in his breath. "You ought not to have come here," he said. "This is a man's business. You'd better go away."

"Oh, I had better go away, had I? You think this is no place for a woman, do you? Well, I'll show you that it is! I'll prove that Rob Jericho didn't hold up the Show Low stage! I'll prove he didn't kill Link Haynes. He couldn't have, because he was with me at the time it was done!"

The lips of some of the men moved. Jim turned a little paler. Rob's eyes were looking straight at her in a strange, wide-open way. His lips were parted.

Persis turned suddenly, and walked close to Shag Slade, nearly touching him.

"You thought you were safe enough! You thought I wouldn't *dare* say Rob Jericho was with me last night, didn't you? You thought you had me in a trap! You spied on me, and thought you'd found out something about me! Well, you didn't! You thought you could pin the blame on him because I wouldn't dare tell he was with me! You knew *he* never would, on account of me. Well, he *was* with me, and I don't care who knows it. He was hurt, and I helped him."

ONE or two of the watchers moved nervously, shuffling their feet. Some one muttered. Slade looked all around him—looked at everyone for a fraction of a second. Then he looked behind him, moved backward a step.

Persis turned again to Jim, speaking in a low, husky voice: "Why wouldn't you listen to me this noon when you rode by? You might have saved all this. You didn't even ask me if Rob delivered the letters you sent by him. I suppose you thought, just because I was home instead of over to Jenkinses, that Rob had never come by with your message at all, that he'd been too busy robbing and killing people. Why didn't you *ask* me?"

In the silence, a spur chain tinkled, and a boot scraped on the ground. A man cleared his throat. "What about finding Jericho's gun near the holdup?" he said.

"Well, did you ask *him* about that?"

The man's eyes abruptly switched away.

"Why didn't you tell them, Rob?"

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said. "Why didn't you explain about the gun?"

Someone said, "I don't b'lieve we gave him much of a chance to explain anything!"

"I can tell you how my gun got to be there!" cried Rob. "I can tell you how I got shot." He strained at the ropes which pinioned his wrists. He tried to move to where he could see Slade.

There was a sudden commotion among the men. Slade leaped for the nearest horse. He swept up the reins dangling from the bridle, mounted, and drove home the spurs, racing toward the cover of a clump of cottonwoods and alders by the creek.

In a twinkling men had mounted and strung out in pursuit. Only Jim Rogers, Persis, and Rob Jericho remained, watching the riders approach the fringe of cottonwoods, then suddenly disappear among them.

"I reckon we must have made a mistake about you," said Jim. He didn't look at Rob.

"Well, yes, I guess you did, all right."

Persis heard them talking, and the words seemed to come from a long way off. Her knees began to weaken. Jim must have seen her trembling, she thought, because she could feel his arm tightening around her.

"She must be pretty near all in," Rob said. Then, after a little while, she heard him telling Jim about the gun; how Slade had met him as he was riding home from Pine City; how they had got to arguing about the water rights of their homesteads; how one thing had led to another; and how Slade had called him something, and shot him; how his gun had dropped in the trail, and how Slade had picked it up and made him ride on. Later, Slade must have planted the gun at the scene of the holdup.

PERSIS was riding Jim's horse on the way home, with Jim taking long strides beside her. She had told Jim about Natchie's broken leg, and Rob had gone off to find him. She had told Jim about everything—almost everything.

Jim had been silent, sadly silent, as he walked beside her. His hand tightened on the reins and he brought the horse to a stop. He looked up at her.

"I haven't been playing square with you," he said. "I haven't let you in on things. I seem to have left you alone on the outside of everything."

"You thought I was just a woman, didn't you?" she asked. "You thought a woman wasn't of much account."

"I guess that was it. Today has made me feel like 'just a man.' You were pretty wonderful. You—you *are* pretty wonderful. I guess I haven't thought about you enough. I guess I didn't know much about you until—until today."

Persis leaned down and kissed him. She seemed to have a sudden engrossing thought, which made her smile a little, as she looked down at a broad green patch of alfalfa.

"Jim," she said, "look there at that alfalfa. Don't you think it's beautiful—all deep green with millions of purple blossoms?"

Jim looked. "Say! It sure is—just beautiful!"

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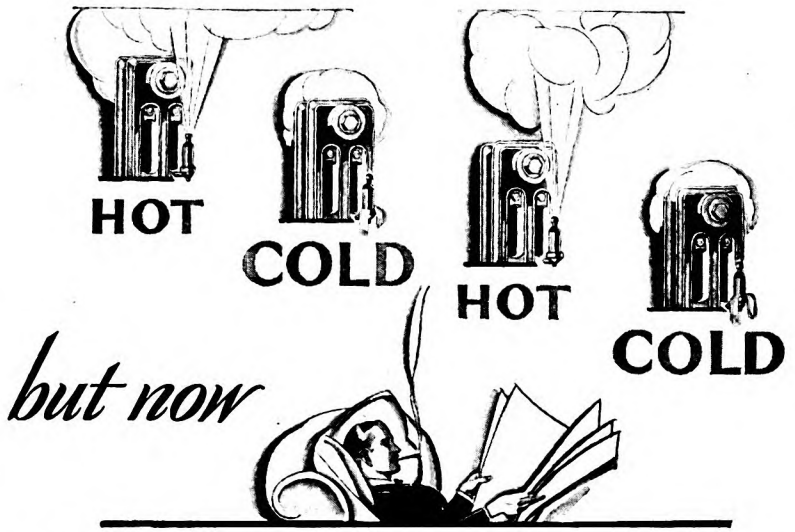

WARM·WARM·WARM

Charles A. Banister lives at Indian Orchard, Mass. Winters there are nippy. His steam radiators warmed the house an hour or so after the fire was brightened—except the dining room. *That* radiator never *did* get hot.

But the minute the fire subsided the radiators began to cool. In an hour his house was chilly. Again and again each cold day his rooms were hot—then cold—then hot—then cold.

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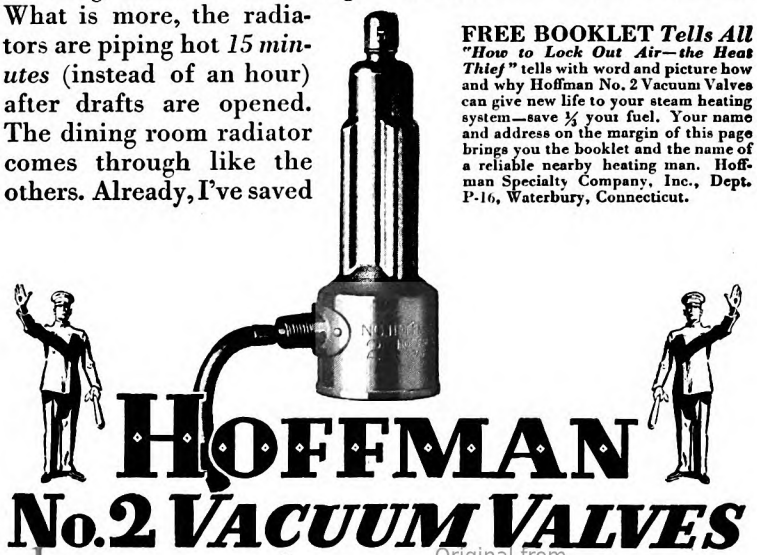

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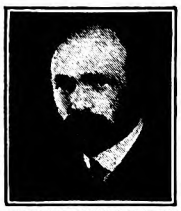

SHERWIN CODY

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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Why Are Jews Like That?

(*Continued from page 9*)

least a subconscious fear that they are being slighted because they stem from Jews. Always there lurks in them a trace of a suspicion that perhaps, after all, they do not "belong."

Nor can you blame them, nor the rest of the Jews, if they feel so suspicious and sensitive. After all, you've given us ample fuel for such emotions. For almost three thousand years now you have hunted and harassed us incessantly. Never have you let us alone, never have you allowed us to live in peace. And the reason? You yourselves have not known it. Oh, you've always been glib with good excuses, but you've never faced the real cause of your hostility. You've always resorted to gross or petty faultfinding; you've complained of this little thing in us, or that. At different times you've complained that we killed Christ, or worshipped an ass, or ate soup noisily, or drank Gentile blood at Passover (but very quietly!).

In Russia under the Czar it was said that all Jews were Socialists, and now under Stalin it is said they are all Capitalists. In Germany during the World War it was said that the Jews were secretly French spies, and in France that they were German spies. All sorts of silly legends and stupid rumors and petty prejudices and plausible lies have been used to justify the hostility toward us. But without exception these have been mere afterthoughts, lame rationalizations. The basic reason has always been simply that we Jews remain Jews and don't or won't become Gentiles. Our chief crime has always been that we persist in being different.

DIFFERENTNESS seems to be the most grievous fault conceivable, for invariably it arouses hostility. It seems to be innate in all living things to dislike the unlike. We see that in the lower animals fighting in jungle growths, and we see it also in the higher ones patrolling national frontiers. The instinct to preserve ourselves makes us feel a challenge in the very existence of anything foreign. Therefore, the native has always resented the alien; and the majority has always sought to crush the minority.

If the ancient Jews were preyed upon, for instance, by the Assyrians, it was not because those Jews talked loudly on hotel verandas or owned all the theaters, but simply because they were not Assyrians. All the other little Levantine nations—for example, the Philistines and Edomites and Phœnicians and Arameans—were also preyed upon by the Assyrians. Their experience differed from that of the Jews only in that after a while these other little nations tired of the struggle and let themselves be crushed out of existence; whereas the Jew stubbornly carried on.

Even after the Jews lost their land and ceased to be a nation, they continued to carry on. They carry on to this day. Why? No one can say for certain. Perhaps it is because once upon a time we Jews believed in ourselves.

Centuries ago we got the idea into our heads that we were the Chosen of God. That was not unique with us, for almost all other peoples, from the ancient Egyptians to the modern Californians, have at one time or another been obsessed with a similar idea. What alone was unique with my ancestors was that they interpreted their election to mean that they were destined not to fatten on God's favors but to suffer for His cause.

Centuries ago there arose in their midst certain strange men called prophets who told them they were chosen for a holy mission unto mankind. These prophets said to my fathers that they were the "suffering servants of the Lord," a folk graced with a supernal duty—to teach the nations of the earth to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk in the ways of peace. And my fathers believed it. Every other conceited nation imagined it had been chosen only to enjoy riches and power; and the moment it was robbed of those boons it ceased to be conceited—and died. But the ancient Jews, because they imagined the very opposite, thrived on disaster—and lived. The more they suffered, the stronger grew their belief in themselves; the closer they came to death, the nearer they thought themselves to eventual victory. And that was why they were able to survive: *they believed in themselves*.

OF COURSE, it would be absurd to maintain that the average Jew in America today persists as a Jew because he still consciously cherishes that old Messianic conviction. But it is indisputable true that in earlier days the average Jew did cherish it. His whole thought was steeped in the Holy Writ, and all his life was bound up with the prophecies. For centuries, therefore, he survived because he felt it his God-given duty to do so. And now we can't help surviving. We are traveling on momentum. The will to remain Jewish has become a habit with us—as has also the world's will to keep us Jewish. For it must be realized that our present persistence is not all of our own volition. You non-Jews contribute not little toward preserving us as a separate folk. Even in America you discriminate against us. You close certain residential districts against us, and certain clubs, colleges, even religious institutions. Well-founded rumor has it that at least one church on Fifth Avenue actually refuses to receive any more Semitic converts because its Jewish quota is filled!

However, whether the cause be in the Jew or in the Gentile, the result is the same: the Jew has to remain a Jew whether he wants to or no. And that does something to him. The mere ordeal of keeping alive in spite of the world's hostility gives him that distinctive mark about which we've been speaking. The fact that he is *considered* different compels him to *be* different.

Now, the first and most pervasive symptom of this manner is a certain hypersensitiveness. We Jews are quick to see a slight, so quick, indeed, that often we see one where none is intended. But this is not to be wondered at. We've been harassed for so long that now our flesh

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chronically raw, and we wince at the least gesture in our direction. We all admit this is a grievous fault in us, but we realize we are helpless to remedy it. For it is a fault not really of our own making. So long as we continue to be attacked or disdained, so long must we remain a chip-bearing people.

A few years ago many Jews in America showed signs of being in a fair way toward losing that sensitiveness. But then Mr. Ford began his anti-Semitic attacks, and the recovery was set back at least a generation. Mr. Ford has since apologized and his attacks in the Dearborn Independent have ceased; but the damage he did will not soon be remedied. I do not refer to the damage he did to many non-Jews in that he loaded their minds with ridiculous fears and filled their hearts with suspicion. I refer only to the greater damage he did to us Jews, in that he reopened in our flesh our half-healed wounds and reawakened in our souls our old terrors. Those who want to preserve the Jews at any price, have a right to be grateful to Mr. Ford. He did more for their cause, at least in America, than they were ever able to do for themselves. Any number of Jews who had drifted far out on the Gentile seas, suddenly doubled in their course when they heard the tinny thunderings from Fort Dearborn, and came racing back in a panic to the ghetto. The Jewish fraternal orders took on a new lease of life, and the synagogues were crowded as perhaps never before in the history of American Israel. Our most appropriate coat of arms during those years would have been a tin shield bearing two Jews rampant over a Ford sinister! . . .

IT IS because anti-Semitism continues to crop up even in this supposedly enlightened day that we Jews continue to be sensitive. And also because of anti-Semitism we exhibit our second most significant trait—intensity. We Jews are anything but an easy-going, leisurely folk. On the contrary, it is characteristic of us to attack life with a rush and a fury, for we realize that a Jew must push twice as hard to get half as far as a non-Jew. Therefore, whatever we attempt, be it the amassing of wealth or the measuring of stars, characteristically we attempt it impatiently. Of course, that does rob us of grace at times; it does sometimes make us a bit over-aggressive. But we simply are to be that way. In the first place, it is part of our heritage to work fast. For two thousand years we have been involuntary gypsies, forever driven from city to city and land to land. In the past if a Jew wanted to have his own house, he had to build it quickly, for he knew that otherwise he might never be able to live in it. He was in incessant danger of deportation, and he dared not take his time.

It has become part of what one might call our inherited wisdom to be in a hurry. Do not mean that aggressiveness is to be found in our chromosomes, and that we inherit it like the color of our eyes. I have doubt that a Jewish child reared from the moment of birth in a completely non-Jewish environment would, if never told its origin, never grow to be especially aggressive. But if reared in the home of own parents, the trait would have to grow out almost inevitably. Why? Simply because nervous haste is in the air in the Jewish home. From infancy we see parents and friends about us who act with a peculiar impulsiveness and react with a striking intensity, and from them we learn by imitation and emulation to do likewise.

And fortunate it is for us that we do learn it, for even today we still need to be excessively vigorous. The odds are still against us everywhere; not merely socially, but—and this is an infinitely graver matter—economically. Jewish stenographers are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain positions in New York, and Jewish professors are finding it almost impossible to receive their deserved promotion in most colleges in the land. Many banking establishments, not a few industrial corporations, many hospitals, innumerable law firms, exercise a quite obvious boycott against Jews. Of course, that boycott is rarely absolute, and an able Jew can almost always break his way in. But there's the rub: he has to be able, inordinately able.

It is our clear knowledge of this situation that makes us as eager and ambitious as we are. We realize that only by becoming indispensable can we make ourselves acceptable, and therefore we work with such prodigious vigor. Undoubtedly we overdo it at times, pushing and crowding with obnoxiously indecorous haste. But you must expect that. After all, if you won't be fair, how can we be decorous?

SENSITIVENESS and aggressiveness: these are the two major traits in us Jews—and both are patently a result of our age-old struggle to survive amid hostility. Similarly, all our minor traits have their origin in that struggle. Take our so-called clannishness, for example. In reality we are not at all inordinately clannish. What harmony there is within our own fold is definitely negative, not positive. We are at one only in our reactions, never our actions. We squabble among ourselves outrageously and show no more internal union than does the Democratic Party. Indeed, as someone has wittily put it, there is only one thing any two Jews can agree on, and that is how much a third ought to give to charity! Solely when we are attacked from without do we achieve any sort of solidarity within; for, like any other herd, we realize that when one of us is attacked, all of us are menaced.

That explains our intense family loyalty. It likewise explains our comparative extravagance in giving to charity. Finally, it explains our persistent tendency to live near each other and frequent the same gathering places. We feel more comfortable among ourselves. In a measure we react as did the pioneers when they pushed out across the prairies. They, too, clung together, and befriended each other, and huddled together behind stockades. For we feel, even as did they, that there is danger, or at least hostility, abroad in the land.

And again, only on the ground of the prejudice against us can one explain another of our secondary traits—our radicalism. There is no denying that we Jews as a group are especially prone to favor change in the present order. But what else can you expect? If the present order won't accept *us*, how can we accept *it?* In this respect we are like most other vigorous minorities. Take the poets and art-

Stranded Traveler Finds "Voice" In Favorite Blue Tin

Lonely pipe-smoker says he can now dream of rainbow's end

There's no time a man wants companionship more than when he's stranded in the rain far from friends. Then he longs for homely things—a good book, an easy-chair, or a pipeful of his favorite tobacco.

But from what Mr. Al Stanley says on this subject it's really not so very bad—especially if you happen to be lucky enough to have a certain familiar little blue tin of tobacco along with you.

Newton, Ill.
Feb. 22, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
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That was the position I was in when your samples of Edgeworth came. It was like a voice from above when I opened the package and got the old pipe steaming.

I have smoked various brands of tobacco for the past fifteen years, but never in my life have I found a tobacco at any price that will equal Edgeworth. It does not bite the tongue, and a beautiful aroma follows. With the good old friend pipe and a can of Edgeworth you can dream of the rainbow's end.

Please count me in the future as an Edgeworth booster.

Very truly,
(signed) Al Stanley

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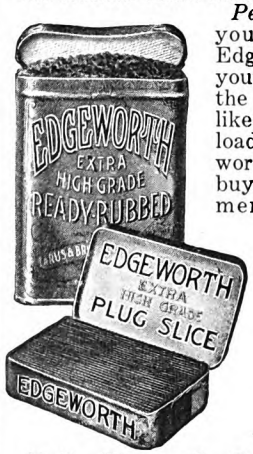

Personal: Let us send you *free* helpings of Edgeworth so that you yourself may put it to the pipe test. If you like these trial pipe-loads, you'll like Edgeworth whenever you buy it, for as any member of the Edgeworth Club will tell you, its quality *never* changes.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

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On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

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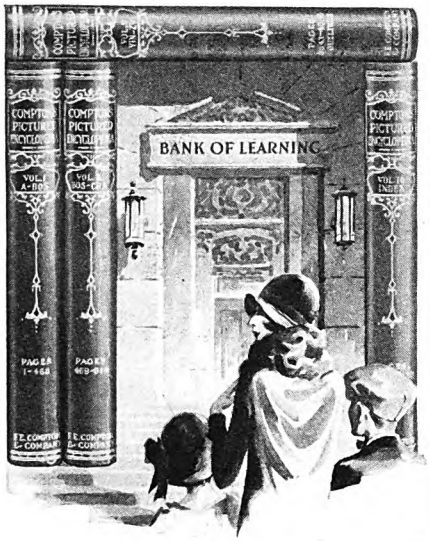

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ists, for example. Predominantly they are radical, and for precisely the same reason. They find themselves "outsiders" in this world of Philistinism; they are rejected and neglected and allowed to starve. Therefore they are opposed to this world as it is, and want to make it over into something they think better. The Jew is remarkably like the artist. He too suffers the recurrent fate of being stoned while alive and enthroned when dead. It is no accident that in the eyes of the world the only good Jew—I am thinking, of course, of Jesus of Nazareth—is a dead Jew. . . .

Yes, there is ample reason why we Jews are rarely to be found among the conservatives. It is because the world we see around us is not all worthy to be conserved. It is still narrow and fearful and vile with prejudice; and not until it becomes clean of these ills can we be expected to think it worthy.

FINALLY, there is that most advertised of our traits, our intelligence (or, if you will, our shrewdness)—and that, too, can be explained by the life we have led. It is no wonder if we Jews seem to exhibit inordinately sharp wits, for, after all, during almost two thousand years we have had naught else to live by save wits. While all the other peoples on earth were toughening their muscles to fight their way out of danger, we Jews had to be developing our brains so that we could talk our way out of it. For we were always and everywhere too few in numbers, and too scattered, ever to be able to protect ourselves by force. No, we always had to rely on our brain for our salvation, never our brawn. As a result, intelligence became one of the primal virtues in our code of values, and the only artistocracy we cared for was that of the mind. While you folk hurrahed for your warriors, we Jews made heroes of our learned men. Love of learning became part of our tradition, and going to school —even centuries ago, I mean—seemed as natural and proper to us as going to war was to you.

There was another element, aside from our lack of numbers, which forced us to develop brain rather than brawn. We Jews for centuries were utterly unable to live on the soil. Once we were driven from our own homeland in the year 70 A. D., we were left with naught save trading as our means of making a livelihood. In most of the countries to which we fled we were not permitted to own land and become farmers. And even in those places where no such restrictions were put upon us, we felt in too great jeopardy to dare tie ourselves up to the soil. For centuries we were never sure even from day to day whether our hosts might not turn on us and deport us bag and baggage. Therefore, we always had to have our possessions in an easily portable form. Fields and barns were not easy to roll up and carry off in a sack on one's back; consequently, even in those few lands where we were not forbidden to own real property, we preferred to lay up our treasures in other forms.

Nor was it feasible even for the poor among us to stay on the soil, for as farm laborers they found themselves too remote from each other, and too exposed to the world, for safety. Poor or rich, we preferred to live in the cities, where our existence, even though less healthy, was at least less insecure.

And this protracted separation from the soil helped not a little to develop our mentalities. In the cities we were forced to live by trading, for practically all the industries were controlled by guilds which discriminated severely against Jews. We had to eke out an existence in the cracks between the boulders in the social structure; we had to be the middle-men. It was a hazardous profession, and to a high degree demeaning; but we were determined to keep alive and that was the one way we could do it. So we became the hucksters of civilization. We bought and sold in all the market places of Europe, settling down and opening shops, or else peddling with packs on our backs. Chiefly we dealt in objects which were easily portable and not fixed in value—as jewelry and textiles—for these we found most profitable. And that is why still to this day so many Jews deal in diamonds or have clothing stores.

Or else we took to money-lending which for centuries was forbidden to Christians by the church. We became fly-by-night financiers for the petty princelings of Europe, and sometimes even for the kings and the popes; for though pious Christians considered money-lending a sin, they were right glad to have the Jew around to commit it. And that is why still to this day so many Jews go for pawnbroking or banking. We're old hands at the game of finance; we served our apprenticeship in it when most other folks were still trading in kind.

BUT it must not be imagined that Jews are good for nothing in the world but trading. Given the opportunity, we can and will go down to the soil and labor in it as tenaciously as any other people. The best proof of this is the amazing degree to which Jews have taken to farming within the last generation. In Palestine there are now thousands of Zionists tilling fields and planting vineyards in what was arid wilderness until they came there. Enormous tracts of uncultivated land in Russia have been taken up and colonized by Jews within the last decade. Or, to come closer home, in New England you will find many hundreds of Jewish farmers who have bought up old homesteads, abandoned as useless, and have made them flourish magnificently. It is absurd to think we are congenitally and incorrigibly averse to the physical. Give us the chance to live normal, vigorous, physical lives and we can produce farmers and fighters, football players and even circus strong men.

If we Jews are still prevalently city living in cities and subsisting by trading is only because we haven't yet been able to outgrow our past. Everything about us, our vices as well as our virtues, our sensitiveness, aggressiveness, clannishness, and commercialism, as well as our progressiveness, sobriety, decency, intelligence—all these traits are the results of the life we have been made to lead. So if you, like my friend, ask: "Why are Jews like that?" I can only answer what I answered him: "Because we can't help it!"

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Unseen Eyes Protect You When You Travel

(*Continued from page 59*)

A speeding automobile lurched into ght, and the deputy waved his lantern to op. On came the car, increasing its eed. As the deputy jumped to keep m being run down, the sheriff let go th both barrels of his gun, aiming at the es. The car swerved, crashed, and three en piled out, leaving a dazed and frighted taxi-driver behind. The three men inged into a corn field and were lost, nporarily. But about them, during the xt hour or two, formed an ever-narwing circle of grim men.

On the New Orleans train next afteron passengers who bought newspapers d what was to them an astonishing ry. The three bandits of the night be e had been captured in a barn, the ssing diamonds recovered, and the men l confessed. They *had* entered the statem, just as the merchants had said, and boldly they had left it. No attempt had en made to evade the eyes of passengers porter, because furtiveness would have used instant suspicion. They had exted to be seen!

"What made you discount the evidence the five people?" I asked Chief Keliher.

"The thorough way in which the merents had been bound," he explained. hey could not possibly have tied themves up in that fashion."

"But didn't it seem equally impossible," rgued, "for the story of the merchants be true?"

"In the light of what the onlookers in car said, yes; in the light of the eslished fact of the wire bonds, no," wered the chief. "The case simply ves, what has been proved time and e again, that actually we see little of at is happening around us.

Here were three men who, as far as ir actions outside the stateroom were cerned, did nothing unusual. Had they n noisy, or whispering, or sneaking, unbtedly they would have drawn attenl. As it was, they were veiled behind ordinary."

"IM" KELIHER was reared and trained in the Old West during its l and woolly days. His boyhood was t in North Platte, when that Nebraska of today was a sprawling frontier vil. After reading law for two years, and ing in an abstract and land office for ral more, he was elected sheriff of oln County and charged with ridding horse thieves and cattle rustlers. He the job for eight years, and how well andled it is attested by what followed.

e Union Pacific, driving its virgin westward to the coast through banfested country that was in sections better than desert, persuaded Keliio become its special agent at Chey.

For months the railroad had been sed by robberies, which apparently nowhere and ended nowhere. Valuaaterials given into its care for ship simply vanished.

thin a few months Keliher had not uncovered the robber band but had n it up. It had its center right within ilroad's own organization. Four of the leaders went to the penitentiary, ten of them paid fines and spent time in the county jail, and twenty-four trainmen lost their jobs. That ended the robberies.

But the Union Pacific had a still tougher job on its hands. Its Wyoming Division, through Wilcox, Medicine Bow, Rawlins, Tipton, Wilkins, and Green River, penetrated one of the worst bandit districts in the world. Here were Jackson's Hole and the infamous "Hole in the Wall," bloody rendezvous of cutthroats, highwaymen, cattle rustlers, and killers.

The valley known as the "Hole in the Wall" was a natural fortification. Desperadoes from all parts of the West had congregated here and in the wild, rough mountain country about, defiant of all law. For their supplies and diversion, they robbed stages, dynamited banks, and held up railroad trains for a hundred and more miles around. When pursued, they took to their retreats in the mountains, barricaded themselves, and shot to kill.

INTO this country in 1902 with orders to "stop train robberies," the Union Pacific sent Keliher. "Take what men you want and what equipment you want," his chief instructed him.

Immediately, Keliher formed a posse of ten rangers, a posse still remembered in the West. Three of its members—Joe La Fors, Pat Lawson, and Tom Meggeson—were probably the best trailers in the United States at that day. The others—Jeff Carr, High Davis, Si Funk, Bill McCarty, Tom Cooper, Tipton Bill and Zeb Camp—were dead shots with either revolver or rifle. For that matter, every man of the posse was a dead shot, tried under fire.

The posse was equipped with fast, tough horses. A special car was built for their transportation from one part of the railroad to another, and this car under emergency call was given right-of-way over any train on the road. Headquarters were established at Cheyenne. Within thirty minutes after a hold-up, Keliher had it so arranged that his posse could be under way to any point. The men slept and ate in the car, and their mounts were stabled in it when on the road. Additionally, on every Union Pacific passenger train was placed an armed guard.

The posse and the guards and the coming of the telephone to those parts ended train robbing in Wyoming, without the death of a man or the firing of a single shot! Keliher and the men he had assembled had reputations. No outlaw wanted that crew on his trail. The result was that the lawless elements promptly took to their heels, and kept to them. There wasn't another train robbery on that part of the Union Pacific for twenty years!

In 1910, after eight years of service with the "U. P.," the Illinois Central called Keliher to Chicago to head its special services. There are three hundred men in this branch of the railroad organization. Last year, the Illinois Central did a business in freight amounting to $145,000,000. The total of freight claims charged to robbery was less than $19,000.

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Keliher was president of the old Railway Special Agents and Police Association, and is the first vice president of the Protective Section of the American Railway Association. This and his record give you his measure as a director and leader.

Almost six feet two inches in height, of more than two hundred pounds heft, Keliher is proportioned like an athlete in training, though he is fifty-seven years old.

I found him in a big, plain, old-fashioned office in the big old-fashioned terminal of the Illinois Central, in Chicago. I wanted a peep behind the scenes into this backstage of railroading, which we, of the public, seldom see.

"The train robber with his mask, his pony, and pair of 'six-guns' is gone," Mr. Keliher reminded me. "Likewise, the old-time gambler of checked waistcoat and diamond pin is no more. In their places, we have the gambler who carries golf sticks and looks like a millionaire on vacation, and the thief who plies his trade like an organized business. In order to win, the special agent of today must usually pit brains against brains."

CHIEF KELIHER first told me of the diamond robbery about which I have already told you. From diamonds he jumped to sugar, and to one of the most cleverly maneuvered robberies in recent years:

During the war, when sugar was under restriction to conserve its supply, a box car loaded with eight hundred sacks of it was shipped from Chicago to Denver. The car, one of a long train, arrived in Denver three days later with its seals intact, its waybills in perfect order, and with every outward sign that the sugar was inside. Yet when opened the car was empty!

"Those fellows at Chicago have simply made a mistake," said Denver. "Somebody has billed us with an empty."

"It was loaded," returned Chicago. "The records here are exact. Car numbers and everything agree."

A special agent at Denver made a second investigation. It only confirmed Denver's original contention of an error, for on the floor of the empty car was a tiny heap of snow. This snow had drifted into the car through a knothole in the roof, and, while there had been snow in Chicago there had been none in Denver. Manifestly, the car must have been empty at the time of the snow; the cold weather had kept this bit of evidence intact.

Again, in Chicago, Chief Keliher checked up. The official records of the Weather Bureau showed that the snowfall had indeed been limited to the Chicago area. The snow had begun to fall at about nine o'clock and had ceased falling two hours later on the night of the departure of the Denver freight from the Chicago yards. Yet, as positively, the official records of the railroad showed the car had been loaded with eight hundred sacks of sugar. The loading had taken place prior to the snowfall.

Here were two sets of facts, one of which seemed to contradict the other. And the two, if accepted, as they had to be, in turn could only indicate that a robbery almost impossible to execute had occurred, *between* the time of loading and the termination of the snowfall. During this period, the car had been under the constant surveillance of yard workers. Surrounded by the tracks of the yards, it had been beyond the approach of automobile trucks—and only by truck could such a quantity of sugar have been moved.

"You can't get away from a positive fact," is a saying of Chief Keliher. The sugar had been stolen; it must have been hauled away in trucks. He reasoned, therefore, that, since the trucks had been unable to get to the sugar car, the sugar car had been taken to the trucks. The accident of the snow, and the clue it had left on the car floor, set the approximate time of the robbery. He began to question employees who had been on duty at about that time, and not only solved the mystery but broke up at its outset a plot for wholesale robbery.

Taking advantage of a man shortage, due to the war, a number of picked thieves had been inserted into the railroad organization. These men were trained to their jobs as railroad workers, and so, as employees, did not attract suspicion. It was their duty to "spot" cars which contained valuable freight that could easily be disposed of by the band leaders without suspicion. For example, sugar has no identifying mark, and at the time was in acute demand.

One of these "inside" thieves had spotted the sugar car, and, at an opportune moment, had removed from the car its carding and substituted for it an "empty" card designation. One of the yard crews, coming upon the "empty," had shifted it back to the loading platform, where it supposedly belonged. And at the loading platform the trucks of the thieves were waiting. The sacks of sugar were unloaded in the night, after which the original card was replaced, and the car again sealed with the manipulated seals. Later, cursing somebody's oversight, a shifting crew had discovered this car billed for Denver, and had moved it to its position in the Denver train.

"HAD it not been for the knothole in the car roof which gave us our starting clue," said Chief Keliher, "those thieves might have robbed us for months without detection. Under their system, we had no means of detecting the robbery until the car, days later, had reached its destination. And there we had no clue to tell where the robbery had taken place—it might have occurred anywhere along the line where the freight had stopped, or where the car had been sidetracked."

The forged waybill and bill of lading were for a time, the Chief told me, worked successfully by the modern robber. But a new method of waybilling freight stopped this.

However, the train thief is not the only problem of the railroad special agent. The public when it travels has a way of forgetting caution, a fact which makes possible the thriving business of the card sharp and the pickpocket.

"When it comes to protecting the traveler on passenger trains, the card sharp is our biggest problem," Keliher continued. "If you look around when you enter a Pullman car one of the first things you will see will be a warning placard picturing five aces in a hand. The placard will warn you not to play cards with strangers.

"Nowadays, your card sharp is usually a stateroom traveler. He is well-groomed, tips liberally, is just friendly enough to get acquainted with the more substantial of his fellow passengers, and looks the part of a substantial citizen himself. You will find him riding the crack trains to Florida for the winter season. From Florida he will cut across to New Orleans; then from New Orleans to Chicago, and from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. He doesn't bother with the 'small fry'; if he can't play for big stakes he doesn't play. It takes him from two to six months to make a round of the country, and he keeps an eye on the newspapers for news of important travelers who might be going his way. Seldom does he travel alone, though his partner or partners are never evident as such.

"IT IS this type of stranger against whom the placard in the car warns you. I doubt if there is a traveler who has not seen it; but there are hundreds and thousands who have not heeded it, invariably to their sorrow. One of these latter, a well-to-do Western manufacturer, I recall as a typical example. He was going to Florida for the winter, and in the course of a smoking-car conversation mentioned he had just built a house there. The man next to him, it happened, was also planning to build in Florida. Later, in his stateroom, he exhibited to the business man his plans in blueprint. For an hour or more they discussed building, the business man being liberal with his advice, based of experience. Before reaching Florida he had contributed more than fifteen hundred dollars toward his new friend's 'home' through the medium of a 'friendly game.'

"'The fellow looked and talked like some rich Englishman,' the business man complained afterward. 'Why, the house he was going to build was a mansion! He had had one of the best architects in Chicago draw up the plans.'

"We recognized the gambler from his description, and said as much. At this the business man was indignant. 'Why don't you put him in jail?' he stormed. 'It's an outrage, letting him loose on the trains to swindle innocent passengers.'

"'All you need do,' we said, 'is to swear out a warrant. The man will be arrested. Your testimony in court will convict him.'

"'Me testify in court?' he exclaimed. 'Not on your life! The whole town would laugh at me when I got home, and I never hear the end of it.'

"That is why we have card sharps on trains. Their victims would rather be quiet about their losses than expose themselves to the ridicule of their friends. They don't want to be called 'rubes' and 'sports.'"

There is one other story Chief Keliher told me, which I've saved for the last, too, deals in human nature. It goes back twenty-odd years to the days when Keliher and his rangers were patrolling the Wyoming bandit lands. The scene was at Williams, a lonely pumping station that day, six miles west of Green River.

One night, late, a telegram came to Keliher and his men from their headquarters in Cheyenne. Outlaws had held up the pumping station at Williams, shot the pumper through the arm, and had set the switch, with the view to stopping an east-bound express, which carried gold. The pumper, left for dead by the outlaws, had managed to crawl to the telephone and warn Green River in time to have

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express there. His brave act had frustrated the outlaws, who had taken to the hills.

So read the telegram. By daybreak Keliher and his men were at Williams. The wounded pumper, weak from loss of blood and the agony of his wound, had already been taken to the hospital. Keliher's job was to pick up the outlaw trail and follow it to the end, if it took a year.

His trailers went out, one three miles to the north, one three miles to the south. Then, moving in opposite directions, the two trailers began to circle the pumping station in ever-lessening circles toward the center. At the pumping station they met.

"It's darned funny, Chief," they reported, "but we find no trail."

"Try it again," directed Keliher.

Again the trailers went out, again they circled, again they reported a fruitless search.

"If outlaws were here, they must have left tracks," said Keliher. "Look a third time."

And a third time they looked. There wasn't a hoof print, nor a foot print, nor an overturned stone, nor a crushed blade of grass. "No trail, Chief," they reported. "We're certain of it."

THERE was the broken switch. There were blood stains in the dirt, and a trail of blood led to the telephone. Otherwise, nothing. No house was within miles, so there had been no witness. Nobody had heard the shot. "That's the trouble with this place," said Keliher softly; "it's nothing. There's nothing here but loneliness and space, space and loneliness. A man could live here a lifetime and be unknown; the day after he was dead he'd be forgotten." He sent his rangers back to Cheyenne. Himself, he went to the hospital in Green River.

The pumper was in bed, white from loss of blood. No question about his wound, said the doctor; the bullet of a .44-caliber revolver had gone crashing through his forearm; it was a wonder the arm hadn't been torn off. Yet the pumper seemed happy.

Keliher sat down by the bed. "If a man were lonely enough, and forgotten enough, he'd be likely to do 'most anything to get folks to pay attention to him, wouldn't he?" he asked the pumper.

The pumper's happiness left his eyes. He looked at Keliher dumbly, miserably. "If, day after day, night after night, he was away from every soul but himself," said Keliher, "and about him was one of the most desolate countries God had made—a country filled with nothing—he might even shoot himself to get attention, mightn't he?"

"I didn't!" cried the pumper; but he saw that Keliher knew—more, that he understood. He saw compassion in the Chief's eyes that, officially, should not have been there.

"I did shoot myself," he confessed, "and I made up the story. Nobody had ever heard of me. I was out there, alone, plumb forgotten. I *had* to do somethin'. And I'm not sorry; I think I'd do it again if I had to go back."

"That," said Chief Keliher to me, "was my strangest case. And," he added, "it was my hardest."

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Thousands of Happy Youngsters Have Lived in His Air Castles

(*Continued from page 53*)

"Since then this plan in its entirety has been worked out at Good Will. This isn't an orphan asylum, a reform school, or a boarding school. It is a home for boys and girls between the ages of nine and fourteen who need a helping hand and who remain and graduate from the high school if they wish. Provision for girls was made at the insistence of our friends, and we now have seventy-five girls living in five cottages which are about three quarters of a mile distant from the boys' cottages. Each cottage houses fifteen, which was the size of an old-fashioned New England family. We could double the number of our cottages and still be unable to accept all of the boys and girls who wish to live here.

"BUT let's get back. I've told you of how, in Bangor, I took the needy boy into my home and how, at the end of a year, I had a surplus of two hundred dollars. Then I publicly announced my plan, but it was two years more before the Fund was large enough to permit me to make a real start with the home."

"It took you two years to raise enough money?"

"It was two years before enough additional money had come in," corrected Mr. Hinckley. "I didn't beg or campaign for money. I simply told folks of my plan. My first check came to me on New Year's morning from Mrs. S. L. Wing, of Bangor. It was for fifty dollars and with it came this message: 'Go ahead. He will bring it to pass.'

"One Sunday in spring I preached in Dover, Maine. At the church, Mrs. Adah Ober approached me and told me that she had heard of my proposed home, how I don't know. She said: 'I've a class of five boys in the Sunday school. Each of the boys every Sunday brings a penny for the collection. If I ask them, I believe they'd be glad to bring an extra penny every Sunday to go toward the boys' home you have in mind.

"Then, as we talked over her Sunday-school work, I suggested that she organize her class of boys into some kind of club, with a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. As a boy in Guilford I had belonged to such an organized Sunday-school class, called the 'Truth Lovers.'

"'What shall I call our club?' Mrs. Ober asked.

"'The name doesn't matter,' I said. 'However, the spirit of the gospel is expressed in the song of the herald angels—"Peace on earth, good will to men"—why not call it a "Good Will Club"?'

"Some weeks later I heard from Mrs. Ober that the class had been organized and that its name was the Mayflower Good Will Club. It wasn't long until I was told of the organization of the Mutual Good Will Club, in Bangor; then of the Central, the Columbia, and of others in Bangor, Portland, Augusta, and elsewhere in the state. There were never very many of these clubs, but each Sunday their members brought a penny apiece, or two pennies, or at most a nickel, to be given toward my home for other boys. And they did more through their example.

In the spring of 1889, my Boys' Fund had grown to $2,000. A farm known as the Chase Farm was for sale near the town of Fairfield and the price asked was exactly $2,000. The farm had one hundred and twenty-five acres; it was on the west bank of the Kennebec River and crossed by a main highway and the Maine Central Railroad. It had some woods on it and a good farmhouse, and I decided to buy.

"'You say you're going to make this a house for poor boys?' inquired the owner. 'Then the price to you is $1,950.'

"A neighbor gave me a cow; with the fifty dollars I bought a horse, and then I moved in with all that I possessed. And I named the place Good Will Farm in honor of the boys in the Good Will Clubs, and the farmhouse I called Good Will Cottage.

"On the first day of September, 1889, the cottage was formally opened, and three boys took up their abode along with my own family. The cottage had been occupied during the summer by fifteen children sent out from Boston, that they might have a vacation in the country, and three of the boys had asked to stay.

"We had no money on this opening day, not money enough to support the three boys for a week, but I knew that money would be provided from somewhere. Furthermore, at the dedicatory services at the cottage, I announced that one year from that day we would have another dedication at the farm, of what I didn't know, but that I hoped it would be another cottage.

"Each year for a number of years on the first day of September I have made a similar announcement," Mr. Hinckley added. "And each year we have had a new building to dedicate, and one year we had two, which makes a total of forty buildings in thirty-nine years. The single exception to this was Christian Endeavor Cottage, built through funds raised by the Christian Endeavor Societies of Maine. By request, this cottage was dedicated on the last day of August."

"DO I understand you to mean," I interrupted, "that without any funds at hand, and without assurance of any kind, you yearly announced that an addition would be made to Good Will during the twelve months to follow?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Hinckley. "Our only assurance has been the promise in the fifth verse of the Thirty-seventh Psalm. During that first year, and in many other years, we went week after week without money enough for the following week. Not one time have we ever wanted; not one year have we failed to grow.

"Our first addition was a modest one. An acre of land, on which was a small house and stable, the latter only big enough to accommodate a single horse and carriage, adjoined our land on the north. Our surplus near the end of the year, two hundred and fifty dollars, was just enough to buy it. The house wasn't large enough for a family of fifteen boys and a matron, but it could be made to accommodate a matron and seven boys. Also, by adding a stairway to the stable, its hay loft could be made into a little schoolroom for week days and be used for church services on Sundays. This was our first church.

"SO, IT came to pass that on September 1, 1890, we dedicated this little farmhouse and called it Sunshine Cottage; and again I announced that a similar dedication would be held on September 1st the following year. And that year, from all parts of the country, donations came in to us, in sums ranging from five cents to two hundred and fifty dollars. We built Golden Rule Cottage, which was dedicated on the anniversary of the others.

"During the third year, unexpectedly, we purchased an entire farm which adjoined Good Will on the south. There was a one-story house on this farm and a few other old buildings which had to be removed. The house itself was badly in need of repairs, for which we hadn't funds. But early in the summer we received a legacy, our first, from Mrs. Susan D. Copeland, of Dexter, Maine. It proved just enough to remodel the house into a two-story structure, and so Prospect Cottage was dedicated that September.

"By now, in Maine and elsewhere, Good Will was attracting some attention. The 'fool experiment of a crazy preacher' was working out. In nearby towns folks spoke well of us and our boys, who were growing in number. In November of that year C. M. Bailey, of Winthrop Center, Maine, sent for me and in the presence of his family commissioned me to build a cottage at his expense. Two months later, Hiram H Fogg, of Bangor, handed me a check to be used for a similar purpose, so that on September 1, 1892, we dedicated Bailey Cottage and Fogg Cottage. The next year was added Christian Endeavor Cottage, to which hundreds contributed, and following that, the Mary Louisa Ha Cottage, built 'to the memory of a good mother' by Thomas W. Hall, the President of the American Hide and Leather Company. I hadn't asked any of these people for money and, in the main, they were complete strangers to me.

"For example, our next bequest of six came from some people of whom I ha never before heard. I received a letter dated Bath, Maine, and signed 'Mary I Moody.' It contained the bare reque that I come to the 'estate of the la Charles E. Moody' at once. I went, wo dering what it was all about, and met t Misses Mary D. and Frances E. Mood Their brother, Charles, had died sudden and had left no will, and it fell upon the sisters to dispose of his property, to whi they were the only heirs.

"'Mr. Moody on several occasions me

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tioned Good Will and expressed an intention to do something for it,' one of the sisters told me. And she asked, 'Now what can we do in his name?'

"Our little hay-loft schoolroom had long since been outgrown. Prospect Cottage had been converted into a school, but it was now so crowded that pupils had to sit on the stairway for seats. I explained this need. The result was a $25,000 building for school use which was dedicated as the Charles E. Moody Building in September.

"Perhaps you are wondering," Mr. Hinckley suggested, "to whom all these buildings belonged, to me or to the boys. To settle this question forever and to insure the perpetuation of what by now had become a sizable school, the Good Will Home Association was organized under the laws of Maine, with a board of nineteen directors. I have lately been made president, but I am merely an employee of Good Will."

"What is the most remarkable gift you've ever received?" I asked Mr. Hinckley.

"I don't know," he replied. "They've all been remarkable. Andrew Carnegie broke a set rule when he built our library, which is the only one he built for a school of this kind. Amos L. Prescott, of New York, built an administration building in memory of his parents at a cost of $75,000, only to have it destroyed by fire. When we wired him of the loss, he replied, 'We will rebuild,' which he did, finer than before. Edwin Bancroft Foote built Bancroft-Foote Cottage and provided it with an endowment of $45,000, largely as a result of reading a letter written by one of our boys in Dartmouth College; and this started other endowments which now total $800,000, and which I hope to see at $1,000,000 before I die. My old friends and neighbors in Guilford raised the money which built Guilford Cottage, and the farmers of Maine erected Grange Cottage.

"HOWEVER, no story that I might tell is more remarkable than that of the starting of our girls' homes. Friends kept insisting that we admit girls, but I refused to do this until a substantial donation was made for this purpose. I said we would start if we got $10,000 or even $5,000, but no money came. Even the boys, some of whom had sisters in need, wondered why we did not admit girls and build cottages for them too.

"Then one day a boy came into my office. He was only nine years old and he had been at Good Will less than two months. He told me stammeringly that he had been 'on dishes' for two weeks at his cottage, along with another boy: that is, the two had been washing the dishes for the matron.

"'We ain't broke a dish either,' he explained, 'an' we've got five cents apiece comin' to us just as soon as the matron makes out our order.'

"'That's fine,' I said. 'Now what are you going to do with all of that money?'

"His cheeks grew red with embarrassment. 'We wanta—wanta give our two nickels toward building a place for the girls,' he said, 'so they can come here to live too.'

"I thanked him, and turning to my secretary announced that the work for the

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girls was commenced. In the next issue of our school paper, the Good Will 'Record,' I explained how it had been commenced. A few days later I received a letter in which were two dimes—one for each boy who had contributed his nickel. I read the letter to the two boys and handed them the dimes.

"'We wanta give them too,' one said, and the Girls' Fund became thirty cents.

"The men's class in the Congress Street Methodist Church, of Portland, next contributed one hundred dollars. Then, one day E. S. Converse, of Malden, Massachusetts, arrived at Good Will, and I showed him over the place, as we show all visitors. When he had seen it all, he suddenly asked: 'Now, what would you like me to do?' I was at a loss for an answer, for we needed so many things.

"Then I told him of the Girls' Fund and what we planned. It involved the purchase of two farms, together costing $7,300. Without a word, Mr. Converse wrote his check for the sum.

"Hardly had the farms been purchased, and the deeds secured, when Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Smith, of Stamford, Connecticut, came forward with funds for the first girls' cottage—a home for fifteen girls, built in memory of their daughter. The Grange Cottage followed a year later, then others, and the beginning of it all were those two nickels given by two very earnest little Good Will boys."

Thus Good Will began, and thus it has flourished, and thus has a very old promise been tested and fulfilled.

I have space for but one more fact:

Mr. Hinckley has four children, two sons and two daughters. All of them are graduates of the Good Will school, and three of the four are married to former Good Will pupils. The preacher who presided at their marriage ceremonies was their father.

One Out of Every Seven

(*Continued from page 49*)

skeptical lift in his voice. I may have been unduly sensitive, but I certainly got the feeling that he thought sadly it was about what you'd expect of children whose mother wore pants.

After supper, he and Will sat out on the porch while I did the dishes. Will always dries the supper dishes for me, and while, of course, I wanted him to be polite to Uncle John, I thought I'd never get done. However, I was buoyed up by remembering that tomorrow was Sunday.

"WHAT time do you have breakfast tomorrow?" Uncle John asked, as he was leaving.

Usually, Sunday morning, the twins come in and get in bed with us, and Will plays with them and we fool around, not having breakfast till nine or half past, just in time to get to church. I was about to say so, when Uncle John said kindly:

"Don't get up early on my account. I know young people like to sleep late Sundays, these days. I'm always up at half past five myself, but it doesn't make a bit of difference to me if I don't have breakfast before seven."

I was so flabbergasted I couldn't think of a word to say, and Will just stood with a foolish look on his face and didn't open his mouth. When Uncle John had left, leaving us committed to Sunday breakfast at that heathenish hour, both Will and I were cross at each other. Each of us felt that the other should have been quick-witted enough to have thought of something.

I had a lovely Sunday dinner the next day, if I do say so myself. So, as we happened to come out of church with Mrs. West, who runs the Thread and Needle store, I asked her to come home with us. She was a widow and lived alone in a flat over the store and she seemed very pleased.

As it turned out, the invitation was a perfect inspiration on my part. Because she sat out on the porch and entertained Uncle John, which gave Will a chance to help me with the dishes. And when she found that Scott and Corinne were away, she invited Mr. Perkins to her house for supper on Wednesday evening. I didn't appreciate the invitation so much at the time she gave it, but by Wednesday evening getting rid of Mr. Perkins for one meal seemed the only thing that stood between me and a suicide's grave.

It wasn't exactly anything that Mr. Perkins did—I'm sure nobody ever meant to be kinder. But by Wednesday it seemed to me that he had been coming for meals for years, and when I thought of the week and a half still ahead it looked endless. It was mostly little things, that shouldn't have seemed important, but did. Like the way it took all the fun out of getting meals. I take a lot of pride in cooking, planning well-balanced meals for vitamins and everything. And I love trying out new dishes. Cooking is just drudgery if you can't use some imagination.

But Uncle John didn't care for imaginative cookery. I made a grave mistake by having sweet potatoes, mashed and seasoned and baked with a marshmallow meringue, that first Sunday dinner. After that he looked with unhappy suspicion at everything that came on the table. "What's in it?" he'd say, in the tone of one who feared it might be marshmallows again. He would always say apologetically that he didn't care much for newfangled dishes.

ANOTHER thing, he expected you to have meals by the tick of the clock, and everybody knows how hard that is with children. He never said anything; but if I said we'd have dinner at twelve-fifteen he was there by twelve-ten, and he'd keep looking at his watch till, if I happened to be five minutes late, it seemed awful. Goodness, that must have been harder on easy-going Corinne.

Then, too, it was becoming very confining. Will and I usually are invited out for supper at least one night a week to some house where we can take the children along and pack them off to bed in an upstairs room. Of course, we could pack Uncle John off upstairs, and somehow people didn't seem to ask us.

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invited the Kirsteds to our house one night and they brought Frankie. That child always is a pest, but it was especially unfortunate that he should have broken Mr. Perkins's watch.

When Will and I were going to bed that night, he said he didn't think I was strict enough with the twins.

"Children don't respect you if they don't have to mind you," he said.

Honestly, I was furious at Will. When I think of the way I have to fight to keep him from spoiling the twins to death! I knew it was Uncle John who had put the idea in his head, but that didn't help any. It seemed to me Will might have a little sense of his own in his head to start with.

Take it altogether, it was a great relief when Wednesday evening came. Uncle John had a wonderful time too, apparently. He talked all the next day about what a brave little woman Mrs. West was, how he had been left without a penny and with three children, and supported them with that little store. She had, it appeared, invited him for supper again Sunday.

IT WAS Sunday evening, while Will and I loitered over our supper, that I realized what was the trouble with Scott and Corinne: It was Uncle John.

It would have been very hard to explain this to anyone who had never had Uncle John, herself. He was so kind and eager to be helpful—he'd do any little odd job of carpentry I wanted around the house, and meant so well in every way. But he was critical by nature. He noticed every little thing and always spoke of it, in the nicest way, of course. He always said how he was an old man who had seen a lot of life, and who liked to see young people getting started right.

The things that he noticed were always true; that was what made it so bad. When I'd say, "I should think Will could get the car into the garage without going over that corner of the lawn every time," I'd remember how I'd nagged at Will about that very thing till I'd given up. And it would make me get cross about it all over again. It was the same with things about me. I know I'm not perfect, and I have to admit that everything he spoke about was true enough. But it was likely to be something that Will had got used to, and Uncle John's bringing it up started him all over again.

That was what made it so clear to me what was happening to Scott and Corinne. Because the things Mr. Perkins suggested never made us cross at him, only at each other. That was the whole trouble with Scott and Corinne.

The very second this idea occurred to me, I knew that it was true. And when I mentioned it to Will he saw it right away too. And it seemed so hopeless. It had changed all life for Scott and Corinne. Scott didn't like the business he was in. And though the house was bigger than any of their others, there had been a spirit, a happy-go-lucky, in all the little houses that had never been in the big one. It suddenly occurred to me that the crowd never went there any more. This was partly because Uncle John went to bed at 10, and we didn't feel free to be noisy. But there was more even than that. It was no longer the kind of house a crowd wanted to go to.

And Uncle John had spent his savings buying the partnership for Scott! He would be right there, trying to help them get started right, ruining their lives, as long as he lived. And, though he always spoke of being an old man, he was really only sixty-six.

The hopelessness of it swept over me, and I could have dropped my head on the table and cried from sheer pity if I hadn't suddenly thought of Mrs. West.

Why shouldn't Uncle John marry Mrs. West? He admired her tremendously, anyone could see that. She was about his age. She didn't want to bob her hair or wear knickers; she thought just the way he did about things. She fried her steak just the way his first wife had, making it indigestible and juiceless, but the way he liked it. And when she mentioned that breakfast never seemed breakfast to her without a doughnut, I knew that here were two truly congenial souls that it would be wicked not to bring together!

What followed is, of course, what makes Will kid me about matchmaking; but as a matter of fact I really didn't have to do much. After that Sunday-night supper in her flat, the thing seemed to travel under its own steam. Will, however, was very sympathetic, and between us we did what little we could. We wrote Corinne and Scott, urging them to stay another week—everything was going fine, we said. And during those last two weeks, we certainly did our best. I had Mrs. West for supper a lot. Will and I would lead her and Uncle John on, to get them to talking, and once they were started we'd stop and if, a little later in the evening, we sort of faded out of the picture, they never seemed to miss us.

In one way, it didn't seem quite fair to Mrs. West. She'd always been poor as Job's turkey and worked like a dog, and for her to take on a husband who had put his money into a nephew's business didn't seem quite right. Still, it was so plain that she liked and admired Mr. Perkins, and that she loved to be with him. After all, I thought, he could help her in the Thread and Needle. Probably it would support the two of them.

Anyway, whenever I had any compunctions, I'd let myself recall Corinne in her wedding veil, and I'd go right on.

IT WAS the last week that turned the trick. It turned cold and rainy. For young lovers, warm moonlight is the best, but in the sixties there seems to be nothing that can touch a kitchen range. I built up a fire in ours, and after the supper dishes were done, instead of coming back into the living-room with us, they'd make some excuse to stay out in the kitchen. We'd peek out and see them sitting there, so cozily, their feet on the ledge, as happy as two clams.

It was two days before Scott and Corinne were due back that Mr. Perkins, all flustered and excited, told us that this little lady had agreed to make him the happiest of men.

"Oh, I think that's perfectly lovely!" I said. "I know how happy Scott and Corinne will be. I'll bet they'll give you a beautiful wedding."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Mr. Perkins, hastily. "We wouldn't care for that at all. What we thought was that it would be nice to go down to Doctor Van Sant to-

Their last ride together

THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, *we'll* tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
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There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a trained newspaper writer?

Writing for Publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate. You learn to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which so many well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

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morrow and have him marry us. Perhaps you and Will would stand up with us."

"Tomorrow!" I gasped. "Why, Scott and Corinne won't be here."

"Yes," Uncle John agreed, "that's what I thought. I thought that if we were all married when they came, if it was positively settled, you know, it would be better and safer."

The poor man seemed to have some idea that Scott and Corinne would oppose the match. He acted all flustered and guilty about it. Will and I giggled our heads off as we dressed in our best the next afternoon to go down to be matron of honor and best man, so to speak. Mr. Perkins had made us promise not to tell a living soul. It was really funny; we felt like conspirators in an elopement, Scott and Corinne being cast for the stern and disapproving parents.

It proves how well we kept our word when I can honestly say that Uncle John and Mrs. West walked out of the parsonage Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Perkins and not even Miss Waters had guessed it.

With smiles that reached from ear to ear, Will and I were at the railway station the next day to meet Scott and Corinne and tell them the news. But before we had a chance to speak, they told us. Their uncle had wired them last night, it appeared. And their faces were a yard long, at least.

Uncle John, it seemed, had about a quarter of a million dollars!

You could have knocked me over with a steel girder. I never was so taken back. That plain, old-fashioned old man, who thought thirty dollars for a suit of clothes was highway robbery, who always shined his own shoes! Will and I just looked at each other in amazement. Why, the thousands that he had used to buy Scott's partnership weren't his life savings, at all. They were the merest chicken feed. And he had expected to make Scott his heir.

I never hope to see two more upset people than Scott and Corinne. They said Mrs. West was a fortune-hunter—though I'd swear she hadn't guessed the truth any more than we had—and blamed themselves for not having told Will and me, so that we could have taken better precautions with Uncle John. Thank heaven, they'll never know how hard we worked to lose him for them!

I'LL give the Forrests credit though. Once they had come out of the shock, they were wonderful sports. They admitted that Mrs. West really always had been a fine woman, and they had her and their Uncle John for Sunday dinner, and, in general, behaved like real Christians.

I suppose there's still a chance that Scott may come into some of that money. But it's very uncertain. For one thing, Mr. Perkins looks and acts younger every time I see him. Fried things seem to agree with him. Then his wife has a little grandson that he thinks the sun rises and sets in. The youngster calls him Gwumpa, and Mr. Perkins, after having told us how to bring up our children, is simply spoilin that child to death.

Of course, he may not leave litt Timmie all his money; but there's no te ing. Anyway, Scott and Corinne aren counting on getting any at all. If they d it will come as a surprise. And in th meantime, Scott is right back on the jo in earnest. They're making their h place over into a duplex, and they' going to rent both floors and get a small house for themselves.

Just the other day, Scott told Will th Mr. Morley wants to buy him out of t Coal and Ice, and he thought he'd let hi He can get his job back with Mrs. Wal Blake and use the partnership money f deals of his own. When he's runni things his own way, he's a very practic man. I haven't heard him figuring changing the Gulf Stream since Un John got married.

ON HIS and Corinne's wedding an versary, we all had a party at th house. One of our regular, old kind. T house was all torn up with carpenters, b we didn't care. We made the most aw racket and stayed till one o'clock, a nobody minded. The children slept ri through. It seemed just as it used to b fore the Forrests had begun waiting inherit a quarter of a million.

And the wonderful part was that, ready, Scott and Corinne seemed just same as they'd been before, too. Jok each other affectionately, making rea for their annual move as though it was most fun in the world.

Suddenly somebody remembered t it was their wedding anniversary, and had a mock wedding, with Howard M ton for minister and Corinne in a mosqu netting veil and carrying a bouquet carrots and radishes. The piano wa little out of tune, but nobody minded Dulcie struck up the Wedding March

"Here comes the bride—here comes bride—"

Someway, I couldn't enter into the at all. I felt suddenly too happy. V heard that one of the couples in the Harvester crowd was getting a div and it occurred to me that that ougl help to keep the law of averages off crowd. Then, too, this was the Forr eighth anniversary—that meant tha perilous seventh year was over.

Oh, there was no doubt that the was over. You could tell that in the feel of the room. In the way Co looked at Scott out from under mosquito-netting veil, in the way h his arm around her when Howard rut out, "And whom God hath joine gether, let not man put asunder—"

I didn't want to be conspicuous i midst of hilarity, so I blinked bac tears of sheer joy and relief and we to kiss the bride. But I did hav thought that was honest and so That, even at a quarter of a million, come cheap!

NEXT month in "When You're Through Changing, You're Through" (a on the second "through"), Bruce Barton shows how a foolish consis and a deliberate closing of the mind and eye to new trends and chang ruined many able men and prosperous businesses. It is the forward-lo man with his finger on the pulse of life who comes out on top. So be averse to change. Even Henry Ford had to change his famous Mo

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If You Had Leisure and Money What Would You Do with Them?

RST PRIZE

Oh, for a Grand Spree of Selfishness!

DURING the high-school session, a nightmare of themes and notebooks; during the months of vacaon, a swelter of summer-school study; ch is my "leisure;" such has it been for ars. What a paradise if my wife and I ght play hooky for a grand spree of fishness and freedom! Never have we tended a college football game—we uldn't afford it; never driven a car of r own, for the same reason; never lived an apartment that suited our tastes, or rn the clothes we would like, or chosen r own social set.

Teachers and their wives, in small wns, can no more be human than street hts; everybody looks up to them but nts new ones when they go out. Econize? We couldn't go *anywhere*. We ve even stopped taking the daily paper, ough we live in dread lest someone ty find it out. And doesn't the whole wn know how many years my wife has rn the same coat?

Nothing could please me better than s: To mark one last set of papers as r as they deserve, say "ain't" and arn" at a faculty bridge party, and oke a cigarette on Main Street. To gh at protesting parents. To spank bank president's oh-so-spoiled offing. To dress my wife like the woman o snubs her, as richly but in much ter taste.

But now for the lasting glories: A little ne of our own, with everything just as want it. Our Billy will soon be a der. My heart beats faster when I alize the tiny library with its books Sonny and me—the wide margins, the ar, black type, the beautiful illustions, the colorful bindings—everyng in contrast to the miserable "Robin Crusoe" I bought for my first quarter en a boy. No more droning through e-honored classics. When the new day wns I want to enjoy all the moods t come with it. R. B. M.

OND PRIZE

've Never Cared for Leisure

I had leisure and money, I'd give the isure to the first person that wanted nd throw the money into the sea—at t, I hope I'd have sense enough to do . For I don't want leisure and there's ing I long most for that money can . It cannot bring back my mother to e the little home for that she died wanting. It cannot take me back ty years and give me another start e youth and life I missed.

can't change the years I walked lame. n't buy me two good ears. Millions not buy a dog that would love me than the five-dollar dog that runs farm. Fur coats—but I prefer my fur coats roving around on their four feet. Diamonds? What are their rainbows to those you stand out in a shower to watch?

Travel? The last word in travel is working your way from strange land to strange land. Traveling *de luxe* is all right, if you like it, but after a few years of it what have you?

Oh, I long to be twenty, free, white, and starting out over the blue, seeking adventure and seeing the great, wide beautiful world.

Leisure is something I've never wanted. Rather, I would like three or four hundred years in which to do all the things I want to do. Rather, I'd have a house to keep clean and half a dozen children getting it untidy faster than I could tidy it up. And when they'd grown up, I'd want to start all over with another half dozen. My private opinion of this matter of leisure is that the more you have to do, the more you get done; or, the more time you have, the less you accomplish.

Yes, indeed, I'd give leisure away, if I had it, and throw money into the sea. At least, that's what I hope I'd have sense enough to do. G. L.

THIRD PRIZE

I'd Build a House for Lonesome Folks

THESE are my three dreams and desires if God gave me the chance to fulfill them:

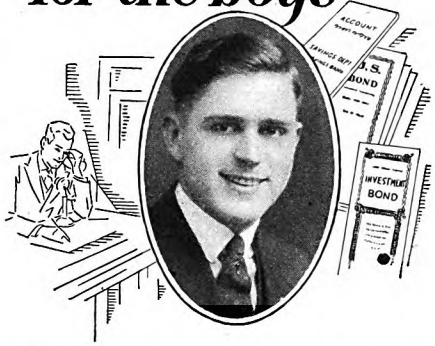
I would build a home for Lonesome People. Not an institution, but a place of warmth and love and sunshine, with soft white curtains, flaming fires, and shelves of dusty books. With a kitchen where Mrs. John, whose daughter-in-law will not let her putter around, may bake sugar cookies; with a kitten and radio for Grandma Fones, who is eating her old heart out in one small strange room; with a good-night kiss and tucking-in for Jimmy and Charlotte, whose mother has scolded them; with comfort and juicy steaks for the college boys who are so desperately working their way through. A lovely Home, with music and laughter!

And then—oh, I would have a den all my own! A little house right near the Lonesome ones, with etchings and watercolors on the walls; with all the books I long for; a grand piano; and money enough to see my own poems in print, since no publisher will accept them!—and time enough to work in the garden. For there would be a garden, with tiny walks, a sundial, and gold and blue and crimson blossoms nodding in the sun all day long.

And when I gave money, it would not be to the very poor, but to those splendid middle-class families who need just a little more to take the worry away. To pay up some pressing bill, or take care of some boy's college debt, or pay off some dad's mortgage.

Dreams are tender, foolish things. But I could make them true, I know I could, if I had the chance! D. H.

Out of Debt
a bank account, college ahead for the boys —



ARE you struggling with the old problem . . . how to make both ends meet? Instead of worrying, why not grasp the same kind of opportunity which brought Regensburger from debt to prosperity and an executive position.

No matter what your previous training has been, this offers real opportunity. What this man, who joined this organization but a few years ago, has accomplished is typical of what others have done and are doing. A. F. Regensburger of New York is now manager of a large and prosperous branch. But things for him were not always so rosy.

"When I joined the Fuller Brush Company," says Mr. Regensburger, "I was working for an eastern concern and I wanted to get back to my home. I heard of a fellow who made $100.00 in one day selling Fuller Brushes. This naturally interested me as I needed money badly at the time. I was then about $1,300.00 in debt.

"When I started with Fuller, I didn't know anything about the company and only intended to stay a short time. But I was soon convinced through my work that there were not only possibilities of making money but of getting ahead into jobs of large responsibility.

"While I worked as a salesman I stacked up some real sales records, bought a new car and tucked away $1,500.00 in the bank after I had paid my debts.

Now An Executive

"Then my branch manager was promoted and the company saw fit to send me along with him as field manager. This meant bigger earnings and wide experience. After ten months, I was selected for special work. Further increases in earnings followed. Shortly after, I was returned to my home city and placed in charge of the company's business there.

"I have now saved considerable money, bought and furnished a new home, have stock in the company, a new Hudson car and a couple of fine youngsters coming along on their way to college." *If you are interested in a career like the above, are now in a rut and don't know how to get out, wish to ally yourself with a company where work and persistence pay large dividends, talk to the nearest Fuller Manager, (there is a Fuller office in 200 leading cities) or*

Mail this coupon today:

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Very truly yours,

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A Man Who Worked

(*Continued from page 21*)

nitrate and other constituents of the viscous fluid spread on plates of glass and metal to catch magically the patterns of light and shade that made a photograph. The limited resources of his little studio had given him an opportunity to demonstrate improvement to his own satisfaction. But this was not enough. He had nothing commercially valuable until others recognized superiority in his photographs.

"Although very young," he recalls, "I was profoundly dissatisfied with available materials for my trade. Postage and express charges were, for me, a considerable item. Yet I sent all over the United States for emulsions and solutions. They never came up to the standard I set for them. So I went about experimenting with the manufacture of my own emulsions."

The test was the finished photograph. When that prospective bridegroom came to him with an unsolicited testimonial, there was immediate reward for his labor, with prospect of more reward to come. Other bridegrooms heard of Stuber and called him in to photograph wedding ensembles. His practice expanded. He became one of Louisville's rising, very early rising, photographers.

IN THAT "watch-the-bird" era of camera work, a wide clientele meant little more than a narrow living. Young Stuber could afford no assistants. With a fair share of customers for cabinets and vignettes at two to three dollars the half dozen, with his tintype apprenticeship several years behind him, he remained dissatisfied.

A layman will learn little, no matter how diligent and diplomatic his inquisitiveness, regarding the mystic contents of photographic solution. Every formula is carefully guarded, and the product, highly perishable, is hardly analyzable by skilled chemists, because the slightest exposure swiftly translates it into other chemical entities. But a layman readily learns that the concoction of emulsions is the secret of successful materials in photography, an art in itself, demanding keen and delicate sensibility and prodigious work. This was especially true forty years ago, when photography was not much advanced from the days of Daguerre, its inventor; when it lacked adequate research, adequate tools, even trade papers—to say nothing of a general market.

Quest of the perfect emulsion was Stuber's sole purpose, after livelihood was provided, and the livelihood was meager because his spare profits were invested in more materials for experimenting.

But even if he had been able to hire intelligent help, it is doubtful if progress would have been speedier, for certainly no hired helper could have supplied the tireless devotion that Mrs. Stuber gave him.

For weeks at a time, when it was vital to mix and stir emulsion continuously in a darkened room, Mrs. Stuber shared his labor and his anxiety. Man and wife alternated their sleeping hours. As Stuber worked, his wife would rest for an hour; then she would work while he rested for an hour. And so on through the night; so on, night after night. Poverty had to be served.

This stubborn sacrifice of a young married couple brought no result that ended William Stuber's dissatisfaction with his own work. He searched for the perfect prescription, like an alchemist of old, and apparently with little more encouragement in the result.

In the middle eighties he put his skill to the test. The American Society of Photographers held a convention in St. Louis and an exhibition of work by members and amateurs in all parts of this country and Canada. Medals were to be awarded.

Packing three of his best photographic studies in a grip, William Stuber sat up all night in a day coach to St. Louis. He returned in another day coach, with his three pictures, and no medal—not even an honorary mention. Back at home, he got down grimly to the job of producing emulsion that would make pictures to carry off prizes at the next convention. But again William Stuber failed to fetch home the bacon.

This second disappointment did not rankle; instead, it riveted his purpose more firmly. Hard at work in his Louisville gallery, he gave little thought to meeting at that last convention a young man named George Eastman. Beyond the story running the rounds of the delegates, that Eastman had hit upon the tradename of "Kodak" for a camera by shuffling a lot of cardboard letters and picking out five at random, there had been nothing more personal than a casual handshake and a bit of pleasant shop talk with the man who was afterward to engage Stuber and put him in the way of riches.

Not the first failure in a man's life, nor the second, but prospect of a third repulse by fortune seems to be the zero hour in which his fate is fixed. If he surrenders to disappointment, defeat is conclusive. If he resolutely goes back over the ground already covered, that is a sign that even if he has arrived nowhere, he has learned much.

Stuber and his wife lived through many more nights of alternated sleeping hours. When he speaks of those hard, uncertain months, his swarthy face is a study in tenacity.

"NOT vanity," he said, "but cold logic convinced me that faulty materials stood between me and the success I sought. I had sufficient photographic skill. My business grew. To devote enough time to research in emulsions I had to sacrifice work rather than skimp it. The single idea dominated me—that better sensitized mixtures could and must be found before uncertainty could be eliminated from the photographic art."

At about this time of self-trial, there strolled into his gallery for the first time a doughty figure, with wavy iron-gray hair, a typical Kentucky colonel's whiskers, and an eager appetite for acquaintance: Colonel Watterson, nationally known as "Marse Henry," oracular editor of Louisville's most powerful newspaper—The Courier Journal.

Marse Henry posed for his protrait talked voluminously. He admitted tha he knew very little about photograph But back of every man's trade or pr fession Marse Henry knew there we interesting human problems. Bit by bi he elicited Stuber's tale of unfruitf search for better photographic material The older man's face brightened.

"Why," he drawled in his heavy, rum bling voice, "over in Europe I heard ol man reputed to be a wizard in that line

Stuber pricked up his ears.

"He's in Switzerland," said Ma Henry, "Zurich. For the life of me I ca think of his name. A familiar name, to

His brows knitted in deep thoug combing his memory for the elusive nam Suddenly he splurted:

"Smith."

That year William Stuber made hopeful pilgrimage to the convention American photographers. Instead, crossed the ocean, determined to find the Old World what he could not disco in the New. For six months he wa student in Zurich. A gravely ma student was William Stuber, working way through a course in Dr. Hugo Sm laboratory by doing whatever job c his way.

Stuber went to Europe in dead ear to acquire something. At the end o months, he came home in dead ear the something acquired. He had inve time and money in himself; divid began at once.

AT THE very next annual meeti the American Society of Phot phers, held this time in Chicago, W Stuber carried off the most coveted for his study of a face. The face hap to be Marse Henry Watterson's. noted the effects he achieved; the g verdict was that American photog had found a master of the dry pl wizard with emulsion.

Within a year, Stuber had trans his original gallery from the G quarter of Louisville to one of the fashionable commercial streets.

At another photographers' conve he won other medals. Failure th dogged his heels now regarded ther a distance. Cameramen in all cor the country sought his advice, and generously, he resolved to shar others the results of the secret tec he had learned by driving study a relenting labor abroad, he was with orders. Very soon the mal materials preëmpted his time.

"Had I been a salesman," he spe "I might have forsaken photograp gether, organized a company, and headfirst into manufacturing. B always known my limitations. I c sell gold dollars for ninety cents

There is about William Stuber the traditional suavity of the pe He is direct and laconic and he w ready-made smile: the kind of c that would be narrow if inborn si and honesty of purpose were not b by an intelligence that makes him

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of the views and methods of others.

While his increasing reputation for excellent materials maintained a steady flow of orders, he tore himself from the business of making money to make more and more exacting tests of his product and his skill. Thus it was, little less than forty years ago, that he hit upon what moderns believe to be a very recent development in photographic illustration. His practical mind found recreation in wide reading of poetry, and among his favorites was Longfellow. Brooding over "Evangeline" one evening, he had an inspiration to picture the principal scenes. Selecting figures from his acquaintances, he made three classical studies: First, the betrothal scene—Evangeline and her father with the blacksmith and his son; second, Evangeline walking through the woods by moonlight lamenting her lost love; and, finally, the poignant scene of Evangeline as a nun discovering her lover in a hospital where she was ministering to the sick.

These pictures, skillfully enlarged to poster size, won him more medals and established him as the pioneer of the now flourishing art of synthetic reproduction which, in a way, has revolutionized magazine illustrating.

Now having demonstrated that he could do what he set out to do, and incidentally winning election as President of the American Photographers' Society in recognition of his contribution to the art, he returned with increased vigor to manufacture.

As things happened, he had little need of his ruined gallery. George Eastman—it was 1894, and the Kodak was fast becoming one of the most popular luxuries—followed up several oral invitations by a formal wire offering the Louisville man a job. Surveying the field, Eastman had picked Stuber as the foremost expert in the manufacture of sensitized goods, a vital adjunct to his camera business. Stuber accepted the offer.

"When I came to work for Mr. Eastman," says the president of the Eastman Kodak Company, "there were sixty-five employees at Kodak Park. I came because it was my judgment that this business was necessary to human happiness and therefore bound to grow. Today we have seven thousand employees at Kodak Park and more than fourteen thousand other employees in Rochester and our branches at home and abroad."

Stuber strikes no attitude when he talks of magnitude. If there is any pride in his citation of impressive figures of workers and product—millions of cameras and miles and miles of film—it is the natural pleasure of one in his seniority glancing back with satisfaction on the vindicated judgment of younger years.

A STORY told of his first days with the Kodak Company is typical of many. He recommended the transfer of a subordinate who desired no change. An amiable subexecutive tried to dissuade Stuber.

"This man has been working for the company several years," he argued. "He's punctual—always on the job at eight in the morning. Let him remain."

To which Stuber replied: "I happen to be on my job at seven in the morning. But that has nothing to do with it. You'll have to let me be judge of the men who can work for me."

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The sub-executive lifted his brows. The doctrine of one employee regarding another as working for *him* was something new. It got around the company that William Stuber regarded his department as a very personal matter. But George Eastman let it be known that he wanted all departmental heads to follow that example.

FROM the beginning of Stuber's connection with the company, its output increased in quantity and quality. In four years Rochester became America's center for the best "makings" in photography as well as for the best cameras to make them. Stuber literally reveled in the boundless resources of the company. He recruited a staff of assistants, experimenters, research men, unexcelled by the productive force of any industry. With the suddenness of a lightning stroke, Eastman's foresight in hiring Stuber and Stuber's insight into the prospects of photography were justified in a test that revolutionized the industry.

Thomas A. Edison had invented his first crude moving-picture machine, hand-operated, clumsy, wholly dependent on some miracle in film manufacture beyond the powers of the Wizard of Menlo Park. He put his problem up to the Eastman Company. In a laboratory at Kodak Park that night a giant was born. The slim reel, no bigger than a spool of thread, that Eastman, Stuber, and their men had created, was destined to grow and envelop the world.

A package was sent by messenger to Edison. In Menlo Park, Edison received the package, retired to his laboratory, and after hours of mystery emerged, radiant.

"That's it," he is said to have shouted to his helpers. "They've got it. Now work like hell!"

A strip of film exactly ten feet long and one and a half inches wide, thus became the progenitor of the millions of miles of celluloid that form the stock base of an enormous industry.

No doctor nor lawyer cherishes his diploma more carefully than William Stuber treasures a faded billhead on which is scrawled the first order for motion-picture film from Edison. If ever there was a certificate to patient preparedness and its fulfillment in fact, that is it.

Just as still photography gave birth to kinetic pictures, these in turn reacted on the appetite for visual presentation of faces and scenes, the preservation of the human procession. Rochester saw a lusty industry, founded by a bank clerk, grow year by year, its plant expanding over acres of ground, recruiting hundreds of skilled and unskilled workers until it became a city in itself, supplying the civilized globe with a product that has never failed to carry American prestige with it.

ROCHESTER watched the growth of the men selected by George Eastman to be his advisers and colleagues. Quiet, hard-working William Stuber, although he did not know it, and would have cared little about it, was in the forefront of those men. Fellow workers gave him the reputation of a martinet. Buried in the problems of maintaining output to meet vast demand, he was ruthless in changing men and methods to promote efficiency. He inaugurated a system of hiring young men from the technical schools, training them under close supervision, and putting the fit, regardless of age, in pivotal positions.

"I've always made it difficult," he explains, "for the right kind of man to be fired, by discovering the work he likes best and giving him that job. Then he sticks to it.

"I planned for my own son to take his place in the sensitized goods department of the company. With that in view, I sent him to Cornell to become a chemical engineer.

"One day I asked my boy for the answer 'Yes' or 'No' to the question whether or not he wanted to be a chemical engineer. He was brave and answered 'No,' although he knew I was keenly disappointed. So I tried him in one of our mechanical departments here. He had a talent for that work. He is now manager of the camera manufactory."

This decisiveness, perhaps more than any other quality of character, won through the years the ardent admiration of George Eastman. The philanthropic head of the Kodak Company found no colleague more cordial in support of his plans for the betterment of employees—his bonus plan of three and a half per cent on the average yearly wage over a period of five years' employment, his medical and dental clinics, personal loan services, and home-site promotions. Stuber—the disciplinarian who to this day works with his own hands in the emulsion department, to make the mixtures for the photographs he takes every day—Stuber was zealous in his advocacy of Eastman's program.

"YET," a high executive of the company told me, "of all the men who have constituted George Eastman's business cabinet, Colonel Stuber ranks first as the 'no' man of the organization. If his judgment was against a proposition, even Mr. Eastman's support of it could not sway him."

A bright thinker had an idea—to change camera models, not by improvements but by styles—an ingenious scheme to exploit consumer vanity, the universal desire to be thoroughly up-to-date. It was ethical and unquestionably enterprising. More to the point, it was practical.

William Stuber would have none of it.

"Change the product to improve it, yes," he declared in the vivid, punchful manner that is his in argument. "Ideas are always welcome here, and well rewarded, as every inventor inside and outside our organization knows. But to change the product to make profit out of fashion—No! If our cameras have long lives, that is the basis of our good name and the stamp of George Eastman's achievement."

Independence is the keynote of Stuber's character, the independence born of absorption in one thing in life. Citizens of Rochester who talk respectfully of his great wealth, mention real estate investments and shrewd stock operations.

"Nothing of the sort," he replies. "Whatever fortune I've accumulated came from this business."

"I have only one recreation, really," he says. "This is my fun."

He showed me two packages of film, made the previous day. Then he took me to a projection-room where a handsome young woman expertly reeled the films and displayed them. They were perfect movies of his granddaughter in Chinese costume strolling through a flower garden. The natural color-values were marvelously reproduced. Throughout the showing, he commented briskly on his technique in fixing each "shot" for the best blend of light and shade. He revealed that he took more than three thousand still pictures a year, to say nothing of "movies." It was also revealed that the magic color-movies that reach the height of pictorial perfection marked for him a triumph and a tragedy. His wife was suddenly stricken blind while abroad with him, so that she is denied the delight of witnessing this culmination of photographic art under his direction—an art which her devotion to him and her actual labor with him did much to promote.

THIS man, whose record and appearance mark him as a stubbornly healthy and hard-working mechanism, is a living monument to the validity of the single-track idea in business—so long as the track is well-laid and well-directed.

"I never devoted a particle of mental energy to anything but my job until I could afford to, until I was secure," he said. "I concentrated on my branch of the business. I taught other men what I knew and learned what they knew. Tomorrow I am examining a young engineer who has applied for a job here. He will teach me something during our talk—or he won't get the job.

"For me, failures have formed the highway to growth. I fail now with certain pictures I want to make. But the determination to try again and to keep on until I make the picture I want, the picture I know I can make, carries me on, stimulates my interest. It works no less now when I do these things for fun, than when I had to do them in grim earnest for livelihood.

"My ambition when I came here was not to be head of this company. That thought never entered my mind, or, if it did, it never stayed there. I took the department Mr. Eastman gave me as my own personal concern, ran it as if it belonged to me, and as if the results were my own profit or loss. It turned out that were. My profit. Every man in an executive post in this concern does the same. It's the only way to keep big business big."

Two framed portraits hang above Colonel Stuber's desk. (He derives his title from the fact that the Governor of Kentucky made him a staff colonel last March and, humanly, he relishes the honor.) The portraits are of distinguished men. I inquired.

"No," he said briskly. "I don't know the gentlemen. But I do know that they are two of the finest photographic studies I have ever seen. Pirie MacDonald made them."

For a man whose life has been photography, who has made thousands upon thousands of photographs, to select for niche of highest distinction the art of another man, is a sure evidence of character perhaps best defined as unselfishness.

May those who mock the single-track mind get what comfort they can out of that!

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A Dinner Date

(*Continued from page 30*)

repeated, and looked about him at the bare little room with walls painted a robin's-egg blue.

"A darling little kitchen!" she said. "Look!"

He followed her. Three small bare rooms and bath, in a dingy house on a dingy side street. And he thought he had never seen anything so homelike. Some people were lucky enough actually to live in places like this!

"And they're only asking fifty dollars a month!" said she. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Only fifty?" cried Cowan.

That would leave nearly a hundred a month for food and clothes. Only fifty dollars for this matchless flat? Impossible!

"Marie!" he cried. "See here! I could— We could—"

Her face grew scarlet, even her neck; she hurried before him, but took the wrong turning and was trapped in the tiny kitchen.

"I didn't mean—that!" she cried, indignantly.

"Of course you didn't," said Cowan, very crestfallen. "I'm not such a fool as to think that a girl like you— You see, I only make—"

"I know how much you make," said Marie. "And it's—for your age—I think you're doing awfully well."

"But it's not enough!" said Cowan. "See here!" His blue eyes looked dazed. "You couldn't possibly mean—a girl like *you*—"

"I'm not such a—horrible sort of girl," said she. "I'm not really extravagant. It was only just—"

"Yes," said Cowan, seriously. "I guess it's natural, not to think much about saving, and things like that, before you settle down."

HE WAS still dazed. Because there was a look on her flushed, downcast face that he couldn't possibly believe.

"But—" he said. "But then—you must—care for me!"

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! I do!"

He caught her in his arms and held her fast.

"Then you're not angry about that coat?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Only sorry."

"But you needn't be," said Cowan. "That coat can just be an engagement present."

She clung to him, and he looked down at her dark head with a tenderness that was like pain. On his young shoulders fell his destined burden, and steadied him. Let the lights of that faëry land twinkle out there in the dark. *Here* would be the little steadfast light of home!

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Adventures of a Credit Manager

(*Continued from page 33*)

tokens was well born and bred, was discovered by one of our sales persons ordering goods charged and delivered to another name. Possibly the sales person might not have noticed it if the charming lady had not so often changed her mind. She would say, 'Charge and deliver to Mrs. E. J. Radcliff' (let us call it), then would return shortly and declare, 'I guess I'll take those things home in my car.' After this had happened three times in two weeks the sales person at the lace counter, which the young lady was particularly keen about, spoke of it to a fellow worker, who promptly replied, 'That isn't Mrs. Radcliff. I've waited on Mrs. Radcliff a dozen times. She's young but not as young and blonde as your customer.'

"The next time the young lady called to look at laces the sales person did a little calling on her own account. She called her department manager. He called me and I called the store detective, who asked the sweet young lady to call on me. She came without any protest. Such an attitude is fortunate for us because even the most astute store detective hesitates to lay a hand on anyone and say, 'Come along with me.' Such laying on of hands may start a damage suit. But this sweet young lady was not that kind.

"Once in my office she explained naïvely that Mrs. E. J. Radcliff was her aunt. 'Auntie gives me permission to charge to her account,' she added. And when I registered a little skepticism she pouted beautifully. 'If you doubt me, why don't you telephone her?' she suggested, and even furnished me with the number of the Radcliff home. I accepted the young lady's suggestion but no one answered my call. This seemed to mystify my charming lady, until she brightened and exclaimed, 'Why, Auntie must be week-ending at Bar Harbor!'

"NOW it was my turn to be mystified. My charming lady had walked off with six hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. Mrs. E. J. Radcliff was a very good account. I couldn't afford to offend the absent auntie, neither could I afford to lose the merchandise. Then I got a bright idea. I do get them occasionally, although I am a plodding credit man.

"'What is your auntie's name?' I asked.

"'Why, Radcliff, of course!'

"'I mean her first name,' I replied.

"'Oh.' She hesitated just a second. 'Ella. Aunt Ella,' she stated positively.

"I sent for our records and on the Radcliff card I saw, 'Mrs. Eloise J. Radcliff.'

"The fat was in the fire after that. Confronted with this documentary evidence, the charming young lady gave way to tears. After she had signed a confession and led our detective to her apartment home, where most of the loot was recovered, she disclosed the fact that through her employment in a business office she learned that Mrs. Radcliff was one of our charge customers and would be out of town for a month or more. Although the young lady was not severely punished, she will not try that game again, because we took pains to tell her that she was posted in virtually every big store in New York.

"McCreery's belongs to the Stores' Mutual Protective Association, Inc., and after our experience with her, a letter descriptive of her appearance and methods went out to all the members.

"Had this foolish person tried the same trick on a non-member store we should have received the same report. Quite often we exchange warnings by telephone.

"THERE was the case of Lee R. Winters. He introduced himself correctly as a recently graduated medical student. He looked good to me. A fine, big fellow, well dressed and wearing a cheerful smile. He said in a few months he'd be ready to hang out his own shingle. He wanted to get a little gift for his fiancée. He spent about five dollars and gave me a check in payment for twenty-five dollars. My inside hunch told me 'No,' but the appearance and conversation said 'Yes.' But I did say meaningly, 'Doctor, you are sure this check is O. K.?' He assured me it was.

"The next day the bank returned the check as N. G. Quickly I telephoned six stores in the neighborhood. Hopefully I waited. About 4:30 P. M. a detective from Saks, Herald Square, called and said, 'We've got that bird.' I ran over. It was young Mr. Doctor. And what do you think he tried? Refused to recognize me and looked right in my eye. Finally he broke down and asked me to wire his father in Los Angeles. I did, but no reply. The doctor served time for six months.

"We have a warning system that gives us a flash on heavy buying on new accounts. Sometimes unscrupulous applicants for credit try what we call the 'rush act.' They build up a credit background and then buy quickly and heavily. All of our clerks are trained to note unusual cases and report them to me.

"At still another time a scholarly looking gentleman introduced himself as a clergyman. His dress and letters of identification appeared to prove his identity. Credit managers are naturally eager to assist clergymen. But within an hour after I had O. K.'d his charge account he had purchased five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise, including a purple bath robe and several screaming ties. Our investigation disclosed that he was a bogus clergyman who had victimized other stores.

"However, most of the abuse of credit is due to carelessness. In one such case an old, old customer was so badly in arrears that I made a personal investigation and discovered that he had $200,000 on deposit in one bank! As he owed us only $340, I went to his Park Avenue residence and talked with him. 'Our credit men's association reports that there are suits and judgments against you,' I told him frankly. He just as frankly admitted the fact. Then he produced a perfect alibi. He was a specialist in fine art. For three years he had been in Europe assembling a collection of old masters which he proposed to present to a New York museum. During his absence his New York representative had neglected his affairs. Some of his bills payable were five years overdue. Of course the tangle was soon straightened out.

"When business was in its swaddling clothes most merchants extended credit primarily to aristocrats or established families or to their close friends. But in this age of ample payrolls, when nearly all classes of society are able to satisfy most of their material needs, retail credit business has been democratized. The millionaire, the member of the medium, or white-collar, class, and the wage earner or laborer, applies for credit under the same rules or conditions. The principal problem in each case is to fix the amount of credit granted.

"Every satisfied customer is a living advertisement for my store. By the same token, every individual who is turned down by the credit department or who is offended by my inquiries is also an advertisement, but not the kind we aim to cultivate. Hence the care I use while interviewing applicants. Many of them are surprised that I am not particularly interested in their real estate holdings.

"It is a fallacy to depend upon property and large resources before accepting a credit risk. A good percentage of my customers offer nothing but positions and good intentions as security. They are fine moral risks—the best on earth.

"BECAUSE we solicit new charge accounts and employ in the credit department a large number of bill clerks, complaint clerks, miscellaneous clerks, ref clerks, new account clerks, informatic clerks, as well as managers and sub-managers, in account promotion, collecting, ar other divisions of the work, you will unde stand that we are eager to keep all char accounts alive and healthy, so that th can buy and pay. After a credit depar ment has made every safe and sane effo to get you on the books it strugg valiantly to keep you there.

"A customer will borrow from a ba and pay that loan promptly when falls due, but he'll borrow merchand from a store and then indefinitely del paying for it. Such cases are not freque but when they occur it is generally beca the accounts have gotten out of ha

"It is *our* responsibility to keep c tomers from overbuying—although m seem to think we should encourage it. perience has taught us credit men t education along uncomplicated bud lines is thankfully received and profi by, but, all in all, *controlling* account the most difficult angle of the credit ga

"If the credit manager finds an acco running away with itself, he must cou with the customer or run the chanc losing him or her, and money, too.

"Some time back I had to call in an customer who had been trading with store for a decade, whose limit of chase had been fixed by me at $ a month. She had been buying ne twice that amount from month to m and was very dilatory in paying, ta ninety and a hundred and twenty

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in settling for some of the merchandise.

"She turned a rosy red when I placed the matter before her. 'I'm all at fault; I know I am,' she said. 'But many of my friends lose money at bridge. They are on allowance, most of them. And when they beg me to let them buy their dresses and hats and lingerie through my charge account I cannot say "No" to them. I often lend them money, too. So my charge account is much too large, and when your bills come in my account is too small. What can I do about it?'

"Because we both had open minds and were interested in achieving the same result I succeeded, without offending her, in getting her promise to avoid all bridge games until her store bills had been paid. Moreover, she permitted me to budget her allowance, which, under proper management, was ample for her normal needs. That store customer not only learned to live within the allowance her husband gave her, but she learned to invest her surplus in good securities.

"If such situations were not handled tactfully, hundreds of our customers would be walking on the other side of the Avenue and charging their purchases at other stores. Incidentally, hundreds of husbands would be berating me for not keeping their wives within buying bounds. I avoid adverse criticism when I can, just as I try to avoid the mutual grief and cost of collecting slow pay accounts.

OUR collection department is our last resort. Kind words are sincere ambassadors. If a customer pleads poverty we generally take his word for it. We have to, even if we were not so inclined. Fortunes in high-class advertising and in merchandise can be offset by bone-headed collection methods. So we go on the principle that a merchant, through his credit man, cannot drive away a temporarily embarrassed customer and expect that customer to be sitting on the store's doorsteps when he is in funds again. We always make the most of the moral risk.

"How do I define a moral risk? A moral risk is anyone of character who has ambition, plus prospects of bettering his condition; who is conscious of obligations and seeking a backer who believes in the fundamental honesty of humanity.

"Of course, even a good moral risk sometimes becomes too dilatory. And there are others who lose both capacity and capital. When we do have to close an account and transfer it to profit-and-loss, it is for the following reasons:

1. Extravagance.
2. Financial reverses.
3. Death or prolonged illness.
4. Deliberate fraud.

"To do full justice to honest customers it should be explained that many have discharged their obligations to our store years after their names have been listed under profit-and-loss. Incidentally, because the clerical overhead is relatively small, the cost of credit to each customer is infinitesimal, and because we are always catching the negligent and fraudulent, at least eighty-five per cent of what is due us each month is paid within sixty days and our credit losses are less than half of one per cent of our sales. Teamwork between credit manager and customer has a lot to do with it."

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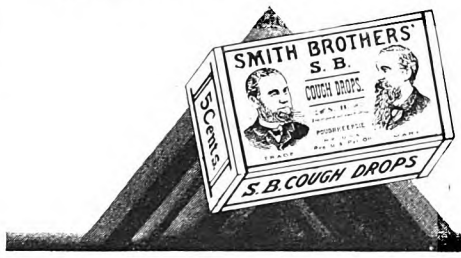
"The Curtain Speech I would like to make"
Lionel Atwill

I HAVE never made a speech like this—but often, at the beginning of a play, I'd like to step in front of the curtain and say this: "Ladies and Gentlemen: You are very kind to come to see our play. May I suggest a way by which you could enjoy it thoroughly?

"Don't cough. Coughing disturbs the actors... disturbs the play... disturbs you. To stop it, may I suggest something which I myself often use—Smith Brothers' Cough Drops? Thank you."

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—as everyone knows—*they stop coughs!*



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Three Lives in One and Always Ahead of His Time

(*Continued from page 22*)

"I'm trying to bring my five-foot shelf up to date," he said, with a wave of his hand at a row of books above the desk.

"All of those books are scientific works which I have written or upon which I have collaborated. Science is always learning some new truth and it is all I can do to keep my own books up to date."

Recently, one of Dr. Jordan's students made a compilation of the articles and books he had written during half a century in science, and found that they totaled the astonishing number of six thousand. He is credited with having studied, classified, and named more fishes than any other man.

An interesting thing about the "lives" of this indefatigable man is that each began in a most humble and natural way, much as one life might begin for you or me.

"I undertook the life of the naturalist and explorer because of a love for flowers," Dr. Jordan said, in commenting upon his manner of working. "When I was a child I learned to paint and I made tolerable colored sketches of the flowers that grew about our home. It was freely predicted that I would become an artist, but it was the flowers that interested me rather than the art. When I entered college it was with the intention of becoming a botanist.

"I soon discovered, however, that the plant life of the earth was fairly well studied and catalogued. Since I did not want to repeat what someone else had done already, I sought a new field. I found it in fishes.

DR JORDAN has fished in the Sierras, in the Adirondacks, in Lake Yellowstone, and off Key West, as well as off the North American coast from Alaska all the way to Newfoundland, and in each of the Seven Seas, in his search for new fishes. There are few waters on this continent that have not attracted him. Yet he never fishes for the sport of it, and he would rather buy the new fish he seeks than pull him from the water.

Some scientific scholars insist that his contributions to ichthyology are of even more enduring importance than his achievements in other fields. Dr. Jordan was one of the first to study the habits of the salmon and to warn that this valuable fish was being wiped out by wasteful methods of catching it. His activities had much to do with saving the salmon industry.

Dr. Jordan declared, in turning to his early youth, "The purpose of all education is to train men and women to obtain their own evidence and to frame their own opinions. We know nothing until we find it out.

"My earliest scientific paper, written in 1871, was on hoof rot in sheep. It was the result of some opinions which caused me to find myself in the minority in our neighborhood while I was yet a boy in my teens. When my older brother went away to war, during the Civil War, I was placed in charge of our drove of sheep. All of the sheep in that neighborhood were subject to hoof rot, which was popularly thought to be incurable.

"I made a study of my sheep and became convinced that it was a bacterial infection, which could be cured by a solution that could kill the germs. The majority of the neighbors scoffed at the idea. Nevertheless, I secured a solution of hot sulphate of copper and drove the sheep through it, until their hoofs were saturated. The result of this was that they were soon cured of the disease.

"The majority of sheep raisers now know that this is the proper way to treat the hoof rot but it took some time for them to catch up with the *minority*."

THE second of Dr. Jordan's lives, tha of the educator, began when he was bu seventeen years old. He tells an amusin story of its start:

"The teacher of a school near my hom had been thrown out of the schoolhous bodily by the boys," he said. "The were looking for a new teacher. The onl requirement was that he must be larg enough to stay in the schoolhouse wit the boys. I may not have had any oth qualifications, but at least I stood six fe tall and I was as strong as any boy in t neighborhood.

"So I got the job, one that my fath had held likewise many years before, a by a rule of blood and iron and by mixi conciliation with the hickory stick, I ma aged to get along without much difficu until the end of the school year, wher planned to enter Cornell."

From that time on, Dr. Jordan was ways a teacher. While in college, served as instructor. Upon his gra ation, he became a teacher in a semina then a high school, and later he tau zoölogy in the University of Indiana.

He was a pioneer in modern meth of educating almost from the first. F Louis Agassiz, the great scientist, learned the art of making informa vividly alive. He organized his stud into cross-country walking parties week-ends and holidays. During v tions, his classes took walking trips lasted weeks on end, observing how earth was formed, how plants and t grew, where and how animals lived, stopping always at lakes and stream fishes to add to his growing collectior

In 1884, when Dr. Jordan was b thirty-four, the trustees of Indiana versity surprised him and everybody by making him president of the ins tion.

At that time, Indiana's seat of hi learning was "but a shell of a college Dr. Jordan put it, a football of the ticians of the state, poorly supported badly equipped. The young professo recommended several educators who thought equal to the job of buildin the university, and had begun to thi finding a new post for himself.

Imagine his surprise when the tru named him president. He was the y

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est member of the faculty and became the most youthful university head in the land.

"My first task was to get money to equip and run the university properly," Dr. Jordan explained. "The majority of the members of the state legislature considered higher education as relatively unimportant. I made a speaking tour of the state, visiting every county and discussing the needs of the university.

"I went down to the legislature and appeared before the committee to explain that I did not want anything myself, but that the children of Indiana wanted good educations. I finally had to gather a small number of former students of the college who were then in the legislature and, with their help, I managed to force our appropriations through."

Dr. Jordan held views regarding education which were considered radical at that time. He wanted to reorganize the university so that all students would not be fitted into the same mold. He advocated a plan whereby educations would be fitted to men and women, rather than the reverse.

"Education should bring out one's best capacities, especially in enabling a man to build himself up," Dr. Jordan said. "The whole of your life must be spent in your own company and only the educated man is good company for himself. What a college education is worth depends entirely upon the man who has it. There is no use loading a ten-thousand-dollar education on a fifty-cent boy.

"That is epigrammatical and should be taken as such, for the boy might be worth not fifty cents for one purpose and a great deal more for something else."

Dr. Jordan advocated much more freedom for students, both in their personal affairs and in their selection of studies, than had ever been permitted before.

"A man should be as free as he can trust himself to be," he said. "Friendly guidance is worth everything, requirements and restrictions very little. However, some need them."

At the end of six years, the University of Indiana had been completely reorganized, the legislature had been convinced of the need of adequate funds, new buildings had been erected, the faculty and student body had increased several fold, and the institution was recognized as one of the most progressive schools of high standing in the country.

THE young president looked forward to a period of less active executive duties, when he could again devote himself to his study of fishes, his chosen field. One day he returned from a trip to be told that an elderly Californian and his wife were waiting to see him at the local hotel. Dr. Jordan hurried to meet them.

"We have lost our only child, our son," the Californian told Dr. Jordan. "We want to do something in his memory and have decided to found a new university in California, our home. The children of California shall be our children.

"We will contribute our entire fortune to the cause. There will be about thirty million dollars. We want to build a university free from traditions and precedents, one that will fit men and women for lives of service. My friend President White, of Cornell, assures me you are just the man to undertake the work for us."

Thirty million dollars to do that which was nearest his heart!

Imagine the emotions of David Starr Jordan when offered that sum to carry out the fondest of his dreams, the creation of a great and free university.

Leland Stanford, the Californian who tempted Dr. Jordan from his Indiana post, was a railroad builder, a former governor of his state, a United States senator, and one of the richest men in the land. His eight-thousand-acre ranch home, thirty miles south of San Francisco, was offered as the campus of the new institution.

For Dr. Jordan it was a momentous decision. It meant leaving a position as head of an established institution to take a position as president of a university that existed only in dreams. Many saw only the ridiculous in Senator Stanford's plan to rear a college in a grain field.

Ignoring these omens, characteristically Dr. Jordan accepted the proffered job without delay and was soon en route to build a college on "the farm," as the project was called derisively. This nickname clung to Stanford and became the graduates' affectionate term for the campus.

GATHERING about him perhaps the most youthful faculty that ever ran a university, all of them adventurous spirits like himself, Dr. Jordan prepared for the opening day with some apprehensions. The sandstone buildings, surrounding a mission style arcade, had risen in the grain field. All the new university needed was a student body.

Would the children of California come?

After the first day, there was no need for the question. Almost five hundred of them appeared, attracted by the new ideas in education advanced by Dr. Jordan.

"They came not only from California but from many other states," said Dr. Jordan. "They, too, were adventurous spirits. It was perhaps as remarkable a student body as could be found in any university. It included a number of men and women who had been working for a few years and who appreciated the advantages of an education which would make them more fit for their tasks.

"A number of them were not quite up to the technical requirements, but we made it a policy to admit them anyway, if they gave evidence of good character and the prospect of ability.

"I have learned that it pays to look up a man's good points. My experience with the first student I admitted to Stanford bears me out in that.

"This fellow came down from Oregon in the middle of the summer before the first term started. He wanted to enter the university but was deficient in entrance credits. He had no money, so we helped him find a job. He drove a buggy and looked after the cow at a girls' school near the campus, and accepted his remuneration in tutoring.

"He made good progress in everything but English composition, which was the only requirement we made applicable to every student who entered, but we decided to admit him anyway, on his prospects. I assigned him to a room in the men's dormitory, the very first one I gave out. He studied geology and developed a genius for organization in

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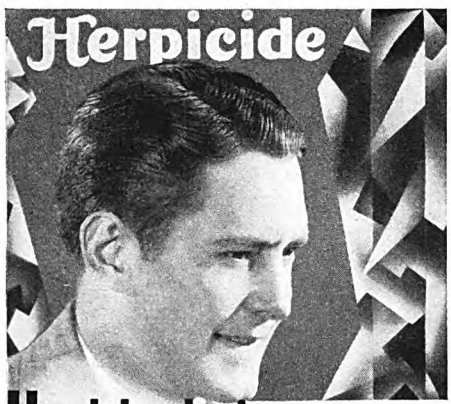

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student affairs. When he came up for graduation as a mining engineer he was still deficient in certain minor technicalities of English composition, though he had presented several excellent papers on geology.

"However, as he seemed to have all the other requirements of a useful citizen, we graduated him anyway and let him take his chances in the world.

"The boy's name was Herbert C. Hoover."

PRESIDENT JORDAN'S joy at the auspicious opening of the new university was short-lived. Senator Stanford died suddenly, before the endowment plans had been completed. His estate was tied up in court. During the long trial, the university was virtually without operating funds.

For many months the faculty served with only promises for salaries, remaining out of personal loyalty to Dr. Jordan. Some of them loaned their savings to him to buy books for the university library. Once, Dr. Jordan obtained a bag of gold coins from Mrs. Stanford and went about the campus dividing them among the hard-pressed professors. But they were only a drop in the bucket. Finally, the court ruled that the estate could allow funds for Mrs. Stanford's personal expenses, and Dr. Jordan and the others went on the payroll as her personal servants.

When the court settled the estate after long delay, another blow fell. The Federal government sued the Stanford estate for fifteen million dollars, borrowed by the railroad which Senator Stanford helped to build. The suit was thrown out of court eventually, but it tied up finances so that only the timely discovery of a life insurance policy, hitherto unknown, kept the doors of the university open.

This hurdle surmounted, a financial panic set in, making it difficult to sell securities with which it was planned to provide the endowment. In place of the thirty millions Senator Stanford had expected to realize for the endowment, but five millions were offered for his railroad holdings. Dr. Jordan was advised that the university should take what it could get, but, with Mrs. Stanford's agreement, it was decided to hold out. Eventually, the sale of the railroad stocks netted about sixteen million dollars.

The university then began to thrive, only to have another catastrophe overtake it, this time in the form of an earthquake, which destroyed buildings to the value of two and one-half million dollars. Dismayed but undaunted, Dr. Jordan undertook to build anew, this time permanently. With all these responsibilities, he found time to continue his two unofficial "lives," as a crusader for peace and as an authority on fishes.

DR. JORDAN'S crusading activities have been directed mainly against war. It is in this work that he is best known, perhaps, to the public. In this field he has been at times a lonely figure standing out against the great majority.

"I became a crusader against war," he said, "when I discovered by accident facts which convinced me that the Spanish-American War was being promoted for private profit. Later, my proclamations against war were prompted by the fi that, whereas in lower forms of life this earth survival was to the fittest, m had created an artificial condition in w whereby the reverse was true for the h man race.

"War takes the best men that nati produce. It kills them off and leaves inferior ones to perpetuate the race. have always held that wars were star by the few in power, and were fought the many at the expense of the many. was opposed to the World War until United States declared war, after whic made no more speeches against it. course, I was in a minority, but I felt t as long as we had not declared war I entitled to speak my protest.

"There was a good deal of heckl and disorder at the meetings of those posed to war, culminating for me in riot at the Academy of Music in Ba more, where we were trying to hol peace meeting. I had just begun to sp when a crowd of several hundred came down the street. They tried storm the hall, and some of the paci wanted to fight them off. Nothing c come of that, I knew, but damage to building and injury to the participa

"At the chairman's request, I stop my speech and asked the gathering to perse. I was taken to a friend's ho while the mob went from hotel to h looking for me and chanting, 'Hang D Jordan on a Sour Apple Tree.' There a good deal of unfavorable publicity the time, and I felt depressed that speech had been interfered with.

"TEN years after the affair in B more, I received a public letter the leader of the mob, Carter G. Osb Jr., who was man enough and courag enough to write me this letter:"

Dr. Jordan showed me a copy o letter, which read, in part:

"On the first Sunday in April, you were standing on the stage o Academy of Music in Baltimore, ma —before the Baltimore Open Forum protest against the impending pa pation of this country in the Eur War. You were interrupted and meeting was broken up by the sudden lent entrance of a mob which had through the cordon of police outsid theater. I was the leader of this which rendered your appeal unava

"This event took place nearly ten ago. I was at the time twenty year I have tried to recall what motivate action on this occasion. At twenty is mature and presumably motivat reason.

"Much has happened in thos years. I spent part of them overse saw something of the actuality o And now I find it impossible to reca definite thought which motivated leading that excited horde throug police and down the aisle of the Ac of Music.

"With the best possible will to struct the episode, I can recall no re conviction individually held by me. gin to see clearly that I was but reasoning part of a class, a city, a s nation.

"I acted after the fashion of an a The propaganda surrounding me or side had affected me precisely as th

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beating of a tribe in an African le affects the youths whom their 's and medicine men desire to stir to le.

I do not apologize to you, sir. No ogy is possible for such an act. I as- you only that experience and matu- have brought me to the poignant reali- on that on that Sunday evening so ago, you were motivated by the prin- s of civilization, while I was moti- d by the principles of barbarism."

came as poetic justice, therefore, of all the thousands of peace plans nitted anonymously to the judges in Raphael Herman prize contest, Dr. lan's should have been selected as the t workable, winning for him the award 25,000.

was a fitting climax for his "third

People may oppose a new idea until know something about it," said Dr. an. "That is natural, and it is prob- a good thing. Whenever any new has arisen, I have gathered all the mation possible and then made up nind in the light of facts known to me. ing taken my position I have kept to hether I was in the minority or the rity. The question, and the only tion to be answered, is this: Where right and truth lie?

All minorities, of course, are not But often right begins with the I have little use for those who take unpopular side merely for the pur- of being 'different.' Many worthy es are injured by people who attach iem for the sake of notoriety, vainly ining that it is intelligent to disagree the masses. The intelligent thing, ously, is to search for the truth, and you have convinced yourself that have found it, stick to it!"

OTHER phase of Dr. Jordan's ex- perience which he has not included which he recalls with many a quiet kle is his career as one of the pioneers e great American game of baseball. When the game of baseball first got r way in the country," he said, "we the blacksmith from our town over to alo to see how it went. He brought such glowing reports that we organ- the Gainesville Zouaves, with red s and white trousers, and challenged pmers.

was a Zouave and developed into a y hitter, once knocking three home in a row. I thought that offered a ising field of endeavor, until one day I crashed into the catcher when both of us were after a pop fly, and broke my nose.

"I never lost my love of baseball, however, and played with the Stanford faculty team until I was fifty-eight. Then I reluctantly gave up the game because my batting was slumping and my speed was slower."

A PICTURE I shall always carry in my mind of David Starr Jordan is this one: A venerable, white-haired man, seated in a great chair by a crackling fireside, fifty or sixty men and women, some students, others older, seated on the floor in semicircles about him, literally sitting at his feet, listening to the sage discuss "anything in the world but chamber music," as he has put it.

While he was president of Stanford University, Dr. Jordan's office was always open to any student or faculty member or other visitor who wanted to see him. For all his busy three lives, he was always ready to turn the searchlight of his mind on any problem one wished to raise. This privilege was much used by students, faculty, and friends. One question invariably led to another, and the discussion was seldom finished when some duty or appointment demanded Dr. Jordan's attention.

"Come over Thursday evening and we'll talk about it some more," he would say.

So many discussions ended that way that Thursday evening always found the Jordan house full of visitors. Dr. Jordan couldn't remember whom he had invited, so Thursday evening became a weekly open-house night. All friends were welcome. After they gathered about the fireside, someone would ask a question. The evening was started, with the world for their oyster.

"Do you still have those Thursday evenings at home?" I asked, as I recalled the picture of him seated before the fire.

"Yes, but we had to build a new house," he said. "The old house was all right in its day, but it was too big upstairs after the family left, and it was too small downstairs when our friends gathered on Thursday evening. We built a new house with a room so large that several scores of people could gather about the fire, but now that is crowded too and they have to sit on the floor to make space for everybody."

Just then the car came to take Dr. Jordan to an appointment.

"Come over Thursday evening," he said, "and we'll talk about things some more."

All Arted Uppe

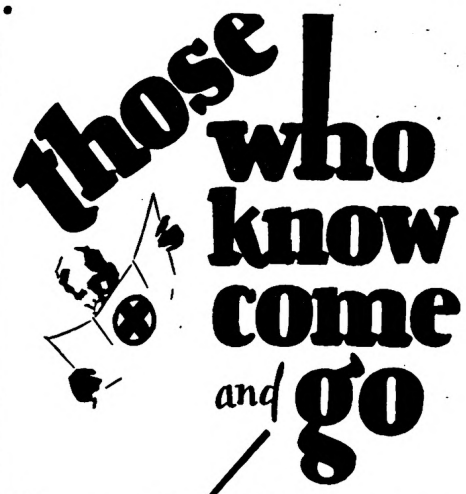
(*Continued from page 45*)

I ran across a sign attached to a pom and gift shop which read:

Ye Olde Griste Mille

e building sat beside the road under fine elm trees, in a fertile prairie ry. I halted Ye Antique Motor and began to investigate for some of a brook, creek, run, branch, or in the neighborhood. There wasn't and there never had been any. I was and brought up in Illinois myself, and I didn't remember having seen any water mills sitting out on the Illinois prairies when I was a kid. Ye typical Olde Village Mille in Illinois would have to be a steam mill.

The girls who ran this place weren't going to be discouraged by facts, however. They were art students at the Chicago Art Institute, in the country for the summer, and a mill appealed to them as picturesque and romantic, so they called it that. One of the antiques they had for



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sale was an ordinary old grindstone, worked by foot-power, such as sits around two thirds of the farmyards in America. I am very much interested in the antiquity that has suddenly been acquired in certain parts of the Middle West. In my youth we thought of ourselves and our country as being pretty new. French explorers had fussed around through there a couple of hundred years ago, but they hadn't left any interesting spinning wheels or wayside taverns behind them. These girls also had for sale Ye Olde Churne, which looked very much like the churn on which I had performed many an obbligato as a boy, when I had much rather have been fishing for bullheads. If this churn is an antique, so am I—and I bitterly deny it. Ye Olde Manne is no sign to hang on me.

Not far from this mill, located where no stream had ever been, I came upon:

YE OLDE BLUE COWE

And for a moment I was startled. My father used to own the only blue cow I ever knew, and in that same part of Illinois. She was of the Holstein family, and her blueness was amazing. I wondered, for a flurried instant, if she could be still alive and had taken to running a tea room in her old age. But I soon saw that the proprietress was a calfless spinster.

THE stuff they sell in all these arted uppe places puzzles me. As far as I can find out, it becomes artistic or antique at the decree of the proprietor.

I can imagine the proprietress of an Olde Gifte Shoppe, or Ye Olde Dutch Oven (which is located in New York State where it has a perfect right to be), or Ye Olde Sandwiche and Antique Shoppe, being puzzled herself, sometimes. She must often stand with an indeterminate piece of junk in her hands, debating within herself as to just what she can do with it.

Shall she give it a lick of orange and blue paint, and call it an *objet d'art?*

Or shall she have the Hired Man jump on it twice with his heavy plow shoes, rub some ashes into the fractures, and sell it for an antique?

Or can she subtly suggest somehow that it is both an antique (by virtue of its grimy dilapidation) and an object of art as well, because of its inherent beauty?

I have seen down South, where I lived a few years—and they probably exist in other parts of the country—a species of homemade hassock or foot rest, which made no particular pretensions to aristocracy in its youth, but which is enjoying a strange vogue now, in its maturer years.

The way you made it was this: You took five empty tomato cans and tied them tightly together. Then you covered this with a piece of carpet, or a rug, or some sort of heavy ornamented cloth, and sewed the decorative covering tightly and carefully so that no sign of the plebeian tomato cans showed through. A simple process, and a useful article.

Believe it or not, but these humble tomato-can hassocks are now being offered as antiques. Or, perhaps, as *objets d'art.* I couldn't make out which.

I came upon a place in Massachusetts one day which contained everything of every sort which I had ever seen before in a hundred other spots. It was a very large house for a country place in Massachusetts, separated from the highway by fifty yards of spacious lawn. And there were great oaks and big elms, there were arbors and flowering shrubs.

You might have thought it a safe place to stop, except for one thing that gave the tip-off that you were approaching a perfect gehenna of Art and Antiques.

This tip-off was in the nature of four enormous old-fashioned, pot-bellied rum bottles that stood upon the lawn.

They stood there shamefaced, in spite of their Falstaffian bulk. For they felt degraded. They knew that they were no longer really honest rum bottles. They would never again be genuine rum bottles. They were only objects of Art. They were only Antiques. The noble utility of their youth was gone forever; henceforth they were to be parlor ornaments, possibly in the house of some teetotaler. My heart bled for them, as I saw them standing there, as it might for some wild, savage chieftain condemned to the stiffness and formality of a footman's job.

I passed through the aura of gray melancholia diffused by these fallen kin and crossed a genuine colonial porch which sagged and dropped with its own sense of indignity, and entered a little hallway.

A foot within the door and I saw that I had entered a jungle in which spinning wheels predominated. I have no obsession against spinning wheels. Once they were useful; they still have their beauty. They connote, they remind, they evoke. I highly approve of their display, their barter, and their sale.

But a curse will surely fall upon the proprietress of this House of Horrors—*she had decorated several of these spinning wheels!*

You see into her mind a little, perhaps, do you not? The knowledge of spinning wheels are perfectly good and stuff was there. But this knowledge had been impinged upon and assaulted by a scrambled up with an entirely unrelated and different kind of thing—by the urge to art up and decorate indiscriminately. And the result was this heinous decoration of these spinning wheels. A person who would do that would paint a pansy on his godmother's glass eye!

BUT wait. The worst is yet to come. Through the hush of this strange hallway, mute in its shuddering pain, there approached me a deferential colored gentleman. He was all arted up in some way. He was supposed, I gather, to represent something colonial. I did not understand the time, and I do not understand anything more than that he was somehow designed to be included among the *objets d'art.* There let us leave him, as the saying is. He ushered me hesitantly into a big living-room, where I was given to understand I was to give my luncheon order and to wait until the viands were served.

The floor of this room had been painted a bright green. And painted on the walls were daisies!

Multitudes of daisies. A wilderness of daisies. The sweetly sentimental thought came to me that they were like stars in the firmament. They were there, and such a thought would come to one

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And around the walls were painted den weeping willows.

Now don't quit on me. I'm not making s up. I've strung a lot of yarns in my e; but I swear by the bright blade of calibur and the keyboard of a typeiter that always aims to please its blic that today, Judge, Yer Honor, I'm ling the solemn, s'help me. I really lked upon this nether firmament of oming daisies, within this grove of den willow trees! And in this room I v:

Glass elephants with goldfish swimng in them. This could scarcely be tiquity. So it must be Art.

Old maple kitchen chairs, somewhat ed over. As these cringed away from accusing glance, I saw that they had real notion as to whether they were ere because they were supposed to be tiques, or because they were Artistic. e guilty things were neither.

A pine-board table, in a similar state of ntal confusion, knowing nothing more out itself than that it was there because had been put there.

A melodeon. Genuine. A real antique.

Batiks. In profusion. A lot of this nfounded tie-dyed stuff. I don't know ether this kind of produce is supposed cling to Antiquity or cuddle up to Art, both; or what.

Artificial flowers made of shells. Not ticularly ugly. Not particularly anyng. This racket came from Japan, I e heard. But it has spread to every ce where they have shells, apparently. u can call it a shell game, if you are not erior to that sort of pun.

A good deal of this Polychrome Stuff. u know what I mean. They make igns on boxes with it, and the figures all lumpy. And the lumps and bumps painted or enameled or lacquered, and k out in violent colors like something ly pathological. There's shellac all r it. It's quite a noticeable thing in ny of the oldy shoppies, and it proby comes under the head of Art. There t anything else it could be.

A highboy. Genuine; a pretty nifty ique. A few rugs nobody could kick hooked, rag, and so on.

Candlesticks, brass, copper, glass, that ked as if they might really have been up in the neighborhood; copper cookutensils, also genuine stuff, apparently. l along with these, a Russian samovar, sibly thrown in just to make it hard. fake "pirate's chest"—whatever a pirate's chest may be or may have n.

Wood-box that looked like a useful e of old furniture and shouldn't have n painted; but had been. Bellows, fire s. A small crane set up, out of its real e, which should have been a kitchen place, with a kettle that belonged her to that crane nor to the fireplace as in.

N THE walls were half a dozen oil paintings which had been procured the evident motive of making one be- that they were portraits of former bitants of the house. Nobody could at this, of course. And nobody could a kick coming at any of it, if the had been frankly a salesroom, a shop re all sorts of old and new things were forth candidly for sale as what they were. But the patent intention had been to give the effect of restoring the room to what it had been in the colonial period.

We will rest a moment, now, breathe deeply, and try to put ourselves into harmony with the Cosmic All.

There were a good many rooms in that house, and I inflicted several of them upon myself; everywhere was this most amazing jumble of real antiques, false antiques, current junk, and misplaced swank.

ONE must say, in all fairness, that this house is not a typical layout, as far as New England is concerned. The natives discovered the value of their antiques many years ago, and they have plenty of them for sale, genuine and almost genuine; but they usually have too much intelligence, even when they run gifty shoppies in connection with their antique lairs, to mix up the old junk along with the current hooey.

As I left the place and went out to put a semblance of life into my Horseless Carriage, I passed again the doleful guard of green rum bottles, and I thought: Why is it that a country so determined upon keeping a prohibition amendment glued tight to its Constitution should have such an enthusiasm for Ye Olde Rumme Bottle?

For old bottles that once contained liquid iniquity seem to be on display everywhere. I suppose that the genuine ones are both antique and artistic. At any rate, they have been decreed to be artistic. But the places where you most emphatically cannot get a drink are just the places where they show you the finest tantalizing lovely green old bottles.

The art eruption of the last few years, as far as the East is concerned, seems to have left its most violent scars and wounds in such places as Provincetown, at the end of Cape Cod, and Nantucket Island, and Gloucester; it is now more noticeable to the contemplative traveler than the antique complaint, which it has followed without obliterating. I suppose, here in the East, the fact that so many of the temperamental residents of New York's Greenwich Village think they must go somewhere else in the summertime has had something to do with the country getting all arted up this way. They can't all of them make the grade to their own peculiar paradise—which is to sit in front of the Rotonde and the Dome in Paris and drink three-cent wine and stare at each other. And the general arting up they have done, with regard to cottages, tea rooms, gift shops, toys, boats, and everything that can take and retain a lick of bright paint, and the jargon and palaver that accompany all this, must have had its effect upon the natives. Twenty-five years ago the Portuguese sailors and Yankee mackerel-catchers around the Gloucester water front didn't know they were picturesque. But I'm afraid they do now; and the fishermen and gobs at Provincetown loaf along the narrow street with an evident consciousness that they are part of the scenery.

I sometimes suspect that I am about the only thoroughly bourgeois person left in America, except possibly Henry L. Mencken, who has the same gusto as I have for things that are essentially commonplace, such as dark beer, German pancakes, and the novels of Sinclair Lewis. Everyone else I meet has some pre-

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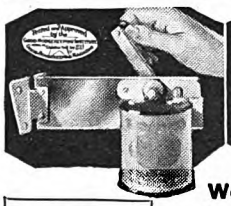

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tensions to being Artistic or Sophisticated or Advanced, or something. And I suffer in a world where some strange art expression may leap upon me from behind any wayside clump of trees, whiffling like a Jabberwock, to lacerate me with its clawed incomprehensibilities. I suppose, if I were not so commonplace myself, I would not be irritated by these thousands of other persons who are trying so desperately to get away from and deny their own commonplaceness. It jangles me because I feel it to be, in some sort, a criticism upon my own contented obliviousness of the higher æsthetic values in a kitchen table so painted that it sears the optic nerves, or a teacup from the dumping grounds that has been decreed an object of art just because it is cracked.

NOW and then, along with ye windmills, the weird dishes, the art jewelry made of sealing wax, the fake ship models, the tin cans, one runs upon a sign which shows a faint indication in the proprietor to kid the game himself—or, more usually, herself. Here is one from a New Jersey shop:

YE OLDE HOOPE SKIRTE

And the wire skeleton of one of those strange old garments, gilded, was hanging in front of ye shoppe. The Yellow Sunflower is near Schenectady, New York, although it ought to be in Kansas, I should think. Another bit of facetious honesty comes from Long Island:

YE OLDE JUNKE SHOPPE

And one honest citizen of Connecticut advertises that he is prepared to make duplicates and imitations of old furniture, in any pattern, out of new, sound wood.

If I see a wooden-legged man sitting in front of a country crossroads store these days, I drive hurriedly by before he has a chance to roll up his trouser to the knee and display it as an *objet d'art* or an authentic antique to me. For I am certain that it will have portraits of his ancestors, or a picture of a ship, or perhaps his age and pedigree, painted upon it; or else, in sprawling red letters:

YE OLDE PEGGE LEGGE

I tried to stage a revolt, which I hoped would spread throughout the country, in front of a Long Island windmill one day a couple of years ago. But I didn't get anywhere with it.

I had come through that strip in New England where so many pretty little villages, with a modest pride, paint signs on houses and churches and town halls, telling how old the buildings are, when the town was settled, and all that sort of thing—and always near these authentic old buildings there is an antique shop waiting in ambush to leap upon you.

When I start out through that beautiful, well-kept strip of country and read dates on buildings and in public squares, I always begin by thinking what a fine thing it is to label these houses, to foster and stimulate local pride, to minister in this fashion to a consciousness of living and continuing tradition. I begin by being pleased.

But after a couple of hours of these dates, I get fed up. Enough of these signs is enough. I begin to get irreverent. I know that they are authentic, because I have compared their dates with the date on the tombstones in nearby cemeteries—and I take it that very few families have ever been inclined to falsify with regard to the dates carved on tombstones, however much they may magnify the more fortunate traits of character possessed by the deceased. But I get after a while so don't care whether a house was built in 1637 or 1642.

As the miles of dates continue to glide before my eye, I pass from irreverence to irritation.

Well, the trip I am telling you about I had had some hours of this, and had got out of New England, and my rage had subsided, and I was on the south shore of Long Island about sunset, nursing the Horseless Carriage out towards Montauk Point.

When I suddenly realized that there was a village just ahead of me that I knew where they also had this unfortunate habit—although they stick pretty much in the early years of the eighteenth century. But everything about this town was dated; even the lanes and alleys had signs on their corners.

I became enraged again; causeless, I admit. I stopped Ye Wheeled Cockroach, and got from my suitcase one of sheets of cardboard the laundries put inside the shirts, and lettered a sign on it with a lead pencil, and hung it over the radiator cap of the car. I went on into the town, then, and stopped in front of a garage next to a windmill that had been all arted uppe into a Sandwiche and Coke Shoppe and ordered for the car a manner of mechanical ministration I could think of. I wanted the loafers about the garage, and the people in the Coke Shoppe, and as many of the village as might be, to have time to assimilate the sign, which read:

THIS HORSELESS CARRIAGE
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IN 1492

Quite a little group collected at once and read the sign, and stared at each other, and looked at the date on the windmill, and at the sign on the car again, then at a date across the street over the entrance of a lane, and then on my car, then at the sign on an old meeting house, and then at each other again. Then I would, I just simply could not get the conversation started. But as I got ready to drive away, I heard the mechanic who was still looking at my Horseless Carriage, say in a puzzled fashion:

"I always thought 1492 was when Christopher Columbus."

"It was," said an old gentleman who was leading a goat, nodding his head slow and solemn affirmation. "Christopher Columbus. That sign is a *lie!*"

"They didn't have cars then," contributed another bystander, quite anxiously. "They might have had them then," said the mechanic, considerably. Which disposed of me effectually.

Maybe I'm just an old crab, but personally, I've never seen much of the stuff I wanted to take home with me. It hurts my digestion. I'd rather look at tire and cigarette ads.

* * * * *

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Close Calls

(*Continued from page 39*)

cowboy," he said, "was wolf-wild and free as the wind, and generally he had the grim determination to see his friends through any scrapes they got into. Early in May, 1877, I found myself foot-loose near the Chisholm Trail, and picked up a job with a northbound herd. We headed up the Chisholm Trail at first, but after a while branched off in the direction of Dodge City, Kansas, taking that route because settlers were coming in, even then, and cutting up the old drive trail with plowshares and fences.

"We had a hard time on the trail with thirty-five hundred head of wild Texas steers, especially in the Indian Territory, where we encountered many swollen rivers and had to plunge into the water ourselves, in order to get the herd across. We arrived at Dodge City on July 3d. After sixty days with wild steers, wild Indians, and wild rivers, some of us were ready to unbend. So Wess Adams, my cowboy chum, and I drew our pay and quit the job, determined to celebrate the glorious Fourth in proper style in Dodge City.

"Wess and I chose the Lone Star dance hall for our operations, and soon were swinging our partners in free and easy style. Bat Masterson, the proprietor, was there in person, wearing an apron and helping to serve the drinks. Presently I noticed Wess, at the opposite side of the hall, making signs to attract my attention. As soon as I could, I went over.

"'Come on, Charlie,' he said, 'let's get our horses from the livery stable and tie them out in front.'

"'What's up?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I just want to show some of these buffalo hunters that they're not in the cowboy class.'

"IT APPEARED that a long-haired hunter had grabbed off the girl Wess favored, and the cowboy didn't like the transaction one bit. It wasn't my quarrel, of course, but he was my chum.

"When we came back from the livery stable, Wess's girl was sitting on the buffalo hunter's knee. I watched Wess go to the bar and order a big stein of beer. He poured out the liquor and I wondered what he had in mind, but kept my eyes peeled, knowing that trouble was bound to come soon.

"Wess walked up to the buffalo hunter and ran the fingers of one hand through his long hair. With the other hand, he brought the stein crashing down on the man's skull. The hunter was a big, powerful man, and would have made two of Wess, but his actions were somewhat hampered by having the girl on his knee. One of his men drew his hunting knife and planted it deep in Wess's back.

"After that, things popped for fair. Bat Masterson, knowing I was with Wess, picked up a handful of beer glasses and began hurling them at me. One cut a gash in my forehead, and the blood streamed down into one eye. With Wess at my elbow, guns in hand, we retreated to the door and ran to our horses.

"A town marshal tried to stop us as we rode off, but we flourished our guns and ran him up an alley, then galloped whooping and shooting out of town, and rode twenty miles to a cow camp. Wess lost a lot of blood on the way, but was all right again in two weeks; and the buffalo hunter slept off his headache in the course of time."

The wild, foolish, impulsive escapade of two boys full of hot blood and high spirits!

"I've often wondered," Mr. Siringo said, "what difference it might have made in my life if I had accidentally let a bullet slip into some man's heart that night and had had a price put on my head. Who knows!

"MY REASONED conclusion from a long experience with many kinds of men is, not to judge too harshly the chap who makes one slip, but to try to understand him. Take the cowboy: to be sure, he did lots of raw things. But he lived in the rawest surroundings, out on the edge of society; and, personally, I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that, behind the closed doors of polite society today, just about as many things are done on impulse, which are fully as bad, considered morally, as anything the cowboys pulled in their wild, free, open style.

"Take Billy the Kid. Billy is one of the legends of the West today. Indeed, he was a good deal of a legend even before he died, being considered by many the worst of the bad men. But some of us who knew Billy as a man, ate with him, practiced shooting with him, considered him what I still believe him to have been, a real prince of a human being, who got off on the wrong foot.

"It was late in 1878 that I finished a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-mile horseback ride from Dodge City to the LX Ranch headquarters, and saw a dozen or more men playing cards under the cottonwoods. I was told they were Billy the Kid and his gang of warriors from Lincoln County, New Mexico. When the cook banged his supper gong, they raced for the table with the rest of us, and I found myself seated next to Billy the Kid. His real name, by the way, was William H. Bonney, and he was born in New York City.

"I had just been to Chicago with a trainload of fat steers and had brought back a box of cigars as a treat for the bunch. I opened them after supper and passed them around. In Chicago, with a high-heeled cowboy's disregard for expense, I had also bought a meerschaum cigar holder for ten dollars. Billy wanted to try it, and liked it so well that he asked me to make him a present of it; which I did. In return, he gave me a finely bound novel that he had just finished reading, autographing it for me, with the date of presentation.

"In the next few weeks he and I became quite chummy. As I was something of a shot, we used to practice with our six-guns, shooting at a mark. The universal practice of wearing guns, of course, was what really made the bad men of the West seem so bad. They always had the tool

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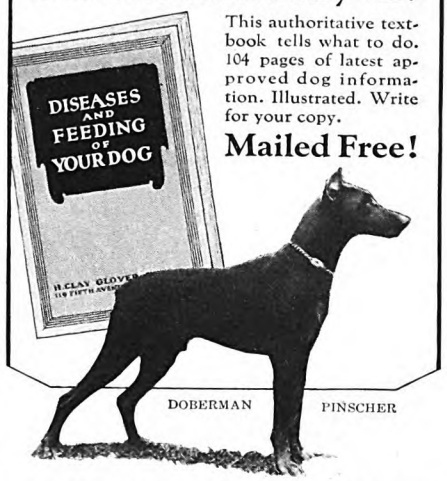

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"'Charlie, when I count three, let's shoot and see who hits it.'

"We'd both draw and fire at the same instant. I don't mind saying that I could shoot as straight as Billy; but he could plant two bullets in the mark to my one.

"Offhand shooting of this sort, when done skillfully, was a knack that a man acquired only by practice and the wish to do it well; just as the cowboy learned by practice to throw a rope and catch a steer where and when he wanted it. With thumb on the hammer, the very momentum of the gun on its downward arc helped in cocking it, and the bullet sped on its way in a marvelously short space of time, with high accuracy at short range.

"At close range, some killers fired from the hip on the upward arc, with a view of hitting the opponent at the waistline.

"I have known a few men who could shoot two pistols at the same time, with accuracy. Billy the Kid, however, was not a two-gun man; John Wesley Hardin was.

"A blacksmith's son in Jackson County, Texas, used to be able to fire two powder-and-ball Colt's pistols, one after the other, and do great execution. He once won a bet of two hundred and fifty dollars that he could kill six quails out of a flock sitting on the ground, before they could get away.

"BILLY the Kid, though not a two-gun man, had fatal skill with one gun. As far as I know, he never killed wantonly, but shot only men who he thought needed shooting. Most of his killings, which numbered twenty-one in all, took place in the so-called Lincoln County War inaugurated by him to avenge the slaying of his friend and employer, an Englishman named Tunstall. But at last friendly, lovable, magnetic, misguided Billy the Kid stepped one night into a betraying patch of moonlight, and Sheriff Pat Garett's bullet ended his career. Billy was four years younger than I; yet it is more than forty-seven years, now, since they laid him away at Fort Sumner by the side of his chum, Tom O'Phalliard, who also died from a bullet wound. The killer's life, if a wild one, was usually short."

Speaking of another wholly different type of bad man, Jim Miller, Mr. Siringo revealed an unrecorded bit of Western history, and incidentally shed light on the typical fate of one man who chose the vicious way to wealth. Sheriff Pat Garett himself was assassinated, several years after writing the final chapter in the career of Billy the Kid. Garett was Siringo's friend, and, he says, one of the most fearless law officers of that time and region.

Wayne Brazil, a goat man, had leased a ranch from Garett, and was accused of his assassination. Brazil pleaded guilty, but claimed self-defense as his motive and was acquitted. It was Charlie Siringo, in his capacity of detective, rather than of cowboy, many years later, after all those immediately concerned in the deal were dead, dug up the true facts, which led to Miller.

"JIM MILLER," Mr. Siringo said, "was one of the few genuinely cold-blooded killers I knew. He could be, and was, hired to do murder; that was his profession.

"It was Jim Miller, hidden in a clump of willows by the roadside, who fired the shot that killed Pat Garett. The man who hired him to do it, a banker with a grudge of many years' standing, had been riding in the buggy with Garett just a few minutes previously. Wayne Brazil was an entirely unexpected factor in the party. He rode alongside on horseback at the critical moment, and began arguing with Garett about the terms of his lease. Garett and the banker got out of the buggy and stood in the road to stretch their legs. It was then that Miller, from his place of concealment, shot Garett through the back with a rifle. The wound was mortal; but before he died the courageous sheriff tried to reach his gun with the evident intention of shooting Brazil, who, no doubt, he thought was to blame. Brazil pulled his own gun first, however and shot Garett through the head.

"No doubt Wayne Brazil was paid handsomely to accept the responsibility for this crime, though there is no direct evidence to prove it. At any rate, the fact that there was a rifle bullet as well as a revolver bullet in Garett's body was not brought out and questioned at the trial and I was not even aware of it, myself until years later. Hence, at the time, no body had any reason to suspect Jim Miller.

"As it happened, however, fate took a queer and quick revenge on Miller, the real killer. Ten thousand dollars was deposited to his credit in the bank, as the price of this killing. Before he had a chance to touch a penny of it, however, he was called away to Ada, Oklahoma, to kill the marshal, Bob Gossett.

"He shot from ambush. Gossett fell on his back, his hat sliding down in such a way that it shaded and hid his eyes. Though his wound was mortal, Gossett did not die immediately, and retained consciousness. So it happened that when Miller rode out of the woods to take a look at him, the fallen marshal recognized him.

"For a moment, Miller appeared undecided. Without guessing, of course, that the marshal was observing him all the while, Miller drew his gun, apparently with the intention of firing a second shot, but decided against it, believing the marshal was thoroughly dead.

"After Miller rode away, Gossett managed to drag himself some distance to a cabin of friends. Before he died, he was able to tell what had occurred. A posse was formed. Jim Miller was tracked down, taken, and was hanged with little formality from a beam in a barn, together with the three men who, he confessed, had hired him to commit the murder."

Even in the gun-toting West, the bad men, Mr. Siringo pointed out, the real bad men were merely highlights. They were dangerous, except on rare occasions.

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"A man who attended to business and kept a good hold on himself," he said, "had nothing much to fear from them. It was only once in a long, long time that a real dead-in-earnest human 'critter' undertook the job of salivating you. If I tried to pick and choose the closest among the many narrow escapes from death that I personally had, only a few would be cases where my life was threatened by other men; the majority would be accidents and freaks of nature.

"Once, for example, I was out hunting a buffalo steak for supper. I sighted a herd, and stalked it down a dry wash. From cover along the bank, I shot a bull which was standing not far from me and a little apart from the rest of the herd. The wounded bull, infuriated, charged directly toward me, leaped into the wash, and tumbled down dead a few feet away.

"Evidently he was the leader of the herd. At any rate, the rest all stampeded in the same direction, leaping right over me in my hiding place. I hugged the bank for dear life, and for several minutes all I could see was flying hoofs and the bellies of buffalo. Had the bank suddenly caved in, or had one of the beasts missed his footing and fallen on top of me, that would have been the end of Charlie Siringo!

"Or take another time, when I was caught in front of a prairie fire, with a high wind blowing. That was about as narrow a squeak as any, I expect. Wolves and wild cattle were running with me, doing their best to escape being burned to death. My horse was so tired at the last that I could scarcely spur him to a gallop. The flames weren't more than a hundred yards behind when, by pure luck, I ran into a weedy wallow covering maybe half an acre of ground and full of water. The wet reeds wouldn't burn, of course. So I sat still in the saddle, and in a minute or two, the fire had roared by and was *ahead* of me.

"OF THE men I knew," Mr. Siringo went on, "there was one whom I always considered about the ablest manager and best cowman of the whole West; and yet he made a terrible mess of his life, simply because of his inability to control his impulses. When he saw red, he killed. The man's name was William C. Moore, made an outlaw by his own hasty acts, but a born leader.

"Outlaw Bill Moore's first bad fall from grace occurred in California, where he shot and killed his brother-in-law. He fled to Wyoming, where he became the manager of one of the biggest cattle companies in the West; but one day in a mad fit he killed his negro coachman and had to fight out again. He reached the LX Ranch one day on a worn-out pony, practically broke, and went to work for a cowboy's wages. Inside of a year he was manager of the ranch, and in a few years more he sold the interests which he had managed to accumulate on his own account, for the sum of seventy thousand dollars. With this money he bought himself a ranch in western New Mexico. There again, however, his lack of control got the better of him, and he killed two men. A big price was put on his head and he had to pull out, a jump or two ahead of the law. The last time I saw Bill Moore he was a broken, unhappy old fellow living under an assumed name a long, long ways from the cattle country where his best work was done.

"I REMEMBER an exciting experience in the Coeur d'Alene country in 1892, during the strife between the miners' union and the owners. In the end, they discovered that I was a detective. It was then that I was threatened with burning at the stake, and narrowly escaped.

"During the troubles that followed, which were long drawn out and became so serious that finally United States troops had to be brought in to restore order, I was compelled, in order to save my life, to take to the hills, and at one time had for companion in escape a young man named Frank Stark. We were skirting a mountain one night, and upon reaching a certain footpath which we had to cross or else go a long ways around, we found it guarded by three men with rifles. I told Stark it would be better to have a quick fight with them than to make the long climb up the steep mountain.

"I tried a trick. We two were well hidden. So, in a loud voice, I said:

"'You shoot the one on the right; I'll kill the fellow on the left.'

"I thought the remark might have some effect; and it certainly did! All three jumped as if really shot and started running down the canyon for dear life. They dropped their rifles and even tripped and turned somersaults, in their eagerness to get away. And Stark and I went on unmolested.

"The only kind of hasty impulse that it pays to heed is *the impulse you know is right.* When you're sure, go ahead and forget every doubt. If, for instance, when I had tough jobs of work to do on the range, or in trailing criminals, I had ever stopped to figure on the possible *dangers* to be met, instead of thinking of doing the job the best way, I never would have amounted to a row of rowels on a Mexican spur."

So that, in brief, is the story of Charlie Siringo, around whose person clings so much that is a vivid reminder of the old West. Wild, free, and untamed were the men of that world he knew so well—but, by and large, they were sound to the core.

With the memory of long days and nights under lonely skies still shining vividly in his eyes, Mr. Siringo says calmly that when the time comes for him to cross the Great Divide, there are four verses that he hopes will be inscribed on his tombstone. Of the four, this is the last:

Let cattle rub my headstone round,
And coyotes wail their kin,
Let hosses come and paw the mound,
But don't you fence it in.

GYPSIES! In that word lies the romance of the open road. There is a fascination about these swarthy, light-hearted people who have no words for possession and *duty* in their language, but who are faithful to their own gypsy law, customs, and tradition. Next month, Konrad Bercovici, who himself is of gypsy blood, gives the history of these strange nomads, who have been wandering the wide world over for two thousand five hundred years.

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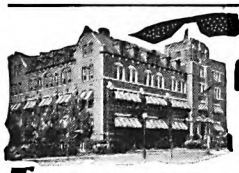

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Making Friends With Luck

(*Continued from page 31*)

it for the last time. What should I do with it? I decided to try my luck once more. I dragged the trunk through the aisle to the smoking car. Everyone laughed as I bumped it through the door.

"Again the familiar greeting: 'Hello, boy, what ye got there?'

"'Trunk,' I answered.

"He smiled as he asked: 'How many?'

"'One.'

"'Chuck it off the train.'

"I dragged it to the platform and tumbled it to the right of way, and Nicodemus settled with me. I was out of the news-agent business for good."

EDISON'S brain, as a boy, just as in later life, was never asleep at the switch. He knew that fortuitous fortune such as this came seldom in a lifetime. Opportunity, fate, luck—call it what you will—had played right into his hands, and he realized that it was up to him to seize it and turn it to his advantage.

Having closed out his stock, he used the astonishingly acquired money to take up telegraphy and begin the serious study of electrical science, on which his mind was already set. Soon the world was his eager customer and his Nicodemus a grateful humanity. He was himself to become a creator of astonishment.

After Edison had been "jerking lightning" for some years and was getting on familiar terms with it, fate again took a hand in his affairs.

He had invented an instrument for recording sales on the Stock Exchange and reporting them instantly in many places. It was the stock ticker—now in every bank and every broker's office.

This is Mr. Edison's story of what followed, as he told it in the room upstairs after dinner:

"The Western Union Telegraph Company saw at once the value of this invention. Their manager asked me to name a price for it. I told him that I would go home and think it over and see him in a few days. I talked with my wife about it.

"She said: 'Tell him twenty thousand dollars.'

"'Twenty thousand dollars!' I exclaimed. 'I don't want to scare him to death.'

"'Say it softly and if he starts to run you can stop him,' she answered. 'Then you can say: "Joking aside, Mr. Eckert, what do you think it's worth?"'

"When I went to bed that night I lay a long time thinking of the matter. Twenty thousand dollars! It would pay my debts and build and equip a little laboratory. It would make me the happiest man in the world.

"The next day I went to the manager's office.

"'Well, Edison, have you decided on the price for that invention?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'What is it?'

"I tried to say twenty thousand dollars but couldn't. The words stuck in my throat. I simply hadn't the nerve. That momentary hesitation was a lucky thing for me.

"'How about a hundred thousand dollars?' broke in the manager, while I was trying to brace myself to make a new start for the hurdle.

"As soon as I could recover from my astonishment I realized that if I got this sum all at once I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'd probably give up work and tackle the everlasting job of spending that mountain of money. I knew the life of a patent was seventeen years.

"'If you'll pay it in seventeen annual installments instead of all at once I'll accept it,' I said."

In the wise disposition of the unexpected fortune that fell into his lap Edison put himself on the road to great accomplishment; for, financially independent, he could devote himself solely to experimentation.

However, you will see from these two incidents that it takes more than the combination of the time, the place, the opportunity, and the man to turn the tide of fortune into a channel of success. It takes the intelligent recognition of what life is handing you and a mind prepared to meet the emergency.

NOW let us turn to another great man who knew how to join in the game of life when the gods of chance took a hand.

I was coming down the St. John River on the Gaspé Peninsula, one warm, sunny July day with A. Barton Hepburn, perhaps the most distinguished public banker America has known. At noon we landed on a pebbly point and sat down to eat our luncheon. Thrushes were singing in the green, wooded terraces above us. As we ate, Mr. Hepburn told me briefly of several lucky breaks in his remarkable career which he had turned to his advantage.

"As you know, I was born near the edge of the great woods," he began. "I had reached the age of sixteen when I knew more than I have ever known since. I intended to be a hunter and trapper. I had a rifle and had bought fifteen traps. I was going out into the deep woods for the winter. I hid my traps in the woodshed. My sister Cordelia discovered them.

"'What does this mean?' she asked.

"I told her of my intention.

"'You will do nothing of the kind,' firmly declared. 'I'm going down to the village to get you a job. You're going to be a man—not a hunter.'

"She induced the villager who ran a hardware store to take me as a clerk. I made little money but many friends. Soon I discovered that I had much to learn and decided that I would tackle the job of learning it at the Academy at Potsdam.

"A year passed. To my surprise I found that there were a lot of things I didn't know even then. I taught district school, saved my money, and finally landed in Middlebury College.

"Later I was sent to Albany as a member of the lower house from our district

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had been nominated and elected in opposition to the will of the local bosses. I was a rather lonely figure.

"One day I was sitting at my desk when a hand touched my shoulder. Turning, I saw the giant form of John F. Smythe, the great boss of Albany, standing behind me.

"'Is your name Hepburn?' he asked.

"'It is,' I answered.

"'Will you come to my apartment this evening? I want to talk with you.'

"I went.

"'There are two reasons why I have asked you to come here,' he began. 'First, I like to help a deserving young fellow. Next, I was befriended in my youth by a man by the name of Hepburn. I have never forgotten it. What do you want here?'

"I mentioned some chairmanships and a place on the Ways and Means Committee.

"'Have you seen the Speaker?' he asked.

"'Not yet.'

"'You owe it to your constituents to go to him at once and make your wishes known. You must see him tomorrow.'

"I chose my words rather carefully for that interview with the Speaker. I presented my wishes in a way that pleased him. I got all I asked for and friendly expressions of good will.

"But the big tide in my affairs came on the floor of the house. I became a student of all proposed legislation. When a bill came up I knew its history. I studied its bearings. I became an authority on the work of the house.

"Governor Tilden had caused a bill to be introduced calling for a secret investigation, without counsel. I opposed the bill because of its proposed secrecy, without benefit of counsel, as a star chamber proceeding. I found myself lined up with the most questionable characters in the legislature. The press of New York denounced me. I felt like one standing on the brink of ruin. Still I did not waver. I knew that I was right.

"Suddenly Tilden sent for me. I was relieved when I heard him say: 'Hepburn, you are right. Public opinion has changed. Today it is with you.'

"Through the influence of this man—opposed to me in politics—I became chairman of a special committee for the investigation of the railroads."

THAT investigation made history, and Hepburn turned into the straight road to bigger things. On it were the stations of National Bank Examiner, Comptroller of the Currency, President of The Third National Bank of New York, Vice President of The National City Bank, President of The Chase National Bank, Chairman of its Board, and international authority on currency and banking.

In his early career the thing called Good Luck began to follow Mr. Hepburn. And being a young man of brains, he found a way to command it. Good Luck, I have found, is a wise chooser of its companions. It is always on the lookout for a fellow who has a conscience, and sense enough to obey it. That, however, does not wholly satisfy the fickle goddess. The young man must be eager to find his place and generous in doing the work it demands. Hepburn saw that the one great need of the legislature was a man thoroughly informed as to the work ahead of it. He decided to be that. His days and evenings were filled with study. Then, knowing that he was right, he had the courage to follow his conscience against the clamor of the ill-informed.

Even then he could not have won his way without another talent which the goddess of Fortune is sure to demand of her favorites. Good Luck has little to do with a lonely man. He must have friends. Hepburn had a genius for friendship. It is probable that some one of his friends had written to the great boss about him.

Looking backward on my own life I find that I had a number of opportunities to link up with luck. Some came to me, others I went out and seized.

When I had reached the age of thirteen it was the conclusion of the wise folk of our neighborhood that I had not long to live. They did not tell me that, but I sensed it. I had a large frame and small lung capacity. Tuberculosis was the doom appointed for me. The space from my spinal column to the front of my chest was noticeably narrow.

NOW, it happened that a man came to our village who had been a famous public reader. He had a tall, impressive figure, with a musical voice and an art in using it which had won great rewards of fame and fortune.

I went to him one evening to rehearse a declamation that he had kindly promised to hear. No hour of my life has been so fruitful. He gave me a sheet of paper containing these directions:

For five minutes, every day, slowly fill the lungs and empty them. At the end of each inhalation tap the chest with the tips of the fingers for a few seconds before exhaling.

For five minutes, inhale and exhale to the limit of your lungs' capacity at the rate of about ten times a minute.

For three minutes, fill and empty your lungs as rapidly as possible.

I began to do as he bade me. It was strenuous exercise and very tiresome but I stuck to it. Every day for seven years I turned to this task as unfailingly as the Mohammedan turns to Mecca. How simple it was, yet what a change it wrought in me! I came out of the road that leads to early death. My chest expanded. My weight and strength increased. No burden appalled me. I could and did travel for hours on mountain trails with from fifty to seventy pounds on my back. In time I achieved the chest measurement of the greatest athlete of my generation—John L. Sullivan.

Thus I met and capitalized my initial turn of fortune.

When Henry Irving first came to America I was on the city staff of a daily newspaper in Brooklyn—doing the kind of work for which I had never thought that I had any special aptitude. I was never a good mixer, and a reporter must be that.

I wrote a little sketch of the great English actor. After that I met him and certain of his associates at the Brevoort House, the Star Theatre, and in the home of John Ford. Among those who had come from England with Mr. Irving was the well-known novelist, Mr. Joseph Hatton. He had brought with him the

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manuscript of a new novel just finished. He asked me to try to sell the American serial rights of this novel. I took it to Mr. Robert Bonner, of the "Ledger." If he accepted it I was to get a commission of five hundred dollars—a lot of money those days.

It was a rather important five minutes in my history that I spent in getting his answer. There was a long panel of ground glass in the partition that ran from the counter back of Mr. Bonner's office. That counter was one of the great sources of cheerfulness and despair for the poets and romancers of the old time.

That little waiting-room was the resort of hunger, hope, and palpitation. A caller sent in his name and waited for Mr. Bonner to come out. He had not long to wait.

The celebrated humorist James L. Ford used to say that he would watch the ground-glass panel for the shadow of the approaching editor and that he could tell by the look of the shadow whether he was to get cash or the dreaded manuscript. If the shadow expressed animation, it was cash. What would it say to me?

Anxiously I watched for it. I saw it coming. Then the genial face of Mr. Bonner at the counter!

He had decided to take the novel and would pay three thousand five hundred dollars for it.

With my commission of five hundred dollars as a backing, I gave up my work in Brooklyn, hired a small office in New York, and set out to assemble and serve the first American newspaper syndicate with a long series of vivid interview sketches written by Joseph Hatton. Their subjects were Gladstone, Ruskin, Irving, Abbey, Miss Braddon, Thomas Hardy, William Black, and other distinguished Britishers. My contracts at once began to pay me a comfortable income.

SUDDENLY a master craftsman captured the imagination of the world. Arthur Conan Doyle had created the fascinating character of Sherlock Holmes. His name was on every tongue. The leading members of my syndicate urged me to go to London and arrange, if possible, for some short stories by him. I went armed with letters of introduction.

I met the stalwart young physician.

He said: "I am glad to see you but I cannot write for you. Come to luncheon with me and I will tell you why."

We agreed upon a date for the luncheon at the Reform Club. We chose our food from the loaded tables and sat down to eat.

"Everything I write has its appointed destination," he said. "Sir George Newnes takes my output and prints it in 'The Strand Magazine' and is always eager for copy."

"May I ask you the rate you are paid?" was my query.

"Fifteen guineas a thousand words."

"I will double the amount and take all you write in the next two years," I proposed.

Within a week I made a contract with him on those terms. It marked the beginning of high prices for serial rights. More adequate payment to the man of genius for his product was thereafter assured. The news spread through the publishing offices of London. There was then only one great clearing house for fiction in Great Britain. It was that of A. P. Watt. I secured the first call on his best offerings. Among them was the work of Rudyard Kipling, Stanley Weyman, and W. W. Jacobs. It was a fortunate capture. The adventures of the Brigadier Gerard, most of the Jungle Tales, and all the Many Cargoes first appeared exclusively in my syndicate.

If there is any lesson to be learned from my humble history it is that luck prefers to run with the man who sees his way clearly and is prepared to act quickly when approaching decisive moments. Luck is no laggard nor waster of time.

PERHAPS New York has never known a greater constructive genius than Dean Alvord. It was he who years ago built the beautiful suburb known as Prospect Park South, Brooklyn. I always had a keen admiration for his business ability and sagacity, but after his purchase of the Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, I understood why he had so many lucky breaks. He knew that luck had to be intelligently pursued.

For many years the Shinnecock Hills had been in the possession of an English syndicate. They were, it was supposed, out of the market. Just by chance, one day, Alvord met a man who had lately arrived on a steamer from England. The man told of a fellow passenger who had said in his presence that he was coming over to sell the Shinnecock Hills. He and his friends had grown weary of the investment, for it paid no income. They were ready to take what they could get and unload.

"What was the gentleman's name?" Alvord asked eagerly.

"I did not learn his name," the other answered.

"You give me a difficult problem," said Alvord. "How am I to find a nameless Englishman in this great city?"

"I can give you a clue. He was often playing on the deck with a New York lawyer by the name of Brown. I do not know his first name."

Alvord went to work on the problem of finding Lawyer Brown—not an easy matter in New York. After many failures he was found in a law office downtown.

Yes, he remembered the Englishman with whom he had played on the steamer. His name was Mallinson. He did not know what had become of him.

Now the problem was to find Mr. Mallinson. Alvord judged that he would go to some hotel with an English name like the Prince George, the Marlborough or the Brunswick. He made a list of such houses of entertainment, but got no trace of him. His name had not been on the lists of the "Daily Hotel Reporter." He must have gone to some one of the lesser hotels, whose arrivals were not reported, of which there were many. In the list of The Wellington—a little inn on Seventh Avenue—named for the famous Duke. There he found his man.

He made a deal with him for more than three thousand acres, which gave the English stockholders a larger sum than they expected in cash. It was one of the best speculations he ever made.

One of the most dramatic lucky breaks of which I know was connected with the tragic death of General Grant on Mount

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McGregor. I heard the story some years ago told by its hero at The Aldine Club—the setting of many like recitals in the old time. The name of the man who told it has slipped from me, but who that has heard it can ever forget the story? This is my recollection of the incident:

He was a young man sent by a New York evening newspaper to the big camp of reporters which surrounded the cottage on Mount McGregor where the great hero of the Civil War lay dying. His was a trying assignment. Like many of the kind, it was a chance for distinction or extinction. There is much peril in an assignment of that character.

The climax might arrive at any moment of the day or night, with the news of it filling the wires while most of the reporters were ignorant of the fact that they were beaten and disgraced. A thousand newspapers in leading cities had their forms ready to go on the press the moment the news flashed into their offices. Within five minutes their papers would be rushed to the streets.

This young man had his spurs to win. He was up against a keen-minded, alert, eager lot of newspaper veterans.

The old General in his fight with death was surrounded by his family and intimate friends. The reporters were never admitted to the cottage. Every day some person of the household met them at an appointed place and gave them the news.

One day, while a member of the General's family was out for a walk—it was General James Grant Wilson, if I remember rightly—our young man met him and had a fortunate moment in his company. The reporter told of the great fear in his heart that the end would come and the news of it go out while he was ignorant of the truth. There was, no doubt, a convincing look on his face when he said:

"It would disgrace me and I would lose my job."

"I sympathize with you. It's a hard game," said the man.

"The worry of it is enough to kill a horse," the boy answered.

The man turned and looked at him. Then he said:

"Don't worry, boy. I'll do what I can for you. The moment the General dies I'll come out of the front door, walk to the railing, and raise my handkerchief to my mouth."

"MY NERVE tension was relieved," said the story teller. "Either I or my helper kept our eyes on the front door after that. I sent a messenger to the office warning the city editor that when a certain commonplace phrase arrived on the wire he would know that General Grant had passed away.

"We waited a week or so. One day the historic moment arrived. We saw our friend come out of the front door, walk to the railing, and raise his handkerchief to his lips. I knew what it meant.

"I put that little phrase on the wire while a messenger was calling the boys to the cottage door, and got a jump of several minutes on the whole crowd. While the others were running to the wires my story was being sold and read on the streets of New York."

Every human being has a number of lucky breaks scattered through his life. Some people never recognize them. Others recognize them vaguely, but never fully take advantage of them. The really lucky man is he who knows good fortune when he sees it and then pushes it to the limit.

Taking My Own Medicine

(*Continued from page 40*)

in seeing just how well I could do it.

Living, as I said before, in a sawmill town, we burned pine wood in the kitchen stove. Huge loads of it were dumped into our back yard. When split, it had to be piled in little open square towers, so that it would dry out. If all these pine towers I piled in my childhood could be set up, one upon another, they would be taller than the Woolworth Building.

THAT, I suppose, was work. But I loved it, because I took pride and interest in doing it perfectly.

Incidentally, I loved it for two other reasons: It was outdoor work. And I liked horizons and skies better than walls and ceilings! Moreover, it was the sort of thing that boys did; and, curiously enough, the shy little girl that was myself yearned passionately to be a boy.

The whole range of being and of doing was open to boys. To be natural and free, like a boy, was a glamorous dream, a dream which never can be realized by a girl or by a woman. That is a note of real tragedy in a woman's story. We don't say much about it; but it is always there.

In these childhood tasks, such as piling wood, I began to learn the joy of craftsmanship, the satisfaction of trying to do a good job no matter what the job may be.

Not that one always succeeds! That isn't the point. But even the *trying* makes work intensely and unfailingly interesting.

As far back as I can remember, I planned to be a writer. As usual, however, I kept my plan to myself. I was afraid people might laugh at me. I couldn't bear that they should know about my dreams and watch me blunder, through failures, toward the thing I dreamed of.

Longing and planning to write, I nevertheless wrote very little. Scarcely at all, outside my school "compositions." But I begged and borrowed every book I could get hold of. Before I was sixteen, I had gone through more books than some people read in the course of a lifetime. Worth-while books, too; and I didn't skip one single word in them.

When I was just past sixteen I was graduated from high school. Meanwhile, scanty as our income was, I had been given both music and drawing lessons. They hadn't amounted to much; but the drawing lessons had at least one result:

From my father I had inherited a love of mechanics. He had very clever hands; and, like him, I enjoyed using tools and instruments, especially delicate ones. So when it came to drawing I could at least handle pen, pencil, and crayon deftly.

Well, I wanted to earn money. It

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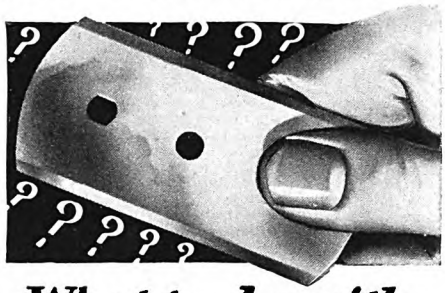

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seemed impossible for me to do this by writing. I was conscious of the fact that I didn't know *how* to write. Therefore, something else must be tried, until I could develop writing ability—if I really possessed it.

In the building where my drawing teacher had his very humble studio there was a photograph gallery. Occasionally the photographer allowed the drawing pupils to practice retouching of negatives; and because I liked to do things with my hands, this was easy for me.

The year I left school I got a job as retoucher in another gallery. All day I used to sit with my head under a great pasteboard hood, working on the glass negatives.

Of course, that wasn't all I did. There was tennis sometimes. I went to the extravagance of having a riding habit made and of occasionally hiring a horse at the livery stable. I liked to drive, to ride, to row a boat. I wanted to dance, to go to Europe, to paint pictures, to play the violin, to buy and sell real estate!

In short, I had an insatiable curiosity about every human experience. I wanted to do *everything*—even the things I didn't like to do—because I wanted to understand them. For instance, I went to parties, even though "society" bored me. Anyway, because of that stupid "vanity complex" of mine, I wouldn't stay out, for fear folks would think I couldn't get in!

Half the people at any social function are there for that same reason. It took me a long time to learn to live my life according to my own tastes, not in the fear of what other people might say.

There was another thing I did! I sang in the choir. We had an exceptional leader and teacher who had studied abroad.

All these things count. My drawing teacher had come from Germany; and he opened to me a window through which I saw the world of painting and sculpture. My singing teacher opened another window; this time into the world of music. At those terrible "parties" I did at least learn something of the social world. Through a little tennis and riding and rowing on the river, I became interested in sports. My father and my mother were deeply religious; and thus I unconsciously learned that the spiritual background of life cannot be denied or escaped.

Perhaps it sounds absurd; but all this was part of my plan of learning to write. I wanted to see many aspects of life; to understand all kinds of things. I was trying to turn every available experience into grist for my particular mill.

BUT I didn't use the grist that came to me! I mean, that I didn't write things and send them to editors. Why? Because I was pretty sure they would be returned. People—my family, at least—would know this. And my miserable sensitiveness couldn't face that situation.

Anyway, I wanted to get the experience and discipline of a regular writing job. So I saved a little money; and then, under the pretext of visiting a friend, I went to Chicago and asked for a trial as reporter on a newspaper. I was hired at six dollars a week! During the next few months, the six-dollar stipend was doubled. Salaries then were not half what they are now; but, even so, my pay was certainly nothing to boast of.

However, I didn't care about that. I was "learning my trade." I was acquiring the thing I most wanted—craftsmanship: the ability to handle "the tools of my trade" with greater skill and confidence.

Going to Chicago had been the climbing of one "porch railing;" and before many months, having determined to risk climbing another, I came to New York.

With a definite plan to see and to know as much of life as possible, I naturally had wanted to travel. Already I had been to California. I had earned the money for it and had supported myself for several months in Los Angeles, by retouching. But before I came to New York I never had been farther east than Cincinnati.

For this adventure in a strange city, where I hadn't a single acquaintance, I made only one preparation: I obtained copies of the various New York newspapers, studied them carefully, and decided on my goal.

This was in the days when the morning edition of the "Sun," later merged with the "Herald" and the "Tribune," was considered the best-written newspaper in the country. I didn't know this. But after reading the sample papers I had bought, I did know that the goal I meant to strive for was a place on the "Sun" staff.

ARRIVED in New York, I took a hall bedroom in a boarding house, unpacked my limited possessions, and went straight to the "Sun" office.

The managing editor was Chester S. Lord, a great journalist and, as many another ambitious youngster had found out, an invaluable friend and helper.

Not that he instantly gave me a job! On the contrary, he tried gently but firmly to get rid of me. There used to be a chair by his desk, and I think the casters of that chair were the best oiled in the world. That was his little scheme for hastening the departure of troublesome callers.

Sitting in that chair, one's slightest motion would cause it to glide irresistibly away from Mr. Lord's desk. The result was an almost equally irresistible impulse in the mind of the visitor, to remove himself still farther; and before the average person could check this impulse he would be on his way to the door.

Sitting there myself, I was as frightened as if I had been facing an assassin instead of the kindliest of human beings. The chair moved, but, with a sort of desperate courage, I *wouldn't* move.

"My dear young lady," Mr. Lord finally exclaimed, "I have more reporters on the staff now than I really need."

"Are they *all* so good that they couldn't be improved upon?" I demanded.

"Well—no," he admitted.

"Why not take a chance, then, on getting a better one?" I asked. "And give me the chance," I added, "to show whether I can meet that test or not."

I had no idea whether I could make good on that challenge, but I was determined to find out. Probably I looked as I would stay there indefinitely. At any rate, Mr. Lord at last took my name and address and said he would let me know "if anything turned up."

Inexperienced as I was, I realized that this was only a slender reed of hope to rely on. About as slender as my purse was. I had enough money to pay my board and carfare for only a few weeks. I could

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afford to wait idly for a possible chance on the "Sun." So I began the rounds of the other newspaper offices.

I managed to get one assignment from the editor of a women's page. It paid me, at space rates, less than three dollars. But the next week the same editor gave me other small assignments. Still, I wasn't sure of enough to pay my few absolutely necessary expenses, amounting to about twelve dollars a week.

A fortnight went by. I had persuaded another editor, of one of the Sunday editions, to try me on some little assignment. If I could hold on long enough, I might earn the money to make both ends meet. But the situation was precarious.

THEN came a letter from Mr. Lord: just a brief note, telling me to go to a certain club meeting and write a little "piece" about it.

The meeting was so unimportant that he could afford to throw my "piece" into the waste basket if I failed. He was simply giving me a chance, without taking any chance himself.

I did at least well enough for him to risk giving me other chances. Two or three editors were doing this. The door to journalism was slowly opening. Very slowly; for at first I earned barely enough to pay my expenses.

That I made any progress at all was due, I believe, to two things: my delight in work and my interest in life. No matter how trivial the assignment given me, I went to it with eager curiosity. And, no matter what I wrote, even if it was only a paragraph or two, I tried to write it as well as if it had been the "lead" of a big story.

Without having anything remotely approaching genius, I began to make an impression on editors. I began also to offer suggestions for special articles; and usually I was commissioned to write them.

Then came the first crisis in my working career: I had been doing some of these page stories for a certain New York newspaper, and after I had turned them in the Sunday editor had adroitly rewritten various paragraphs. I had tried to write *interesting* stories. He turned them into *sensational* ones.

After this had happened a few times I realized that I had a decision to make: If I should go on working for that paper, I could get plenty of big stories to write, would earn a good deal of money, and perhaps would make a reputation.

But what kind of reputation would it be? The reputation of a writer who catered to the baser instincts of humanity, who would necessarily betray the people she wrote about.

I decided I didn't want that kind of reputation. And, having made this decision, I went to Mr. Lord and told him so. I said I wanted to write clean stuff for a clean newspaper; that I wanted to cut loose from everything else; and I asked him to give me enough work on the "Sun" to enable me to keep going.

From that experience I learned something which has been repeatedly confirmed in later years. I learned that men in high position are looking for two things: ability and *character!* And sometimes I am convinced that the more essential, in their judgment, is character.

From the day that I had that talk with Mr. Lord he gave me every opportunity to make good on his staff. Not only that, but I was made welcome in his home. As my "boss" and as my friend, he showed me that *standards of conduct* are of overwhelming importance in the world of work.

The few years that followed were very happy ones. I wrote an enormous amount. In proportion to that amount I earned little enough. We used to be paid eight dollars a column—and there were two thousand words in a column! If you will sit down and try to write two thousand words, you will have a better idea of the mere manual labor involved, to say nothing of the work of collecting the material and of the mental effort required to "whip it into shape."

But the millions of words which I wrote in those years on the "Sun," gave me one thing I always had wanted: training in craftsmanship. Certainly, if words were the "tools of my trade," I was getting ample practice in handling them.

Moreover, no one has a greater opportunity than a newspaper writer has to observe life. And this understanding of life was the other thing I had wanted.

I was too busy, too interested, too absorbed in the satisfaction of my work to have a recurrence of my old "porch climbing" impulse. The column rate of pay on the "Sun" went up somewhat; but, even so, it was not humanly possible to write more than about twelve thousand words—six columns—a week; so I was a long way from getting even moderately rich.

What little I was able to save I spent in travel. I had a few close friends. I had the inexhaustible interest of my work. I had my family; perhaps all the dearer because I could see them so seldom. These were all I had: travel, friends, work, and my family. But they were enough.

Then came another possession. Perhaps that is a strange word to use about sorrow. But I, who have been selecting words all my life, can find no truer one to use now.

Real sorrow was the one thing I never had experienced. Like most people, I had dreaded its coming, had wanted to escape it. And when it finally did come, everything seemed to collapse about me like a house of cards.

After a few black months, a gleam from a light which had been temporarily all but extinguished began to struggle through the clouds in my mind. Perhaps I shall not be understood in what I am going to say, but I believe it is the truth:

For years, ever since childhood, I had been trained, and had trained myself, to try to do a good job at whatever work I was given. One day it suddenly came to me that now I was called upon to meet sorrow—and that it was up to me to make *as good a job of it* as I could.

I CAME back to New York with only a little more money than I had possessed the first time I arrived here. I lived in a little room scarcely larger than my original hall bedroom. And physically I was far from being as strong as I had been before.

But of course I did not have to struggle this time to open the door of journalism. A place on the "Sun" was mine for the taking. I took it, not knowing whether I could write ten lines, or not.

Then work, to which I had given the best I had to give, began to repay the debt! It gave me back my interest in life.

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It reopened my eyes, so that I could see once more the moving panorama of the world about me. It roused my mind from its stupor; fed it and exercised it, so that it became normal and healthy again.

And that was not all. Sorrow, which I had dreaded and longed to escape, now became the greatest possession of all. For it was like a key which unlocked the secrets of understanding. Until then I had not grown up. Unhappiness brought me what I cannot describe except as the ability to comprehend. For years I had been watching life. Now I began to comprehend life.

It is curious how small a thing may change the whole current of existence. One day, the copy reader on the "Sunday Sun" asked me why I never had written for the magazines.

"I've been too busy," I said.

"Well," he replied, "you ought to try it. For one thing, it pays so much better."

This was only a few months after my return to New York. Because of the break which sorrow had made in my life, I was like one who, psychologically, had been born again. And, just as when I really was a child, the old "porch-climbing" impulse suddenly took hold of me.

Inside of twenty-four hours I called on Albert A. Boyden, then managing editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and offered several suggestions for articles. He told me to go ahead and try the one which most appealed to him. Three days later, I turned in the article, and it was accepted.

That sounds as if it were an easy victory. But back of the acceptance of that first article were years of preparation: years of learning my job; years during which I had handled thousands of newspaper stories.

During my call on Mr. Boyden I had been introduced to John M. Siddall, then editor-in-chief of the magazine. We talked for only a few moments. I do not think I saw him again until six months later.

MEANWHILE, I had written three other articles for the magazine, all of which had been accepted. This had involved some correspondence with Mr. Siddall, for I had been out of town most of the time. In November of that year, 1917, I went to Washington to get material for two articles; and on the second day after my arrival I received a long-distance call from Mr. Siddall, asking me to return immediately, as he wanted to see me. I took the night train for New York and was in his office before nine-thirty the next morning.

He told me that Mr. Boyden was going abroad on war work; and, to my amazement, he offered me the position of managing editor of the magazine.

"But you don't even know me," I said.

"I think I know what I need to know," he replied.

"Do you know that I am practically without editorial experience?" I asked.

He had been walking up and down the room; but at that he stopped short, gave me a piercing look, and said, "Experience can be acquired. But there is one thing which is more important than experience and which *cannot* be acquired. I'm gambling on my belief in character! Don't for a minute think I haven't been watching you. I'm willing to take the chance. Are you?"

I was silent so long that Mr. Siddall finally said: "Try it for a few months. Then, if you don't like it—"

"No!" I interrupted; and my old dread of humiliation flamed up. "People would say, 'Well, she didn't last long, did she?' If I take the position at all, it will be with the purpose of making good in it—if I possibly can."

Half an hour later it was all settled. I sat down at a desk and went to work. I had become what I never had dreamed of being: the managing editor of a magazine. And it was simply because I had been brought up to love work, to try everlastingly and enthusiastically to do *a good job* of work, and to have regard for the essentials of character which my father and my mother had believed in and had taught me to respect.

SUCH as it is, that is my story. For six years I sat at that desk, helping to edit what I think is the most human and most vitally interesting magazine in the world.

It was a great experience. Yet I could not have been contented if it had forced me to give up writing. Fortunately, I did not have to do this. By working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, I could do the editorial work and, in addition, write so many articles that I had to invent half a dozen "pen names" with which to sign them.

And here is my final tribute to work: For six years I never took a vacation. I lived within a ten-minute walk of the office; and at noon, when other people went to luncheon, I went home and worked! At night I would sit at my desk until long past midnight, writing my own articles and editing the work of other writers.

My friends said I was killing myself. But work does not kill! Not if it is the work you love and which you are happy in doing. You get tired—yes! For six years I was tired *all the time*. But I never reached the breaking point. Somehow the joy and satisfaction I found in my work always gave me new strength and new enthusiasm.

Incidentally—for most people are curious on this point—work brought me the money rewards which no one despises. In a month I could earn more than I used to earn in a year.

But this is the way I look at it: The money I receive today I *began* to earn when I was back on the "Sun," apparently being paid only eight dollars for two thousand words. I am getting my deferred payments now!

To some people it may seem that the payments were a long time in coming. Perhaps, if I had been chiefly concerned to get money, I should have felt that way myself. But my real satisfaction was always in the work itself. To depend for that for your reward is to make you almost invulnerable.

The rest of the story can be told in few lines: After six years of working night and day at two jobs, I realized that the work, as a life preserver, has its limitations. I had to give up one of my jobs. To give up writing would be almost as impossible for me as to stop breathing, so there could be only one choice. I took that one—and am still writing.

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You see, soon after graduation she had married and naturally became absorbed in her home and its duties. The greater part of those seventeen years, so she told me, were lived on a farm and she had not the chance to participate much in Club work or women's organizations. But she did join the Pin Money Club and her own money quickly grew to over $90.

* * * * *

HER name doesn't matter—she probably would prefer I did not mention it here in The American Magazine. I will, however, tell you she lives with her fine family, in one of Michigan's small towns.

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These Children Mind Their Mother

(*Continued from page 43*)

Art as being opposed; rather is Nature the effect of the most divine and exquisite Art. I saw the night mists rise in ghostly delicate bloom. I saw the first star gleam above the mountain-crest. Against the rose-and-amethyst of the evening sky, I saw a long jetty line of crows going to roost. From a dewy pinewood came the glimmering anthem of a hermit thrush. All was order and repose.

To the eastward of the road was a broad mountain meadow through which ran a spring-fed stream. Into this misty green wilderness I saw two shadows come, melting out of a birch thicket—veritable spirits of the mist. I could recognize them; but I could not follow them with exact observation. Yet so long have I studied wild deer that I knew exactly what they were doing, even though they were but faintly discernible. After resting all day in the coolness of the laurel thickets—a repose broken only by a habitual wariness that is really second nature to a wild thing—a deer will come forth at twilight to browse delicately on tender buds and leaves, on grass, on all kinds of dewy greenery. He will drink deeply from the cold stream. Quietly he will roam for miles the solitary country of the night—never in haste, never gluttonous, never riotous. He does not carouse, then complain next day of a headache. As day dawns, he will retire to the green stillness of his covert, there to abide in quiet contentment until night once more calls him forth upon his wanderings. Not even when sorely tempted will a deer forget fastidiousness that really is the soul of temperance.

I REMEMBER what a cotton planter told me about some deer that had been raiding his fields by night. Perhaps if I give the story in his own words it will be better understood.

"My fields, you know," he said, "run right up to the fence of the Club, on the preserves of which the deer are very plentiful. Finding that they had been getting over a low place in the fence and had begun to eat up my cotton, I tried in several ways to keep them out of the field. I raised the low panel of the fence; I tied an old hound at night near their place of crossing; I hung a big bell in an oak, and every hour or so during the night I would ring it by the long rope that stretched to the house from the tree. But the deer simply wouldn't scare. The original discoverers of my cotton not only returned but they invited all their friends to the picnic.

"At last a neighbor said, 'Try Paris green. Sprinkle a half-acre next to the Club fence, and you will have no more trouble.' I hated to do this; but I reasoned that it was my last chance, and that the deer might get only enough of the poison to make them lose their appetite for cotton-leaves. With great care I sprayed the half-acre, the work being done in midday, when everything was dry, so that the Paris green took well on the plants.

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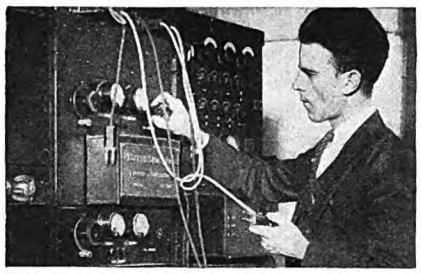

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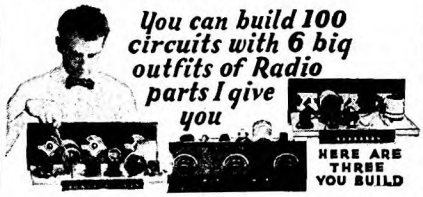

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"Early next morning I went down to the field, fearing that I might run into a shambles. Instead, I merely discovered how indifferent a sprayer I had been; for the deer had been over the entire half-acre, had taken every leaf that I had failed to spray, and had utterly ignored every leaf that had on it even a drop of the poison! They had given particular attention to the lower parts of the plants, so that the field had a peculiar undressed look. If those deer in my field had had no more restraint about eating than some people have, not one would have recrossed the Club fence."

THIS story, I think, demonstrates what appears to be, in natural life, the close relation between obedience and wisdom. These deer came to wisdom through obedience. From fawnhood each of them had been taught to abhor certain scents, to forego certain kinds of greenery, to reject as food whatever had upon it the taint of artificiality. Eventually, their obedience saved them a miserable death.

Not long ago, one very windy afternoon, I was on the edge of an oak forest, beyond which lay some rolling fields from which the grass had been mowed, leaving them green and smooth-shaven. Along one of these ridges I saw a farmer walking, literally fighting the wind. It blew off his hat; it shrilled through his coat and shirt; it made him bend low in order to overcome the opposition of its force. Apparently, the wind was a natural enemy that he did not know how to manage.

A few moments later, the farmer's collie followed him. But he was not on the man's track. He kept low in one of the hollows between the ridges. He defeated the wind by evading it. Then, for it was late afternoon, I saw flocks of robins, of starlings, and of boat-tailed grackles coming into the oak-wood to roost. This place being an old rookery, I had often watched the birds come in and had noticed that they were usually about fifty feet in the air. But now every individual of every flock was flying close to the ground—hardly more than a foot above the smooth grass. And not only that, but they kept close to the earth, regardless of its undulations. Their flight undulated too so that the wind would not catch them. They skimmed over the little hummocks and dipped with eerie, unerring grace into the hollows, arriving at the wood on time and undisheveled. They came serenely home, whereas the farmer, reaching home with all the good nature blasted out of him, probably kicked the cat and said something disrespectful about his wife's supper biscuits.

This observation may appear a simple one; yet it taught me to know that birds are aware of the folly of fighting against Nature's laws and forces. They fly with the wind whenever they can; and whenever they are obliged to face it, they either take advantage of the help offered by the natural rises and falls of the land or use all manner of resource in the arts of tacking, veering, and otherwise making the hostile force aid them.

I was talking not long ago with a United States forester. When I raised the question with him of the power of Nature's laws, he said, "We have learned that we can never beat Nature. We do not write in a book the laws for a tree's growth and then go out and try to make the tree live up to our specifications. We try to discover what the laws are, by watching trees grow; then we report our discovery. Every time in our work we run counter to Nature's way, we get the worst of it. Nature's laws seem always to be the laws of reason; they are irresistible; but they are beneficent and kindly. I can think of nothing more important in life than to discover what they are, unless, of course, it is to obey them when discovered."

One of the genuine beauties of this matter of obedience to law dawns on us when we realize that, among wild things, it is a long inheritance. A little wild thing is trained by its mother; in time, it trains its own young. And this training has all the zeal of live religion. We rather negligently obey certain tenets, believing thereby to save our souls from immortal death; wild creatures obey instantly and vehemently in order to save themselves from immediate death.

On one occasion I caught a family of little raccoons, and from them in their captivity I learned a profound lesson on the subject of Obedience. They were large enough to get around; they appeared excessively intelligent; they eyed me with a certain quaint forgiveness. But for several days they would not eat.

In order to keep the pen clean, I had placed the water-pan outside, to be reached through a small hole in the wire. The morsels of food in the pen lay untouched. One morning, early, when I was down at the pen, troubled about my elfin philosophers, I saw one of them pick up a lump of sugar, amble sedately with it toward the pan of water, and, taking it in his right paw, push it through the hole in the fence, submerging it in the water. His paw was remarkably like a miniature black human hand. He tried to get the left hand through so that he could give the sugar a thorough washing before he ate it, but the aperture was not large enough.

Then the whole trouble about their appetites dawned on me: these babies were too well schooled to eat food without first washing it. They had been minding their mother. And the poor youngsters had been ravenous for days! Their tin sides seemed caved in. At once I brought a big pan of clean water and set it in the pen. Yet even then the raccoons were about their repast gently and politely. But I never saw anything much more comical. As soon as the water was available, each one of the five little philosophers picked up a morsel of food, headed for the pan, sat down, washed it thoughtfully and then ate it daintily. These babies had been terribly obedient to a law—far more obedient than human children would have been.

THERE are those, of course, who will say that a wild creature's behavior is purely a matter of instinct—as if there were nothing of which it might be proud.

Granted that it is instinct, if it leads to obedience, it is a powerful and virtuous force. We too have instincts; and a disregard of them is constantly leading us into difficulty. Indeed, the proud mark of civilization does not permit us to let these instincts behind. Instinct seems to mean our awareness of the laws of Nature. It is a primal virtue.

Having, on one occasion, made up

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mind to watch the behavior of a covey of quail for a whole day in order to ascertain the birds' exact routine, I located a covey at twilight, in a stubble field. They were just huddling together for the night when I left them. Before sunrise next morning I was again with them. It was a frosty morning, with all the grasses and the wheat-stalks rimed with gleaming crystals of ice. The birds had not moved. On cold mornings they often stay on the roost until the sun has begun to warm things up.

I watched them clustered on the ground, saw their bright black eyes blinking as the level sun-rays touched them; noticed with what nice discrimination of judgment they stayed comfortably huddled instead of strolling with naked feet through the icy grasses. But the moment the sunshine began to feel genial, they did move—a wary, joyous band, a highborn family.

A game bird or animal can be excessively cautious, strangely timid. But it is never cringing. When in secretest hiding, it maintains to the last a certain aristocratic distinction. The birds fed in the stubble from eight o'clock in the morning, by actual timing, until half past eleven. Then, withdrawing from the field, they wandered in their skittish, bickering fashion down to a little stream flowing between ditch banks. Here they drank. Then they straightway retired for a long siesta. Nature seems to demand for most of her children a long rest in the middle of the day. The supposed lords of creation are the only ones that spare themselves but thirty minutes for luncheon. The bob-white gives himself three hours.

From the stream, the birds went into a sheltered clump of briars on the sunny and leeward side of the ditch bank, where they literally lay down, fluffed themselves out, utterly relaxing. They made little beds in the soft warm sand, dusted themselves thoroughly, drowsed, blinked luxuriously, loafed gloriously. For three solid hours they were in those briars, while I watched them, reading a book to pass the time.

At about half past two, they wandered back into the stubble, trooping with immaculate grace through the tattered cover—alert, trim, ever ready for instant effacement, or for instant flight. They fed quietly until the sun was almost down. They then grouped themselves for the night near the same spot where they had roosted the night before. On the roost they form a compact body; all their tails are together. All their heads are out, so that through the lonely dark hours every bird is a sentry.

When those birds were tiny youngsters—mere balls of fluff—the mother taught them the best routine of life. And those wild children had the grace of art, the genius, to obey. Surely it takes more sense to obey than to disobey. To disobey is unnatural. *Wild* things are, of all the creatures of Creation, the most fallibly docile to the teachings of their elders, the most persistently obedient.

This routine that I have described is habitual with the quail; it is normal, admirable, enviable. Always there are two periods for feeding, with the long intervening siesta; and in general it is the common scheme of life of most birds—nocturnal ones, of course, maintaining

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a different schedule—but never staying up all night and all day too, as some mortals do. I have often watched, with some amusement, a nighthawk on the branch of a weeping willow in my yard. The whole day long he crouches flat on a limb, deigning once in a while to blink, and sometimes even uttering a queer, drowsy note; but literally lying in bed snugly, with all the covers tucked in, until the coming of twilight summons him forth to hunt his food.

To observe how many of these wild things live does us good, because their way of life suggests to us many improvements in our own. Sane, tolerant, deliberate, happy things they are. Their quiet approval of law appears more like a calm acceptance of a hateful restriction. And this obedience makes them safe and contented.

We surround ourselves by scores of man-made laws, which are good enough, I suppose, for certain purposes. But in trying to obey them (or to evade them), we are often in danger of forgetting those lordlier principles by which the Universe itself is tirelessly run. Infallibly recognizing many of those great laws which control life—laws such as temperance in all things, the requirement of rest, calmness of spirit, contentment with quiet and natural joys—wild creatures are law-abiding citizens of the Universe. They do not appear dependent on excitement for happiness; they do not jazz their way along from one thrill to another. Their satisfactions are sane and durable, and they have no use for novelty, which, after all, in its highest form, can afford man only the most fleeting pleasure.

And because the children of the wild mind their mothers, because they are not excessive, because they repress with extraordinary self-control whatever riotous instincts they may have, they are never jaded.

IN NATURAL life, the strict observance of law is really a matter of life and death. Human laws are infinitely more tolerant and evadable. But natural laws are inexorable. Infringement of any one of them may be a capital crime. For example, the wild thing that is not forever in training, that neglects for a single day the restrictions imposed by the laws of temperate living, is in danger of his life. The gorged lion falls an easy prey to the hunter. I remember seeing one day in the woods a pretty sight that illustrates this point of the absolute necessity for obedience in the realm of wild life.

One morning after a fearful cold wave, brought from the north by a wind of cyclone speed, I went into the mountains near my home in Pennsylvania to see how many wild turkeys of a favorite flock had survived. During the night I had thought of them on their freezing perches, tossed here and there on the creaking frozen branches, icily holding on while the wind tore through their tattered feathers. How many did I find? All of them; and a more contented and preeny flock I never saw. They were no more disheveled nor discomfited than if they had slept in a warm barn. They had been safe because their physical condition had been perfect; and it was perfect because they had lived according to law.

It appears that the Bible not infrequently reminds us that we can correct our conduct by observing the ways of Nature; that we can heal our spirits by returning to the ancient hearthstone, there to rest on the Old Heart of our common mother, in the Old Home. One passage from the New Testament has always appealed to me as especially suggestive. "And he was with the wild beasts," we are told of Christ's sojourn in the desert; "and the angels ministered unto him." May this not mean that the Maker was ministered to celestially because he was close to Nature? I do not think it too daring to say that the passage may mean, "Because he went far away from the distractions of life, where only wild creatures were, strength returned to him, and grace, and clear vision, and the courage to face even death." Our chief business in this life is to try to discover Nature's laws, God's laws, and to obey them.

OUR friends of the forest and stream, of the wastelands and wildernesses, have apparently long since discovered that to obey these laws is life and joy, and to disregard them is sorrow and death. They seem to know what we do not: that mortal things on this earth can never make bargains with the Almighty.

It assuredly is not difficult for one to adduce out of the wisdom of the wild a certain philosophy of conduct. For example, he learns that liberty comes through obedience to certain essential laws, and in no other way, so far as we can see. And it is not only liberty that is thus achieved, but safety, joy, quietness of mind, life itself. Anarchy, a system of no government, might be desirable if our natures were perfect; but constituted as we are, law for us is imperative, and obedience to it vital. Providence has decreed eternal statutes, and to obey them is our best wisdom. Says Dante, with all the weight of thought and none of the weight of expression, "In Thy will is our peace."

To me it is very appealing to discern this same principle of Obedience, by which the planets are sceptered, controlling likewise the babes in the woods. Not long ago I was walking down an old road that was bordered by a rail fence overgrown with vines. A movement on a distant top rail caught my sight. In a moment I had made out a red squirrel. With customary temerity this sprightly elf kept on coming toward me. I paid no particular attention to her until I saw what followed her. There were five little ones, rather absurdly like their mother. One of these was as white as snow—a pure albino, that I later captured and kept for some weeks. But what interested me now was the extraordinary behavior of these fluffy little infants, apparently out for their first journey.

They were heading toward some good-sized, safe-looking trees; and possibly for other reasons as well, the mother did not wish to turn back. Neither did she want her tiny treasures discovered. Seeing me, she swiftly stopped behind a post, giving at the same time a warning chatter, at which her brood froze fast exactly where they were when the sudden word of warning reached them. The mother peered out at me nervously, fixing me with bright eyes. Every little squirrel crouched breathless on the rail, hardly daring even so much as to look. Indeed, I distinctly remember that one clung valiantly to the rail, his eyes closed tight! A second one had been rather too close to the edge of the rail when his mother had called back to them. Now he literally hung, one back leg down limply—so obedient to be still that he even let that leg hang, incontinently and perilously, in space.

I advanced a few steps. Again came the warning chatter, this time in a different tone. It meant, I suppose, to emphasize the first warning. At any rate, the already obedient and effaced babies further diminished themselves, shrinking against the rail until they appeared growing on it like patches of lichens. Then, at another call from the nervous mother, every one faced about, performing the maneuver deftly and simultaneously. A moment later, the mother leaped to the ground where the grass was long. Every little squirrel leaped too. The white one was the last to go. I think he had never taken such a jump before. But he was too obedient not to follow the others.

Nor are wild children ever too young to obey. I recall with what amusement I one day saw a brood of quail that were not quite hatched. As I came upon the nest, the last chick was struggling through the shell. Two other wee ones had half snowy shell clinging to their backs. Then when the old mother called from the dense shelter of the foxtail grass, every chick obeyed. The last one to get into the safety of the grass was one of the ones carrying a house on his back!

OBSERVING the obedience of these things, the reflective mind cannot escape the conclusion that these children are aware of the wisdom and the goodness of their great mother, Nature. The reflective mind will sense more: it will become aware that there must be a sky beyond the reach of any mortal wing, music past the silence of the world.

For the lover of Nature, life is a inheritance of loveliness; an increasing garden of spiritual springtime, full of perfume and falling waters. He will with wonder; and if his heart is made accept agony, his reaction to the pain will be a noble exaltation of spirit, tinting his character and his work with the radiance of consecration. The man watches with what certainty and of heart wild things mind their n has opened for him another door mystic and beautiful House of Life what he views there infallibly strengthen his faith in God. For t his vision, being human, will be d will have palpably manifested to physical senses, and explicitly obv his spirit, the majesty of Creation.

"THEY are your feet," says Dr. William S. Sadler, "but that is no reason why you should abuse them!" In one of his definite, down-to-dots articles this popular physician tells you, in an early issue, how to prevent foot troubles, and how to cure them.

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They Found the SECRET

HENRY T. BROCKELMAN

ANTONE F. BROCKELMAN

ARTHUR B. BROCKELMAN

In 13 years the BROCKELMANS *ran their corner grocery into a* $2,500,000 *business*

THE BROCKELMANS of Fitchburg, Mass., built a $2,500,000 grocery business in the short space of 13 years. Now 15,000 farm families have the habit of trading regularly at their store.

They found the secret of winning the farmer's trade. In fact they have discovered at least a dozen major rules in merchandising that any small-city retailer can profitably follow today if he is interested in expanding his business.

They Tell FARM & FIRESIDE

In an interview with FARM & FIRESIDE, these successful dealers tell frankly about the business secrets they discovered in retail food selling—starting from the day they only ran an average corner grocery, up to the present time when their sales are more than $8,000 a day.

Their Ideas Free

Would you like to know, for instance, what the fundamental idea was that marked the turning point in the Brockelmans' business 13 years ago?

Also why the Brockelmans suddenly decided to bend every effort toward getting a big volume of farm trade? And what plan they hit upon to favorably introduce their store to farm customers?

Why they have specialized on nationally advertised brands?

And whether a merchant should expand his own store—or bring his store to the customer's door-step?

Information You Can Use

These are just a few of the interesting points that the Brockelmans discuss with FARM & FIRESIDE. Points in selling that you will find valuable no matter what line of retailing you are in. Especially valuable if you happen to be in a grocery business in a small city yourself and looking for a bigger opportunity.

Send This Coupon

This interview with the Brockelmans is published in folder form—a copy of which will be sent free to any small-city retailer. Just fill out the coupon—and mail today.

No obligation to you. FARM & FIRESIDE's established recognition among small-city dealers places on us the obligation of this service, especially designed for your help.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual* and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with the Brockelmans, successful food retailers of Fitchburg, Mass.

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_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine.

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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Keeps Cars Beautiful In All Weather

WINTER storms, snow and sleet have no terror for the Simonized car—it is "weather-proofed." This really means that beautiful cars will look just as new in the Spring as they do now—if they are Simonized—Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading. That's why hundreds of thousands of wise motorists say "Always Simoniz your car."

New or dull looking cars, high priced or inexpensive . . . all need Simoniz.

Simoniz Kleener comes to the rescue of the owner who has a dull looking, smudgy car. It quickly and easily removes all stains, blemishes and traffic grime. Then apply Simoniz for that lasting brilliant protection—it's so easy to keep a Simonized car beautiful; just wipe the finish with a soft cloth.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener and you will always drive a new looking car.

Apply with a cloth

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2116 Indiana Avenue
Chicago, U. S. A.

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

It's Hard to Make a Decision That May Hurt Your Husband's Pride

I AM thirty-two years old and have been married seven years. We have two children, a boy of four and a baby girl a year old last Christmas. We named her Christy. I lost my first baby. My husband is a good man, kind, helpful, industrious, but he never gets anywhere in a business way. He isn't earning a cent more today than he was earning the day we were married. I knew, then, that his salary was little enough for two to live on, but I loved him and trusted him and thought he would climb right along. He hasn't. Moreover, I know, now, that he never will. It just isn't in him.

He has reached his limit; I know instinctively. He is a plodder, not a pusher. The tale of the tortoise and the hare may have been all right in Æsop's day, but it won't work in this present age. Nowadays, the bosses just let the plodders plod and the jumpers and pushers jump and push their way to the top. This is no age for a man to wait for honest, faithful service to be rewarded. He must push and fight for his reward if he gets it. And Jim can't do that.

I do all of my own work, take care of the babies, and make both ends meet. But what a struggle it is! I am growing old and nervous and cross, with never a minute to lift my nose from the grindstone and look at the world. If I say anything, Jim doesn't like it. He gives me all of his salary and wonders what more a sane woman could expect. He is handy about the house and works all day Sunday to give me a rest; but we both need a mental rest. When he has his vacation, we haven't money enough ahead even to go to the next town. A bus ride to the park and a picnic supper is our most exaggerated definition of a vacation.

We need pleasure and we need the comfortable feeling that we are "making the grade" as other young couples are doing. At least, *I* need that feeling. Jim is not one to take anxious thought of the morrow. He doesn't have to do the worrying and the planning and the stretching to make his salary reach from the first to the thirtieth, inclusive. (How I hate the thirty-one-day months! How I love February!) As long as it does reach, he can enjoy the present and let the morrow take thought for itself. But I can't.

WHEN we were married I had a good position and I wanted to hold it for a while. Jim, however, wouldn't hear of it. If he couldn't support a wife, he wouldn't get married, he said. He came from the South. Southerners have notions about letting their women work. Jim hasn't many notions; but when he has one, he is pretty set. He knows, too, that I can go out, now, and earn as much as he can, and do it with more pleasure and less effort than I am expending on my housework. That hurts his pride, and he doesn't want to believe it.

I don't think Jim's ancestors were simians. I think they were ostriches. Whenever he sees anything unpleasant, he likes to hide his head in the sand and play it isn't there. When I mention taking a job he goes right up into the air "What would people say?" "He'd be ashamed to face his friends!" "His mother would disown him!" etc., etc.

The discussion usually ends with my saying, "If you don't want me to do it dear, I'll try to forget it." And he answers cheerfully, "I have a hunch, honey that the boss is going to give me a raise next month." But the boss never does.

Of course, the children must be considered. Neither of us would choose to leave them in the care of hired help all day. On the other hand, neither do we want them to grow up without any of the advantages that other children have whose parents do not live from hand to mouth as we are compelled to do. If I go to work, I can pay a maid to do all that I do now, and still our income would be nearly doubled. If I should save half of what was left after I paid the housekeeper it would get us ahead.

THIS is my problem, then: Shall I seek employment and make my husband unhappy? or shall I do without half that makes life worth living in order that he may enjoy what seems to me to be a false paradise? If I didn't love him, didn't care whether or not I hurt his feelings and his pride; if he weren't good and kind and thoughtful, doing his level best to earn enough to give me what I want, to give me all what we need, my problem would be easier to solve. If I take the bit in my teeth and do as I want to do and set on our financial feet, will he ever forgive me? Shall I have given his self-esteem a mortal wound?

Ordinarily, Jim is reasonable; but when you bump up against a wall of prejudice and false pride and, above all, inherited tradition, you can never be sure that the wall may not be harder than your head.

Who can answer this question: Should I stay at home and rear my children under the circumstances I have mentioned, or injure my husband's pride by joining him as a wage-earner in our family, and be a housekeeper?

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February, 1929

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

When *we're through* Changing We're Through

By BRUCE BARTON

Illustrated by SYDNEY FLETCHER

THERE were five men at the luncheon table, ranging in years from thirty to sixty-five, and all of them millionaires. One was president of a Chicago bank, another a partner in a private banking house, and the other three were owners of their own businesses. They had participated together in a dozen different ventures, and their operations had been so successful that a sick business was a new experience to them. Yet, at this luncheon table they were gathered to discuss a business which was very sick indeed. Only a few years before it had been a proud leader in its industry, selling its product all over the country and making many fortunes. These five men had bought stock in those days and been elected directors; now they were met to look sadly at red figures and try to discover a cure.

The conversation started haltingly. It was evident that each of them was holding something back. They discussed the company's advertising—perhaps a different advertising agency would do the trick. They talked about a high-priced sales manager; about more economies in production, or the addition of a new product to the line. Finally the oldest man in the group leaned forward and cleared his throat.

"Why do we beat about the bush any longer?" he asked. "We all know the truth. You are waiting for me to speak because you are afraid of hurting my feelings. I appreciate your courtesy. . . . It is true that for thirty years I have been Joe Hilton's friend."

"We're all his friends,"

Do You Suffer *from* Neophobia?

NEOPHOBIA is fear of the *new*—fear of a change from the old order, that has prevailed for years, to something different and modern.

C. F. Kettering, the brilliant engineer (writes Mr. Barton in this article), has a game which he calls "going into mental competition with ourselves." It is played after this fashion: You say—"Suppose I were to lose my job today and take another with our competitor who is across the street. I should look back at this company then and say, 'There are certain weaknesses in it; certain things ought to be changed.'"

"Why wait to lose your job?" says Kettering. "Why not strengthen the weaknesses right now? Why not make the changes at once?"

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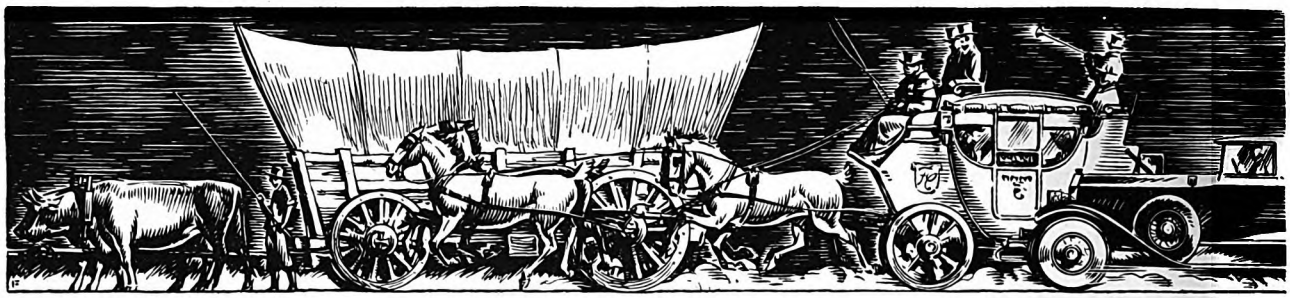


said the private banker. "That's the devil of it," he complained.

"Yes, yes, I know. Still, I am older. I am the one to speak first. There is just one trouble with that company—Joe Hilton. The man who built it, who loves it as much as he loves his own children, is slowly putting it to death."

There was a painful minute of silence and then, with obvious relief, they all began to speak at once.

"His designing department is two years behind his competitors'," said one.

"He could put in machinery that would save the work of forty men in the packing department. . . "

"I sent him a famous production engineer who had a good suggestion. He refused to talk with him; said his own engineers knew more about production than any men in the world. . . "

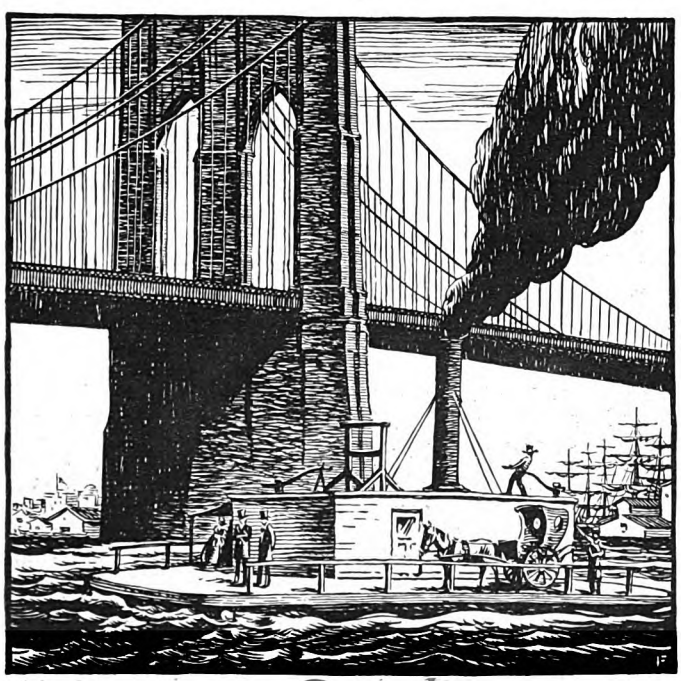
Again there was silence, and a second time the older man spoke.

'I'm his best friend. I'm the one to do it," he said. "I'd rather lose an arm, but we're traitors to our stockholders if we let the thing go on. It isn't that he's too old in years, but he's let himself get old in mind. A whole new world of business practice has grown up about him. Conditions are changing, not every year but every month, every week, every day. And Joe goes on unchanged. . . ."

Thus it was that a grand old business was given a new young president a few years ago.

HERE are two other stories. The first is about boats.

If you will ride downtown in New York and get out near Brooklyn Bridge, you may still see some of the Brooklyn ferryboats crumbling to death in their docks. Only a few years ago they throbbed with energy, striding proudly back and forth across the river. Shrewd financiers put money in them, for they foresaw that both Brooklyn and Manhattan were sure to grow. Conservative bankers invested the trust funds of widows and orphans in them—and why not? Always there would be Manhattan on one side of the river and Brooklyn on the other; and always people must go back and forth, more people year after year. Real estate might fluctuate; manufacturing concerns and railroads have their ups and downs; but nothing could happen to the ferries. . . . So the wise men argued. . . . And one day there came an engineer named Roebling and put a bridge across the river. . . . Then other engineers, with other bridges . . . still other engineers, with tubes running under the river. And the ferryboats—the business to which nothing could happen—crawled into their docks to die.



THE other story has to do with railroad cars. In a middle-western city there is a factory almost a mile long—even in these days a very big plant, but when it was constructed, a seven days' wonder. It had to be huge, for a large proportion of all the railroad cars were manufactured in it. For years it prospered, and poured millions of dollars into the laps of its owners. Then there began to be a rumbling in the world of railroads. Somebody somewhere had built a car out of steel. . . . Absurd idea, to build cars out of steel. . . . Who would want to ride in a steel car? . . . The men in the big plant sniffed at the thought. . . . Didn't they know more about building railroad cars than anyone else? The steel cars were a fancy that would soon disappear. Meanwhile, they would stand pat.

But there were accidents on the railroads, in which both wooden cars and the newfangled steel cars were involved. People in the wooden cars were killed. There began to be a public demand for the steel cars. Legislatures passed laws.

Still the proud old factory stood firm; and standing firm it is today. But the wheels long since ceased to turn inside its dingy walls; the glass in its windows is broken; the stockholders have written off their losses, which were total, and the bondholders received only a few cents on each dollar. All because a new idea appeared in an old established industry and a business was too proud to change. . . .

Years ago, in one of the first interviews with Henry Ford which ever appeared in any magazine, I quoted him in these pages as saying: "There is only one thing in business that is certain and that's change. I don't know what tomorrow is going to be like, but I do know this—it's bound to be different from yesterday and today."

An interesting statement, which I remembered and used more than once during the next few years. But a curious thing happened. Mr. Ford, who had seen so clearly the inescapable law of change, got the idea that somehow he might escape. He had announced that all business is subject to change, yet he seemed to think his business could be an exception. The public began to ask for more life and color in their automobiles.

"They can have any color they want so long as it is black," said he.

When somebody wondered why he was building airplanes, he replied: "To give my engineers something to play with so they will quit trying to monkey with the Ford car."

His dealers came to complain that competition was destroying them. He rejected their suggestions and increased their quotas. The Model T had lasted unchanged for fifteen years; it would last for fifteen more.

Each year the quality of competing cars rose and prices dropped. Each year more purchasers were lured away from the Model T, until finally the handwriting on the wall was so large that Mr. Ford could not possibly shut his eyes to it.

Another couple of years and his great plants would have become very sick. He had to change.

I WAS taking out some additional life insurance the other day and while the agent was filling in the blank he murmured something about my present "expectation" of life, as figured by the actuaries. It was a shock to realize that my time is probably more than half over. After he was gone I began thinking about this article I had promised to write and exercising the old man's prerogative of looking back. It doesn't seem to me that I have lived a very long time, and yet, when I summon up the memory of the home in Ohio where I spent my boyhood, I realize that practically every detail of life has been altered in the in-

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vening period. And every single little alteration has meant an enormous change in American business.

There was no running water in the rambling old house where I was born. We had a well under the kitchen and a good old pump at the sink. There we used to stand in line and wash for breakfast, and after breakfast we were lined up again, according to age, to brush our teeth. Now I am fixing over a house to take care of a family no larger than my father's and at last count there were to be five bathrooms in it—though my wife may add one or two more before we get through. Some wise man saw the change that would come through the piping of water into American homes, and great industries arose to supply plumbing fixtures.

My mother did her baking on Saturday, and the whole house was filled with the fragrance of fresh bread. Other wise men foresaw that women would be unwilling to continue home baking forever, and the great baking industry arose. . . .

With the coming of the first cold weather we were fitted out with red, scratchy underwear. How well I remember it! It makes me itch to think about it now. . . . But later on there was a tough boy in town who boasted that he went through the whole winter wearing his "athletic underwear." All the rest of us envied him and finally talked our parents into letting us try the same experiment. Some of the manufacturers of woolen underwear thought it was just a boyish fad which would amount to nothing, but the textile industry today knows that it was no fad. American men will never again wear as much wool as they used to.

My father wore whiskers, and so did many other men in town. A few shaved every morning with the old-fashioned razor or lined up in the barber shop, where hair-cuts were a quarter and shaves a dime. One day, when I was in college, my roommate showed up with a newfangled contrivance called a "safety" razor. The rest of us made fun of it, but one by one we sneaked it out of his bureau drawer and tried it. Promptly, our old-fashioned razors went into the discard—and the barbers of the country, who had every right to expect a steady annual income from our chins, would have been hit hard except for another and most amazing change—the women cut off their hair.

GIVEN only a little more brains I might have made a fortune out of any of these changes.

Take the movement of population from the country to the city. The census figures indicated that it was beginning more than half a century ago, and each new census has shouted the story louder. If I had taken my first thousand dollars and made a payment on property anywhere near the center of Chicago or New York, or Cleveland or Detroit, and just let it lie, I should now be one of those writers whose photographs you see in the Sunday gravure sections, spending their winters on the Riviera.

One of my first magazine assignments was to write a piece about this dangerous new social phenomenon known as moving pictures. I went down to the penny arcades and saw some of the movies, which were terrible. I talked with the police sergeant who had been entrusted with the duty of censoring all the films for the city of Chicago. He showed me the notebook in which he kept a record of the portions he had cut out of the pictures. It was a gruesome record—murder scenes, drunken scenes, indecent scenes. Surely, this new business would never amount to anything: the pictures were too vile to attract any but the very lowest of the population. More than likely the state legislatures would take notice and have them all suppressed. But wiser men saw that the pictures would not always be crude; that through them the love of the theater, inherent in folks, might be satisfied. So another great industry grew.

I was around when the automobile started, when the motion picture was in its infancy, when radio was only a creaking toy; and I was too blind to see and too timid to believe. . . . My only defense will be that all the rest of the race, with few exceptions, have been in the same situation. I know a man, for example, whose father once owned the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street and sold it for a couple of hundred thousand dollars because he thought inflation had pushed the price up too high. He might have received even more for it if he had been willing to take a part of the purchase price in stock of the newly organized telephone company. But he was too wise to be loaded up with such worthless stuff as that.

Looking back, it seems as if every one of these great developments was clearly evidenced in advance, as indeed it was. The future is always partially clear to those who look earnestly enough ahead. Even in such mercurial matters as women's fashions, as Goode and Powel point out in their recent book on advertising, "changes without notice are as rare as storms without clouds. Irene Castle was wearing the 'Castle bob' before the World War. Irene Rooney of Seventh Avenue admitted that Mrs. Castle looked cute and comfortable long before following her example. Irene Higgins of Dubuque hesitated even longer."

THE manufacturers of wines and liquors complain that prohibition was sprung suddenly on the nation under the patriotic smoke screen of war. But "Frances E. Willard was the red flag that foreboded the prohibition wave. In her own strange way, Carrie Nation was another. Maine went dry in 1858. By the turn of the century dry towns were well-nigh as common as wet ones. When national prohibition finally came, ninety per cent of United States territory and seventy-five per cent of its population were already dry by local law. . . .

'A New Jersey textile manufacturer complains that women have cut down their clothes from eighteen to four and one-half or less yards apiece, and have caused thirteen out of twenty woolen mills to fail. A Wisconsin hosiery man laments that in six years the number of types of women's stockings his mill must keep in stock has jumped from 480 to 6,006 styles. Yet the sheath skirt with its slitted side was in evidence everywhere in 1913. And as early as 1909 Annette Kellerman had made public appearances in the skirtless bathing suit which bears her name. Confronted with such portents, any manufacturer, if he were willing, could realize how likely were the present changes in women's apparel. . . ." (*Continued on page 123*)

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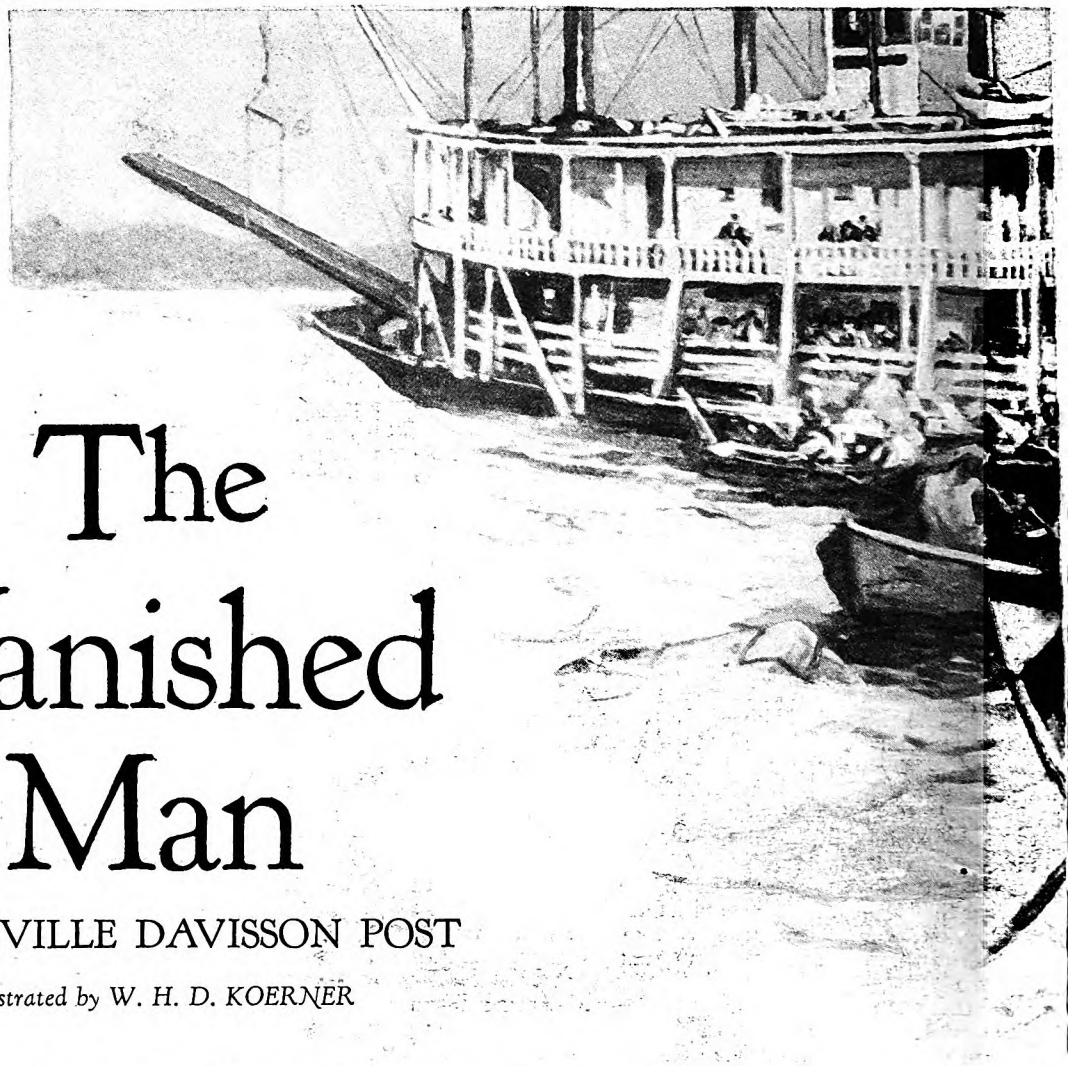
A story of mystery and intrigue



The Vanished Man

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS a mere courtesy that brought Colonel Braxton into the Berkley case.

Mr. Evert Brewster, who had come from Fort Pitt on the matter, was not familiar with the country, and when he asked Colonel Braxton to go with him to the Berkley farm, the attorney could not well refuse. It was some miles out of the little city. But the day was fine and the roads under the summer sun were hard.

It was the disappearance of Captain William Berkley that had brought the Fort Pitt attorney down. He had his bag beside him in the carriage, for he would return north on a river boat directly from the Berkley place.

The landing could be seen, at some distance, from the point where the turnpike crossed the hilltop above the house: a mere platform from which a rowboat took one out to the steamer in the river. The main channel at this point was perhaps the deepest on the Ohio, but the long slope to the shore was shallow, and the river boats could not come in.

It was a model stock farm that the two lawyers looked down on from their carriage: clean and well fenced, with flocks of sheep at pasture.

It had been practically abandoned land when Berkley bought it; grown up and waste. What it now was represented what the will and vigor of one man could do. Berkley had got it for a small sum when he came with his strange companion from the South.

He was, Colonel Braxton thought, a gentleman adventurer at the end of his resources and also at the end of life.

The person with him he could not precisely classify.

He seemed neither an equal nor a servant. Colonel Braxton remembered when the two persons had come in to see him: a dapper, little aged gentleman with a military manner, and a big, dark man, sturdy and powerful in the vigor of a youth that remained.

The latter looked like a sort of overseer, common in the South. He had the color of an octoroon; but the usual negroid markings were not about the man. His hair was straight and his features, in a manner, aquiline. There was force and determination in him, and one could see that he managed for the two in all practical affairs.

He towered over Berkley, as if he interposed, in his strength and vigor, to care for the aged gentleman against the world. It was a strange and intriguing relation, that could have no other than some dramatic adventure for its origin.

THEY had come in, soon after their arrival, to see Colonel Braxton about the title to the land.

Berkley had bought it with no thought for a lawyer's service, and it now appeared, from the wording of the deed, that he had got only a life estate. Upon Berkley's death, the property would revert to the former owner.

The transaction had been with an agent for the owners at Fort Pitt, a fello passenger on the boat North, who h somehow managed to discover wh Berkley sought.

It was a willful and premeditated d ception.

The owners held the land in fee, a there was no reason thus to convey the l estate only. But the house was unoccupi the lands grown up, and the price p down by Berkley, small.

WHEN Colonel Braxton pointed the deception in the deed, the b belligerent creature with the little capt had wished to fight, to go into the cou to force a title.

But the dapper little captain had o laughed.

What did it matter! He wished lands only for his life. He had no on consider. Whither the property pa after he was dead was of no importa

But a little later he seemed to h acquired a somewhat changed intent. sent for Colonel Braxton and asked to draw a paper putting the conduc the property, legally, into the hand Horton (for thus was the big creature Berkley named), making over to hin the returns from it during Berkley's except what the little captain shoul quire for his personal use. It was a prehensive sort of deed, vesting in H all control and authority and all p from the land. It had puzzled C Braxton when he drew it.

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"The wash of the steamer overturned Horton's boat, and he had to be fished out of the river, with his wool"

Out of what motive did this act issue? Colonel Braxton had reflected on the matter while he sat in the parlor of Berkley's house to formulate the paper. And it was for this reason, perhaps, that he had noticed with such care all the details about the place.

THERE was clearly no quality that one could call foresight in the dapper little captain, standing before the fire in that room, on the brick hearth, between the two big andirons.

And about the room there was no article, no picture, no bit of heirloom that seemed related to a former family, or a former status or manner of life. For such evidence, Colonel Braxton had searched the room. But there was nothing except the ancient furniture that had passed with the unoccupied house to its new owner.

Yet Berkley had uttered one significant remark that day.

Colonel Braxton now recalled it, sitting in the carriage on this summer afternoon with the Fort Pitt attorney, Mr. Evert Brewster. When Berkley signed the legal paper turning over the property to Horton, he had made a gesture as of abandonment; as of one going free of a thing he loathed.

"The earth depresses me," he had said. "It contains for me, sir, the only element of dread in death. To be covered in the earth! It is the whole horror in the idea of dissolution. If one could be exposed to the vultures, in the manner of the ancients; or sent out to sea, like the Vikings, in a sinking ship; or burned in a great pyre of spice woods and his ashes scattered to the winds . . . death, sir, would be a thing to laugh at!"

He got up laughing at it, himself. But Colonel Braxton felt that behind the laugh the speech issued from some primordial feeling.

And the remark had remained in Colonel Braxton's memory.

THERE was, however, a commonplace, practical side to that legal paper. Horton had gone to work on the run-down property with a tireless energy. He had put the old house in order, maintained Berkley in it like a gentleman. And he had a care for this that the solicitude of a woman could not have equaled.

The old gentleman remained—the dapper little captain, elegant and careless—and the house he lived in was kept up to the standard of that manner. The lands, too, were cleared of brush, fenced, and stocked with sheep. The wool was sold down the river. The immense industry of Horton was inconceivable. And he managed thus to make a waste, worn-out property that would not yield its taxes support the house, with evidently some considerable return beyond it.

There was a bit of money, too, for Captain Berkley's foibles.

That gentleman sought no acquaintance. He did not go about the town, nor to any house. He kept apart. But once in the year he went South on a river boat.

Neither Horton nor the little captain discussed their plans with anyone. It would be discovered that Captain Berkley had gone South, and later on it would be discovered that he had returned.

There was little, then, for the Fort Pitt lawyer beyond this general gossip of the countryside. He had seen the legal contract, of record, which Colonel Braxton had drawn up, and on this drive, out to the Berkley farm, he had interviewed the only person who seemed in possession of any collateral fact.

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That person was Sylvanus Betts, but what he knew was a cloud rather than a light on the affair. He had come out from his house when the carriage stopped, and stood in the road to talk to the two lawyers.

Betts was a wool buyer in a small way for a local manufacturing concern that wove coarse blankets, and he had endeavored to purchase the few bales of wool that Horton was sending down the river, about the time of the journey from which Captain Berkley did not return.

HE HAD made an offer, which Horton had refused, and he had followed to the river landing in an effort to obtain the wool. He had raised his offer as Horton was about to take the bales off to the steamer in a rowboat.

But the stubborn manager for Berkley would not sell to him. Betts thought the man had a regular purchaser for the wool he grew, perhaps at a stipulated price, and did not feel that he was at liberty to dispose of it to another. Besides, as the neighbors said, the careless little captain, when he went on these mysterious excursions, had always to have additional money to get home, and Horton was accustomed to send it by a boat captain, or to ship a few bales of wool to provide the funds.

"You will remember it," Betts said, addressing Colonel Braxton, "for you were on that steamer. Horton nearly lost his life taking the bales of wool out to it. The wash of the steamer overturned his boat. Horton was for some time imprisoned under it. He had to be fished out of the river, with his wool."

"Yes," replied Colonel Braxton. "I remember I was looking on from the deck of the steamer. It was the 'Dolly Madison of Memphis'."

"It was," said Betts.

And then he turned about on the Fort Pitt lawyer. He was a big man, bluff and aboveboard with his words.

"You ought to know all about this thing," he said. "It was your client who tricked Berkley. Their crooked agent sold him this land in fee simple, and then made him a deed that conveyed only a life estate. It was a piece of confounded knavery!"

"That, sir," said the attorney, "is a matter with which I have no concern."

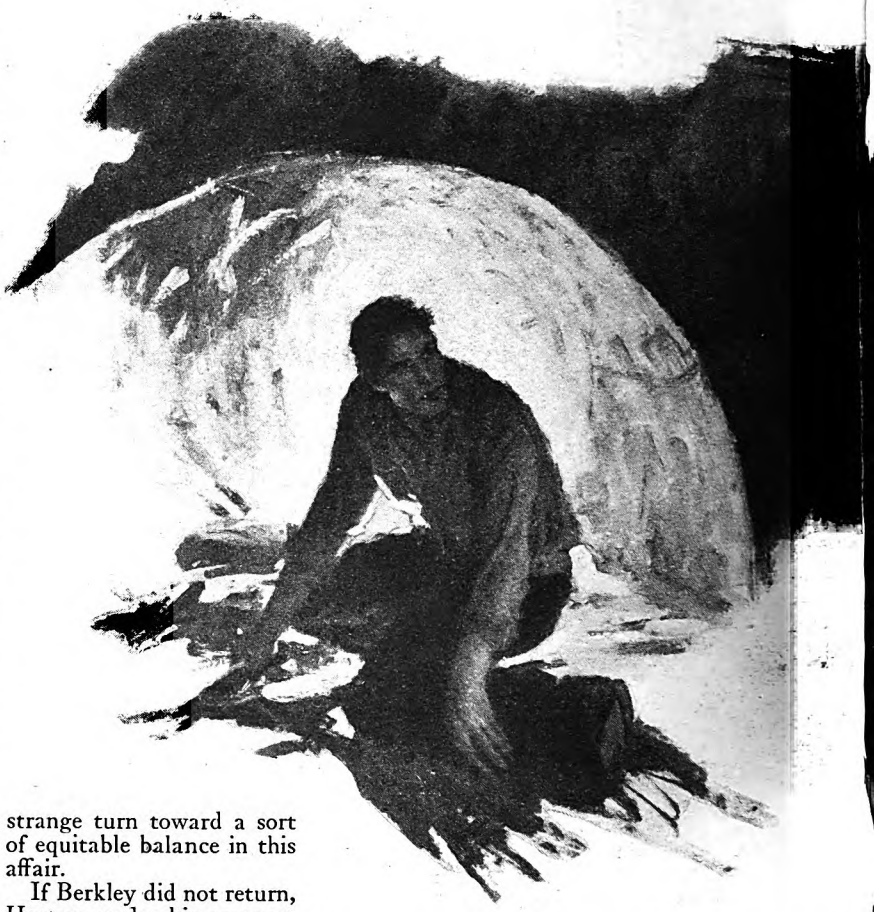
"Well," replied Betts, "it's a matter with which God Almighty will have a concern. It's a strange world, sir. No man ever gets any actual benefit out of a wrong. Somehow, in some unexpected manner, the Providence of God evens it."

And so, turning on his heel, he had gone back into his house.

As the carriage went on, the attorney made some apologies in form to Colonel Braxton. He knew nothing of this earlier transaction, he said. He had been recently retained for a specific purpose: to recover the land if Berkley's death could be established. It was purely a legal matter. There was no moral question in it.

Colonel Braxton did not reply.

The man was within the technical ethics of his profession. But human affairs were on a larger plane. There was always a moral right under every legal right if the latter ought to stand. And as the moral right was, so would the legal right be also. The law was to establish justice. There could be no justice in the absence of a moral right. And there seemed to him a



strange turn toward a sort of equitable balance in this affair.

If Berkley did not return, Horton, under his contract of record, would hold these lands for seven years. If one disappeared, passed out of human knowledge, he was not thereby accepted by the law as dead. The law presumed a life tenure of seven years, unless the death could be established, either by the finding and identification of the body, or some direct evidence of violence that would result in death, or circumstantial evidence tending to establish the fact of death.

The presumption of life must be overcome.

Men disappeared for various causes. They concealed themselves; they went surreptitiously on a journey. This was a common experience of life; too frequent in its occurrence to be passed over by the law. All this Colonel Braxton had explained to Berkley and his companion, as a sort of history appertaining to a life estate.

AND he recalled now the further details of that day when Horton had brought the little captain in to consult with him about the deception in the purchase deed. It was the annoyance of a suit in chancery, he felt, that had held Berkley back. His unconcern of what came beyond his death was not, for all the man's dapper manner, the controlling motive.

"I am sorry, Horton," he had said, somewhere in that talk, "to limit your inheritance, for you are my heir. But I will not be entangled in an endless lawsuit; I have had enough of that!"

And, strangely, at the words Horton had fallen silent, and the consultation had closed.

Colonel Braxton had assured Berkley that a court of equity would correct th deed, for the evidence of trickery was co spicuous. But he could not assure hi that a suit in chancery in the circuit cour of Virginia would not run on. There we too many shifts and subterfuges in the la One could get a jury trial to an issue. B a suit in chancery might go on for yea

IT WAS the one great wrong about o human devices to do justice—this dela

In his experiences he had met wi many another who, like this man, dr back from going into court to correct so defect in a land title. And who preferr like Berkley, to suffer the ill he kn rather than the law's delays and all worry and costs of lawsuits.

And so Colonel Braxton had no v high regard for this Fort Pitt lawyer for the mission he was on. But the myst that lay about the matter puzzled profoundly. In every direction, at the tance of a single step, the whole af ended in the dark.

Every detail was in itself a mystery

Wherefore the strange relation betw Berkley and this man Horton? And what race was the latter? Why had t come here, as though to be out of world? What were they endeavorin conceal, to cover up, to escape from? these periodic disappearances of Berk On what journey did he go, and for purpose and to what destination? had Horton wished to get the legal p giving him the returns from this es during Berkley's life?

One might understand why Ber would make that indenture.

Horton had, in fact, charge of e

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It was some moments before Horton, on his knees in the great fireplace, endeavored to reply, as though he required that interval for control

ng; a sort of manager, in every direction, this careless, swaggering old man. d Horton might wish it, knowing that kley was no person to handle practical irs.

That would be explanation enough if kley had returned. But when he had returned, it bore the aspect of a paper wn for a foreseen event.

And why had he not returned?

That was the culminating mystery! Every explanation that Colonel Brax- formulated seemed presently to nega- itself. Had Berkley gone on some enture? He was, from every evidence, rly of that type. But he was old now, ing to the end of life, and surely also ing to the end of such adventures. ut one could not tell.

OMETIMES, as the curtain was com- ng down, such men went out on a last erate affair; with no hope, with no , perhaps, that they would win out with the worthless fragment of life. r was he dead?

ad, if so, had Horton killed him?

he thing looked strange, either way, in contradiction. The marked attach- t of the man to Berkley would nega- this last conclusion. Horton was like ther and caretaker to him. He moved very direction apparently with this t.

hy, then, should he make away, in t, with him?

And yet, here was this caretaker to gather everything into his own hands. Here was this contract, drawn with a concern to make it legal and to get it of record, like a deed. But under such a paper, on the other hand, the continued life rather than the death of Berkley ought to be his concern, for there was only this life estate to look to.

The mysteries about the thing, in any direction, brought one up against a wall.

THE carriage stopped before the house, and Mr. Brewster and Colonel Braxton entered. They saw no one about. But a knocking on the door brought Horton. And again, as always, Colonel Braxton was puzzled by the man. He was big, muscular, and young; in the neighborhood of thirty, one would say; and he was swarthy, like an octoroon. But his features, as I have written, negatived that estimate.

He opened the door and stood aside, and they went into the one big room the house contained. The man indicated the empty chairs, as a courtesy to the guests. But he remained standing. His manner, Colonel Braxton thought, was that of a host who does not wish to be familiar rather than any convention of a servant.

Mr. Brewster sat down beside a table, placed his top hat on the floor, and began his interrogation, as in a criminal trial to a hostile witness.

And while the questions volleyed, Colonel Braxton looked about the room. He noted the details carefully and compared them in his memory with the details of the room at his former visit. And several items in that inventory intrigued him: trivial clues about this mystery, and pointing like vague signboards toward its solution.

One was the daguerreotype of a woman, in a simple frame. A young woman, evidently of the race from which Horton himself had come. But of a less rugged type. There was something finer about the face. This picture was on the table. And on the mantel there was a miniature in an oval frame, apparently of Berkley when a mere lad. These were new additions to the detail of the room. And there was a further considerable change about the fireplace.

But Colonel Braxton made no comment. He did not wish to include himself in Mr. Brewster's mission.

That lawyer got little from his interrogation.

THE big, inscrutable witness was in no sense hostile. His answers were clear and accurate, and he was frank and plain-spoken, like one willing to tell all he knew about an obscure affair. But when the explanation was ended there was nothing new. Captain Berkley had gone South, as was his custom on occasion, and had not returned.

One could not say what had happened to him.

The witness, as on former occasions, had shipped some bales of wool to his regular consignee at Memphis, to be a credit to Captain Berkley when he should call for it. The wool had been received, unbaled, sold, and the credit had not been drawn on. He produced the receipt of that consignee for the wool, and the credit to the account of Captain Berkley.

Brewster looked over the receipt and passed it to Colonel Braxton. Then he put two or three confirmatory queries, and Horton answered them.

"You took Captain Berkley to the boat?"

"Yes."

"And he has not returned?"

"No."

And then the question important to his mission:

"What do you intend to do, sir?"

Horton made a sort of gesture when he answered that, as of one who is asked a foolish and unnecessary question.

"I shall remain here," he said, "and take care of the house and lands, as I have always done. Captain Berkley has entrusted them to me. Shall I fail him in that trust merely because of the fact that he is absent?"

"And if he does not return?"

"I shall remain."

"How long?"

Again Horton made that curious gesture.

"How long, sir," he said, "shall a steward remain when he is left behind to care for his master's possessions in a land of strangers?"

"Well," said the attorney, in his crisp, sharp voice, "you might remain for seven years under the law, if Berkley does not turn up."

Horton made a sweeping gesture with his extended arm.

"For seven years then," he said.

It was drawing (*Continued on page 112*)

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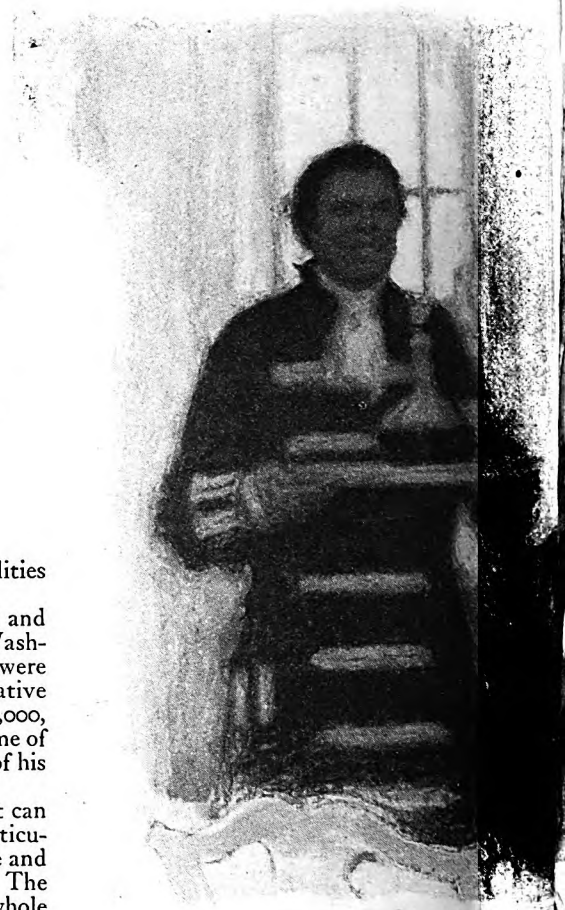
George Washington — *Business Man*

By NEIL M. CLARK



IT IS customary to think of Washington only in his rôles as soldier, statesman, and President; Washington, the man of business, the successful farmer, builder of lines of transportation, engineer, pioneer, and promoter of large commercial undertakings, looms but a shadowy figure in his historic background.

And yet Washington, from birth to death, was a man of broad commercial vision and rare business ability. In fact, his business sense was comparable to that of great pioneer initiators like Astor and Hill, whose fortunes arose from aiding and leading in the commercial development of vast, empty regions.

Indisputable testimony to his business genius may be found in the fact that Washington was able to spend practically one fourth of his life, during the most productive years, in extraordinary public service, giving practically no attention to his private affairs, and yet leaving behind him a record of business achievement and a fortune that entitle him to be called our first millionaire.

Like many present-day business geniuses, Washington started life with but a few cents of his own. His keen business acumen, however, secured the foundations of a fortune before, at his brother Lawrence's death, he inherited a considerable amount of property. And before he met and won the delectable, amply financed widow, Martha Custis, his business and financial operations had made him one of the leading rich young men in his part of the country.

Martha Washington's fortune was no doubt a welcome addition to Washington's capital, but it did not "make" him, as so many people seem to think. As a matter of fact, only part of it accrued to him, and in the whole of his eventual fortune that part represented a very small percentage.

Where and *how* did Washington get all his property and his wealth? That was the question that so intrigued Eugene Ernst Prussing, a lawyer of Chicago and Los Angeles, that he spent thirteen years in exhaustive research of Washington as a business man. Some of the facts Mr. Prussing unearthed are new; but even the old ones have been put in a fresh perspective, enabling us to see the Father of Our Country in another light and to appraise and interpret his great abilities anew.

When he died, the land and other investments that Washington directed to be sold were worth, by his own conservative estimate in his will, $530,000, and this did not include some of the most valuable portions of his estate.

The keenest question that can be asked about a man, particularly a public man, is, where and how did he get his wealth? The answer usually involves his whole character. Mr. Prussing set out to answer this question in regard to Washington in the hope that a new and truer picture of the *man* might emerge. It did.

Mr. Prussing was tireless in his research. He made special journeys to seven states and fifty counties, visiting every known place where Washington owned real property at the time of his death. He engaged in correspondence and personal interviews with hundreds of individuals. He spent weeks patiently exploring yellow and faded handwritten records in the dim vaults of courthouses and libraries.

In August, 1917, in the bitterest and busiest days of the war, he successfully enlisted the help of President Wilson, Ambassador Page, Secretary Lansing, and high officials of Great Britain and the Bank of England, and had one-hundred-and-eighty-year-old files opened and records carefully examined which threw light on the research.

A lengthy, dry procedure. But out of it emerged a new, sharp, clear, thoroughly human, and understandable portrait of America's greatest man as he really was, a man whose character has been so clouded with misstatements, which were meant to do him honor, that several years ago a famous historian said despairingly: "George Washington is an unknown man."

MR. PRUSSING has described his researches in two recently published books, "The Estate of George Washington, Deceased," and "George Washington in Love and Otherwise." It was after immersion in these books that I went to see Mr. Prussing, to get at first hand the story of George Washington, Man of Business.

"To many of us," he said, "Washington is a mythical figure hidden behind fab like that of the self-righteous little b and the hypothetical cherry tree. A matter of fact, he was a very different s of person. He was a man who would h been perfectly at ease in a group of m ern big business men around the directo table. And he enjoyed fox hunting dancing, as the modern man enjoys g

"In his ideals, his sense for giving va as well as getting it, his insistence on ex statistics, his zeal for big construc undertakings, for striking into vi fields, seizing opportunities, opening nues to development, his instinctive ing-up of the possibilities of profit deal—in all these matters and others them, his attitude was strikingly sim to that of the best of modern business did not definitely formulate any rule money-making, but he followed ce basic principles throughout his caree

WASHINGTON'S apprenticeshi business started soon after father's death, which occurred whe boy was twelve.

"From that time," Mr. Prussing "he was pretty much on his own, an always faced with the problem of m a living. His father had been a mer and farmer, a vigorous, thrifty mar captained his own vessel on the hig and was the proprietor of iron-m properties in Virginia. He left qu estate, but George's share did not b him much, either as boy or man.

"The elder brothers secured imm possession of their inheritance. Law for example, received the land at

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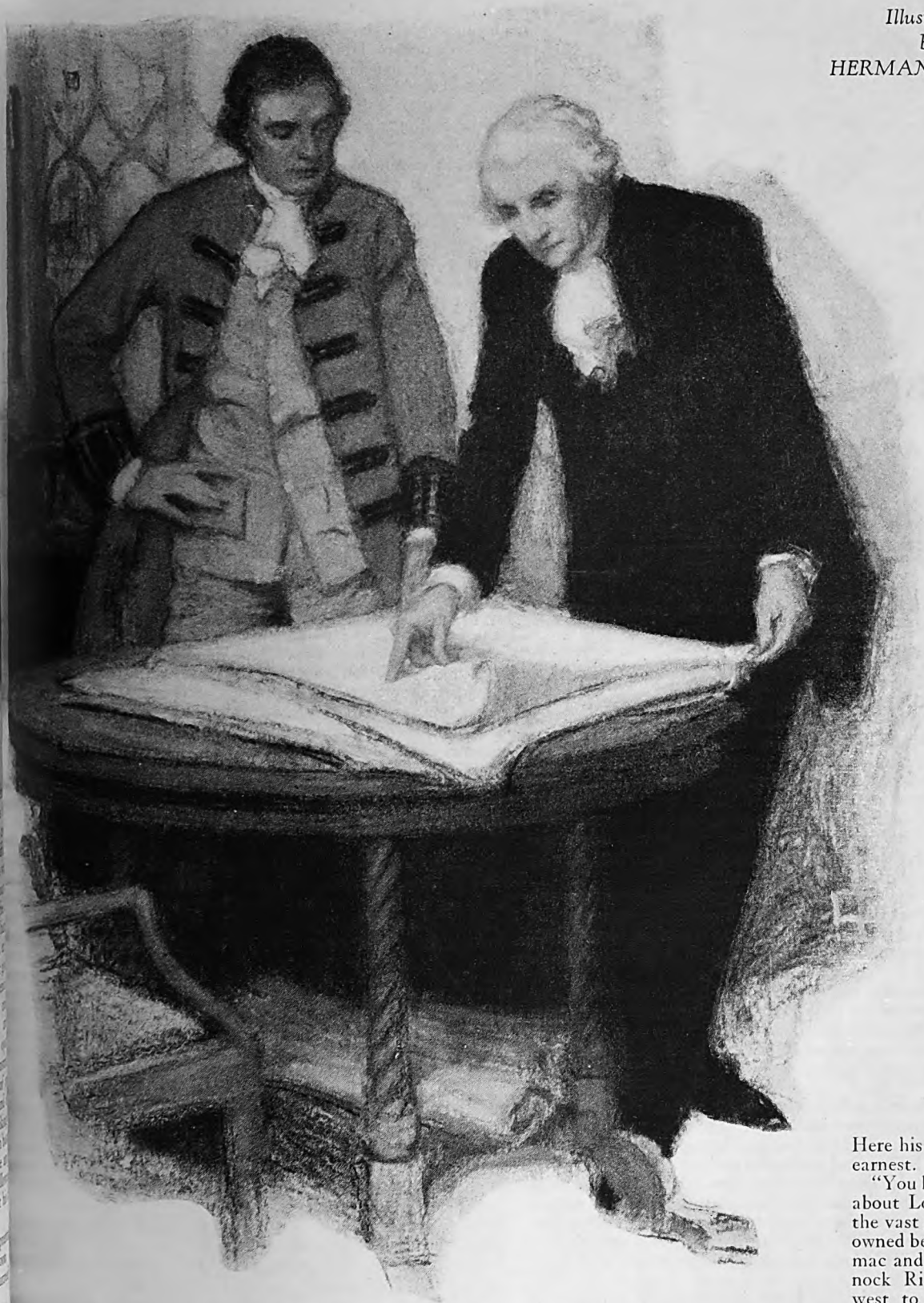

Vernon, then an estate of about twenty-five hundred acres. But Mrs. Washington had the use during her lifetime of all the property left to George, and as it happened, she lived to a ripe old age. Indeed, Washington did not receive a penny directly from his father's estate until he reached the Presidency and was almost sixty years old.

"Like most boys, he was undecided what career to follow. He considered the sea with favor, and Lawrence encouraged him in the idea; but his mother made such serious objections that he gave it up. However, the giving-up led to the career that he did adopt.

"Lawrence Washington had built a home and was living on the Mount Vernon estate. It was suggested to George that it would be just as well if he got away from his mother's immediate influence, if she was trying to shelter and soften him, as the seafaring incident indicated. So at fifteen he went to live with Lawrence. Here his career began in earnest.

"You learned in school about Lord Fairfax and the vast grant of land he owned between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers, stretching west to the sources of these rivers in the Allegheny Mountains. The Fairfaxes were near neighbors at Mount Vernon, and related by marriage, and this connection led to George's first job. He went with George William Fairfax, only five years his senior, to the Shenandoah Valley as an apprentice surveyor.

"The Shenandoah was wild and sparsely settled. The two Georges crossed the mountains on horseback, hunted and cooked their own food, and enjoyed themselves as only boys can. But they did,

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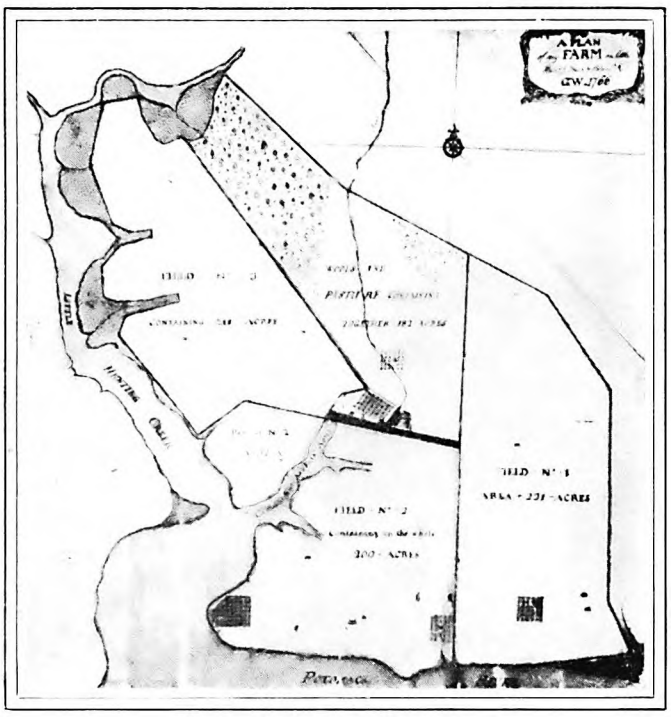

Washington's plan of his farm

withal, a good, honest job of work, as shown by the plats and surveys that have come down to us.

"And they did it in a region superbly beautiful. For sheer, soft loveliness, for its blue distances, its mountains, river, and rolling, rich land, I know of nothing to compare with Shenandoah, twenty miles wide, two hundred long. And there is evidence that it was Washington's view of this valley when he was sixteen, while his mind was impressionable and the wilderness was new to him, that helped permanently to fix the direction that his career was to take. For always, thereafter, his eyes and mind and business activities were directed westward, to the Shenandoah, and far beyond. 'The rising empire' he began calling it before he had grown much older; and it was in the development of this rising empire that he sought, and chiefly found, his business career and his fortune.

"As assistant to young Fairfax, George Washington received, at least part of the time, a doubloon a day, or the equivalent of seven dollars. This was good pay. But as one of his biographers remarks, 'Washington was always a good hand at making money.'

"The work lasted two months. When it was finished, Washington took a brief course at William and Mary College, in order to pass the examinations and secure a license as surveyor. He was successful and sought, and obtained, the job of county surveyor of Culpeper County.

"THIS was his first public office and his first important job undertaken on his own initiative. It was not a sinecure, but required a real man to hold it down. The county surveyor was responsible for hiring and overseeing the necessary helpers. Occasionally survey lines were run through land with rival claimants and it was the surveyor's duty to settle the disputes; and not infrequently the claimants argued with guns and knives. So at seventeen the boy was handling men and mastering the essentials of diplomacy—an excellent preparation for a business career.

"At this time, too, he was beginning modestly to stake out his fortune. He had the thrifty idea of not taking all his pay in cash. He knew where the best acres were located—he had a canny eye for them as he surveyed—and believing that settlers would come rapidly and prices would rise, he began putting his extra pay into good land. By this means he acquired considerable property before Lawrence died and he became the owner of Mount Vernon.

"Washington came into the Mount Vernon property when he was twenty-one. It consisted then of twenty-seven hundred acres. Until his death forty-six years later, Mount Vernon was his home and headquarters, the center from which his engineering and business projects were directed, and though he made many trips and was away for long periods during the Revolution and the Presidency, Mount Vernon was the place he thought of as his business address. His ownership of the estate brought him actively into the larger affairs of the community.

"Six years later, Washington met and married Martha Custis. It has been generally assumed that her fortune was added whole to what he had; and historians, and to some extent people of his own time, believed that 'the widow' made Washington a rich man. Nobody knew exact amounts. But people gossiped. And a testy Scotchman is said to have remarked to the first President's face:

"'Now what would ye ha' been had ye not married the widow Custis?'

"Washington's accounts with the Custis heirs, for whom he acted as administrator, were supposed to have been lost. In April, 1918, I went very carefully through his ledger 'A,' which is preserved in the Library of Congress. I found three accounts referred to in the index as follows:

	Page
Estate of Colo. Custis, dec'd	5
Custis, Patsy, Miss	5
Custis, Jno. Parke	6

"But when I turned to these pages, they appeared to be missing.

"Now, Washington's method in his ledger was to number facing pages alike: that is, both a left-hand and a right-hand page would be numbered 57. But I found that all three of the pages mentioned in the index, 57, 59, and 64, seemed to be gone. What could have happened?

"Puzzling over it and fingering through the neighboring pages to be sure there was no mistake in indexing, I happened to notice that some of the pages were of unusual thickness. I then suspected, what later proved to be true, that the pages had been very cleverly pasted together. Reporting my discovery to the librarian, the repair man was called in and soon separated the pages. When this was done, it was plain to a dull eye just how much Washington 'got with the widow.' The total cash and currency accruing from the Custis estate was a little more than one hundred thousand dollars, which was divided three ways between the widow and the two children. George Washington, as the law then stood, became owner of the widow's share.

"But that was all. In other words, he 'married' something like thirty-three thousand dollars. It was a goodly sum, especially for those days, but as for 'making' Washington in business sense, the idea is ridiculous.

"WASHINGTON administered the shares of the estate belonging to the children. John Custis, in addition to his cash inheritance, received fifteen thousand acres of land. After John's death Washington continued the administration for John's children, with such satisfactory results that one of the

One of several maps made by the Master of Mount Vernon

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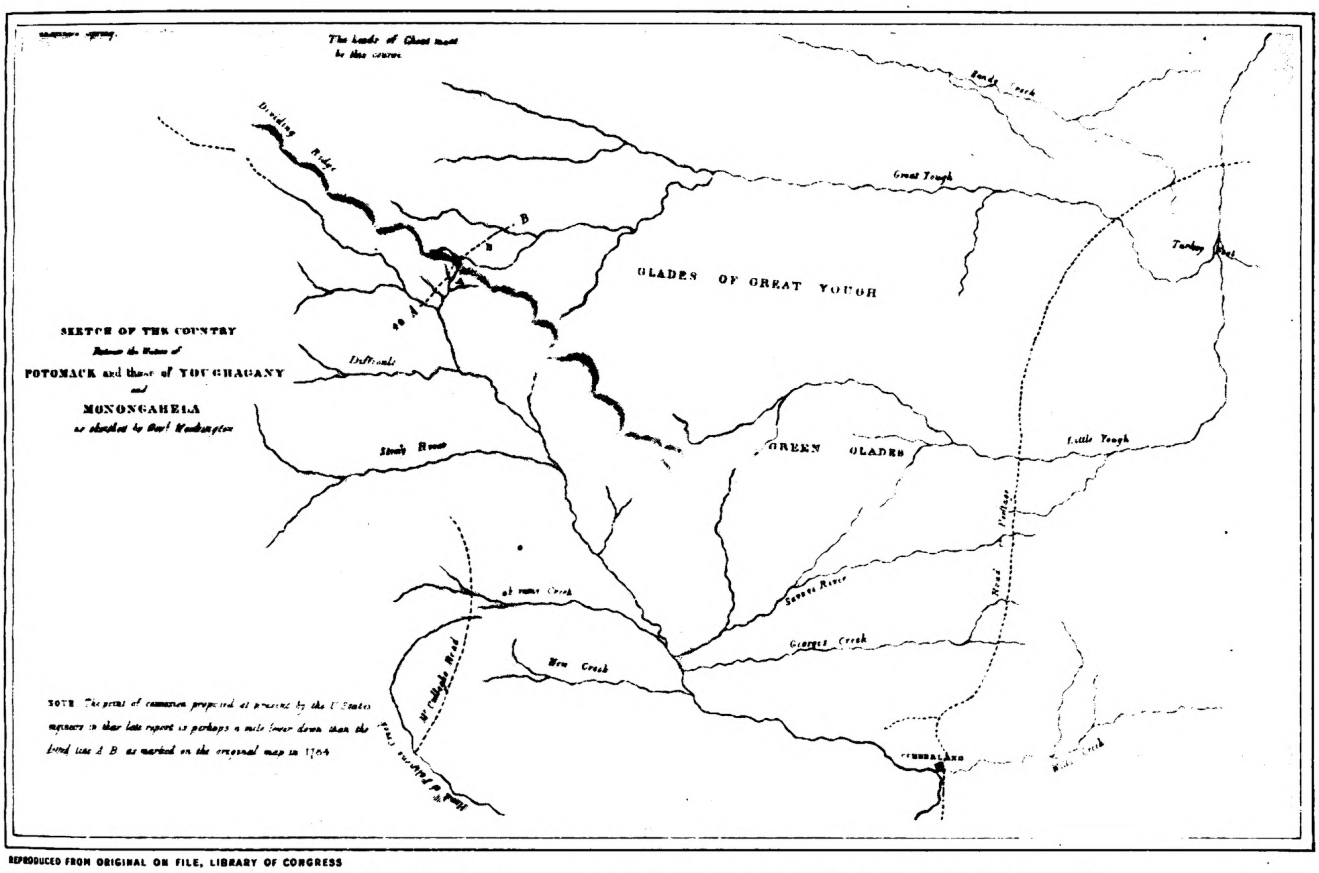

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A sketch made by Washington showing some tributary water and portage routes which would feed into the Potomac River at Cumberland, Maryland. This plan to link inland points to the coast was one of the several important enterprises in which Washington was interested. It was undertaken by the Potomac River Company, of which he was president. This company was succeeded by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

George Custis, upon coming of age, was one of the richest young men in Virginia."

In the fifteen years following Washington's marriage, up to the time he was called to head the Revolutionary forces and during the five-year interval between the Revolution and the Presidency, he engaged in a considerable variety of enterprises.

"His interests," Mr. Prussing continued, "were primarily agricultural. This was natural, since he lived in a new country before the advent of modern machinery and the factory system; had he lived a century and a half later, it is fair to guess that he might have been a great pioneer in industry.

"At Mount Vernon, Washington added much land by purchasing neighboring farms. This estate grew from twenty-seven hundred to more than eight thousand acres at the time of his death. It was his most cherished possession, and on it he lavished endless care, labor, and expense—and as long as he was free to oversee it, he usually made a fair farming profit. He had his good seasons and bad, but his returns, on the average, may be reckoned somewhere between ten and fifteen thousand dollars a year.

"Here also he ran the gristmill his father established. He conducted fisheries at wholesale along his nearly ten miles of water front. And the product of these industries (flour, and salted shad and herring) he shipped to England and the West Indies in annually increasing quantities. He maintained a ferry across the Potomac. This paid a profit and was a great convenience to the public. And of course he also had general oversight of a small army of slaves and superintendents who operated these various enterprises.

WASHINGTON was shrewd and aggressive in acquiring land elsewhere, whether by purchase or other means. During the French and Indian War he was authorized by Governor Dinwiddie to raise a body of troops. It was crop time when they were needed and he had difficulty in getting his quota of eight hundred men. Washington urged the Governor to offer a bonus in western lands to the volunteers. Dinwiddie consented, offering a total of two hundred thousand acres on the western waters—that is, on the Ohio and its tributaries. But before the campaign was over and the lands allotted, Dinwiddie was recalled and his successors were doubtful of the deal, or unwilling to go through with it. Washington, as leader, was kept busy from 1759 to 1772, writing letters and exerting his influence to get the lands assigned according to promise.

"He finally succeeded. His own share was ten thousand acres; but since the region was unsettled and more or less dangerous, many of the soldiers and officers preferred a little ready cash. Washington, taking a longer look, bought up many of the certificates, thus adding to his holdings.

"He also had an agent locate many claims for him in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and what is now West Virginia. Eventually he owned fifty-three thousand acres of the best bottom lands on the Ohio, Great Kanawha, and Little Miami Rivers.

"There were other ventures.

"IN 1763, and for five years thereafter, Washington was actively engaged on the Dismal Swamp project. This involved the drainage and lumbering operations on forty thousand acres of 'spongy' forested land below Norfolk, in Virginia, and required the building of a number of miles of canals, maintenance of yards and docks at Suffolk, building roads and camps, directing timber-cutting and shipping on a large scale. To this enterprise Washington devoted the greater part of six years as managing director of a company of twelve 'adventurers.' It was always a profitable venture. Even today the entire tract is owned by one company and held as a timber preserve.

"Another great project in which Washington was a prime mover was the Potomac River Company. He was chosen president. The object was to bring about long-distance navigation of the river. The plan was to clear the Potomac of rocky obstructions, build canals and locks around its several falls, and connect the headwaters in Pennsylvania by a portage or road with the headwaters of the Ohio River. In this way, Pittsburgh and the tidewater towns were to become next-door neighbors.

"Washington devoted money, time, and energy to this enterprise for four years after the Revolution, doing everything from beginning to end to make it a success. He planned the work, traveled up and down the valley to mark its location, employed the superintendents, attended meetings of directors and stockholders: in short, was the active executive of a great project. Up to the day of his death Washington believed that the project would ultimately prove a (*Continued on page 106*)

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Tick-Tock!

By W. O. SAUNDERS

Drawings by NORMAN PRICE

THE clock on the mantelpiece is making itself heard. How ominous are its measured beats and how they haunt me! That same old clock has been beating off the time there for years and years and I never noticed it until yesterday.

And the canary over by the window drools, drools, drools. He used to trill. For years the now almost sepulchral beat of that old clock was never heard above the laughter and lively discourses of many voices in the house. But one by one the cherished voices are departing. Just last summer Mamie left us; then the boy went off to college early in the fall.

Already things were beginning to look different around the house. And then Billie married all of a sudden; Billie, who was so cheerful, so full of laughter, so full of fun, and, with it all, so considerate of her daddy. I only had to raise my head and look around and Billie would guess my want and hasten to find the matches for me, or fetch my slippers.

Elizabeth, twenty-two, already staid and sophisticated, is left, but Elizabeth just seems to be sitting around awaiting her turn or her opportunity to move out and on.

And there's Mary Byrd, just sixteen and still our baby, but already so particular about hose and shoes to match and already looking forward to college or conservatory. And so the clock and the canary are making themselves heard now and their notes seem to convey a sorrowful anticipation of a not far distant day when they will be alone in the house with an aging couple who have lost their children.

I know now that I am getting old. I am forty-three years old, going on forty-four, and they say that at this age a fellow is in his prime. Liars, all who say it. Old Age has got me cornered. I know it for a certainty. For years I have waged a losing fight against it and have kidded myself right much. But it's no use kidding any more.

A fear of Old Age crept upon me many years ago. I was conscious of it when I looked at my first baby. I put the fear away and it reasserted itself with chilling positiveness when that little one became of age to go to school and I set out to buy her first grade school supplies. Again I put it away, only to be fetched up with a consciousness of the thing rooted deep in my heart when the little daughter grew up apace and put on her first "growny" frock. I met her on the street and didn't recognize her as my own grown-up daughter at first sight. Again I put the thought away. I refused to admit the passing of youth and the approach of Old Age for some years after that.

I wouldn't admit the coming of Old Age when I was thirty-seven and my health broke down. I tried to kid myself with the notion that I had worked overhard that summer and would be my old self again as soon as I could get my work in order and take a little rest. I wouldn't see a doctor. I know now that I was afraid; that I didn't want to know the truth, that I wasn't young any more and could never more hope to be full of pep and vigor again.

I planned a vacation. The great day came and my wife accompanied me on a trip to Washington and New York and Niagara Falls. It was the trip we had planned for our honeymoon years ago but didn't take because when our wedding day came I didn't have the price.

I KIDDED myself a lot on that belated honeymoon trip. I affected all the airs of a youthful bridegroom and got a great kick out of the sly winks fellow travelers gave one another when they observed my attentiveness to my wife. And the wife did look very like a bride. A little new appareling and a railroad ticket in the good old summertime will take ten years off any woman's age—if she has that much to spare.

I say I cut a lot of capers on that trip. But in the afternoons if there was no sight-seeing to be done I was much relieved and found much comfort lounging in hotels. At night I was all tired out. But I would be myself again in a few days, so I thought. But I haven't been what I was pleased to call *myself*. I am simply another self now, living in an entirely different world from the one I started out in, and faced with the necessity of making new adjustments and making most of the new order of life to which the years have assigned me.

"Gee! You are looking fine; I don't think you have shown better color for years; you are on the threshold of the most useful years of your life, looking fit to carry on." So I am greeted by old friends who drop in to see me. They may be kidding themselves, but they are not kidding me.

THEY tell me I am now in what the world considers the glorious "roaring forties." The world doesn't call that Old Age at all; but the world is a schoolboy with puckered lips whistling to keep up its courage as it passes a graveyard. I have done my share of whistling; but it's no use; the doors of all the halls of youth have closed upon me and I find myself in other halls with new alignments to make or I am lost.

When does Old Age begin? I have an idea it begins with most men around thirty. I have come to this conclusion from having noticed that the average man around the age of thirty responds to your morning inquiry or salutation with the words: "Feeling pretty good for an old man, thank you!" And he will invariably straighten up his shoulders, expand his chest, and laugh, as if to assure you that he is only kidding. But he isn't kidding. He knows he isn't young any more.

Women are never so flippant; discreet, resourceful, tactful women never admit Old Age, even in jest. Women take things more seriously than men, except, of course, the husband's complaint about the limitations of the family income.

I think my most shocking recognition of the coming of Old Age was experienced

Blue eyes, looking up at me,
I wonder what you really see.
—*Richard Le Gallienne*

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'Tis very quiet in the house
When children come not home at all.
The day goes stiller than a mouse;
Gulls and the sea-winds cry and call:
And two old shadows by the flame
Talk of the days when children came!

—*Katherine Tynan Hinkson*

around the age of thirty-five. I had drifted into what turned out to be a cheap burlesque playhouse on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. A platform led from the stage right down through the center of the house and just above the seats. On this platform beefy chorus women pranced and did their stuff over the heads of the audience, engaging in cheap banter with the male spectators. I had already looked around for a side-door exit, hoping to sneak out of the place without being seen, when one of the fat soubrettes with rouged knees stooped low, patted me on the head, and said: "Ain't he the Sweet Daddy!"

Everything inside me seemed to turn upside down and I was sickened with shame and nausea. I don't know how I got out of the place, but I got out; disgusted with cheap burlesque and disgusted with myself for having put myself into it.

Those words, "Ain't he the Sweet Daddy," fairly sung in my burning ears. To be called a Daddy by a horrid old soubrette probably several years my senior was disconcerting. I looked myself over in the mirror that night. What was there about me that suggested the opprobrium of Daddy to a woman old enough to mother me?

AND the mirror told me the story; the mirror had been trying to tell me for several years, I guess, but I had ignored it. Now I beheld myself as others probably saw me: bald, fat, shoulders inclined to stoop, a wrinkled forehead, drooping mouth, double chin, fillings in many teeth, a tired look in eyes that were once full of fire and laughter; truly a spectacle to be derisively "Daddied" by an aging soubrette. Gad, how my feelings were hurt!

I straightened my shoulders up a bit, sucked my paunch in, brushed the dandruff off my coat collar. When I dropped into a barber's chair next morning and the presiding genius suggested a facial massage, I fell for it. The manicurist caught my eye and smiled benevolently. I submitted to her ministrations. I carried my head a little higher all that day and found a lot of interest in ten polished and pointed nails.

BUT it was bothersome keeping my lungs inflated and holding my waistline in. I bought one of those instruments of torture, an abdominal belt, guaranteed to reduce the waistline four to five inches. It did; it also taught me why emancipated women abandoned their corsets.

I had to get rid of that torture device and let the paunch have its way. But I bought myself a gay necktie; a red tie. My wife protested when I brought it home, but the youthfulness and screaming audacity of the thing appealed to me immensely. I wore it. I also bought a fancy hat band for my panama and turned the brim of that panama down all around. I admit it gave me a sporty look. Then it was that I took to white flannel trousers, sport shoes, handkerchiefs with colored borders.

And I even bought spats. I let a salesman in a Madison Avenue, New York, shoe shop stick them on me and I got away with them in New York in fine shape. But when I came home to my own little elm-shaded Main Street in my old home town down here in Dixie, I had to brace myself for an ordeal. My fellow townsmen just didn't want to stand for those spats; no one in Elizabeth City had ever worn spats before; they were freak appurtenances to be worn by dudes and city chaps with little waxed mustaches. Small-town folks hate spats with a genuine hatred; I don't know why. I was never permitted to get much enjoyment out of my spats.

But I did not abandon my gay defiance of coming Old Age and its telltale markings. Old Age must have smiled devilishly at the puny devices which I employed to thwart her. She knew that there comes a time at last when we may no longer ignore her; whether one be forty-three or sixty-three doesn't matter; when one has raised a family and that family begins to break up and leave one in solitude, Old Age can't be ignored any more.

Ticknor met Oliver Wendell Holmes feeling his way along the walls of the hall of his home, very feeble and almost blind. He recognized Ticknor by his voice and said to him: "Do you recollect asking me for a definition of happiness many years ago, and do you remember my answer? It was, 'Ten feet on the fender.' Now I want to give you a definition of misery. It is, 'Two feet left on the fender.'"

I haven't come to the two-feet-on-the-fender stage yet, but I am on my way. Three young ones have gone out of my home within a few months. Three vacant chairs at the table. Two young ones still left; but they are only awaiting their opportunity to try their wings too.

Presently all of the young voices will have gone out of the house and there will be little conversation. A married couple have so few things to talk about; having lived together many years and raised a family, most things are understood or go without saying. And then, too, the art of conversation is not easily encouraged in man and wife.

AND what have become of all my plans for making over the old house, adding more rooms, enlarging the living-room, and putting in another bath? I have deplored the fact for years that we didn't have enough space; now we have a surplus. We used to dread company overnight because we had no place to put them; now we wish company would come. I feel sometimes like meeting the night train, grabbing the first passengers that get off, and imploring them to come home and spend the night with us.

To think that I have spent so many years complaining about the room the kids took up in the house; and they *did* take up an awful lot of room. At times you couldn't find (*Continued on page 86*)

And the song has been sung
And the story been told.

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

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My Memories of the

By
DON MARQUIS

ONE of the gayest dogs of the Gay Nineties was the Drummer.

I speak of the Gay Nineties as they appeared to Massillon, Ohio; Griffin, Georgia; Plumville, Pennsylvania; Walnut, Illinois; Clay Center, Nebraska; and not as they impressed London and Paris and New York City.

It is true that in many localities the Drummer lingered well into the Twentieth Century, but it is the Drummer of the Gay Nineties whom I remember best. He was in his most fragrant efflorescence then . . . at the period when tan shoes with toothpick points were being worn by Dudes, when Captain Adrian C. Anson still played first base on the Chicago ball club, when Free Silver was an issue, when "Annie Rooney" was going out of fashion and Horseless Carriages were coming in.

The Drummer, as he was then, is gone forever; and the type of country hotel waitress with whom he coquetted for a second piece of pie is also an extinct mammal. He has been replaced by the Salesman. The Salesman of today is a standardized product of modern efficiency, and he sells billions of dollars' worth of other standardized products without telling a single funny story or attending a single lodge meeting. He has been shot full of the psychology of business relations; he is as rapid as an airplane, as far-reaching as the radio, as self-contained as a tin of tuna fish, and he dresses and eats his soup as quietly and inconspicuously as the other millions of members of the hundreds of thousands of country clubs to which he belongs. There isn't a face ache in a barrel of him; nowhere do his customers and their friends gather round when he comes expansively into a store and hang upon his words with expectancy and admiration, waiting for the cue to laugh. He has cut out the vaudeville; he sells, and rushes on, and sells again.

The old sailing-ship reached its highest point of usefulness and beauty just before it was superseded by steam. And the old-fashioned Drummer bumped the zenith of his era—making the welkin ring, as the saying used to be when William Allen White was a young man and George Ade was writing his Fables in Slang—in the last years before the Salesman came. Not that the old-fashioned Drummer wasn't a good salesman himself. He sold everything that was sold. But how?

To those of us who lived in the little inland towns in the Gay Nineties the Drummer was not primarily interesting in his capacity as salesman. He was a brilliant bird of passage ever flitting to and from unknown regions. He was a connecting link with the great outside world. He visited habitually such far-away, prodigious, and fabulous centers of the universe as Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

My memory still retains a picture of myself, as a barefooted, freckle-faced boy of twelve, standing on a plank sidewalk in a prairie town—one of those towns which, as George Ade once put it, "prop two cornfields apart"—and looking up at one of these magnificent beings, while I gathered the courage to ask him:

"Do you really *know* Captain Anson?"

"Yes, kid," said the Drummer, smiling down at me.

BUT this assurance wasn't enough for me. Lots of people said they knew people, when they had only seen them, or maybe spoken to them once or twice. I said, not wishing to seem impolitely incredulous:

"I know four or five people who have been to Chicago, and have seen him play ball. And yelled things when he socked out a two-bagger. And spoke to him when he sat down on the bench again. But that isn't *knowing* him."

"Kid," said the Drummer, "he and I buy our cigars at the same place; and when I'm at home we often meet up there and play a game of pool in the evenings, and talk over the game. He ain't much of a pool player."

I didn't quite believe him, and I resented his saying that Captain Ans wasn't much of a pool player. I carr one of his heavy bags to the hotel, I member, and he gave me a dime; but wasn't the dime I was after. I wanted associate with him a little and make my mind whether he had lied. It did seem possible to me that I was really the presence of a man who actually kn Adrian C. Anson, the greatest base player of All Time. (I still think of that way; Babe Ruth is only a pas sensation to me!)

I watched him through the scree window of the hotel as he ate—tal three fried eggs and at least a poun ham onto his plate with one noble, sw ing gesture and establishing friendly lations with the red-haired waitress a single kick of his eye—and trie make up my mind about him. I felt if he had lied to me, I should hate forever. On the other hand, if it coul true, he was something that I should keep stingily to myself. It was my to gallop down the street and find Joh Knight and Clarence Fuller, pals of at the time, and share this find.

While I was debating what to this crisis, and digging my big toe a knot-hole in the hot sidewalk, came Colfax Wolf, a boy several older.

"Col," I whispered, breathlessly, Drummer in there is a friend of Ca Anson's!"

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Old-Fashioned DRUMMER

Illustrated by
DAVID ROBINSON

As he sat and told the Latest Ones in Uncle Ben's store, gradually the disengaged portion of the village came in and gathered round and listened

Colfax's father ran the hotel, and Colfax was more frequently in touch with greatness than I. He looked through the window with but little emotion, and then he said, with an astonishing calm, considering the wonder of his words:

"I got acquainted with a Drummer last week who knows John L. Sullivan."

I would have given anything I possessed at that time, including a third interest in a .22 caliber rifle, to have traded lives with Col Wolf, who habitually conversed with Drummers, almost upon terms of equality.

PEOPLE didn't get around much in those days. The Mississippi River was only thirty or forty miles west of the village where I lived; but to me it was as unreal and fabulous as the Amazon or the Nile, or any other river on a school map that I had merely read about and dreamed about. And these Drummers—why, they crossed it every week or so! They were in contact with the world. They traveled clear over into I'way! Anything more than twenty or thirty miles away was hard to realize; out of that unknown beyond might come anything; a Drummer who told me that he had met Sindbad the Sailor would have been hardly less credible than one who said he knew Adrian Wilson.

When the Drummer got off the Passenger Train and lugged his sample cases over to Uncle Ben Wilson's general store, and sat down on the counter, and began:

"Say, Uncle Ben, didja hear the new one yet about the Swede and the Irishman? . . ."

Why, then you knew that you and the other people who had followed him into Uncle Ben's store to listen were really getting the Latest One.

Probably at that same moment men in stovepipe hats and Prince Albert coats were telling each other that identical Latest One about the Swede and the Irishman in the Palmer House in Chicago. This very Drummer had heard it there only day before yesterday. Or maybe—thrilling speculation!—he had introduced it there.

Yes, he had traveled. He was a man of the world. Today, he was here. Tomorrow—next week at the latest—he might be way up in Wisconsin, sitting on another counter, telling an even Later One about a Colored Man and a Horseless Carriage; or the one about the Boston Schoolma'am and the old-fashioned high-wheel bicycle. For he knew them all. What a gay and knowing dog he was! Raconteur, globe-trotter, sport, he had been everywhere and he knew everybody and he had seen everything! Herald of the latest fashions—but never the Dude. He was always careful to indicate that he despised the Dude; he had seen a good many Dudes in the Big Cities. He knew some pretty good ones about Dudes, too. You felt that he was decidedly on Your Side, with regard to Dudes; superior to them. And, generally, his heart was in the right place—you felt that about him, with all his sophistication.

AS HE sat and told the Latest Ones in Uncle Ben's store, gradually the disengaged portion of the village came in and gathered round and listened. Hennery Waters, the drayman and City Marshal, who always wore a large star, the badge of his authority, pinned to his galluses in front, came in and accepted a good five-cent cigar and gave the meeting a sort of semi-official standing. Peter Babcock, the barber from next door, contributed his presence and the clinging fragrance of his craft. Clem Salters, who drove the village sprinkling cart, sat down on a box with his mouth open as if to gulp down (*Continued on page 152*)

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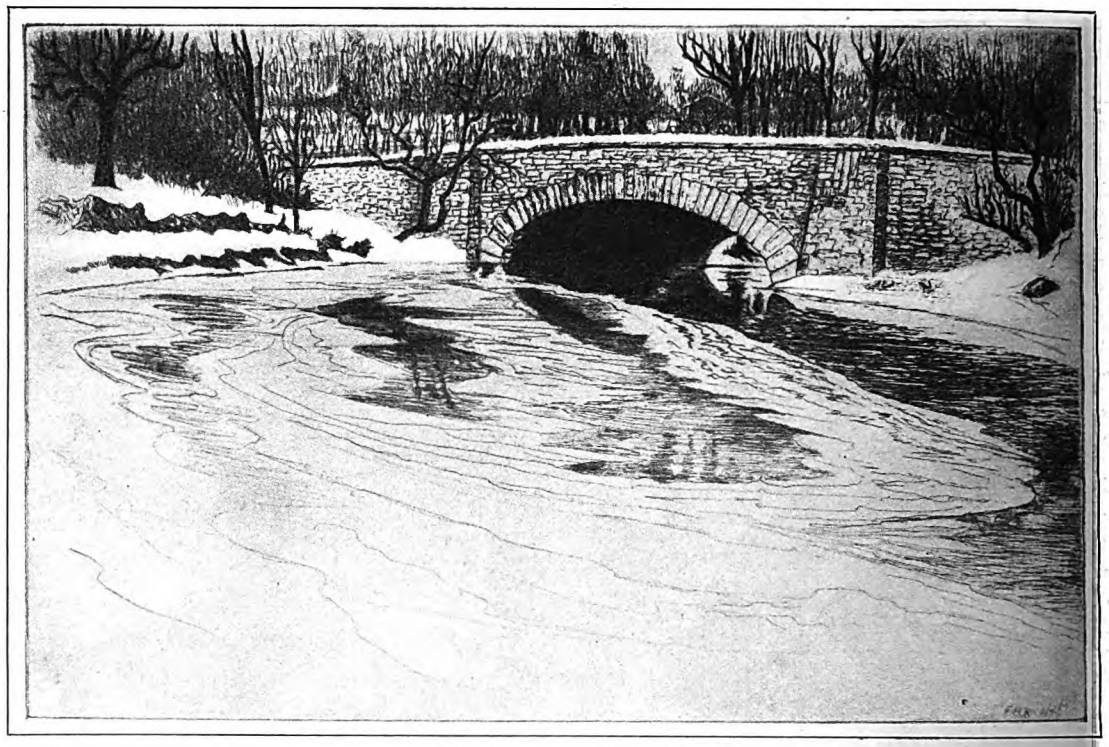

How to Make Your Mind Behave

An interview with Frederick B. Robinson

President of the College of the City of New York

By M. K. WISEHART

TO BEGIN with, I think you will be interested to know how it happens that I am writing this article, which deals, to some extent, with how your mind behaves, but chiefly with *how you can make it behave.*

Some months ago, in company with a friend, a musician, I visited one of the country's best known exhibits of etchings, that of the Brooklyn Etchers' Club in the Brooklyn Museum. In particular, my attention was drawn to two items, and for the simple reason that one of them was of a subject with which I am very familiar. It was a dry point depicting the apse of the College of the City of New York; while the other, hanging in close proximity, was a graceful study of trees.

Having examined them from a distance, I stepped closer, and, to my surprise, discovered that the signature penciled in the lower left-hand corner was that of a man I know. Though I have known this man for years, I had not until that moment the slightest inkling that he was an etcher.

"See here!" I remarked to my companion. "Look at this signature!"

"Frederick B. Robinson!" exclaimed my friend, in astonishment.

And then, for a moment, we talked about this remarkable man, our common friend, his distinguished position as an educator, his wide, idealistic sympathies as a human being, his versatility as a sportsman.

"I had no more idea than you," observed my friend, "that Robinson had gone in for etching. But it is not surprising. He has recently become a fair amateur musician." And my friend gave the following highly revealing account:

A self-taught etcher, Dr. Robinson succeeded in having his work hung with professionals, thus proving his theory that a man can succeed in any undertaking within limits, if he will but apply himself. Both the etchings on this page were made by him as examples of "concentration"

"One night a year or two ago, beside the fire in his camp on the Narrows of the Fulton Chain of Lakes in the Adi dacks, Dr. Robinson expressed the b that, within certain limits, a man accomplish anything he sets out to A number of well-known persons, cluding some musicians of note, present. A number of objections raised at once. Having explained mo detail exactly how he would limit sweeping statement, Dr. Robinson a 'Now don't you agree with me?'

"'No!' was the emphatic chorus most of those present.

"'And it all seems so reasonable obvious to me,' returned the doctor. see it happening around us all the t

"'Try it out,' observed one of the emphatic skeptics, who then turn Mrs. Robinson, asking her to name subject about which her husband the least.

"'He knows nothing about mu musical theory,' she said, 'and he d play any instrument.'

"'All right!' exclaimed the sk 'We'll ask the learned doctor to pro assertion by learning to play some ment. What instrument shall it b

"The discussion was then taken u by the musicians. It was agreed th cause of the ear training essenti because of the great part contribu the player himself in producing true the stringed instruments are the difficult to learn and that possib cello might be even harder to than the violin.

"'All right,' (*Continued on p*

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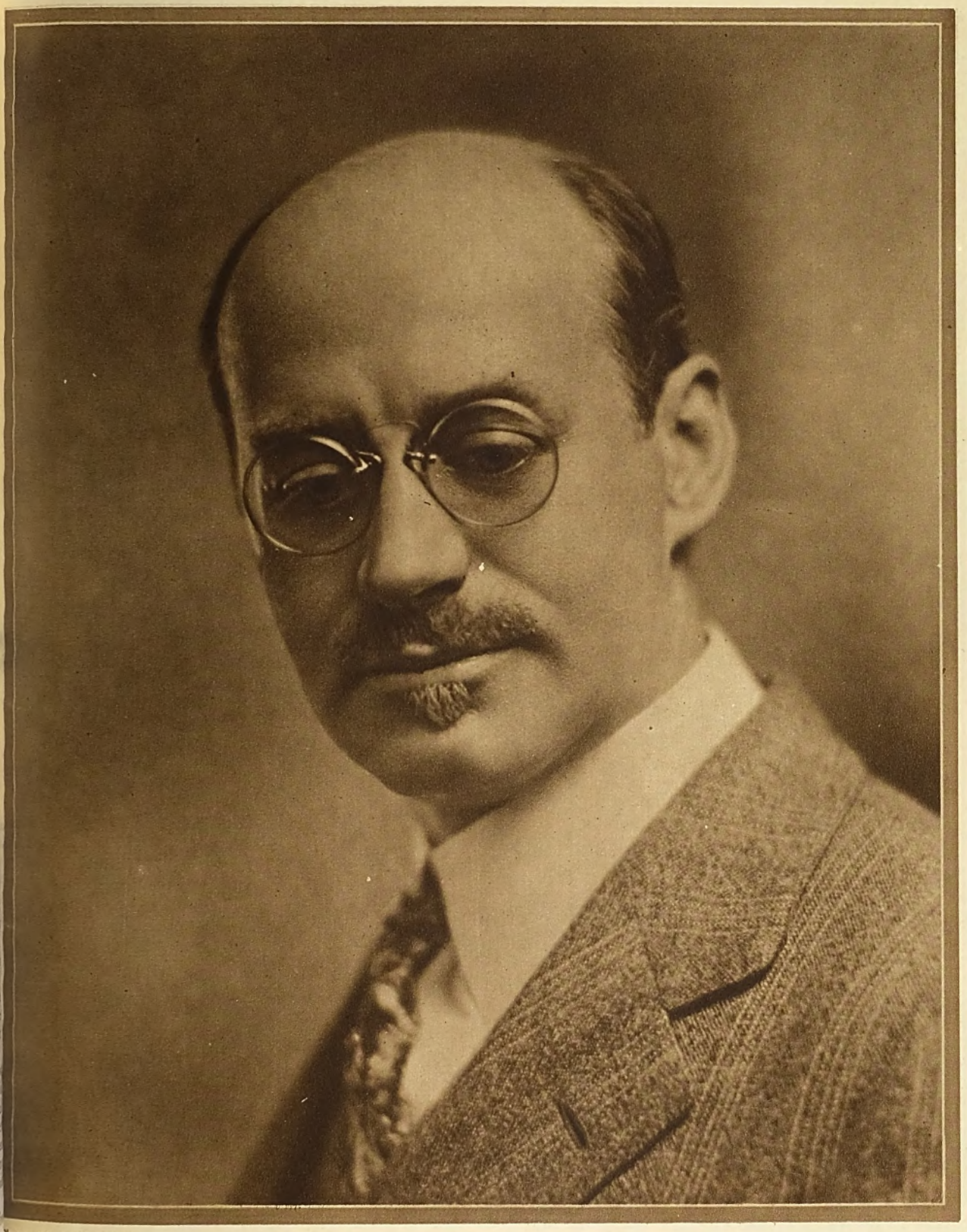

Photograph by Pinchot, N. Y.

Frederick B. Robinson

WITHIN sixty days, and without previous musical training to help him, Dr. Robinson learned to play the cello. In his spare time one summer he became a capable etcher. "There is nothing miraculous about this," he says. "The explanation is very simple—I concentrated my interest and my efforts." Dr. Robinson is President of the College of the City of New York and one of the foremost students in the fascinating and practical realm of mental training. In the accompanying interview he reveals the secret for getting the greatest possible results from your mind. Born in Brooklyn in 1883, he has been for twenty-three years associated with the college he now guides.

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Drawn by Fred Mories

Konrad Bercovici

MR. BERCOVICI writes about the Gypsies from the inside out. He speaks their language; he has lived with various tribes as they wandered here and there in many lands. He is a native of Roumania, and when still a boy he left home to live and sing and dance with the colorful bands of wanderers who scorn permanent homes. Mr. Bercovici came to America as a musician, but soon began to write, and is now one of the widely known authors of this country. He recently completed "The Story of the Gypsies," a book which interprets these mysterious, gay, and romantic folk as no other work has done. His fiction, written around the gypsies, has long been eagerly read by the American public. Mr. Bercovici now lives in New York and Connecticut.

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The Romantic Gypsy

"He is the irrepressible youth of the world;
he has in his language no word for DUTY, and none for possession;
he is the one man who is free!"

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Illustrated by HOWARD McCORMICK

THE odor of burnt wood floated on the breeze of a moonlit summer evening while I was resting after a earty meal earned by pitch-ng hay on a New Jersey farm. Thin olumns of smoke curled upwards leisurely rom behind a clump of bushes in the val-y a few hundred feet away, and a thin, iercing silver voice, an outdoor voice, dmonished a child. That odor and that oice awakened in me memories of youth-ul nights spent in tents and around camp res in the company of swarthy, noisy, ay friends who sang when others would ave wept and danced when others would ave cried out in despair.

When I was a boy in Roumania, there ere always gypsy encampments about ar home on the shores of the Danube. ecause my father was friendly toward em, gypsies came and went about the use as if it had been their own home, nd frequently came to have Jacquot, my ther, settle quarrels for them. I was ought up on the breast of a gypsy nurse, d Mamma Katinka was more than other to me. She fed me her milk and lulled me to sleep with gypsy legends, lullabies, and songs. At the age of ten I spoke *Calo*, the gypsy language, as well as anybody and when I had decided at the age of twelve to follow one of the bands, there was hardly any interference from the parental side. Neighbors shrugged their shoulders, because I confirmed by my behavior their suspicions of our origin. "What is born from a cat catches mice," they said.

I have spent weeks, months, and years with gypsies, unable to resist the call of the road; unable to resist the urge in my blood and the charm and haunting beauty of the life more appropriate to my temperament than life between walls in a city. A trace of gypsy blood is sufficient to govern and rule all the impulses of a human being.

And now, years later, the gypsies at my door again! I forgot my fatigue, my house, my home. An invisible, irresistible power carried me towards them.

Four camp wagons in a row. Four camp fires. Four small groups of men, women, and children, talking, eating, laughing, and singing at the same time. The iron kettles were steaming over the tripods on the fires, the dogs were barking, and the tethered horses were disputing with the hairy goats every mouthful of grass.

"SARASSAN!" I greeted loudly, approaching the first fire and addressing myself to the "daya," the oldest woman of the family, who was measuring me from head to foot while cutting a thick slice from a five-pound loaf of bread. The dogs sniffed at my legs. The younger women rearranged the folds of their innumerable colored skirts. The men wiped their mouths with the backs of their black, nervous hands, but no one answered my greeting before the "daya" had spoken. And the "daya" cut that slice of bread slowly, looking at me the while all the eyes were on her.

Had I not greeted her in her own tongue, she would not have been ceremo-

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nious. The women would then have been tearing at my hands to read my fortune. The men would have offered me their horses for sale, and I would have been in the thick of it in the twinkling of an eye.

But I had called out, "Sarassan!" and spoken to the "daya" first, in real "Rom" style.

Finally, the wrinkled, squinting, parched earth-brown witch put the bread loaf aside, pushed her few gray hairs away from her forehead, and, leaning heavily on her knotted stick, came toward me. Straightening herself out as suddenly as a jackknife in a clasp, when her feet were only a few inches from me, the old woman bored her eyes into mine for a brief second, then, bending again over her stick, she answered: "Sarassan Bre."

COUNTING women and children, there were about forty gypsies, but they moved about so fast, talked so rapidly, and questioned so eagerly on a thousand topics, one could have thought two hundred whirling dervishes had been let loose.

I was the guest of the first fire because it was the one I greeted first. I had to break bread with the "daro," the father of that fire. But before I knew it, the four fires were thrown together and thick, black pillars of smoke and dark red tongues of flame, hissing and crackling, leaped playfully in the air. And the solemn gypsies became like children released from school, like puppies in a wheatfield.

I forgot we were within earshot of a peaceful, staid, well regulated and ranged Jersey suburb, one of New York's bedrooms; a suburb where one knows one another's family affairs and income and counts the bottles of ginger ale the ruddy-cheeked grocery boy leaves at the kitchen door on a Saturday morning. The 7:59 train I was to take the following morning departed from my tortured memory when one of the girls, a honey-brown-faced, black-eyed beauty, looked at me and began to sing, between puffs at a cigarette, a song about a red dress, a red flower, and a long-legged boy she loved.

"Loli sucknyia, loli gat."

The old witch had answered my greetings with "Sarassan Bre." They were either Serbian or Bulgarian gypsies. Had they been Roumanians, she would have said "Sarassan pralo." Had they been English gypsies, she would have questioned "San tu Rom?" Are you a gypsy? Gypsies take on many of the characteristics of the people they live with. The English gypsies are snobbish. The Serbians greet you as a "mate." The Roumanians call everybody brother, whether friend or foe.

"Belgrade?" I finally questioned the long-bearded, broad-shouldered "daro," the oldest of the tribe, as I sat down beside him after a puff at his pipe.

"Belgrade, yes; Serbia," he answered, turning his bushed eyes toward me.

I noticed that most of the children and the youngsters, who had already forgotten my existence and were absorbed in their own play, were interlarding their language, the "Calo," with American slang.

"We left the Danube eight years ago this coming fall," the daro informed me. "The daughter of Stan, that Rom sitting there, married a 'cobzar,' a fiddler, who took her to Paris. Then her 'daya' had a sudden 'dor,' longing, to see her daughter, so we set out to find her. When we got to Paris, the cobzar was gone to England. When we reached England he had crossed the sea, and so here we are, trying to find him. It may take us many years, Bre, for this is a big country and the Roms one meets are few and far between, and they have forgotten the old custom of leaving 'patterans,' signs, at the crossroads to indicate whence they come and where they go. And so many travel now in the 'gajo,' the white man's manner, by train."

He said all this in an even tone. To have traveled eight years with forty people on unknown roads, in strange countries, to satisfy the whim of one of the women was an ordinary thing to do; as good an excuse for travel as any other one. The whole world belonged to the gypsies i only because they were willing to tread it. I have known gypsies to travel ten year from Turkey to the Pacific Coast becaus one of them had brought back a tale of curious sunset effect on Halfmoon Ba at San Francisco.

Strange countries. Only "gajos," whit people, thought that only the land the had a right to fence in belonged to then Only white people believed in borders an frontiers and invisible lines which divide countries on peaks of mountains and water waves. The gypsies knew bette The whole world belonged to him who h nothing to fence in.

Presently the mother whose daught had married the fiddler came to ask whether I knew a "cobzar" by the na of Dan. Four winters ago he had be in New York, had some trouble with police, and left for another town, Chic or Boston, she did not know which.

"No, I have not heard of him."

"This is such a large country. We sh never come to the end of it. But our cl dren, or children's children, will br back the tale of its rivers and people our tents in Serbia."

TEARS were running down her wrinkled face. The daro, the cl called upon the fiddler to play a "Dan and upon the youngsters to throw n wood on the fire. The old lady dragged into the center of the dan circle and pepped up by kisses and sh and cajolery to dance.

"Do your stuff!" the young girls in American, clapping vigorously hands. "Do your stuff! Do your Daya; do your stuff, liuba."

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Because she had shed tears she must dance.

"Look at her. . ." the daro said to me. . . . "Look at her when she dances. She is beautiful when she dances. U si nashela Kate terne tschave. Young men's hearts melt at the sight of her. Even now, yes, even now." The woman's face was lit by the laced light of the moon that filtered through the thick foliage of a maple tree. Her whirling bronzed limbs, naked to the knee, were caressed by the light of leaping flames. The fiddler was playing. Forty lusty throats were singing. Forty pairs of vigorous hands were clapping. Forty pairs of nervous feet were beating out the rhythm of that dance.

"Jeyk his Kalou."

"Jeyk his parnou."

"Triton his Jou."

"Miro luvakano."

"We learned that in England," the daro informed me.

What mattered that they had traveled eight years, freezing in the winter, blistering in the summer! They were Kalou, free people. What mattered what they were! They *were* wherever they were. "Jeyk his Kalou. Jeyk his parnou." One is black. One is white.

The world belonged to people who sing, who laugh, who dance. Look at that old woman dancing! "U si nashela Kate terne tschave. Yes, yes, even now."

THE guest was dragged into the dance. Didn't he know a new song? When they shall go back, home to the Danube, Roms will ask, "What's the new song?"

What about that 7:59 train? flashed through my mind. What about your cornfield? What about that editor to whom you have promised to return the proofs of your story? Well, what about all this? My mind answered, while my feet struck out to a dance. What is there in life that is worth a night with gypsies with whom you can share the odor of burnt wood, a pipe, a song, and the feeling of freedom.

At that moment, Uncle Sam, as we called the village constable, appeared in our midst, stick in hand, thunder in his voice, threatening to lock us all up for disturbing the peace and a hundred other violations of the law. Upon recognizing me, he softened somewhat, but did not fail to upbraid me, a peaceful citizen, for doing that sort of thing. May my neighbors forgive me what I thought of them when I saw their stern faces behind the constable. Presently a bank clerk's wife spoke very sweetly to Uncle Sam.

"Let these people be. They are doing no harm. Maybe they are celebrating a wedding or some such thing," and then other women helped pacify the constable, who desired nothing better than to stay. There is a gypsy spirit in every good woman. Between a diamond ring and a trip somewhere, a woman will always choose the latter.

"No fires are permitted," Uncle Sam repeated as a last argument, and laying hands on a pail of water, he emptied it over the burning wood. How many fires were extinguished at that moment? It was all over in a minute. My good neighbors returned to their porches. But the old gypsy mother ran after the bank clerk's wife, took her hand, looked at it rapidly and said: "You be very rich, much, much money. Much, much luck."

(That happened six years ago. The bank clerk is now a multimillionaire and his wife is certain it all happened because of the gypsy woman's well wishes.)

In France I met gypsies on their way to Spain who had been on the road fourteen years, from Teheran, Persia, searching the world for the grave of one of their tribe. In England I met Russian gypsies who had come to convince themselves that they had "Brothers" in the land of the "Ingleze," and Ignacio Zuloaga, the famous Spanish painter, told me he knew a tribe that had gone from Spain to India and back in twenty-five years, because they were told a black herb that cured toothaches grew there.

But who are these people who travel, year in, year out, such tremendous distances on such trifling causes? Where do they come from? Where do they go?

They go nowhere in particular; because they go everywhere. They are at home nowhere and everywhere.

WHERE do they come from? From India. Some two thousand five hundred years ago the first batch of gypsies left the shores of the Ganges, their faces set towards Persia. Why? Perhaps because part of India was already becoming settled by staid agriculturists while this group was grazing water buffaloes and raising horses. The reason may also have been the same as that advanced by the tribes I met in Jersey for leaving the banks of the Danube. Perhaps a mother had a "dor" to see her daughter again. Who knows?

After that first exodus, of perhaps a hundred people with their cattle and two-wheeled low carts, another group left in the same direction; because another mother had a "dor" to see her daughter. Ever since, groups of gypsies have traveled on foot or horse, moved by love of kin and by beautiful old customs, until today there are over a million of them in Europe and the Americas; tribes, families, caravans, speaking all the languages and knowing none, with the dust and dirt of a thousand roads on their heels and the winds of a thousand mountains swelling their deep lungs.

Why do they wander? Why don't they settle in one place?

Ask a gypsy and he will answer you: "Why don't you wander? Why do you stay in one place?"

He wonders as (*Continued on page 146*)

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Illustrated by VICTOR C. ANDERSON

The story of a strange conflict between a town's richest man and its poorest

The

IF YOU happen to visit the town of Denton you are sure to be shown the public library, the gift of Japheth Strone to the town, and there you may see his portrait, as done in oil by Vance Wilbur, one of Chicago's best painters. The portrait was done after Japheth Strone's death, from a photograph, but so many were able to explain to Wilbur just how high Japheth Strone's coloring was that the portrait is an excellent likeness. Eddie Blankenbergh, the house painter, for instance, painted a small slab of wood to show Wilbur Japheth Strone's facial complexion as he remembered it. That was after Wilbur had made his first sketch, which was too pale.

The Denton public library is a structure of which any town the size of Denton might be proud, but the Denton Free Hospital is even more remarkable. It woul not be out of place in a city, for not onl is the building a perfect specimen of i kind but the entire affair is remarkab modern and complete. The X-ray roo the operating-room, and all other parts the hospital are the best that mode science could suggest and money bu Japheth Strone gave the hospital to t town of Denton and, just as he had e

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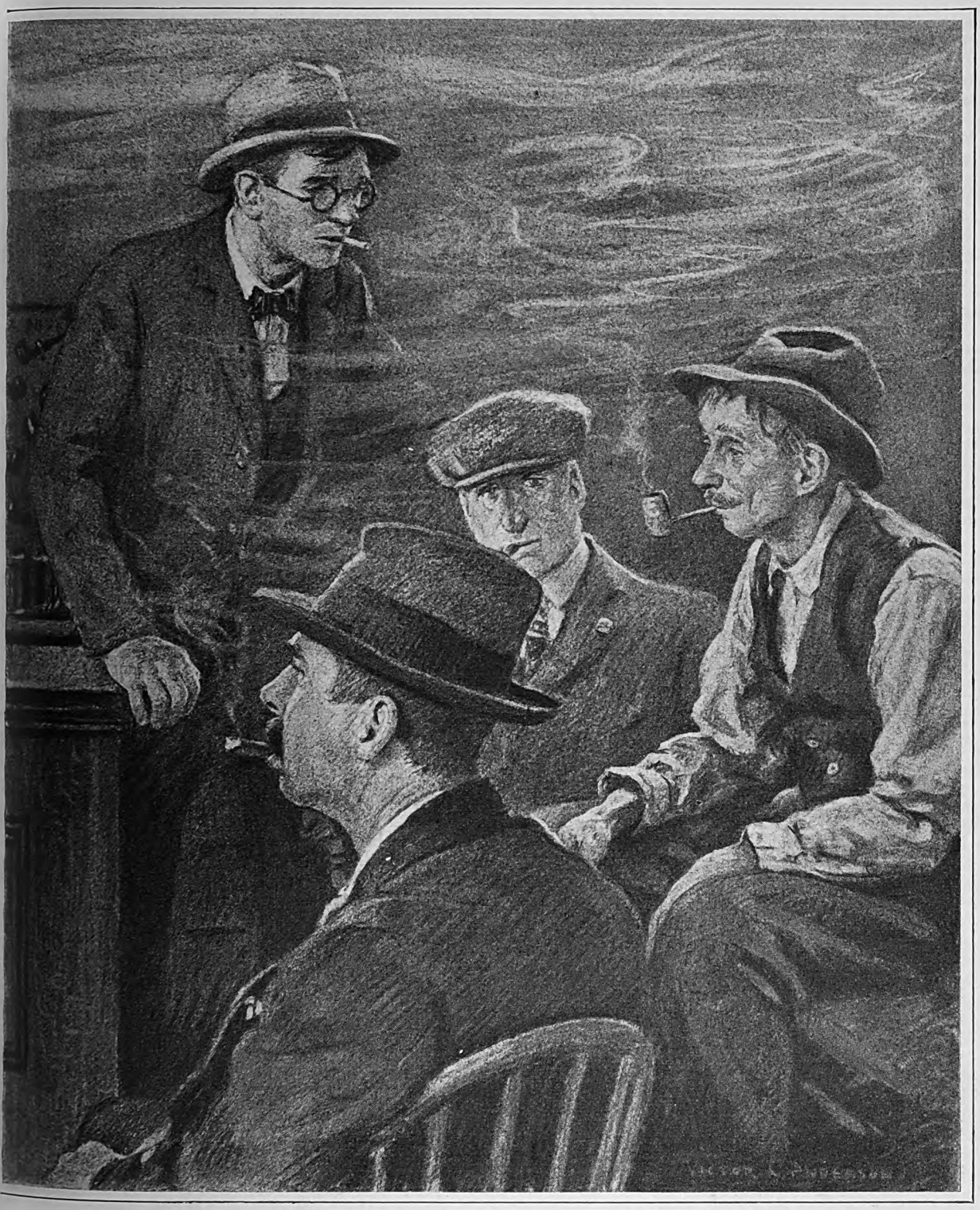

Each time he entered the Smoke Shop, Japheth's jaw was set harder and his glare at Flin was accompanied by a redder face and neck

Gnat

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

dowed the public library, he endowed the hospital so liberally that all its future needs were cared for.

Presently, if you remain long in Denton, you find the name of Japheth Strone cropping up continually. You find that, although some others insisted that they be permitted to give a part, Japheth Strone gave five sixths of the money for the building of the Y. M. C. A. He gave the town the Denton Athletic Field outright, land and grandstand and endowment. He built and presented the new First Presbyterian Church to that congregation. He gave Denton the park that stretches along the river front where formerly were unsightly dumps.

Each day you remain in Denton you hear of some other worthy gift Japheth Strone gave the town. He gave the Martha Strone Old Ladies' Home and the First Ward Playground. He gave the drinking fountain for horses and dogs that stands at the corner of Main and Ellicott. You find that it was his money that made possible the new Hotel Denton, always a surprise to strangers because it is so much superior to what they expected to find in a town of only twenty thousand. Even if you go a mile up the river, you'll

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find the Denton Bathing Beach was given by Japheth Strone.

He built and gave the charming little Denton Municipal Opera House, and he gave its fund to insure good music to Denton's people. It was Japheth Strone who gave the bandstand in the park. If you admire the Community House, you will be told that it is a memorial to the World War soldiers and that when the subscriptions dragged, Japheth Strone gave the balance that was needed to put up and outfit that memorial. And then you will be taken to be shown the monumental marble group representing "Denton Weeping for Her Dead," which Japheth Strone gave the town because he believed that sort of memorial should be erected in honor of the town's twelve World War dead.

"BUT, my word!" you may exclaim, "what was there in this town before this Japheth Strone began giving?"

"Well, nothing much, and that's a fact," the answer may be. "He certainly did do a lot for his home town."

"I suppose there's a statue of him somewhere?"

"No; that's one thing he was dead set against, and, so far, we've sort of obeyed his wishes about that. Well, he was a fine man. He was a big-souled and big-hearted man—a splendid man! Why, friend, you don't know half about Japheth Strone yet. You see all these things, but, by hecky! mighty near every man, woman, and child in this town is what you might call a monument to Japheth Strone. Do you know about elm and maple?"

"No; what about them? I know they're trees."

"They made this town, mister. Around about this town was most all low land grown up in elm and maple, and it was Japheth Strone invented the 'peeler.' That's what he called it—the 'peeler.' It made strips of maple and elm. Thin strips for chip hats and baskets and thick strips for sort of openwork barrels and boxes. All sorts of things. That was this town—an elm and maple town. All kinds of little factories using elm and maple strips. And Japheth Strone owned most of them. That's how he got all his money—the start of it anyway."

"I never heard of Denton being—"

"No; it played out. All the maple and elm got used up, and the town was on the rocks sure enough. And what would you or me care, stranger, if it was like that, if we had all Japh Strone's money? He had all he needed. He didn't want any more; he was giving it away for these hospitals and libraries and things. But what does he do?"

"You tell me."

"Why, he up and financed the Denton and Western Railway and hooked us onto the Interocean and Lakes. He put close to a million into that. And that gave us an outlet, and he started in getting factories to come here. And they came too. He bought the land and gave it to them, and bought some of their shares to get them going. Yes, sir; they ought to call this town Stronesburg, I'm telling you."

If you then went back and studied Vance Wilbur's portrait of old Japheth Strone you would not understand how it could be. You would see nothing in that grim and rather scowling face to suggest the philanthropist. You would think the face that of a stern and selfish old man, somewhat soured on life, with a hard mouth and heavy, hard eyes.

"Is that a good portrait of Mr. Strone?" you might ask the librarian.

"It is exactly like him," Miss Gatlett would say, and then you might look at Miss Gatlett more closely, caught by something a little unusual in her voice or tone, something not said.

MISS GATLETT is now a woman of forty or more, and her position in the library is a good one and is assured for life by the terms of the endowment trust written by old Japheth Strone. The words of the endowment were, in part, "and that during the continuance of her life Miss Mary Gatlett shall be librarian-in-chief, with a salary of not less than three thousand dollars per annum." The trustees had, the third year after the opening of the library, made the salary four thousand dollars per year, feeling that Mary Gatlett was well worth it, for if ever a job fitted a woman and a woman fitted a job, to the full happiness of everyone concerned, Mary Gatlett was the right person to be librarian in Denton.

For one thing, Mary Gatlett knows everyone in Denton. When her father had his accident, losing his right hand in one of the machines in Japheth Strone's ripper shop, and likewise losing his job and his livelihood, Mary Gatlett tried to keep things going by doing plain sewing. Those who hired her were, quite naturally, those who read more or less, and Mary had always been a great reader and liked to talk of what she read. She came to know everyone's taste in books. In the library she was happy. Her days had fallen in a pleasant place.

Still supposing you are a visitor in Denton, there is one man no one would bother telling you about. Before prohibition he drank more than was good for him, and about once a year he got himself into the lockup for being drunk and noisy on the street, but he was a harmless and good-for-little character, working as little as possible and loafing all he could. His favorite loafing place was Bud Meyer's Smoke Shop, and Bud allowed him to loaf there because he cleaned up and swept out once or twice a day.

The Smoke Shop is a cigar and tobacco shop. It is all one room; but in the rear part are chairs and a table or two for the patrons who want to sit and chat and smoke a while. In the forward part is the show-case for cigars and pipes, with Bud Meyer behind the case, and the cash register and stacks of cigarettes and smoking tobacco behind Bud. Bud has a sort of bench that he half sits and half rests on, and he is probably the most good-natured man in Denton. He likes to have the Smoke Shop full of Denton humanity, because he likes to hear the news and gossip of the town.

There, sometime during the day, you'll find Doc Clavering, Billy Smits, Joe Brant, this and that merchant, the cashier of the bank—most of the smokers of the town. The Smoke Shop is a temple of tobacco and talk, and you can imagine the talk that goes on there, all the gossip and rumors, comments on male and female, the new and old jokes, joshing and discussion.

Old Japheth Strone used to drop into the Smoke Shop once or twice a week. He neither smoked nor chewed, but he was just about Denton's last user of snuff, and Bud Meyer kept a jar of this snuff on his shelf behind the show-case, where old Japheth could fill his snuffbox when it was low. It was an olivewood snuffbox worn to almost meerschaum beauty by many years' handling.

The bank, of which old Japheth was president and which he made a sort of headquarters, was next door to the Smoke Shop. Once each week day at least, one could see his chunky form mount the two steps to the bank's door, his frock coat greenish on the shoulders from age, his silk hat as rough as a kitten in an adverse wind, and his stout, black stick with an ivory knob in his hand.

He seemed to represent solid stolidity and immovable setness of purpose, the sort of man who would never put into circulation again a dollar he had once gathered in, and he represented just that. He had neither irony nor sarcasm nor satire nor humor when he was asked for money for a charity or for the town's good. His refusal was a blunt, heavy "No!" and that ended it. Or, if some overly hopeful beggar persisted, he said, "No! I won't do it! Leave me alone!" If some poor idiot still persisted, old Japheth would grasp his cane by its neck and his face would redden more than normal, and that was a good time to get away from there.

Bud Meyer's Smoke Shop had been in existence some years and the crowd that hung out there had become rather well known as the Smoke Shop Bunch, and old Japheth Strone had grown accustomed to stopping in to fill his snuffbox, when the automobile began to be useful otherwise than as a joke and two livery stables in a town the size of Denton became one too many.

Tolly Rogers, who ran one of them, had a "sale" and got rid of his horses and rigs and, being an automobile enthusiast, opened a car agency on South Main. It was this change that drove Flin Werster, the man no one will bother telling you about, to the Smoke Shop as a loafing place. John Tanner, who ran the other livery, refused to have him around; Flin Werster was never without a pipe in his mouth, and once or twice he had set Rogers's livery stable afire, and Tanner had a great fear of fire.

FOR years Flin Werster had made Tolly's stable his home. He had a cot there and did some hostler jobs and some odd jobs, and it was said that Tolly paid him two dollars a week, but not everyone believed that. It is more likely that Tolly handed Flin a quarter or a fifty-cent piece once in a while. To give Flin two dollars at one time was pretty sure to mean that Flin would get drunk.

The finish of Tolly's livery business drove Flin to the Smoke Shop. He probably never made any actual dicker with Bud Meyer. The chance is that one day he asked Bud where the broom was and swept out, but Bud was so good-natured he never turned anyone out of the Smoke Shop unless he became actually obnoxious, and from the time Flin became one of the Smoke Shop Bunch he was never that.

In most ways Flin Werster was the least important of Denton's citizens. I

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Mary Gatlett came flying at them with rage in her eyes

simply did not amount to anything at all. He was a thin little dried-up man, not over five feet two inches tall, and even his muscle value was almost nothing. You might go into the Smoke Shop and out again a hundred times, and not notice him at all, not know he was there. He kept back out of the way. If, some day, he had failed to show up no one would have known he was missing—except perhaps Bud Meyer—and no one would have ever again mentioned his name.

His name had been a nuisance to Flin. His father, before he failed in business and killed himself, had been considerably interested in antique lore and he had given his son the name of the celebrated Egyptologist, Flinders Petrie. It might almost be said that Flin's downfall began the first day he went to school, when he announced with pride and in a loud voice that his name was Flinders Petrie Werster. This was greeted with a howl of laughter, and Flin never amounted to much after that. It cut his pride in two. It killed everything.

AFTER the noisy buffeting he received at the first recess of that first school day Flin Werster became a worm—a worm with a rabbit's heart. His face usually had a pained and apologetic grin, as if he expected to be kicked. Usually he was. In this way he reached what would have been manhood in anyone else, and with only one memory that was pleasant. That one memory, however, he did have, and it was a memory of Mary Gatlett, the same one who is now the librarian.

The memory dated from one day when Flinders Petrie Werster was twelve and Mary Gatlett was ten. Mary was a big girl for her age, just as Flin was a miserable little shrimp of a boy, and two full-sized boys had begun to pick on him before they were out of the schoolyard. This was nothing unusual. Flin Werster had come to expect maltreatment sometime during each day, and he bent his back and covered his head with his arms, and made ready to take what was to come.

But Mary Gatlett came flying at them with rage in her eyes. She piled into the two young ruffians with her fists, and then got them by the hair and used her knee on them, and they let Flin go and scooted to safety. When Flin straightened up Mary Gatlett put her arm around his shoulders. She was panting.

"The great big beasts!" she cried. "Don't you cry, Flinny; I won't let them hurt you. Just let them dare try to hurt you! Come on, Flinny, I won't let them touch you."

Her arm against his neck was soft and warm, and her body was warm and comforting as they walked out of the yard and homeward, and Flin never forgot the feel of her. He never forgot the day. He never forgot Mary Gatlett. What had made her rush thus to his aid no one can know; perhaps it was the first stirring of the maternal instinct that was never to find full fruition in her. It does not matter much why she rescued him and put her arm around his shoulders, but Flin never forgot it. For some days she made herself his protectress, and then she forgot him in the crowd of other things that filled her days. But Flin remembered.

By the time Flin Werster was of age Mary Gatlett was a full-blown young woman. Her father had worked his way up in Japheth Strone's factory and was quite a citizen of Denton, and Flinny Werster was well down the path of a ne'er-do-well. By that time Mary had almost forgotten that such a person as Flin Werster existed. He was ashamed of himself and kept out of her sight, but he worshipped her. When he saw her coming he got out of her way, just as a worshipper of Diana might hide from his goddess when he was stained with the marks of a debauch. But always he had left—the only fine thing he had left—his gratitude to Mary Gatlett.

BY AND BY, all the news being public property in Denton, he learned that George Gatlett had lost his hand in Japheth Strone's factory and that he had also lost his job, that being Japheth Strone's way. He learned that Mary Gatlett had begun earning a living for herself and her father and that she was having a hard time of it. Everything is talked over in livery stables. Flin heard all there was to learn.

He hated it, but there was nothing he could do to help Mary Gatlett in any way; he was too insignificant and low-down to help anyone, even himself. He thought it was a shame that Mary Gatlett had to work for her bread because Japheth Strone had discharged her father, but all that seemed to result from that thought was that he took an extra dislike to Japheth Strone. Then Tolly Rogers closed the stable and Flin went to loaf in the Smoke Shop. (*Continued on page 126*)

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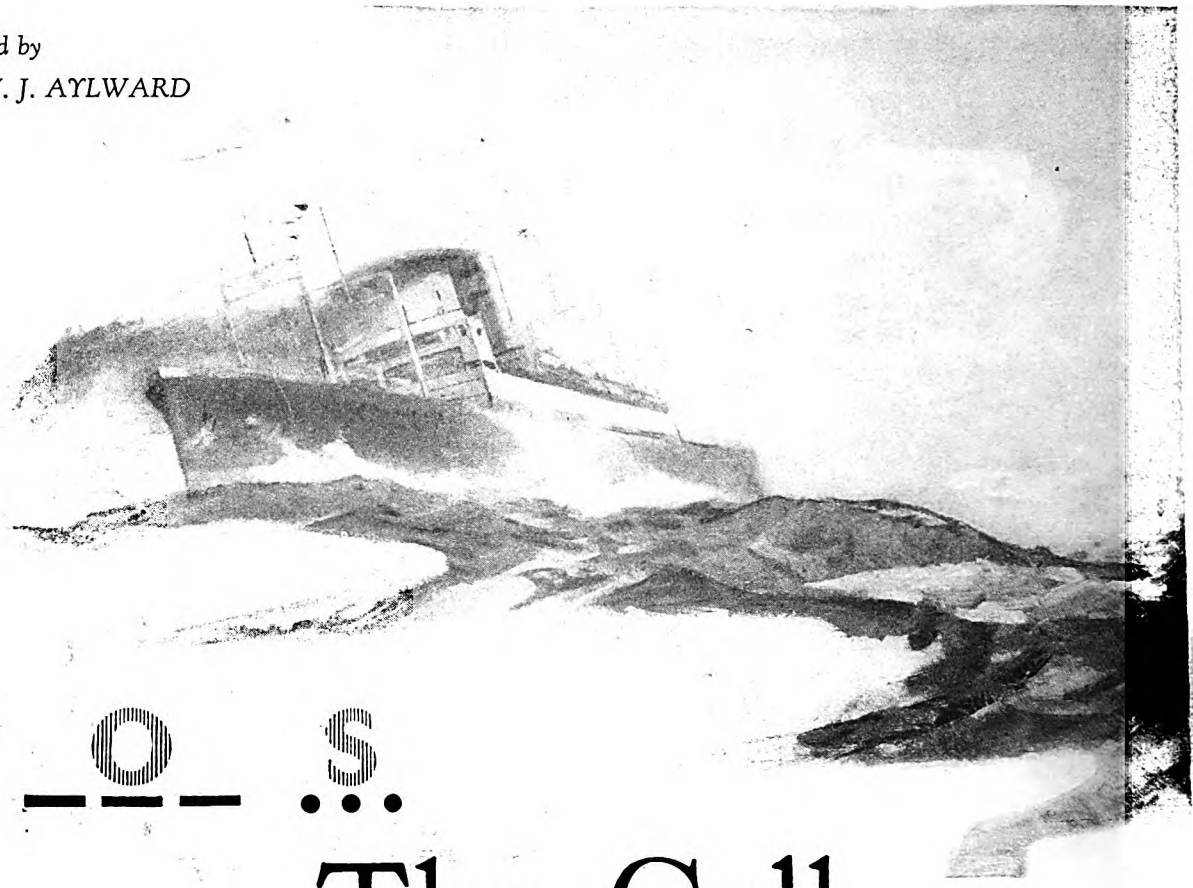
Illustrated by
W. J. AYLWARD



S O S

The Call *that is always*

By
MARY
B.
MULLETT

THE shortest drama that has ever been written is contained in one little group of three letters—S O S. Eighteen years ago, this alphabetical trio had no more meaning for us than C. O. D. had for a Hottentot. But today S O S carries a thrill which touches every imagination.

We have adopted it into our everyday speech, often using it lightly. But when we think of the real S O S—a cry for help across a boundless waste of waters—it is stark tragedy. Fortunately, the tragedy often has a happy ending, for almost invariably that despairing cry does bring help. And so the drama which is implied in S O S is both sinister and beautiful.

On July 5, 1912, at the third Radiotelegraphic Conference in London, delegates from almost fifty governments signed what is known as the London Convention, containing important radio regulations. This Convention was ratified, the following January, by the United States Senate; and on July 8, 1913, it was "proclaimed" by the President.

One clause of this Convention specified the form to be used as a radio signal of distress. Previous to that time, C Q D had been the Marconi call for help. These letters were popularly supposed to stand for "Come Quick, Danger." But, like many popular notions, this was a mistake.

In the code which is used in sending wireless messages, the letters C Q D are represented, in dots and dashes, like this: (C)- . - . (Q)- - . - (D)- . .

The first two letters, C Q, were then and still are simply a "general inquiry call"; merely an operator's way of getting attention, or of asking whether other operators have messages for him.

But there is nothing imperative in the C Q call; no indication of an overwhelming need of immediate attention. Consequently, for the distress signal, the letter D was added. Not because it was the initial letter of Danger; but simply because it made a good combination.

When this was done, in 1904, radio was in its infancy. There were only a few companies in the field and there was intense rivalry among them.

Because of this rivalry, radio signals were not uniform—not even the distress signal. So an American company, which is no longer in existence, chose S O S instead of C Q D. The importance of having only one such signal was not realized then. The only vessels carrying wireless equipment were ocean liners; and for a long time after radio was introduced none of these vessels had any occasion to call for help.

Jack Binns is said to have been the first wireless operator to send out a C Q D. This was in January, 1909, when the steamship "Republic" was rammed by the "Florida," during a foggy night, about sixty miles east of Nantucket.

If this really was the first experience with a radio distress signal, it was also one of the most thrilling that have occurred. After the crash, the "Florida" drifted away into the fog but was located by a small boat sent out from the "Republic." The bow of the "Florida" was crushed. But as the injury to the "Republic" was far more grave, her passengers were transferred to the other vessel.

THE "Florida" had no wireless equipment. With between two and three thousand of her own passengers aboard and more than a thousand from the "Republic," her condition was a serious one.

The collision occurred at about four o'clock in the morning. Binns was the only wireless operator on the "Republic," for this was before at least two operators were required on liners. He was awakened by a tremendous shock; and, as he jumped out of bed, the wall of his cabin simply crumpled up and disappeared. The lights went out and the ship was left in darkness.

Groping his way to the wireless sending instrument, he found that the key was broken off. He tied it together and began giving the C Q D signal, hoping to reach the Siasconset station on Nantucket Island.

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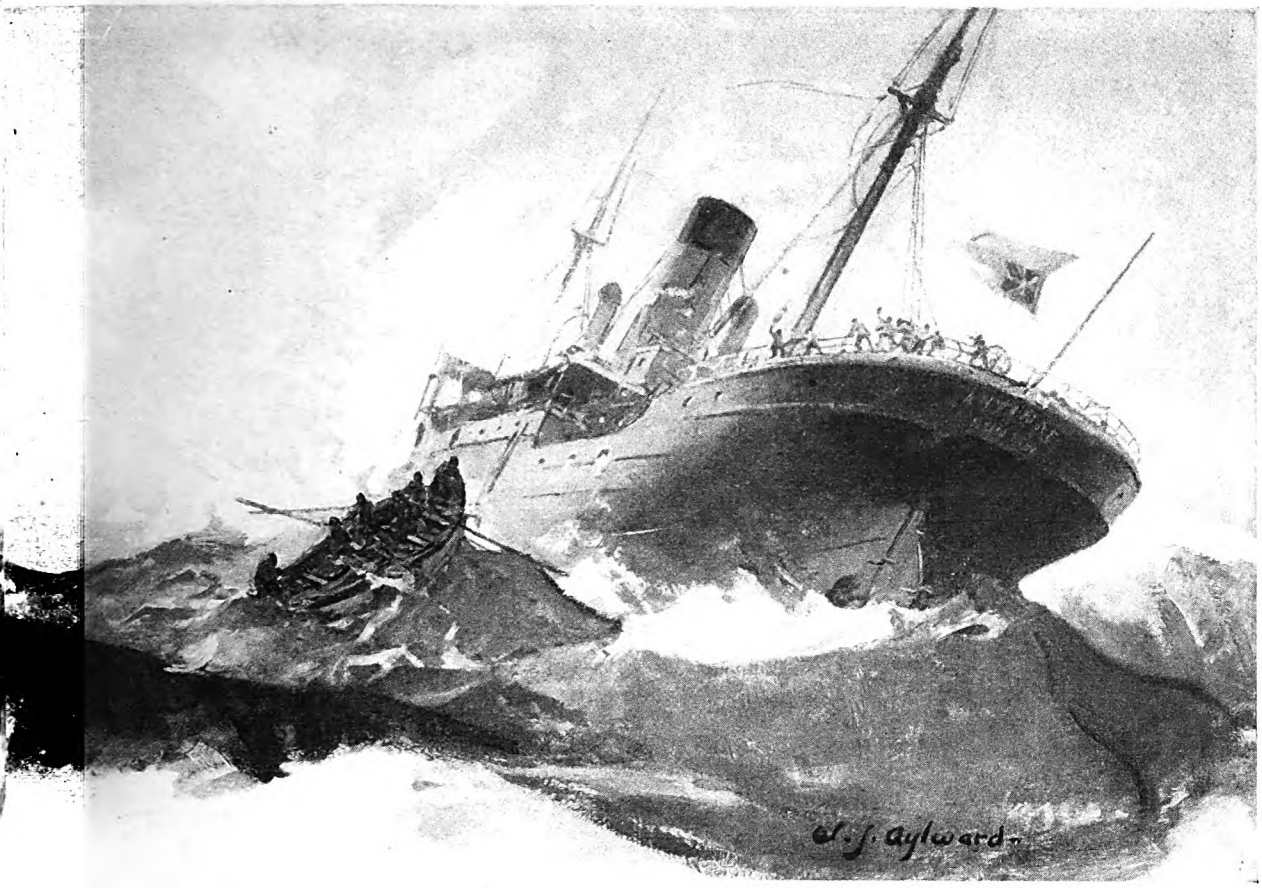

Answered

The rescue of the "Antinoë's" crew by the "President Roosevelt" of the United States Line. This is one of the most famous of the S O S dramas

The accident had put the ship's dynamos out of commission, but there were storage batteries for use in emergencies. However, he could get no response to his calls, so he suspected that the storage batteries also were not working. He had been on the "Republic" only a few months. The previous operator had neglected the batteries and so had he. You must remember that wireless was just at the primer stage.

Feeling his way into the adjoining cabin, Binns got a pitcher of water, which he poured into the storage battery cells. Then he again tried to get his C Q D signal to Siasconset. He finally succeeded; and, what was more important, he succeeded also in communicating with the steamship "Baltic," then about thirty miles away.

SINCE that time, wireless has progressed tremendously; and one of the most important developments has been the *direction finder*, by means of which an operator can determine the exact point of the compass from which a radio message comes.

In 1909, however, a message simply came out of the air; and the only way in which the "Republic" and the "Baltic" could locate each other was by giving their respective positions in latitude and longitude. But the "Republic" was actually drifting, so it was impossible to be minutely accurate as to her position; and the fog was so thick that even the two injured vessels soon lost sight of each other.

The "Baltic" came to within about ten miles of the scene of the disaster, then began to zigzag back and forth, hunting for the "Republic." This continued hour after hour, all through the day; for the fog did not lift. The "Baltic" was forced to steam slowly and cautiously, as there was constant danger of a second collision.

Darkness came on late in the afternoon and still the search was fruitless. Binns sent a message to the "Baltic," asking them to watch and to listen, as the "Republic" was going to set off its rockets and detonators. But the entire supply was used up without getting any result.

Then word came that the "Baltic" would set off its own detonators. Before each one was used, warning was given of the exact second it would be fired; and the group of officers on the "Republic," consulting the ship's chronometer, would hold their breath and listen.

Finally the "Baltic" sent word that it had only one detonator left. Up to that time, the attempt had failed. Not a sound from either ship had reached the other vessel. To the men on the "Republic," straining their ears for this last chance, the situation seemed hopeless. Years later, when Jack Binns told me the story, he said that this was the most dramatic moment of his adventurous life.

They were standing in a circle, each man facing outward, so that if the signal was heard they might perhaps be able to determine the direction from which it came. And as they stood thus, every nerve strained to listen, a faint "Boom!" was heard through the fog and the darkness.

Instantly, Binns ran to his wireless instrument and again got into communication with the "Baltic." He was still there when he heard a faint cheer. His cabin, the wall torn away, was open to the night; and, looking out into the dark, he saw the lights of the "Baltic" and knew that rescue was at hand.

To find the "Florida," with her thousands of passengers on board, was even more important. But as she had no wireless, success would have been almost a miracle if the fog had not lifted at about seven-thirty that evening, making her lights visible.

IT WAS not until ten o'clock the next morning that all her passengers had been transferred to the rescuing steamship. The "Florida" managed later, although with difficulty, to reach port. The "Republic" sank at sea. Six persons were killed at the time of the collision. But, thanks to wireless, no other lives were lost. (*Continued on page 133*)

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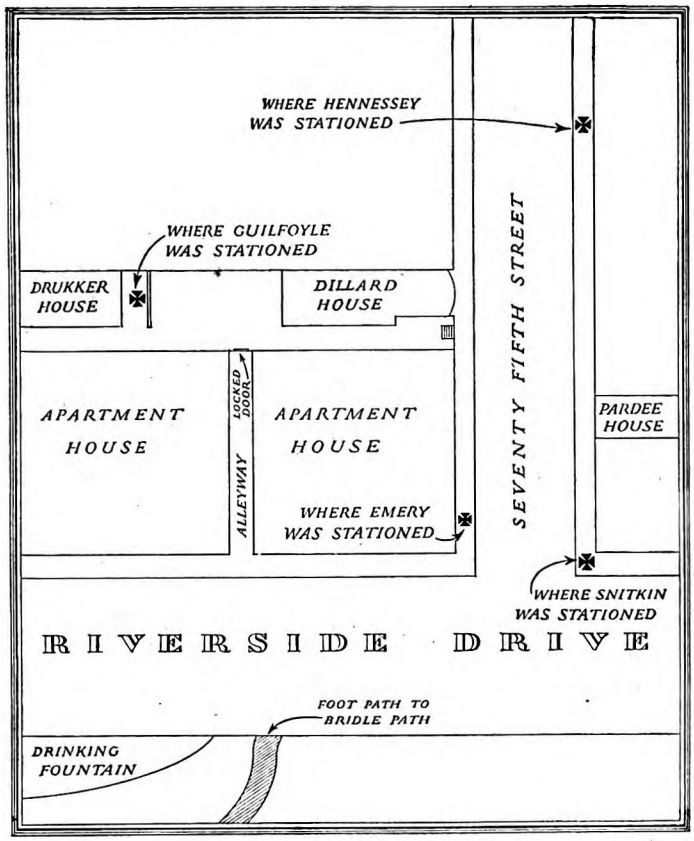
Detective Emery



Detective Guilfoyle

The BISHOP Murder Case

S. S. VAN DINE'S *Baffling Mystery Serial*

Illustrated by H. M. STOOPS

PART V

XVII

AN ALL-NIGHT LIGHT

(*Saturday, April 16th; 9:30 a. m.*)

WHEN Heath had got rid of Quinan with promises such as would have gladdened any reporter's heart,* there were several minutes of tense silence in the office. "The Bishop" had been at his grisly work again; and the case had now become a terrible triplicate affair, with the solution apparently farther off than ever. It was not, however, the insolubility of these incredible crimes that primarily affected us; rather was it the inherent horror that emanated, like a miasma, from the acts themselves.

Vance, who was pacing somberly up and down, gave voice to his troubled emotions:

"It's damnable, Markham—it's the essence of unutterable evil. . . . Those children in the park—up early on their holiday in search of dreams—busy with their play and make-believe . . . and then the silencing reality—the awful, overpowering disillusion. . . . Don't you see the wickedness of it? Those children found Humpty Dumpty—*their* Humpty Dumpty, with whom they had played—lying dead at the foot of the famous wall——a Humpty Dumpty they could touch and weep over, broken and twisted, and never more to be put together. . . ."

He paused by the window and looked out. The mist had lifted, and a faint diffusion of spring sunlight lay over the gray stones of the city. The golden eagle on the old New York Life Building glistened in the distance.

"I say; one simply mustn't get sentimental," he remarked with a forced smile, turning back to the room. "It decomposes the intelligence and stultifies the dialectic processes. Now that we know Drukker was not the capricious victim of the law of gravity, but was given a helpin' hand in his departure from this world, the sooner we become energetic, the better, what?"

Though his change of mood was an obvious *tour de force*, it roused the rest of us from our gloomy apathy. Markham reached for the telephone and made arrangements with Inspector Moran for Heath to handle the Drukker case. The he called the Medical Examiner's offic and asked for an immediate *post-morte* report. Heath got up vigorously, an after taking three cups of ice water, stoo with legs apart, his derby pulled far dow on his forehead, waiting for the Distri Attorney to indicate a line of action.

Markham moved restlessly.

"SEVERAL men from your depar ment, Sergeant, were supposed to keeping an eye on the Drukker and D lard houses. Did you talk to any of the this morning?"

"I didn't have time, sir; and, anywa I figured it was only an accident. But told the boys to hang around until I g back."

"What did the Medical Examiner ha to say?"

"Only that it looked like an accide and that Drukker had been dead ab ten hours. . . ."

Vance interpolated a question.

"Did he mention a fractured skull addition to the broken neck?"

"Well, sir, he didn't exactly say skull was fractured, but he did state t Drukker had landed on the back of head." Heath nodded understandin "I guess it'll prove to be a fracture right—same like Robin and Sprigg."

*It may be recalled that the "World's" accounts of the Bishop case were the envy of the other metropolitan newspapers. Sergeant Heath, though impartial in his statements of facts to the press, nevertheless managed to save several picturesque *bonnes-bouches* for Quinan, and permitted himself certain speculations which, while having no news value, gave the "World's" stories an added interest and color.

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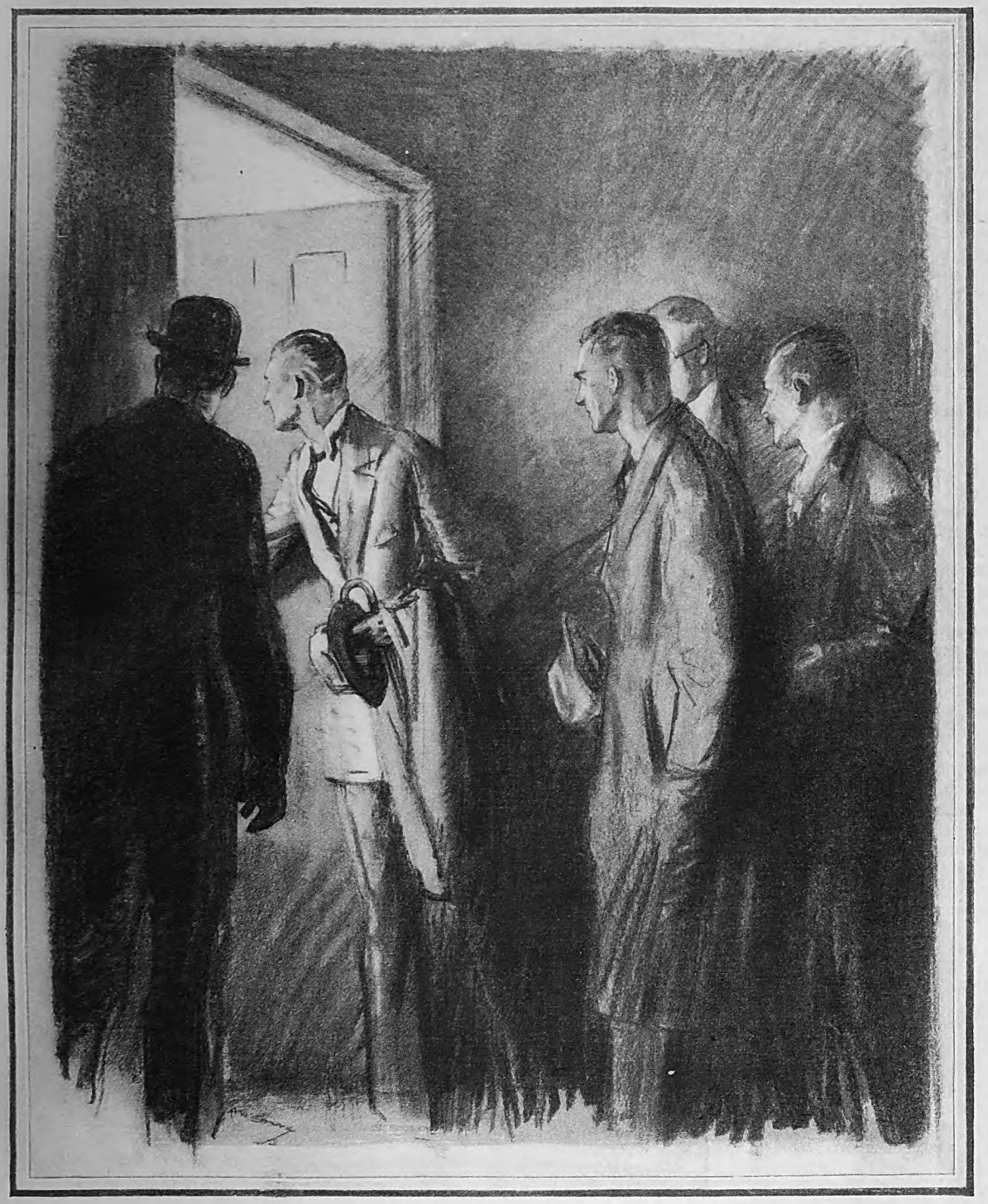

Vance halted on the threshold, and I saw Markham, who was just in front of me, give a start

"Undoubtedly. The technique of our murderer seems to be simple and efficacious. He strikes his victims on the vault, either stunning them or killing them outright, and then proceeds to cast them in the rôles he has chosen for them in his puppet-plays. Drukker was no doubt leaning over the wall, perfectly exposed to such an attack. It was misty, and the setting was somewhat obscured. Then came the blow on the head, a slight heave, and Drukker fell noiselessly over the parapet—the third sacrificial offering on the altar of old Mother Goose."

"What gets me," declared Heath with fierly anger, "is why Guilfoyle*, the fellow I set to watch the rear of the Drukker house, didn't report the fact that Drukker was out all night. He returned to the Bureau at eight o'clock, and I missed him. —Don't you think, sir, it might be a good idea to find out what he knows before we go uptown?"

MARKHAM agreed, and Heath bawled an order over the telephone. Guilfoyle made the distance between Police Headquarters and the Criminal Courts Building in less than ten minutes. The Sergeant almost pounced on him as he entered.

"What time did Drukker leave the house last night?" he bellowed.

"About eight o'clock—right after he'd had dinner." Guilfoyle was ill at ease, and his tone had the wheedling softness of one who had been caught in a dereliction of duty.

"Which way did he go?"

"He came out the back door, walked down the range, and went into the Dillard house through the archery-room."

"Paying a social visit?"

"It looked that way, Sergeant. He seems to spend a lot of time at the Dillards'."

"Huh! And what time did he come back home?"

Guilfoyle moved uneasily.

"It don't look like he came back home, Sergeant."

"Oh, it don't?" Heath's retort was ponderous with sarcasm. "I thought maybe after he'd broke his neck he mighta

*Guilfoyle, it may be remembered, was one of the detectives who shadowed Tony Skeel in the Canary murder case.

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come back and passed the time of day with you."

"What I meant was, Sergeant—"

"You meant that Drukker—the bird you were supposed to keep an eye on—went to call on the Dillards at eight o'clock, and then you set down in the arbor, most likely, and took a little beauty nap. . . . What time did you wake up?"

"Say, listen!" Guilfoyle bristled. "I didn't take no nap. I was on the job all night. Just because I didn't happen to see this guy come back home don't mean I was laying down on the watch."

"Well, if you didn't see him come back, why didn't you phone in that he was spending his week-end out of town or something?"

"I thought he musta come in by the front door."

"Thinking again, were you? Ain't your brain worn out this morning?"

"HAVE a heart, Sergeant. My job wasn't to tail Drukker. You told me to watch the house and see who went in and out, and that if there was any sign of trouble to bust in.—Now, here's what happened: Drukker went to the Dillards' at eight o'clock, and I kept my eye on the windows of the Drukker house. Along about nine o'clock the cook goes upstairs and turns on the light in her room. Half an hour later the light goes out, and says I: 'She's put to bed.' Then along about ten o'clock the lights are turned on in Drukker's room—"

"What's this?"

"Yeh—you heard me. The lights go on in Drukker's room about ten o'clock; and I can see a shadow of somebody moving about.—Now, I ask you, Sergeant: wouldn't you yourself have took it for granted that the hunchback had come in by the front door?"

Heath grunted.

"Maybe so," he admitted. "You're sure it was ten o'clock?"

"I didn't look at my watch; but I'm here to tell you it wasn't far off of ten."

"And what time did the lights go out in Drukker's room?"

"They didn't go out. They stayed on all night. He was a queer bird. He didn't keep regular hours, and twice before his lights were on till nearly morning."

"That's quite understandable," came Vance's lazy voice. "He has been at work on a difficult problem lately.—But tell us, Guilfoyle, what about the light in Mrs. Drukker's room?"

"Same as usual. The old dame always keeps it burning in her room all night."

"Was there anyone on guard in front of the Drukker house last night?" Markham asked Heath.

"Not after six o'clock, sir. We've had a man tailing Drukker during the day, but he goes off duty at six when Guilfoyle takes up his post in the rear."

There was a moment's silence. Then Vance turned to Guilfoyle and questioned him again:

"How far away were you last night from the door of the alleyway between the two apartment houses?"

The man paused to visualize the scene.

"Forty or fifty feet, say."

"And between you and the alleyway were the iron fence and some tree branches?"

"Yes, sir. My view of the door was more or less cut off, if that's what you mean."

"Would it have been possible for anyone, coming from the direction of the Dillard house, to have gone out and returned by that door without your noticing him?"

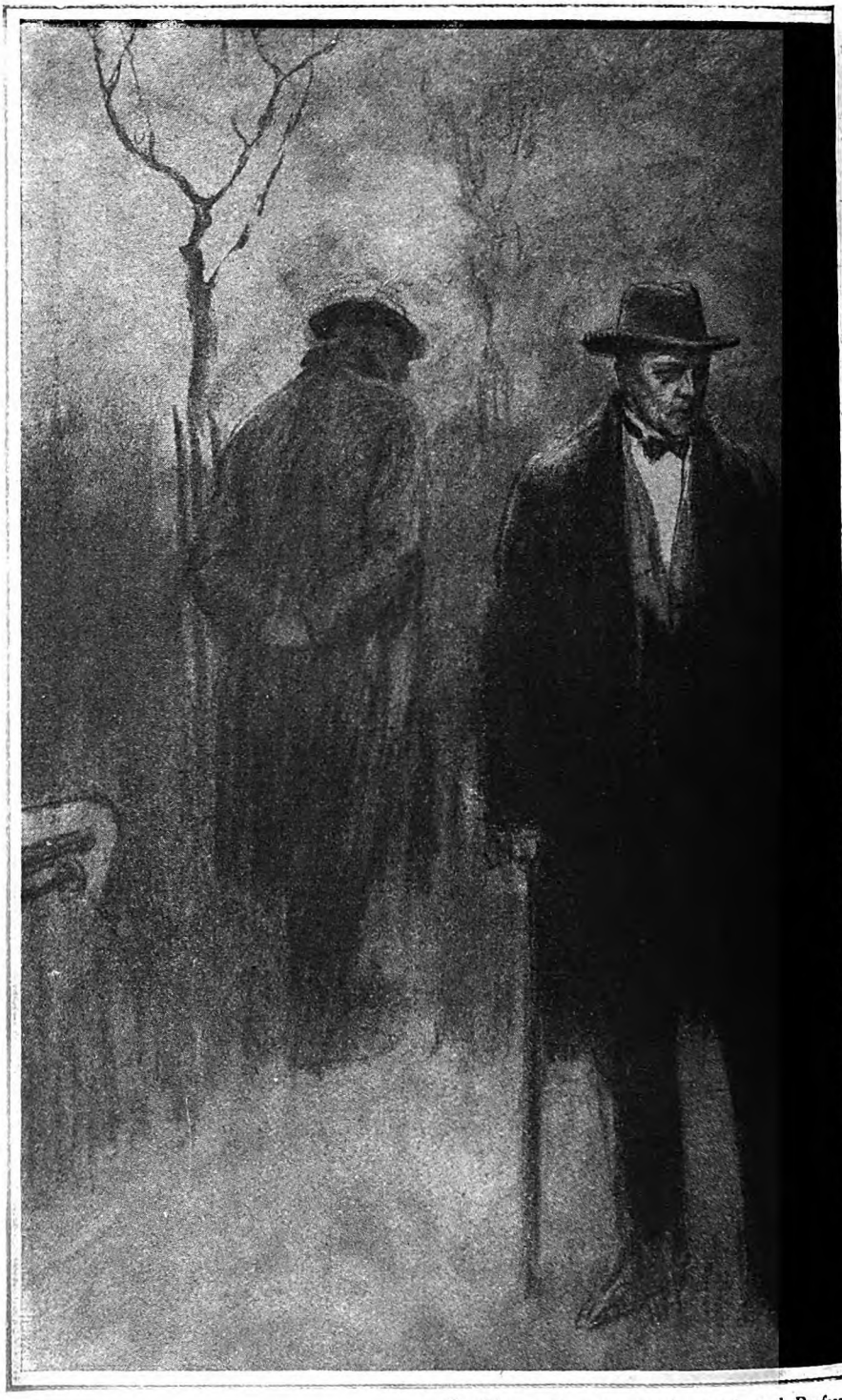
"It mighta been done," the detective admitted; "provided, of course, the guy didn't want me to see him. It was foggy and dark last night, and there's always a lot of traffic noises from the Drive that woulda drowned out his movements if he was being extra cautious."

WHEN the Sergeant had sent Guilfoyle back to the Bureau to await orders, Vance gave voice to his perplexity:

"It's a dashed complicated situation. Drukker called on the Dillards at eight o'clock, and at ten o'clock he was shove over the wall in the park. As you ob served, the note that Quinan just showe us was postmarked 11 P. M.—which mean that it was probably typed *before the crim* The Bishop therefore had planned h comedy in advance and prepared the not for the press. The audacity of it is ama in'. But there's one assumption we can t to—namely, that the murderer was som one who knew of Drukker's exact wher abouts and proposed movements betwe eight and ten."

"I take it," said Markham, "your th ory is that the murderer went and turned by the apartment-house alley

"Oh, I say! I have no theory. asked Guilfoyle about the alley merely



Drukker was very much upset, and Professor

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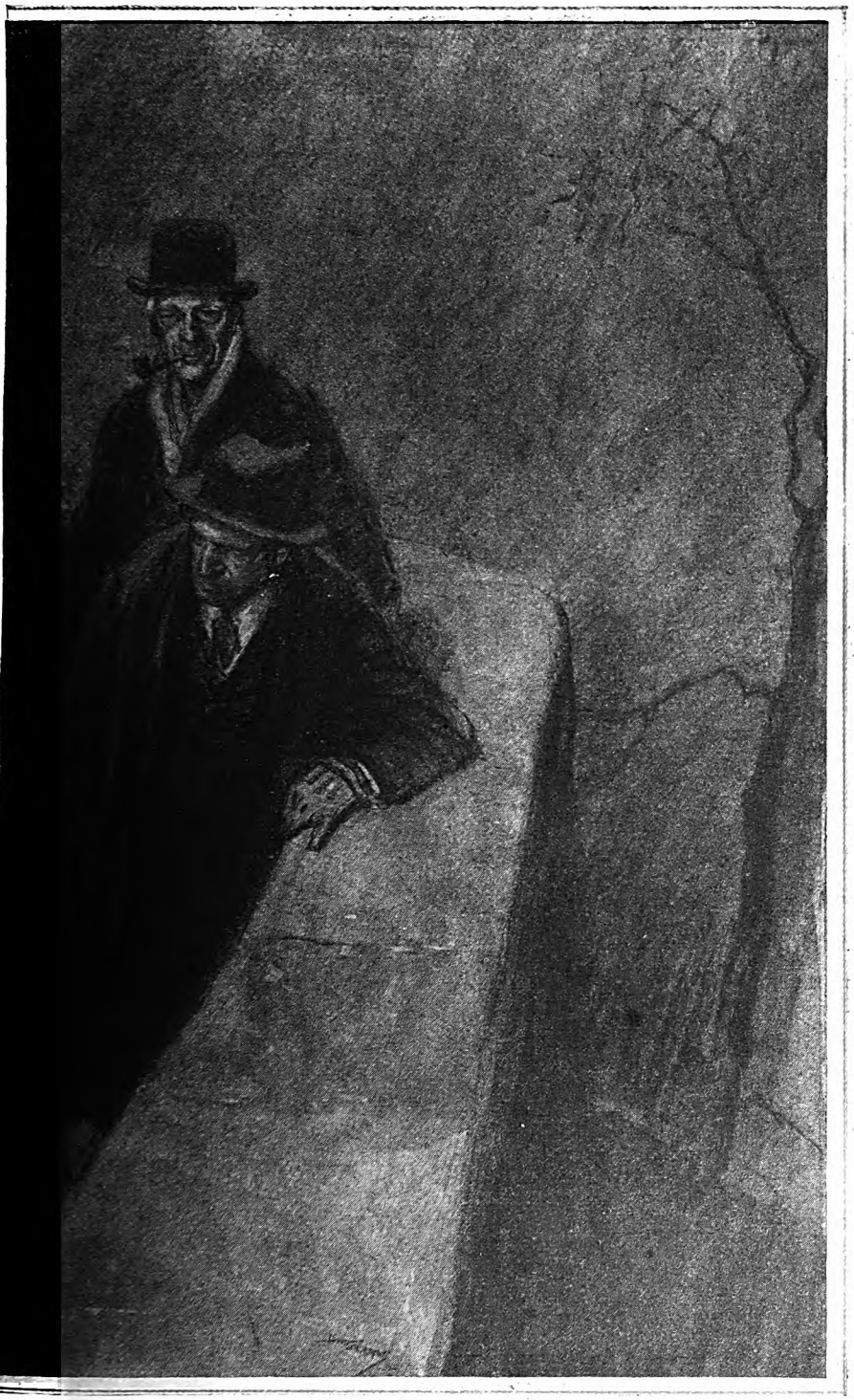

illard suggested that the discussion be postponed

ise we should learn that no one but rukker was seen going to the park. In at event we could assume, as a tentative ypothesis, that the murderer had man-ed to avoid detection by taking the al-yway and crossing to the park in the iddle of the block."

"With that possible route open to the urderer," Markham observed gloom-, "it wouldn't matter much who was n going out with Drukker."

"That's just it. The person who staged s farce may have walked boldly into park under the eyes of an alert myr-don, or he may have hied stealthily ough the alley."

Markham nodded an unhappy agree-nt.

"The thing that bothers me most, however," continued Vance, "is that light in Drukker's room all night. It was turned on at about the time the poor chap was tumbling into eternity. And Guilfoyle says that he could see someone moving about there after the light went on—"

HE BROKE off, and stood for several seconds in an attitude of concentration.

"I say, Sergeant; I don't suppose you know whether or not Drukker's front-door key was in his pocket when he was found."

"No, sir; but I can find out in no time. The contents of his pockets are being held till the autopsy."

Heath stepped to the telephone, and a moment later he was talking to the desk sergeant of the Sixty-eighth Street Precinct Station. Several minutes of waiting passed; then he grunted and banged down the receiver.

"Not a key of any kind on him."

"Ah!" Vance drew a deep puff on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke slowly. "I'm beginnin' to think that the Bishop purloined Drukker's key and paid a visit to his room after the murder. Sounds incredible, I know; but, for that matter, so does everything else that's happened in this fantastic business."

"But what, in God's name, would have been his object?" protested Markham incredulously.

"We don't know yet. But I have an idea that when we learn the motive of these astonishin' crimes, we'll understand why that visit was paid."

MARKHAM, his face set austerely, took his hat from the closet.

"We'd better be getting out there."

But Vance made no move. He remained standing by the desk smoking abstractedly.

"Y' know, Markham," he said, "it occurs to me that we should see Mrs. Drukker first. There was tragedy in that house last night: something strange took place there that needs explaining; and now perhaps she'll tell us the secret that has been locked up in her brain. Moreover, she hasn't been notified of Drukker's death, and with all the rumor and gossip in the neighborhood word of some kind is sure to leak through to her before long. I fear the result of the shock when she hears the news. In fact, I'd feel better if we got hold of Barstead right away and took him with us. What do you say to my phoning him?"

Markham assented, and Vance briefly explained the situation to the doctor.

We drove uptown immediately, called for Barstead, and proceeded at once to the Drukker house. Our ring was answered by Mrs. Menzel, whose face showed plainly that she knew of Drukker's death. Vance, after one glance at her, led her into the drawing-room away from the stairs, and asked in a low tone:

"Has Mrs. Drukker heard the news?"

"Not yet," she answered, in a frightened, quavering voice. "Miss Dillard came over an hour ago, but I told her the mistress had gone out. I was afraid to let her go upstairs. Something's wrong. . . ." She began to tremble violently.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Menzel?" Vance placed a quieting hand on her arm.

"I don't know. But she hasn't made a sound all morning. She didn't come down for breakfast . . . and I'm afraid to go and call her."

"When did you hear of the accident?"

"Early—right after eight o'clock. The paper boy told me; and I saw all the people down on the Drive."

"Don't be frightened," Vance consoled her. "We have the doctor here, and we'll attend to everything."

He turned back to the hall and led the way upstairs. When we came to Mrs. Drukker's room he knocked softly and, receiving no answer, opened the door. The room was empty. The night light still burned on the table, and I noticed that the bed had not been slept in.

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Without a word Vance retraced his steps down the hall. There were only two other main doors, and one of them, we knew, led to Drukker's study. Unhesitatingly Vance stepped to the other and opened it without knocking. The window shades were drawn, but they were white and semi-transparent, and the gray daylight mingled with the ghastly yellow radiation from the old-fashioned chandelier. The lights which Guilfoyle had seen burning all night had not been extinguished.

Vance halted on the threshold, and I saw Markham, who was just in front of me, give a start.

"Mother o' God!" breathed the Sergeant, and crossed himself.

On the foot of the narrow bed lay Mrs. Drukker, fully clothed. Her face was ashen white; her eyes were set in a hideous stare; and her hands were clutching her breast.

Barstead sprang forward and leaned over. After touching her once or twice he straightened up and shook his head slowly.

"She's gone. Been dead probably most of the night." He bent over the body again and began making an examination. "You know, she's suffered for years from chronic nephritis, arteriosclerosis, and hypertrophy of the heart. . . . Some sudden shock brought on an acute dilatation. . . . Yes, I'd say she died about the same time as Drukker . . . round ten o'clock."

"A natural death?" asked Vance.

"Oh, undoubtedly. A shot of adrenalin in the heart might have saved her if I'd been here at the time. . . ."

"No signs of violence?"

"None. As I told you, she died from dilatation of the heart brought on by shock. A clear case—true to type in every respect."

XVIII

THE WALL IN THE PARK

(*Saturday, April 16th; 11 a. m.*)

WHEN the doctor had straightened Mrs. Drukker's body on the bed and covered it with a sheet, we returned downstairs. Barstead took his departure at once after promising to send the death certificate to the Sergeant within an hour.

"It's scientifically correct to talk of natural death from shock," said Vance, when we were alone; "but our immediate problem, d' ye see, is to ascertain the cause of that sudden shock. Obviously, it's connected with Drukker's death. Now, I wonder . . ."

Turning impulsively, he entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Menzel was sitting where we had left her, in an attitude of horrified expectancy. Vance went to her and said kindly:

"Your mistress died of heart failure during the night. And it's much better that she should not have outlived her son."

"*Gott geb' ihr die ewige Ruh'!*" the woman murmured piously. "*Ja*, it was best. . . ."

"The end came at about ten last night. —Were you awake at that time, Mrs. Menzel?"

"All night I was awake." She spoke in a low, awed voice.

Vance contemplated her with eyes half shut.

"Tell us what you heard?"

"Somebody came here last night!"

"Yes, someone came at about ten o'clock—by the front door. Did you hear him enter?"

"No; but after I had gone to bed I heard voices in Mr. Drukker's room."

"Was it unusual to hear voices in his room at ten o'clock at night?"

"But it wasn't *him!* He had a high voice, and this one was low and gruff." The woman looked up in bewildered fright. "And the other voice was Mrs. Drukker's . . . and she never went in Mr. Drukker's room at night!"

"HOW could you hear so plainly with your door shut?"

"My room is right over Mr. Drukker's," she explained. "And I was worried—what with all these awful things going on; so I got up and listened at the top of the steps."

"I can't blame you," said Vance. "What did you hear?"

"At first it was like as though the mistress was moaning, but right away she began to laugh, and then the man spoke angry-like. But pretty soon I heard him laugh too. After that it sounded like the poor lady was praying—I could hear her saying, 'Oh, God—oh, God!' Then the man talked some more—very quiet and low. . . . And in a little while it seemed like the mistress was—reciting—a poem . . ."

"Would you recognize the poem if you heard it again? . . . Was it

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall . . . ?"

"*Bei Gott, das ist's!* It sounded just like that!" A new horror came into the woman's expression. "And Mr. Drukker fell from the wall last night. . . !"

"Did you hear anything else, Mrs. Menzel?" Vance's matter-of-fact voice interrupted her confused correlation of Drukker's death to the verse she had heard.

Slowly she shook her head.

"No. I heard nothing. Everything was quiet after that."

"Did you hear anyone leave Mr. Drukker's room?"

She gave Vance a panic-stricken nod.

"A few minutes later someone opened and shut the door, very soft; and I heard steps moving down the hall in the dark. Then the stairs creaked, and pretty soon the front door shut."

"What did you do after that?"

"I listened a little while, then I went back to bed. But I couldn't sleep. . . ."

"It's all over now, Mrs. Menzel," Vance told her comfortingly. "There's nothing for you to fear.—You'd best go to your room and wait till we need you."

Reluctantly the woman went upstairs.

"I think now," said Vance, "we can make a pretty close guess as to what happened here last night. The murderer took Drukker's key and let himself in by the front door. He knew Mr. Drukker's quarters were at the rear, and he no doubt counted on accomplishing his business in Drukker's room and departing as he had come. But Mrs. Drukker heard him. It may be she associated him with 'the little man' who had left the black bishop at her door, and feared that her son was in danger. At any rate, she went at once to Drukker's room. The door may have been slightly open, and I think she saw the intruder and recognized him. Startled and apprehensive, she stepped inside and asked him why he was there. He may have answered that he had come to inform her of Drukker's death—which would account for her moans and her hysterical laughter. But that was only a prelimin'ry on his part—a play for time. He was devising some means of meeting the situation—he was planning how he would kill her! Oh, there can be no doubt of that. He couldn't afford to let her leave that room alive. Maybe he told her so in as many words—he spoke 'angry-like,' you recall. And then he laughed. He was torturing her now—perhaps telling her the whole truth in a burst of insane egoism; and she could say only, 'O God—O God!' He explained how he had pushed Drukker over the wall. And did he mention Humpty Dumpty? I think he did; for what more appreciative audience could he have had for his monstrous jest than the victim's own mother? That last revelation proved too much for her hypersensitive brain. She repeated the nursery rhyme in a spell of horror; and then the accumulated shock dilated her heart. She fell across the bed, and the murderer was saved the necessity of sealing her lips with his own hands. He saw what had happened, and went quietly away."

Markham took a turn up and down the room.

"The least comprehens ble part of last night's tragedy," he said, "is why this man should have come here after Drukker's death."

Vance was smoking thoughtfully.

"We'd better ask Arnesson to help us explain that point. Maybe he can throw some light on it."

"Yeh, maybe he can," chimed in Heath. Then, after rolling his cigar between his lips for a moment, he added sulkily: "There's several people around here, I'm thinking, that could do some high-class explaining."

Markham halted before the Sergeant.

"The first thing we'd better do is to find out what your men know about the movements of the various persons hereabouts last night. Suppose you bring them here and let me question them.—How many were there, by the way?—and what were their posts?"

THE Sergeant had risen, alert and energetic.

"There were three, sir, besides Guilfoyle. Emery was set to tail Pardee; Snitkin was stationed at the Drive and Seventy-fifth Street to watch the Dillard house; and Hennessey was posted on Seventy-fifth Street up near West End Avenue. They're all waiting down at the place where Drukker was found. I'll get 'em here *pronto*."

He disappeared through the front door and in less than five minutes returned with the three detectives. I recognized them all, for each had worked on one or more of the cases in which Vance had figured.*

Markham questioned Snitkin first.

*Hennessey had kept watch with Doc Drumm over the Greene mansion from the Nicoss Flats, in the Greene murder case. Snitkin also had taken part in the Greene investigation and had played a minor rôle in both the Benson and the Canary case. The dapper Emery was the detective who had unearthed the cigarette stub from beneath the fire logs in Alvin Benson's living-room.

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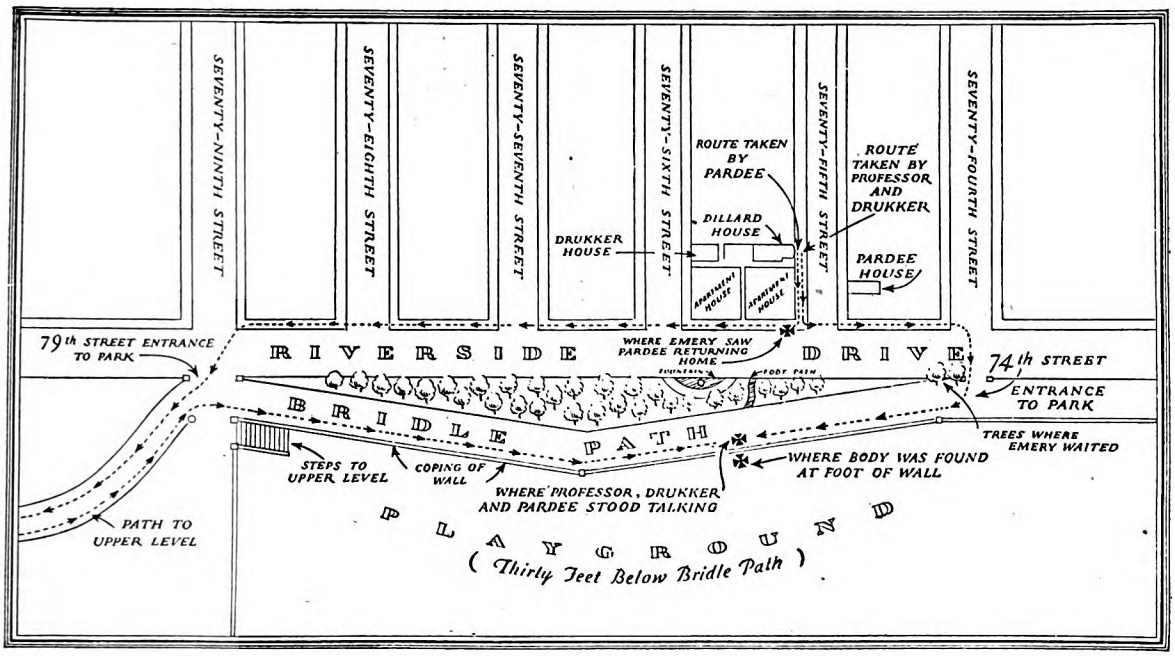

the one most likely to have information bearing directly on the previous night's affair. The following points were brought out by his testimony:

Pardee had emerged from his house at 6:30 and gone straight to the Dillards'.

At 8:30 Belle Dillard, in an evening gown, had got into a taxi and been driven up West End Avenue. Arnesson had come out of the house with her and helped her into the taxicab, but had immediately returned indoors.

At 9:15 Professor Dillard and Drukker had left the Dillard house and walked slowly toward Riverside Drive. They had crossed the Drive at Seventy-fourth Street and turned up the bridle path.

At 9:30 Pardee had come out of the Dillard house, walked down to the Drive, and turned uptown.

At a little after 10:00 Professor Dillard had returned to his house alone, recrossing the Drive at Seventy-fourth Street.

At 10:20 Pardee had returned home, coming from the same direction he had taken when going out.

Belle Dillard had been brought home at 12:30 in a limousine filled with young people.

Hennessey was interrogated next; but his evidence merely substantiated Snitkin's. No one had approached the Dillard house from the direction of West End Avenue; and nothing of a suspicious nature had happened.

MARKHAM then turned his attention to Emery, who reported that, according to Santos*, whom he had relieved at six Pardee had spent the early part of the afternoon at the Manhattan Chess Club, and had returned home at about four o'clock.

"Then, like Snitkin and Hennessey said," Emery continued, "he went to the Dillards' at half past six and stayed till half past nine. When he came out I followed, keeping half a block or so behind him. He walked up the Drive to Seventy-ninth Street, crossed to the upper park, and walked round the big grass bowl, past the rocks, and on up toward the Yacht Club. . . ."

"Did he take the path where Sprigg was shot?" Vance asked.

"He had to. There ain't any other path up that way except along the Drive."

*Santos was one of the two detectives who followed Sibella Greene to Atlantic City.

"How far did he go?"

"The fact is, he stopped right about where Sprigg was bumped off. Then he came back the same way he'd gone, and turned into the little park with the playground on the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. He went slowly down the walk under the trees along the bridle path; and as he passed along the top of the wall under the drinking fountain, who should he run into but the old man and the hunchback, resting up against the ledge and talking. . . ."

"You say he met Professor Dillard and Drukker at the very spot where Drukker fell over the wall?" Markham leaned forward hopefully.

"Yes, sir. Pardee stopped to visit with them; and I naturally kept on going. As I passed 'em I heard the hunchback say: 'Why ain't you practicing chess this evening?' And it sounded to me like he was sore at Pardee for stopping, and was hinting that he wasn't wanted. Anyhow, I ambled along the wall till I got to Seventy-fourth Street where there was a couple of trees to hide under. . . ."

"HOW well could you see Pardee and Drukker after you'd reached Seventy-fourth Street?" interrupted Markham.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I couldn't see 'em at all. It was getting pretty misty about that time, and there isn't any lamp post at that part of the walk where they were confabulating. But I figured Pardee would be along pretty soon, so I waited for him."

"This must have been well on toward ten o'clock."

"About a quarter of, I should say, sir."

"Were there any people on the walk at that time?"

"I didn't see anybody. The fog musta driven 'em indoors—it wasn't no warm, balmy evening. And it was on account of there being nobody around that I went as far ahead as I did. Pardee's nobody's fool, and I'd already caught him looking at me once or twice as though he suspected I was tailing him."

"How long was it before you picked him up again?"

Emery shifted his position.

"My figuring wasn't so good last night," he confessed, with a weak grin. "Pardee musta gone back the way he came, and recrossed the Drive at Seventy-ninth Street; for a half-hour or so later I saw him heading home in front of the apartment-house light on the corner of Seventy-fifth Street."

"But," interposed Vance, "if you were at the Seventy-fourth-Street entrance to the park until a quarter past ten you must have seen Professor Dillard pass you. He returned home about ten o'clock by that route."

"Sure, I saw him. I'd been waiting for Pardee about twenty minutes when the Professor came strolling along all alone, crossed the Drive, and went home. I naturally thought Pardee and the hunchback were still gabbing—that's why I took it easy and didn't go back to check up."

"Then, as I understand, about fifteen minutes after Professor Dillard passed you, you saw Pardee (*Continued on page 154*)

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Does BUSINESS *Give*
Women a Square Deal?

It does, says MARY DILLON, *except that a woman, to reach the top, must work much harder than a man*

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the American Gas Association was in progress. In the hall were assembled the officers and managers of practically all the gas supply companies of the country. As the chairman announced the new speaker, there was a rustle, a sudden stiffening of backs and raising of eyes.

"First time a woman ever spoke on this platform," said the general manager of one of the biggest companies to the official who sat next to him.

"She's been coming here for years, though," replied his companion. "Ought not to mind us."

He stopped to listen. The small, trim-tailored, very feminine figure upon the platform was apparently not "minding" them. She stood easily, naturally, while her well-modulated, resonant tones filled the room. But despite her outward composure, within her lurked an anxiety born of great responsibility. Upon this platform Mary E. Dillon was making history. No woman had before occupied the position of general manager of a gas company, no woman had ever spoken at this convention. The twenty-one years of service to her company had made her a "good gasman."

How could she demonstrate that women belonged in this broader field?

She spoke briefly, in pithy sentences, for she was talking upon the newest and most urgent problem of the gas industry, the exact relation of a public utility company to its consuming public. And she spoke from the standpoint of what she herself had done. When she had concluded and the warm round of applause had subsided, the first man turned to his companion.

"That girl knows more than gas; she knows people," he said. "Bet you they make her president some day."

"A woman-president!" exclaimed the other. "Not in our day."

It was exactly two years later that the first speaker's prophecy came true.

In the field of public relationship Mary Dillon is recognized as a leader. Her interpretation of the place of a gas company in the lives of the citizens it serves is unique and far-reaching. It has also been successful in the practical administration of the affairs of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company. The name of the Company may be a bit misleading. Its headquarters are at Coney Island. From the incubator babies on the Boardwalk and the Bowery, kept warm by gas heat, to the smoke of the sham Battle of Château Thierry, the great amusement centers of the famous resort present unusual service problems. But the bulk of the work is in furnishing gas to homes and industries and it is in this routine service of a public utility that Miss Dillon has made her record.

On my first trip to see her, I walked past the building which houses the offices of the Company, and then past again. I was looking for a gas company's building. The building I had passed and repassed bore no resemblance to the usual structure given over to such a purpose. Finally, convinced by a not too conspicuous sign that this *was* the building, I stopped on the pavement and gave it a thorough looking over before entering. If you are growing a bit impatient and want to get to Mary Dillon, be satisfied. For this building is Mary Dillon. It was planned by her when she was general manager, its every detail is hers, and its unique character is indicative of her distinctive beliefs and methods in the conduct of her business. This low, red-brick building, colonial in feeling, with its balconied window boxes filled with flowering plants leaning out from the second floor, is a beautiful, friendly contribution to the appearance of the street.

AS I entered, I again stopped to observe. Apparently almost the whole first floor is in one large, tile-floored hall, which rises to a height of three stories. Near the top, are many-paned large windows with green shutters decorated with a cut out, lighted torch. Below these windows more balconied boxes filled with flowers. On the floor about me stood the display of an up-to-date gas company, immaculate stoves, refrigerators, irons, heaters, and halfway down one side rose a curved white marble staircase, with a landing upon which real ivy grew up a trellis to balcony. Off that balcony lies the president's office. By the time I arrived there I was prepared for the wicker furniture, the Martha Washington sewing table, the shelves of books. Among these stood the usual executive desk. From behind it stepped a small figure, five feet exactly attired in a smart tailored dress, and a hand found mine, while a pleasant contralto voice bade me welcome.

Mary Dillon's whole appearance is unassertive, but there is strength in the unusual forehead, very wide at its top, the straight nose, in the mobile and beautiful mouth. She has two big dimples and these transform her face into that of a laughter-loving girl.

As we lunched upon simple, well-cooked food that is served every day to the employees of the Company, she spoke, with the dimples again in evidence, of the difficulties of a gasman of Coney Island.

"When I am traveling," she said, laughing, "and tell folks that I'm from Coney Island, I am prepared for a start and delighted (*Continued on page*

A Good Many of Us Suffer from this Complaint

"It is torture," says Mary Dillon, "for many men and women to meet people and make acquaintances and friends, or to be thrown with large groups. I lived through much of this in my early years of work. A sort of stage fright based on 'What will they think of me?' The cure lies in trying to realize that in all probability the other people are suffering from the same fear and are not thinking about you, but about themselves."

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Photograph by Vandamm Studio, N. Y.

Mary Dillon

MISS DILLON, President of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, is the first woman in this country to head a big public utility corporation. She began her career at the age of eighteen, when she got a job filling inkwells, sharpening pencils, and making herself generally useful around the offices of the gas company. In three years she was office manager. When the general manager resigned thirteen years later, everybody agreed that she was the one to step into his shoes. But at that time a woman in such an important post was unheard of. For five years Mary Dillon did the work and drew the pay of the general manager. Then she found herself with the title and a vice presidency as well. Another year, and she was president of the company.

Miss Dillon was born and grew up in the old Greenwich Village section of New York.

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Photograph by John Kabel

"SOLITUDE has brought me to certain conclusions," says Mr. Rutledge. "The beauty and the wonder of the world cannot, I believe, be a mere matter of chance; nor yet can they be the result of the operation of blind mechanical laws. The utter silence and loneliness of moss-draped trees in a lagoon; the flare of a sunrise, the glow of a sunset; the tumult and the challenge of the storm; the fragrance and the beauty of the wild flower—such things are more than chemistry and they come from a higher source than chance."

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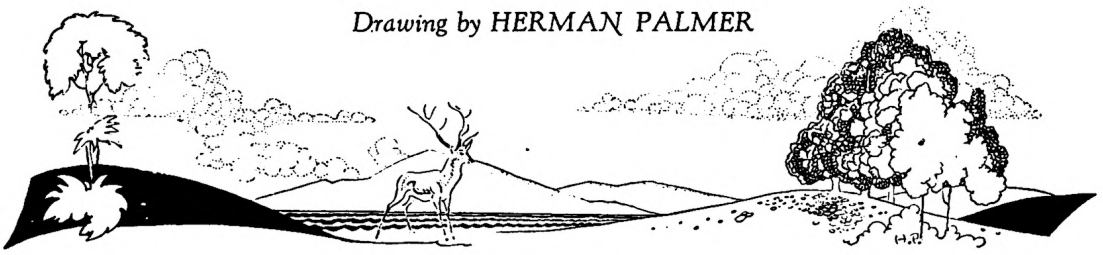
SOLITUDE

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Drawing by HERMAN PALMER



I ONCE knew with a considerable degree of intimacy a wild stag that I presumed to christen Old Clubfoot. His identity was not difficult to establish, for his horns were decidedly freakish in the form of their architecture, and he walked and ran with a limp. His right hind foot had in some way been injured—possibly in a steel trap—and the track made by that particular foot was like a hole punched in the ground. As sagacious as any buck I ever encountered, he could be depended upon to do the unexpected. He postively refused to run to regular stands and crossings.

But what rendered Old Clubfoot truly fascinating to me was the fact that this great wildwood personality was solitary I never saw him with another deer, and his track showed that he always traveled alone. Repeatedly, in the woods where he roamed, I started small groups of other deer—sometimes as many as seven in a drove. But this stag selected himself for company. Here, then, was a wild creature that had become solitary.

Without feeling certain of the real cause of his self-imposed isolation, I conjectured that because he had been injured while in the society of others of his kind, he associated his misfortune with the business of traveling in a crowd. It seems undoubtedly true that one deer is more truly alert than a herd of deer; for an individual, having all the looking and listening to do, does them to perfection.

Old Clubfoot appealed to me as a genuine personality, chiefly because of his apparently deliberate choice of solitude. Indeed, such expressions as "the lone eagle," "the lone wolf," and others of similar import have their origin in nature and in truth; and a correct understanding of what they connote leads us to consider thoughtfully the whole matter of solitude, both as it concerns wild creatures and as it concerns human beings.

The great House of Life has many rooms, many halls, many corridors, many secret stairways. To me, Solitude seems that Other Room into which we can retire whenever we radically need a change from present company. It is a bourne of solace and reflection.

We human beings love to steal away into solitude for no other purpose sometimes than to rest; designedly to relax; luxuriously to do nothing. It is a sanctuary, spacious, silent; or if there be music, the airs are of nature's own ancient motherly making. When the Master said, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, for I will give you rest," surely He must have known that as we retire to solitude, to us may come stealing unaware spiritual insight as well as the more obvious physical refreshment.

One of my friends is a delightful companion, partly because he has a humble, self-mocking estimate of himself, and partly because his view of life is as refreshing as a sea breeze to a Kansan. Not long ago, eying me with his whimsical and affectionate glance, he said, "Well, I've found it at last."

"What?" I asked, mistaking his mood; "the Lost Chord or the Missing Link?"

But his tone had an almost wistful tenderness as he replied—

"I'm serious this time. I've discovered the highest social circle in the whole universe. It isn't at Newport, nor yet at St. James' Square, nor anywhere along the Riviera, nor in any proud city. It's in solitude. You see, the only people there are oneself and God. Solitude is a mystic association of souls. Anyone may belong, but each communes with God alone. I know nothing that would bring more people more swiftly to God than the habit of cultivating the romantic and fascinating society of Solitude."

Yet there are many people who fear solitude, confusing it, no doubt with loneliness. But in solitude, as nowhere else, there is always, or there can be, divine companionship. To be solitary is to be in communion with God. Solitude is an escape from life's wild noises, wild lights, wild shadows; it is a refuge where silence dwells, and quiet luminance, and spiritual radiance; it is a rendezvous with Love Eternal.

OF MY solitary friends who have taught me much by their views of life, their opinions of human nature and of human destiny not the least remarkable is Richard Manigo, a negro of the aboriginal type, who for many years has been the watchman of a wild sea-island, which, though a most regal game preserve, is seldom visited by its owner. There Richard lives alone; there, when I have visited the island to study its wild life, I have walked and talked with him. To begin with, he is as religious as the peasants with the bowed heads in "The Angelus." Belief is to him as easy as breathing. I asked him how he could live in that offshore wilderness, far away from his kind. He said:

"Livin' one place is just the same as livin' another if a man loves God. And He's been good to me."

"Do you read the Bible, Richard?" I asked.

"I can't read," he confessed; "but it don't seem to make no difference to my Maker. He takes care of me just the same. I like to visit the mainland, but I like to stay here too."

Then he said something that gave me the kind of thrill that comes only when my mind, or the mind of another, manages to pierce with a ray of perception the far depths of life's shadows:

"On the island here, 'ceptin' the deer and things, ain't nobody but me and God. If I walk on the beach, or down in the woods, or go fishin' at the inlet, He's gwine be there too. So I never does get lonely, seein' as how I got somebody to look out for me, and somebody to tell all my troubles to."

SOLITUDE has brought me to a certain way of regarding nature; a certain philosophy of the creation and the continuance of things. To me it appears that the natural world, spiritually discerned, has so much of the supernatural about it that we perceive in it immediately the hand of God. Moreover, the beauty and the wonder of the world cannot, I believe, be a mere matter of chance; nor yet can it be the result of the operation of blind mechanical laws. There is something more behind it.

I affirm, chiefly because my entire reason and my instinct reject any other explanation, that this beauty and this wonder were deliberately *premeditated*. And if there are many things in the vast, momentous scheme that we mortals do not yet comprehend; if apparently there are irreconcilable elements; if sometimes the shadow seems more than the sunshine, I believe the hour will come when barriers shall fall, and we shall stand as in a world of light. Through long years, assailed by grievous doubt, acquainted with sorrow, I have come at last to feel with all my heart the immediate presence of God; I know that He predetermined every physical and spiritual blessing that we enjoy; and I am certain that He finds through the medium of solitude access to these wayward hearts of ours that He loves so long and so well.

I recall walking one sundown on an old upland road that ran over the ridge of a long-deserted mountain orchard. It was a place I was very fond of visiting, partly because of the fine view to be had there of the far-shining valley; partly because of its solitude; partly (*Continued on page 128*)

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HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER'S *great story of a girl . . . who lifted up her eye*

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

AT EIGHT o'clock, when Margie Wayland came out of the low, weather-gray house that clung to the slant of the brown hill, lamplight followed her from the kitchen window, as if it had been early dusk instead of the sulking, reluctant dawn of winter. Behind the low, coppery clouds the sun made only a pale brightening in the east; there was a sullen, pushing wind that smelled of snow and muttered in the naked, swaying maples of the suga bush; the ruts of the road had frozen to spitefully uneven stone, so that walking was a labor, and the schoolhouse at the crossroads seemed a longer mile away than ever.

Margie Wayland's lips were tight and there was a sharp vertical line between her brows; she walked against the slope and the wind with a kind of enmity, as if the weather and the road were personal and hostile and she fought and hated them like people. The mackinaw coat and knitted cap and gloves protected her against the cold; even the sting of it against her face was no more than a minor, trivial discomfort; there was strength in her straight, slender body for ten times the distance, ten times the weight of books and lunch box in the bend of her arm. Her mood had none of the self-pity of the vanquished; it was a conqueror's hatred that she felt toward the bleak, enclosing hills and the sullen, lowering menace of winter that overhung their wooded crests.

She did not turn at the sound of wheels and ringing hoofs behind her. The line between her brows deepened a little and her lips drew more straitly flat, as if the approaching clatter angered her, and she stepped aside into the dead weeds that flanked the cart track as if to let the team pass. It stopped, however, and Neil Rintoul's voice, deliberate and affable, compelled her, against her will, to look up at him without the frown.

"Climb in," he said. "I'm going past the schoolhouse."

She wanted to refuse. There was in her, as part of her hillwoman's inheritance, an abiding unwillingness to lie under even trivial obligation; beholden was a hateful word. And a heritage still more ancient warned her unmistakably that this man was dangerous.

IT WAS the warning that decided her. Danger, this morning, wore a shining face. She climbed up over the heavy wheel to the blanketed spring seat, pleasantly conscious of fear, a fear she could not account for by any reasoned logic. There was nothing formidable about Neil Rintoul's lean height, the wind-bitten face of him, hawk-nosed and rugged, like a weather-carved rock, the wide-spaced blue eyes, dimly embarrassed, the apologetic friendliness of his grin. And yet Margie Wayland was afraid of him, more afr than she had ever been of anybody e

"I won't have you driving me to sch this way, Neil," she told him, her vo edged by the knowledge of that base panic. "I'm perfectly able to walk."

"I had to drive down to the village, said. "Just happened to be going y way."

"It happens too often," she decla "The next time it won't be any use— keep right on walking."

"You've got better sense," he said

The word stung. "Sense! If I had I wouldn't be here!"

"I don't know about that. It isn' foolish to stick by your father, I gu People have been believing quite a v that it's a pretty good notion to h fathers and mothers. Maybe it's on the old ideas that seem to be going o style, but—"

"It's foolish to let him stay up working himself half to death, whe could both be comfortable and h down there—" She moved her hand to suggest the hidden lowlands beyon rim of hills. "If I went, he'd have to along. It's my fault that he's up he

"It's your fault," he admitted, he's living where he wants to live, what he wants to do. Don't know as y got any call to blame yourself for th

"You're worse than he is," she

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"We ought to keep together." She stopped. "The others will get lost if—"

Unto *the* Hills—*whence came her strength*

sharply. "It's too late for him to begin over; he's set in his ways and he'll never change, but you could get away if you had spunk enough. You—"

He twisted on the seat so that the blue eyes dwelt briefly on her. Something in the face made her think, absurdly, of an eagle.

"Do you think that's what's the matter with your father? Do you figure it takes more spunk to quit the hills than to stay alive in 'em?"

SHE moved her hands again in the gesture of impatience. "Of course it takes grit to hang on. I didn't mean that—I meant sense, I suppose, sense enough to realize how silly it is to choose a hard life when you can just as well have an easy one; to keep on fighting against things that are bound to beat you in the end, when you don't have to fight them—things like hill winters, hill work—"

"It looks foolish, sure enough." His look reminded her of little Joey Slater, impenitent under rebuke for having picked a fight with a bigger boy. "Only I'm not satisfied that those things have got us licked. It looks to me as if we beat 'em."

She shook her head. "That's just because you're young enough not to mind cold and work. But you can see that they've beaten my father. You don't believe that they'll beat you the same way; you think you're always going to be strong and young."

"I know better." He slapped the lines down on the broad, shaggy backs of the horses. "I'll wear out, same as everybody does, everywhere. But I won't be licked, not any more than your father is. By the time I'm through there'll be somebody else to start. You talk as if it was a kind of war between folks and weather. All right. But it isn't a one-year war, nor a one-man war. It goes right ahead. Notice, don't you, that there's still people living up here, after two hundred years of it? I guess there'll be some left after a couple of hundred more, too."

"Not at this rate!" She moved her hand in a circling gesture. "There are fewer of us every year. You can find twenty deserted farms within five miles of where we are. I'm teaching six children this winter. Last year I taught fourteen."

He nodded. "The soft ones get sieved out," he said. There was something like complacency in the tone. "I guess that happens everywhere. You got to show cause why you should stay alive."

"That's what drives me frantic!" She spoke hotly. "That stupid idea that there's something clever about being hard! That just because you choose to live in a meaner climate and work with your hands you can look down on people who choose to be comfortable and warm and happy."

He chuckled. "Maybe that's so. It's kind of easy to get in the habit of looking down on pretty near everything, up here." She saw his shoulders move back as if he drew in a deep, contented breath. "Maybe that's what I like about it. It's one kind of high living, anyhow."

SHE did not answer. They had reached the crossroads where the ugly little schoolhouse squatted in the brown weeds. Rintoul drew rein, glanced up at the coppery, racing clouds.

"Snow back of that wind," he said. "A sight of it too. Might let school out early if it comes on to storm. I wouldn't wonder if it'd be hard walking for some of the young ones by four o'clock."

She sprang down lightly. "All the better for them, according to you," she said. "It'll harden them, won't it, instead of spoiling them, like the unlucky children who ride to school in heated busses?"

His eyes rested placidly on hers. "You walked over here to school yourself," he said deliberately. "I don't know as I wish you hadn't, Margie."

She took refuge from the tone and look in flippancy:

"You like your women tough—is that it?"

There was no answering levity in his face.

"Yes. Just as tough," he said, "as you."

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She turned away, forcing a laugh. It was the nearest he had come to putting into words what she had always known since the days when they had climbed this same long, frozen road together to this same ugly little school. It had the quality, now, of a quiet threat, deadly earnest, and, behind her anger, it frightened her.

She kindled a fire in the sheet-iron stove. Joey Slater evidently wasn't coming to school today or he would have had the fire going before this. She thought resentfully that it couldn't have been the menace of the impending storm that had kept him away—he floundered through the drifts all winter. Work was the reason; they needed his young hands at home, and there wasn't any truant-officer in the hills to make trouble about it. Joey would be hard enough, when he grew up, to suit even Neil Rintoul!

The room heated quickly. She took off her mackinaw and the thick, clumsy rubber overshoes, busied herself with the routine of preparing for the day's session. Children appeared, the last one carrying yesterday's mail and newspaper from the box at the state road, a dust of snow whitening his patched overcoat. The flakes hissed softly against the windows, and there was hardly light enough for books and blackboard; but lessons, nevertheless, went grimly on, with the sullen, jeering mutter of the rising wind for background.

Before noon, however, Margie Wayland knew that it was time to let the children go. Already drifts had deepened in the hollows; the temperature had fallen swiftly, and the wind that stabbed in past the edge of the door, as she glanced out, was like a thin-edged blade of ice. It would be dark long before the end of the school day, and even these hill children would make sore work of getting safely home. She kept them long enough to eat their luncheons and watched them scamper off, joyously, through the swirling snow.

ON THE point of starting home herself, she hesitated. It was pleasantly safe and warm in the schoolhouse and she was suddenly, desperately tired of plodding through deep snow. Neil Rintoul would be coming back presently from the village; she could ride home, warm and untoiling; it was no more than animal intelligence, she told herself impatiently, to choose the easy course. If Neil didn't come she could walk; she'd done it, often enough, through worse blizzards than this one.

She fed the fire and drew her chair beside it, slitting the wrapper of the newspaper. As always, it gave her a wistful sense of contact with the huge, invisible, beckoning world beyond the high hills that walled her prison. She read it hungrily, even the pages given over to mysterious talk of sports. Down there people had time to be interested in such things; so much time that the means of killing it became important. Here, merely to stay alive from one day to another needed all the strength of mind and body. There wasn't anything but survival as the price; survival till weather and work, at last, inevitably won.

Listlessly she read the account of a gangster's burial. Tony the Gyp had lain in state, guarded like a dead king, in a silver coffin that cost fifteen thousand dollars; a hundred policemen gave him a guard of honor to the grave, thirty motor-cars were needed for the hothouse flowers left to freeze above him.

There was a condensed story of his life and death; it was evident that the man who wrote it had found nothing very remarkable in the tale of an ignorant immigrant who had made himself serenely rich by robbery and murder; an undertone, indeed, of indignation warmed the account, indignation against the rival racketeers who had shot him coolly into tatters in a crowded, daylit street, against the police for not having yet avenged him.

Margie Wayland laughed. Men like her father wore themselves out, here in the hills, without earning in all a lifetime the price of that murderer's coffin. Down yonder, wealth was so plentiful that nobody got very much excited when a man with a gun helped himself in a moment to more money than would buy a hundred years of bitter, dogged labor on an upland farm!

A grim, sardonic humor led her to read on. The police knew all about the three men who had turned their machine gun on Tony the Gyp; they were looking for them: Frankie Lizeri, otherwise Lizard; Little Joe Scapo and Scarface Mo Borowitz, whose photograph explained the brevet; the wide weal that slanted down from brow to jowl gave his face a quality of placid deadliness that sent a little thrill of terror through Margie Wayland.

She studied it, curiously fascinated. It was almost funny to remember that Neil Rintoul had taken credit to himself, claimed it for her, too, only this morning, because they were both hard! She smiled at the word. Hard, yes, like a tree or a horse. Against a man like this calm-faced killer that kind of hardness wouldn't count for much!

She saw, with sudden clearness, that it was this other kind of hardness that the world demanded of a man today, hardness against other men, not mere resistance to the stupid malice of wind and winter and the weariness of driven muscles. Neil Rintoul, her father, she herself, all the lean breed of the hills, were anachronisms in a world that had learned the futility of standing up, toe to toe, to fight with nature; a world that belonged to cleverness instead of to brute strength.

SHE went to the window and rubbed away the rime to look out at the storm. The wind still rose, driving the sullen march of snow almost horizontally; she could barely see the road through the swirl of it. A sudden anger rose in her; she discovered that she was still silly enough to find a kind of satisfaction in the storm, the knowledge that when it pleased her to go out to face it she could stand up against the wind, endure the cold, tramp through the drifts.

That was what she had spent her life to gain—that useless hardness; that was what she had bought with twenty years of schooling. And there wasn't any market, any more, for the ability to face a blizzard; it came home to her that the world paid you, roughly, what you were worth; for Margie Wayland's kind of hardness it paid, not too willingly, six dollars a week; for Tony the Gyp's its wage had run high enough to buy that silver coffin when there was no other way of wasting easy money!

The thought determined her to wait no longer for Neil Rintoul's return. She'd paid enough for what she had; at least she'd use it. Her kind of hardness wasn't good for anything else, but it would bring her safely home without accepting another favor at Rintoul's hands, without exposing herself again to the danger that would always threaten her, for all her enlightenment, when he was near.

She opened her lunch box. She was not hungry; but habit had taught her to eat before going out into a storm. It was fuel, she thought, rather than food: thick buttered slices of home-baked bread; a russet apple, hard as stone, a lump of last spring's maple sugar. She laughed at the whimsical thought of what Tony the Gyp would have said about such a meal.

THE door swung inward suddenly and a jet of snow spat across the room almost to where she sat. A man huddled in a fur-collared coat stumbled in after it; another followed him, and another; the three of them made for the stove, paying no heed whatever to her, and leaving the door open. She crossed the room to shut it.

Turning, she saw a gloved hand reach out, almost snatching, to her bread. She did not greatly resent it; hunger, as she knew it, went deeper than surface manners; something, however, in the movement of the hand caught and held her attention—it had darted, a motion as swift as a snake's and queer'y like a snake's. It almost prepared her, before the man's head twisted sidewise to glance at her, for the broad, ugly scar that told her, unmistakably, who and what he was.

She stopped abruptly, not from fear, but as she would have stopped at the whirr of a rattler's warning; she was not afraid of snakes; it puzzled her dimly to discover that she wasn't afraid of Scarface. Danger, to be sure, was near, near and real and deadly; she seemed to see past the calm of the scarred face, to know the thought in the brain behind those opaque eyes. She knew, with complete certainty, that the man needed less reason for a killing than for snatching at her lunch box; that he would kill a woman as willingly as a man, more willingly, perhaps, because it would be easier and safer; she even fancied that the idea of killing her had already proposed itself behind the quiet, unblinking gaze.

He swallowed deliberately. "What you scared of, sister?" The voice was like the eyes—heatless, as if it had been a machine that spoke. She saw the other faces turn toward her, utterly unsimilar and yet horribly alike in the contemplative fixity of gaze. Remotely she identified the one the thinner one must be the Lizard, the short, blunt-featured man would be Little Joe. She heard her voice:

"Scared? Why should I be? What happened? Did you lose your way?"

Borowitz ignored the questions: "How far to the nearest place where we can hire a car or get a train?"

She caught, somehow, an intuitive warning against the fiction that instantly suggested a means of getting rid of them. They had been this way before, she seemed to understand; they knew, roughly, at least, where they were. The question was a trap.

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There was just the thousandth chance that she could get the door open, the paper on the flame, before—a hand closed on her wrist

"It's six miles to Union Corners," she said truthfully. "That's the nearest town; but I don't know whether you'd be able to get out of it—not till the roads are dug out, anyway. Mount Heber's four miles farther; but it's on the state road, and they keep that plowed open."

There was a little silence. "Any way to get there?" Borowitz demanded. She shrugged her shoulders.

"You'd have to walk. Nobody could get a team through the drifts right now, and they'll be a good deal worse before they're better."

Scapo laughed, showing two gold-capped dog teeth. "There's your short cut! Twelve miles from nowhere and no way to get there!"

Lizeri's head twisted toward him—like an owl's trick, Margie thought, of swiveling head without moving body.

"That's right—beef. I knew it was going to snow, didn't I? And maybe it was me that wanted to get across to the other pike, huh? At that I had the dope to find a hot stove for you, didn't I?"

"No use chewing the fat," said the flat voice of Borowitz. "We're sitting pretty. All we got to do is wait till it quits snowing and they get the roads open. No hurry, is there?"

Scapo laughed again. "Oh, no—nothing like that! We—"

"I said there was no rush, didn't I?" The tone was almost gentle. Margie saw Scapo's face change, saw the gleam of the gold teeth in a fawning grin.

"Sure you said it—no rush at all. We got all the time there is."

Borowitz turned back to Margie. "How far away do you live, sister?"

"About a mile," (*Continued on page 119*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY CULVER

They're *Your* FEET

By
WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

IF I were asked whether we abuse our stomachs or our feet the more, I would unhesitatingly say, "Our feet." And that isn't because we've two of them as against one stomach.

Fortunately, we have had a little sense knocked into our heads about overeating and wrong eating, but precious little regarding the feet and their care.

Just what percentage of the American people suffer more or less from aching feet, corns, calluses, bunions, fallen arches, and other foot troubles, it is hard to say, but I'd hazard a guess that it is around ninety per cent.

Many people think because the feet are "protected" by hose and shoes that the wear and tear on the skin is negligible. That is where they make their first big mistake.

The very fact that the feet *are* so thoroughly encased causes a high degree of breakdown of the skin. The ventilation is poor and there is a tendency to accumulate sweat and other excretions, which, if not frequently removed, are very detrimental to the health of the skin.

Cleanliness, therefore, is of prime importance in foot hygiene. Nevertheless, I do not advocate the *daily* use of very hot foot baths. Tepid water and a mild toilet soap are all that the feet require under normal conditions; abnormal conditions I shall speak about later on.

Cleanliness, however, isn't going to be of much avail if you put your feet into ill-fitting shoes and stockings.

It is surprising how many people will go to a great deal of trouble to get a well-fitting shoe and then will wear it over badly fitting hose.

Socks and stockings that wrinkle cause blisters and abrasions, while those that are too tight or too short pull the toes out of normal alignment.

Heavy woolen stockings are a good clothing for the feet if you are going to be out of doors in a low temperature for a considerable time, while for ordinary winter wear two pairs of cotton or lisle hose, or one pair of cotton worn under silk is to be preferred. But should you happen to be one of those mortals who suffer from cold feet, wear a mixture of silk and wool.

I advise this course because I have found heavy woolen hosiery to be a prolific cause of foot sweating—and that is something, as I shall explain later, that we should avoid.

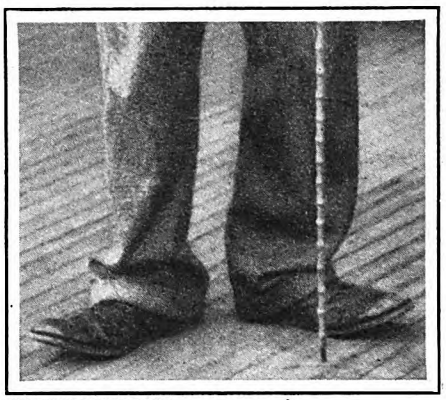


PHOTO FROM CULVER SERVICE

The funniest feet in the world. Yes, that's right, they're Charlie's

And, in passing, let me suggest a change of hose every day. This is both for the sake of hygiene and the sake of the hosiery, which will wear much longer if frequently changed.

When I pass shoe stores, with their array of shoes with narrow, pointed toes and stilted heels, I wonder whether we shall ever learn shoe sense.

How can we expect such a complicated structure as the foot, with its twenty-six bones, with all its ligaments, cartilages, nerves, to be happy and well in the wrongly fitting shoes that most of us wear? And women aren't the only offenders in this respect. I had hoped that when the war was over and three or four million men were returned to civil life who had received army instruction concerning the care of the feet and properly fitting shoes —made on the "Munson last"—we should see a nation-wide shoe reform. But evi- dently fashion is stronger than reform

The natural foot toes in a bit wher walking. Who ever heard of a slew-footec long distance runner? But the majority o the shoes worn are entirely too narrow a the ends to permit of the free function o the toes in either walking or running; thus after years of misuse, we get foot strain fallen arches, bunions, and misshapen fee that cause no end of misery and pain.

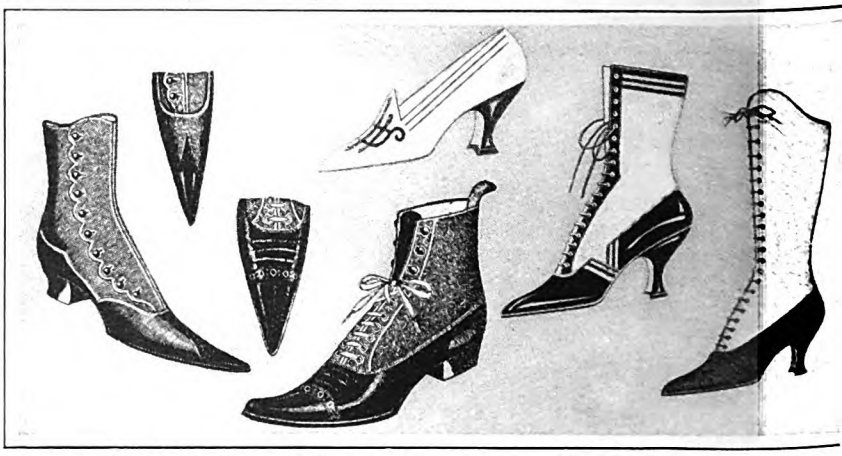
The proper shoe should have a sole a broad as the *expanded* weight-bearing foot If the sides of the shoe check this free ex pansion, the big toe is gradually force over and upward.

When the big toe is free to press squarel on the ground, it helps to support the arch When its function is restricted by a to narrow shoe, the muscles of the foot ar hampered, the ligaments weakened, an we have arch trouble and other complaint

Another error that people make whe buying shoes is to get them too short, s that when they walk their toes touch th end of the shoe.

THE overly high heels on many women shoes are very harmful; they not on throw the foot forward, causing a crampe unnatural walk, but they strain the mu cles of the whole leg. However, I do n advise women who have worn high hee most of their lives to change suddenly very low heels. Low heels, to a person u accustomed to them, also put the fo under a strain. The reduction of t height of the heel should be a very gradu process.

Of course, in a genuine health shoe t heel should be but a trifle thicker than t sole, and then only to provide for a lit



The four toothpick toes to the left of the picture were fashionable in 1897. The slipper at the top and the two high shoes at the right are what we liked in 1918

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY CULVER

but Stop *Abusing* Them

more wear. But as few women can or will wear flat-heeled shoes, it is left for me to recommend that they avoid the ridiculously stilted heel and see that their shoes are wide enough to admit of free expansion of the foot and that the heels are of a medium height and proper width.

I have found that sometimes the wearing of two or three different kinds of shoes gives relief by distributing the foot strain, but in general the best plan is to find out the style of shoe that gives you the greatest *walking* comfort and stick to it. Moreover, if your pocketbook will stand for it, buy two or three pairs at one time and change them every day. It is better economy in the end, as shoes last a great deal longer if they are allowed frequently to air out.

THE commonest minor ailments which afflict the feet are, first corns and calluses, and then blisters, abrasions, bunions, and ingrowing toe-nails.

Corns are simply localized and irritated callosities due to long-continued pressure from ill-fitting shoes. Naturally, the first thing to do is to remove the cause—get a pair of properly fitted shoes—those that are neither too tight nor too loose.

The old-fashioned way of trimming corns with a razor blade is simply palliative and is accompanied with danger of infection.

A better way to attack small corns is the following process: Apply tightly over the affected area a piece of adhesive plaster, which should be worn for one week. At the end of this time the corn is usually so soft that it may be removed with little difficulty. After the removal of the corn the area should be painted either with tincture of iodine or mercurochrome.

Larger corns and callosities usually require the use of some stronger agent in the form of a salve or paste, such as:

Salicylic acid	40 parts
Vaseline	30 parts
Lanolin	30 parts

This ointment is smeared immediately over the corn, which is then covered with a strip of zinc oxide plaster. Every night wash the foot with soap and warm water and re-apply the ointment (*Continued on page 142*)

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

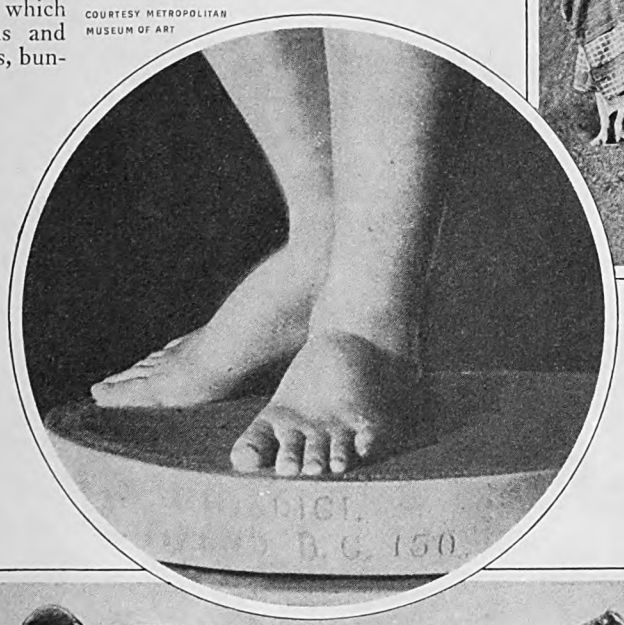
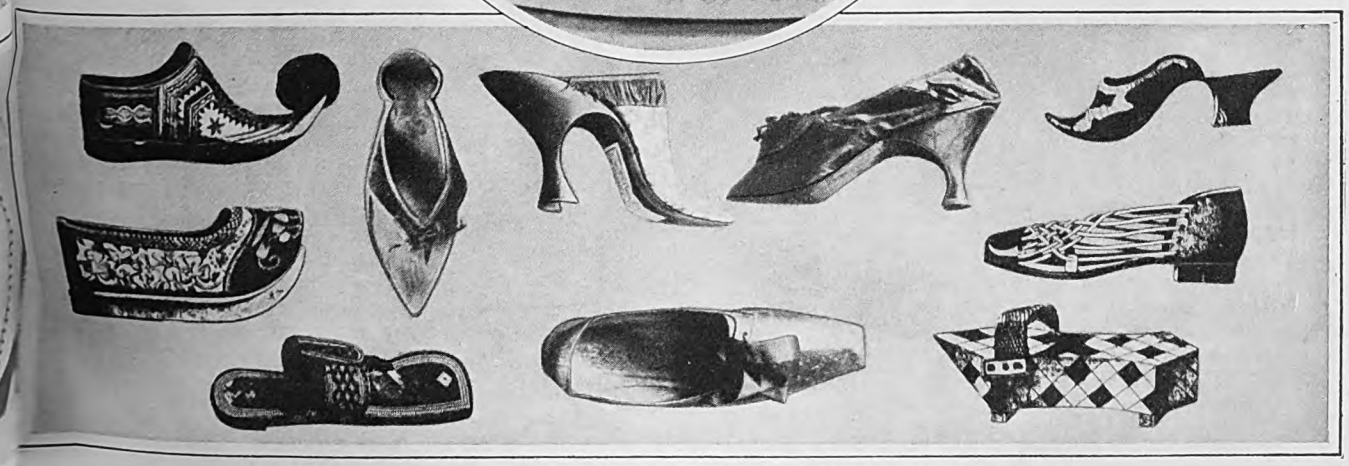


PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY

Filipino women wear no shoes, and are therefore said to have perfect feet. Well, it's all a matter of taste. (Left) A pair of classic feet



An assortment of shoes. It's a wonder the world's feet are as good as they are

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A boy discovers his father . . .

PARD

By MARGERY LAND MAY

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

"She may pet and she may kiss,
She may be that and she may be this—"

AS JUNIOR'S voice, breaking on a note meant to be falsetto, floated down the stairway, Mary Whitby glanced at her husband across the breakfast table and gave vent to a half-whimsical sigh.

"Edifying ditty!" She laughed. Then, "Just think, Bru, we weren't so very much older than he is now when he came. Remember how awed we were by him? I can see you now with that terrified look on your face when I first put him in your arms. And yet I sometimes think he's more of a problem now than he was then!" Her lovely hands, white and tapering, busied themselves with the silver coffee service.

Whitby's clean-hewn, forceful face surfaced a frown.

Whitby, with Junior at his side, set forth again at his flying pace

"Yes, I know. To handle a boy wisely in this day is something of a twister. Fred Banning and I were discussing the matter yesterday at the Club. Poor old Fred! I don't agree with his methods, of course. And yet I can't help feeling sorry for him. What a time he has had with those two young hoodlums of his!

"Charlie, his eldest—who is only a year older than Junior, by the way—has just got a divorce from that little chorus girl he eloped with last spring. Fred tells me that she thought the boy had money, and left him flat when she found out she was wrong.

"And now Jim, his youngest, has announced that he's given up the idea of returning to law school in the fall in favor of touring the country with a jazz orchestra.

"Jim is quite a saxophonist, Junior says, but of course Fred doesn't think much of *that* as a career!"

"I should say not," Mary agreed. Then on a graver note, "But what of Junior Of course he's nothing but a baby, jus nineteen. But I worry about him dread fully, Bru. I don't like the harum-scarun crowd he runs with, nor the hours h keeps. I'm not so sure that I should hav had the courage to bring him here if I ha ever dreamed of the way things were goin to change. And all the mothers I kno are just as bewildered as I am. We simp don't know what to do.

"The standards that were set for as children don't exist any more. Licen seems to be in the very air. And irr sponsibility! You know that Junior tak nothing seriously. He and all the rest the young jelly beans and flappers he go with evidently have nothing in mind b the present moment and a hilarious tin And they simply won't stand for any ki of authority.

"There's Fred Banning again. Lo what a tragedy his attempts at discipl have brought about. But, on the ot hand, is our policy of non-interference a confidence any better? I'm sure"— voice broke on a note of appealing anxio ness—"I don't know!"

"Well, at least Junior doesn't lie to u Whitby comforted. "And we have satisfaction of knowing that he co home for meals and sleeps in his own be

MEANWHILE, blissfully unconsci of anything save the pleasant jun of his own fragmentary thoughts, Ju stood before the mirror, carefully plas ing down with a toilet concoction truculent locks of his dark brown hai

As he applied the gloss to his shaped head, the happenings of the n before passed disconnectedly, like a ored kaleidoscope, through his m Mazie. Pretty little kid. But no nec "Ta-de-te-tum."

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Old Jimmie Banning sure could tickle that saxophone. Corn whisky. Nasty-tasting stuff, but he couldn't very well refuse when an old hooch hound like Charlie, who had been divorced by an actress, had offered him his flask.

Mazie. Cute. "Didn't you know kissing went out with bustles?" Mazie had said. "Da-te-do-dum." How the monkey's eyebrows did that step go, anyway?

THE lacquered, "well-groomed look" having been pasted on his hair, Junior stepped back from the mirror to survey himself. Careful carelessness was the note that he and his fellow collegiates were affecting sartorially now—a studied nonchalance manifesting itself in floppy, overlapping trousers, garterless socks, and belts three inches wide.

"Might see Mazie," he mumbled, as he thrust a handkerchief in his breast coat pocket and adjusted it so that the bright plaid border showed over the edge.

Then, collecting some pieces of loose silver from the bureau, he stood jingling them together in his hand. As he did so, his thought went to his father—his "Pard," as he had learned to call him in those long-ago days of horses and hunting and hounds, before Charlie Banning came to mean to him the measure of both hero and man.

"My old governor is sore as the deuce with me," Charlie had complimented him by confiding the night before, while they stagged out one of the intermissions of the dance. "Watches me and Jimmie like a hawk. Won't let us have the car but two nights a week. And, Holy Whiskers—" tapping his hip significantly—"if he smelt any of this firewater on us it would be good night!"

Sympathetically Junior had responded, "Gee, that's tough! My p— my old governor," he corrected hastily, "isn't anything like that. I come and go pretty much as I please. No questions asked. And this June, when I graduated from V. M. I., he had the old bus painted over and gave it to me."

AND perhaps it was because he came and went as he pleased, no questions asked, that Junior felt no qualms of misgiving as he gazed down at the nickels and dimes glistening in his palm. Despite the fact that this chicken feed represented the last of the touch he had made after having already spent his month's allowance, he had confidently announced to Mazie that when the "bunch" went to Lake Charles on Friday for the Kappa dance he would be among 'em.

Fifty dollars would cover the trip and a night's stay at the hotel and, judging from past indulgence, he had no doubt that Pard would advance this sum.

"Have a good time last night, son?" Whitby asked as Junior finally put in a belated appearance at the breakfast table.

Sugaring his oatmeal, "Oh, rather," Junior said, in a blasé imitation of Charlie's phrase, manner, and tone.

Across the flaming marigolds that made the centerpiece, Mary sent her husband a look of despair. "There, you see! He's just like all the rest of these odious little jelly beans," her look said, plain as words.

But at Whitby's cautioning frown she turned to Junior with, "And whom did you take to the dance, June?"

"Mazie Hunter," Junior grunted, grabbing three pieces of toast at once.

Pleasantly surprised at his choice of a companion, Mary said, "Oh, yes. She's a charming little thing. I know her mother."

Old Jimmie Banning sure could tickle that saxophone

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Draining his coffee cup in one gulp, Junior answered, "Oh, she's all right."

And then, seeing that his father was about to rise, he addressed himself to that which he felt to be the pressing business of the day. Sheepish, though assured:

"Say, Pard, will you let me have fifty dollars? There's a Frat dance at Lake Charles Friday, and I want to go down," he said.

For a moment and with an expression of reflective gravity, Whitby stood regarding his son.

"WELL—yes." He hesitated. "But this time there's a condition: If I give you fifty dollars for this dance, will you give me a day at the office? I could use you very well today. How about coming down with me this morning?"

Though he and Freddie Collins, his pal, had planned a swim and a set of tennis at the Country Club, Junior looked up with a grin of amusement.

"Sure thing. I'm on. But what's the joker?" he asked, scraping back his chair.

As Whitby bent over to kiss his wife, he murmured, "Don't worry, darling." Then, to Junior, "There isn't any joker. I'm closing up a little deal I've been working on for some time, and I should like to have you along with me," he said.

"Sure thing," Junior repeated; but despite this auspicious beginning he lapsed into silence during their ride to town.

For, though he was aware of his father as a kindly atmosphere of comfort and security, as one is aware of the solid ground underfoot or the sheltering roof overhead, the focus of Junior's consciousness was filled with other and far more vivid figures.

As he applied the gloss to his well-shaped head, the happenings of the night before passed disconnectedly through his mind

Mazie of the flying feet, and Charlie, who was "on" to the mysterious thing called "Life," were to Junior far more real than the lean, sunburned man who sat beside him, expertly guiding the car through the traffic of a congested thoroughfare.

"You see, son," Whitby's deep voice brought him back with a start from his own rapt contemplations, "business is as much of a game as baseball or soccer. There're skirmishes and feints and kick-offs in business, just as there are on the gridiron. And it isn't always the spectacular chap who piles up points in the game. More often the goal is won by the fellow who keeps on running when the enemy is on the ten-yard line and the score is five to zero with three minutes to play."

He brought the car to a halt before the plate-glass windows of the Whitby realty firm. "But you'll see for yourself," he said. "After I've read the mail we'll start out, and as we go along I'll explain the fine points of *my* game."

Into Junior's eyes there shot a momentary gleam of interest. As he followed Whitby into the ground-floor offices occupied by the firm, he was remembering that this father, who now seemed to him such an alien figure, was something of a legend at V. M. I., where he had won his pigskin spurs under the sobriquet of the "Galloping Ghost."

"No use bothering with the car. It's so hard to get a parking place downtown that I find it simpler to go on foot," the one-time center said as they emerged a half-hour later from his office to commence the business of the day. "You see, Junior, I'm trying to close a deal, and I've a few details to attend to before I can complete it," he explained.

Though not at all understanding why he should be dragged into the affair, Junior quickened his step to keep pace with Whitby's long, quick stride. That a man named Bronson had a lot which a man named Watkins wanted to buy, and that his father, as agent, was trying to engineer the transaction, Junior learned during the swift five blocks' walk to Bronson's office.

"Well," with a grin that was very like Junior's own, "that much is settled, anyway," Whitby said, as he emerged from a conference with the owner and rejoined Junior, who was waiting in the entry hall. "Bronson's original price was twelve hundred; but I've persuaded him to take a thousand dollars for his lot. And now for Watkins."

"And where is his office?" Junior asked as the elevator shot them back to the ground.

"Six blocks down, in the Acton Building, Commerce Street," Whitby told him, and with Junior at his side set forth again at his flying pace. "You see, son, it takes good legs as well as a good head to earn money in this realty game," he added smilingly. And two hours later, when they sat down to snatch a hasty bite at a marble-topped lunch counter, Junior felt as well as saw the force of his remark.

"Gee whiz, Pard, do you *have* to run around like this?" he asked, as he sank down on the stool with a sigh.

Whitby chuckled.

"I'll say I do. But this isn't a circumstance to some of my deals. I've only been dickering with this one a couple of weeks. Some of them take months. But hurry up with that hamburger, boy," he added, glancing at his watch. "Now that Watkins has arranged to pay five hundred cash and five hundred in notes, we'll have to trot back to Bronson to see if he'll take seven per cent interest instead of eight on the balance due."

By this time, sore though his leg muscles were, Junior was thoroughly interested. From the shadowy fringes of consciousness, his father came out once more to stand within the focus of his thought, as he had in those earlier years when he had taught Junior how to ride, to swim, to throw a ball, and shoot a gun.

Again, as they strode along together, the enthusiastic interchange of thought passed between them, as it had in the old times when Pard's return from work had been the highlight of Junior's day.

Only, now it was as the Galloping Ghost that Junior saw him—the pigskin hero bucking the line to gain his yards on a field where one passed deeds instead of a ball.

"Hold 'em, Pard!" he said once, as Whitby, coming from the lawyer's office, told him that a minor hitch had been discovered in the title, and that it would take an affidavit from a man named Clements to clear it up.

Whitby laughed. The genial assurance of his "Oh, I'll hold 'em all right. They'll never crash this line!" brought a sense of relief to Junior, who, in watching this game, was beginning to experience some of the same tensity which had so often thrilled him in the last heat of the play.

INDEED, as the day wore on and they walked the hard pavements from courthouse to office building, and from office building to bank, and back to the courthouse again, it became a matter of vital concern to Junior that all should go successfully with his father's deal.

"Gee, Pard, *now* what? Will Bronson take seven per cent? Or, "Is the mortgage certificate O. K.?" Or, "Will the lawyer approve the deed, now that you've got that affidavit?"

These were some of the questions with which Junior, awaiting his father in the corridors, would pelt him as he emerged from the various conferences that were necessary to complete the sale.

With his hand on the boy's arm in the old gesture of comradeship, "It's all right, old man," Whitby would say. "Just matter of gathering up loose ends."

But Junior was uneasy. As tense and watchful as he had ever been during the strife of the last quarter, he was not quite assured that something might not go wrong at the moment to defeat his Pard's dash for goal.

"Do you think it's really going through?" he asked

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iously as, at four that afternoon, they made their way through the doors of Whitby's office.

"You bet it's going through," Whitby said. "In fifteen minutes Bronson, Watkins, and Mr. Pendle, the lawyer, are going to meet me here for the final flourishes."

"And how about you? Will you get your commission?" Junior pressed him.

Placing his hand on Junior's shoulder, Whitby indicated an inner room.

"Ah, there's Watkins now. You just go in yonder and wait until they've gone, will you, son? Yes, yes, I'll get mine." He laughed gently. "You needn't worry!"

It seemed to Junior, as he entered the empty office and threw himself in a swivel chair before the flat-topped desk, that he had never been so tired in all his life. It was not the actual walking that had tired him. It was the mental tension; the eternal waiting; the endless standing around.

He could dance all night to jazz, or drill all day to the soul-stirring boom and blast of a military band. But this was different. This climbing stairs and treading pavements, with no drum or trombone or uke to spur you on, was entirely another thing.

And the thought came: "Holy Whiskers, Pard does it every day!"

Swaying back in the chair, Junior clasped his hands behind his head and stared up at the ceiling. And suppose, after all, the thing should fall through? Pard had told him that he never considered a deal closed until he got his commission. And—Junior asked himself, as he strained his ears to catch the voices in the outer room—wasn't there a mighty lot of jawing going on in there for fellows who had nothing to do but put their fists to a bill of sale?

AT LAST, however, the voices ceased, and there was the sound of quick, familiar steps as Whitby crossed his office and opened the door.

"Well, son," he announced, waving a pink check in air, "we've got it at last. Here's the old commission!"

Springing to his feet, Junior heaved a sigh of genuine relief.

"Gee, Pard, that's great! How much did you get?" he asked him.

Taking out his fountain pen, Whitby leaned down and wrote his name across the back of the check.

"Five per cent of the purchase price is the regular fee. Here, son," pushing the slip toward him, "this is Bronson's check, but I've endorsed it over to you. Fifty dollars is what you need for that dance at Lake Charles, isn't it?" he asked.

Junior started. For an instant his eyes went to his father, and then dropped swiftly to the check that lay before him on the desk.

Fifty dollars! All that walking and waiting for fifty dollars! A whole day's work, so that he could go to a dance! Suddenly his eyes stung and there was something hard and funny in his throat.

He stood for a moment, blinking. Then he looked up, and in a flash of complete understanding the eyes of the boy met the eyes of the man.

"Say, Pard, I hadn't any idea—" He broke off. Then tried it again, "Say, Pard, you must have walked at least five miles today. And"—flushing—"I've been thinking that I ought to get started at something. And—well—this is it: if you'd take me in down here for the summer, couldn't we split the old leg stuff fifty-fifty?" *(The End)*

If You Ask Me:

Daymares Make Cowards of Us All!

DAYMARES. . . . The expression was invented a century ago by Charles Lamb, that quaint conjurer in words, whose whimsical mind was forever enriching the English language. But Charles Lamb did not invent the flights of morbid fancy to which he was referring. They are our race's heritage from the dim dawn of time—and only clear-thinking, audacious souls have risen above them.

Daymares. . . The brood of fears that fetter our minds and inhibit our acts! Grotesque images of what-might-happen! Dread of consequences if we desert the rut of routine! Spiritual paralysis that makes us play safe instead of playing hard!

"My greatest victory," a business leader once said to me, "came when I conquered fear and worry. From childhood I had been fussing and fretting about the future. Danger was always flying its red flag before me. I worked hard, but so timidly that much of my best effort was frustrated.

"When I entered business my progress was painfully slow. I dared not face unfamiliar consequences by doing anything original. A young-man-afraid-of-himself, I was always riding a rut, just as big city street cars ride their trolley slots.

"One summer I left on my vacation, half sick and wholly discouraged. The doubts in my head weighed more than the duds in my trunk. I went away to fish—but I remained away to think. And out of that mental turmoil I came at last to the clear conclusion that fear and worry are as unnecessary as they are debilitating.

"In the quiet of a starry night I sat on a cliff above the lake and made three resolutions:

"1. Any time I had a disagreeable situation to meet, I would meet it *immediately*. Better to have a few unpleasant minutes and get the whole thing over with, than to spend several devitalizing days and nights in trying to figure out some way to dodge the issue.

"2. If some frightening prospect loomed ahead, I would call myself and all the facts into an executive session. When I had sized up the situation I would determine if there was anything I could do that I had left undone. Yes? Then I would straightway do it. . . . No? Then I would stand firmly on the fact that I had done my best and leave the issue in the hands of Providence.

"3. When a carefully considered plan promised success I would never hesitate to take the chance. . . .

"Mental reform is not easy. Mine was no exception. But gradually I won the victory. And from that day my progress was more rapid than I had ever dreamed."

Daymares! The hobgoblins of timid minds! Nightmares may affright our sleep, but their evil power vanishes with our waking. They sink back into the deeps of subconsciousness and matter little to us. But Daymares sap us when we should be at our best. They tether our visions and paralyze our efforts. Happy the man who has evicted the ugly brood. Then only can he put his house in order and set about the real business of life.

Merle Crowell

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The Trail Eater

A story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

BACK to Nome, after a summer of prospecting, came Kerry Wayne—back to a Nome that was a new and magic city because he found there little Barbee Neilan. She was home at last to stay, after her years of schooling in the States, and on that very first evening—at the Malamute Club dinner which celebrated the opening of the dog-racing season—Kerry lost his heart to her. Lost it, only to find that she was engaged to Rance Herrington, of the Gray Wolf Mine, Kerry's one-time best friend, and the richest man in Nome.

As if this were not bad enough, he had not been many hours in Nome before he began to hear disturbing rumors. Rance was flirting outrageously with Dr. Kramer's wife, Kitty; Rance was drinking and carousing too much for his health and his appearance; Rance was tying himself up with Luce Barton, shrewdest and crookedest lawyer in Nome. All these things Kerry learned from Lim Phayden, dispenser of water and gossip to the town—from Doorknob Balsh, who helped him look after his dogs—from Tolovana Belle, true product of frontier life, with her roughness and her capacity for undying friendship.

Kerry was deeply troubled. Three years before, he and Rance had come on the same steamer to Nome and "bached it" together until Kerry had found himself doomed to a year's exile in the hills because of his lungs. He came back cured of his illness, but not of his fear that there was in him a yellow streak. It was partly to test this that he had entered his dogs the year before in that famous race which made him forever the "Trail Eater" to all of Nome. He had run the race with outcasts from the "Kashim," a retreat he had set up for dog waifs.

His team was a joke—all except Duna, the leader—and Kerry checked in at Nome three weeks after the four-hundred-mile course had been covered by the last of the other teams.

Now another Sweepstakes was at hand. Rance and Barton had formed a Syndicate, with the best dogs cornered—including Tokon, greatest and most lawless husky in all Alaska.

Kerry refused Rance's proposal that he join the Syndicate, and announced his intention to enter his own team again. This so stung Rance's pride that the gold king swore he would drive one of the Syndicate teams himself, with Tokon in the lead—he would tame the brute or kill him. And Rance lived up to his word. In his first battle with Tokon he held the dog down and with the bolt cutter broke off his lower tusks at the gums. The next encounter was witnessed by Kerry, who passed by the Syndicate kennels at the moment when Rance, in a towering rage, was offering the magnificent animal free to anyone who would drive him.

Rance insulted Kerry, challenged him to take up his offer—and Kerry accepted that challenge. He hitched Tokon to his sled, with Duna as spike leader, and drove the team as far as the crowded public square of Nome. There Tokon turned upon Kerry. In the terrible fight that followed the man seemed momentarily to be victor. Then, a woman screamed—without warning, the great tawny beast had hurled himself straight at Kerry's throat!

"Community singing—what?" Tolovana Belle's voice broke in on the bedlam

PART III

LIKE a fighting wolf Tokon came through the air, scissors jaw lashing for the jugular vein. Kerry ducked—whirled. The killer cleared him, and landed with a snarling thump on the snow. A swift recoil, a turn, and the dog was menacing him again, head low, eyes a-flame with fighting lust. Kerry, poised for another throat strike, set his hands to grab the jaw. A roaring *grrrrrrrrrrr!* and the husky lunged, tackled low—and got him by the ankle.

Staggering, stamping, Kerry regained his balance, and, with legs braced, doubled to break that terrible hold. He crossed his hands and clutched the loose skin below the animal's ears. When the teeth relaxed for a deadlier grip on the tough leather of his mukluk, he heaved with sudden, twisting force. The jaws let go, the head swung; then—a lightning movement of the strong, lithe body—skin stripping red-hot from Kerry's hands—and a second later the snapping jaws clamped on his left hand.

They stood deadlocked in the fog of their own breath. Kerry's right hand fumbled for a hold on the dog's muzzle. He got it—tried to break the tightening grip—failed. Then, swaying from side to side, he forced the animal backward to a huge snowpile in the middle of the Square. On the edge of the drift, struggle again—gasps—half-choked wolfish snarls. And in the end a wrestler's trick that sent them both plunging to the snow—Kerry uppermost.

The husky's teeth came loose with a yank that shredded the leather sleeve. In a flash Kerry had the dripping jaw in a two-hand hold, and with all the strength in him he shoved the lean fighting head deep into the drift. He held it grimly, his body wrenched this way and that while the powerful beast thrashed the snow. Then, slowly, the dog began to weaken . . . the air cleared . . . and in the stained, trampled snow Tokon lay half smothered.

Kerry relaxed his hold and wobbled on his feet to await the dog's recovery. He was breathless, shaken. With hands that smarted from a dozen moist-red scars, he swept the damp hair from his eyes.

Tokon dragged his long body from the drift, shook himself, and edged around his trailing traces until his eyes found Kerry. His head was up, his hind quarters slightly drooped, his brush twitched stiffly

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"Come here, Tokon!" Kerry extended a hand, throwing into his voice all the kindness, all the admiration he felt for this proud fighting creature with the fierce eyes, the deep, golden chest, the slender, steel-muscled legs. "Come here, old man!"

The dog's nose wrinkled. His teeth clipped defiance. Then he came—in another deadly leap for the throat!

Kerry had only time to jerk his body sideways. As the husky in mid-air lashed in for a hold, he flung an arm over him and got him by the flank. Tokon doubled and grabbed for his wrist. A lightning shift, and Kerry's right closed on the husky's muzzle, his left, clutching for the lower jaw, caught in the harness, missed, seized instead on the jowl. Then man and dog struggled again on the edge of the snowpile.

KERRY'S feet were shifting for a wrestler's stance when he slipped on a buried can, his ankle turned, and, quicker than thought, he was on his back trying to hold the raging dog from him. . . . Hot, fetid breath in his face—dripping, saber-toothed jaw slashing at his throat—his desperate grip tightening to agony as he threw himself on his side trying to get a leg over the tawny demon.

He held on. Snow filled his eyes, his mouth. Blood rushed to his head. He was smothering. Every arm muscle was a taut, burning wire. His hands were fire, his hold was slipping . . . slipping. . . .

One last racking effort, and he felt the wolfish body between his knees, a thrashing thing of living steel. He was holding it . . . he was thrusting its head deep into the snow. When the dog lay still, he started to relax his hold; but, quick as a rattler's strike, Tokon had him by the front of his leather jacket. It was a last ferocious gesture, one that gave Kerry a perfect hold. He downed the animal again, and lay flat upon him.

Some minutes later, when he came to his feet, the husky did not move. Kerry lifted the limp head free from snow and stood up wearily, brushing the hair from his eyes.

He waited.

"Guess you finished him that time!" came a voice from the crowd that was now moving forward. Kerry shook his head and waved them back. The dog twitched convulsively, opened his eyes, and after a while slowly got up on his feet.

"Tokon, old fellow—come here!" Kerry held out a hand. The dog looked at him. He was shivering. His muscles were jerking spasmodically, yet his ears were erect on his high-held head. The flame in his eyes had died, and there was something like bewilderment in them. His head turned in a listening attitude. Indecision crept into his manner. He took a faltering, sidling step forward, as if his wild heart had responded to that voice calling him. But his old distrust of man overcame him. He stopped, of a sudden, alert for treachery.

"Tokon, fella, everything's all right. . . . We're friends. Come. . . ." Kerry talked on in that mellow tone-language of his, the words of which meant nothing, the inflexions all. The husky's ears came up again; into his side-turned face came a look of wistfulness, a dawning desire for friendship. Foot by foot he advanced until he stood in front of Kerry, his eyes raised, his sensitive nostrils quivering.

Then slowly he brought his proud head to rest on the young man's outstretched hand.

AFTER his arm had been bandaged Kerry drove to the Fort and back, with Tokon hitting the towline in harmony with the rest of the team. The crowd, feeling that the excitement was at an end, at least for that day, gradually dropped away, and he swung into the Syndicate yard unaccompanied except for Luce Barton and Slim. These two disappeared while he was settling his team for a wait, and Kerry passed into the kennel-house alone.

He went on past the dog quarters to the harness-room, which Herrington used also as a kennel office. The gold king, still in his torn parka, was sitting before a table viciously smashing the lighted end of a cigarette against an ash tray already overflowing with cigar and cigarette butts.

At the sound of Kerry's entrance he looked up and came scowling to his feet. They faced each other in a silence electric with the bitter, leashed enmity of two who have once been friends.

"Well?" Herrington's tone was an insolent challenge.

"I've driven your dog. Now I'll have you explain that remark about my trying my luck with your girl."

"Explain? Huh!" Rance stepped forward, his dark face twisted with jealousy

Kerry was whanging out a chorded accompaniment to a song he was half singing, half talking to an appreciative audience of half a dozen favorite dogs

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and suspicion. "You make me sick! You were too good to join my Syndicate, weren't you? But not too good to hang around my kennels waiting for a chance to show me up before the crowd! Not too good to spend your afternoons with my girl in that dump of yours out on the tundra! Not too good to sneak off with her—"

Kerry flung a chair aside and came close to Herrington, his hands clenched, his eyes slits of blue fire. Then suddenly he relaxed and his hand went out in a quick gesture of appeal. "What's the matter with us, Rance? It's that cursed mine of yours that has changed you. You never were this way when we camped together—turning against your friends."

"My mine!" Herrington's anger only flared higher. "My mine hasn't made any difference with me. It's you who have changed. I wanted to make you foreman out at the mine; I asked you to come and bunk with me in the best place in Nome; I offered you an interest in the Syndicate, with a chance to make a clean-up—and what thanks do I get? You turned me down on every count as if I were a dirty crook! Don't tell me there's nothing behind it! Even before Luce began to put me wise, I could see a few things. And now—why, you Sweepstakes clown, I could give you—"

"You—can't—give—me—anything!" There was a deadly, final quality in Kerry's voice. "Tokon is mine by the terms of your fool challenge—and I'm going to keep him. But you'll get my check for two thousand dollars in the morning." He turned and started from the room. Midway his glance fell on Luce Barton, who had entered unnoticed sometime during the altercation. He stopped and eyed him narrowly. "I'm going to drive that dog in the race," he added. "And I'm going to clean you both!"

A DAY later Herrington was sitting alone in the Syndicate harness-room thoughtfully turning Kerry's check over and over in his fingers. Kerry had put a second mortgage on his place to pay for Tokon—a mortgage on the old building in which he had fitted up a room for Herrington in the days of the latter's poverty. . . . The gold king raised his eyes to a faded snapshot pinned on the rough wall back of the table. The picture showed the little tent on the beach in which he and Kerry had bached that first summer in Nome. He cared a lot for Kerry then. Such a gallant kid, such a loyal, generous friend, sharing everything he had with a fellow. . . . He'd be darned if he'd cash the check! He'd tear it up and say nothing about it. And some day, when he and Kerry were—

"Ho! ho! ho! That woman will be the death of me yet!" Luce Barton strolled into the office, his shoulders shaking to his oily laugh. "She has Catherine the Great backed off the boards! I was watching her in the Square yesterday when the Trail Eater tackled Tokon. I knew then that he'd be the next one! Ho! ho! Look at them, Rance!"

Along the road dashed Kerry Wayne's dog team, with Tokon hitched behind Duna stretching leather in his best manner. Kerry swayed on the runners behind the handlebars. On the basket sled, wrapped in the priceless white-fox robe Herrington himself had given her, was Kitty Kramer.

Barton hooked his thumbs in the pockets of his waistcoat and glanced at Herrington out of the corners of his eyes. "By Jove, Rance," he chuckled, "the Trail Eater seems to like your lady friends as well as he likes your dogs. And I'll say this for him—it looks as if he's a winner with both!"

Herrington watched in smoldering silence until the team had vanished. Then he looked down at the check in his hand. His fingers trembled slightly as he folded it and placed it carefully in his wallet.

FOR Kerry the days grew swiftly into weeks; each waking hour was filled with work that would fit him and his team for the April race. Doorknob had charge of the dog feed and attended to the daily weighing of the racers; but it was Kerry who groomed them every night, examining feet, trimming claws, checking corns and calluses.

By February the dogs were nearly all outfitted with collars, blankets, harnesses, and padded moccasins. In addition, Kerry had evolved something new in the way of racing equipment—a flank protector of rabbit skin. On the Sweepstakes Trail he would have to be ready for al' kinds of weather, from thaws that turn the trail to mush, to polar blizzards with the mercury far below zero.

Kerry himself was in the pink of condition. The fifteen-mile runs with which he had begun his training had lengthened to thirty and fifty miles, with hundred-mile jaunts once a week. On these long runs he was now able to trot easily behind the sled for a mile at a time, the handlebars just within reach. There would be little riding of runners on that four-hundred-mile course for which he was preparing; he would not only be obliged to run most of the way, but to take every possible ounce of weight off his dogs by helping the sled up hills and over heavy trails.

The most difficult part of his training was preparing for the sleepless nights of the big race; but he had now reached the stage where he could stay up for fifty or sixty hours without closing his eyes.

On these white nights he kept open house at the Kashim. While Doorknob cooked dog feed, friends from town and trail dropped in to talk "dog dope," or to spin yarns, or even to play cards in the big shadowy, barnlike room. These gatherings embraced men of many callings, and from each one Kerry learned something that furthered his training.

Of Rance Herrington he had but brief glimpses, generally when they passed on the trail, each behind a dog team. One afternoon, when Kerry went into the Fifty-mile Roadhouse down the coast of Nome, he found Herrington and Barton eating lunch with the people who ran the place—Bart Pelkie and his Eskimo wife. As he entered the room, the expressions on their faces gave him the impression that his arrival had interrupted a discussion of himself. Luce had recently bought the roadhouse, and Kerry concluded that Bart Pelkie was being instructed to get his time; but since Kerry never took his racers over any part of the Sweepstakes Trail during training, he was not disturbed.

It stood the Syndicate in hand to get Kerry's time. His crossbreeds, led by Duna, were showing a speed that filled him with confidence. True, he had been having all kinds of trouble with Tokon. But finally he had hitched him teammate with the peerless Duna, and a strange and unexpected friendship had sprung up between these two thoroughbreds, a companionship of equals.

Yet at the back of Kerry's mind there was always that doubt of Tokon. Would he, in the great race, quit at Death Valley, whence he had always been hauled ignominiously back to Nome? Or would Duna's influence overcome this trait?

And with his doubt of the dog there came always the old doubt of himself.

One evening, in his living quarters adjoining the Kashim, he was resting after a hard day behind his team. He was half sitting, half reclining against the cushions of a couch, one knee over the other, his banjo in his hands. From the kitchen, where Doorknob was getting supper, came the good smells of broiling reindeer steaks and coffee.

Kerry was whanging out a chorded accompaniment to a song he was half singing, half talking to an appreciative audience of half a dozen favorite dogs. Duna lay flat on the foot of the couch, nose on paws, adoring eyes fixed on his master's face. On reindeer rugs close to the couch other dogs sat or lay in various attitudes of attention. Off in a corner near the table laid for supper stood Tokon, his hind quarters slightly drooped, his wolf-like head raised, his proud eyes, with the golden spots above them, fixed on Kerry with level regard—an aloof, wild thing still, gravely considering this man creature he had accepted as master.

KERRY had waited in vain for some show of affection from the husky; but Tokon had none of the friendly, lovable, nose-snuggling ways of the other dogs. Never once had he come voluntarily to show fondness for his master.

Kerry leaned his dark head back against the cushions and began a ballad entitled "*Hydrophobia*," the timely contribution of the town bard:

"What is—that most—persis-tent sound
Nome hears—from morn to n-i-g-h-t,
In of-fice, shop or—on the street
Where snow—flakes glis-ten bright,
A sound—as of a—million bees
A-swarm—a-round—their h-i-v-e;
A swirl—ing flood—of talk that seems
To grow and thrive?
It's DOG, Duna, old chap!
It's D-O-G!"

Duna's name, interpolated in deep bland tones, brought the dog to his feet. The young man stopped playing long enough to pat, then adjusted the banjo so that Duna might sit up beside him, while the others sat expectantly erect, their tails thumping the floor. Only Tokon remained unmoved.

Kerry sat bolt upright, plunking vigorously, his head nodding, his serio-comic blue gaze commanding every animal in the room.

"It's Dog, Mukluk!
It's DOG—Bow! Wow!"

He yelped the last two sounds after the manner of a yell leader, and the squatting circle pointed their noses to the ceiling and broke into a fervent discord of glee.

"Community singing—what?" Tovana Belle's voice broke in on the bedlam. Kerry glanced up to see her in the door

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Tokon doubled and grabbed for Kerry's wrist

way. In her mittened fingers she held a basket, and she was laughing at him out of her parka hood rimmed with frost.

"Oh, don't let me disturb the evening hymn. I'll slip into the kitchen. Brought you boys a peach cobbler, and I'm going to stay for supper and help eat it."

"Party's over, boys," said Kerry to his canine chorus. He took them back to the Kashim and settled them in their stalls for the night. He tarried long enough to see if all was well with his other racers, most of whom were dozing. Two of the animals were sniffling, and he stooped to pass a gentle hand over their muzzles. They raised filmed eyes and licked his fingers with hot, dry tongues that brought a line of worry between his brows.

WHEN he returned to the rough comfort of his living-room he found the lighted lamp in the middle of the table set with steaming vegetables and meat. During his absence Lim Phayden had come in and Doorknob had persuaded him to have supper.

Lim, as usual, was full of information, which he retailed between huge mouthfuls of food. In all his life, he declared, he had never hauled so much bath water as today, for 'twas Valentine's Eve, and the social event of the year, a fancy-dress ball prepared for months in advance, was coming off at the Fort tonight. And everywhere additional preparations were in full swing for the coming Sweepstakes Carnival, an annual festival held in the skating rink to raise funds for the race. But the most important and exciting feature under discussion was the choosing of the Queen of the Sweepstakes, a sovereign elected by votes purchased for a dollar each.

"An' you'd niver guess who's in the runnin' forninst each other!"

"Oh, that's easy," drawled Tolovana. "Dollars to doughnuts, Lim, it's the crimson rambler, Kitty Kramer, who's running, and—let me (*Continued on page 70*)

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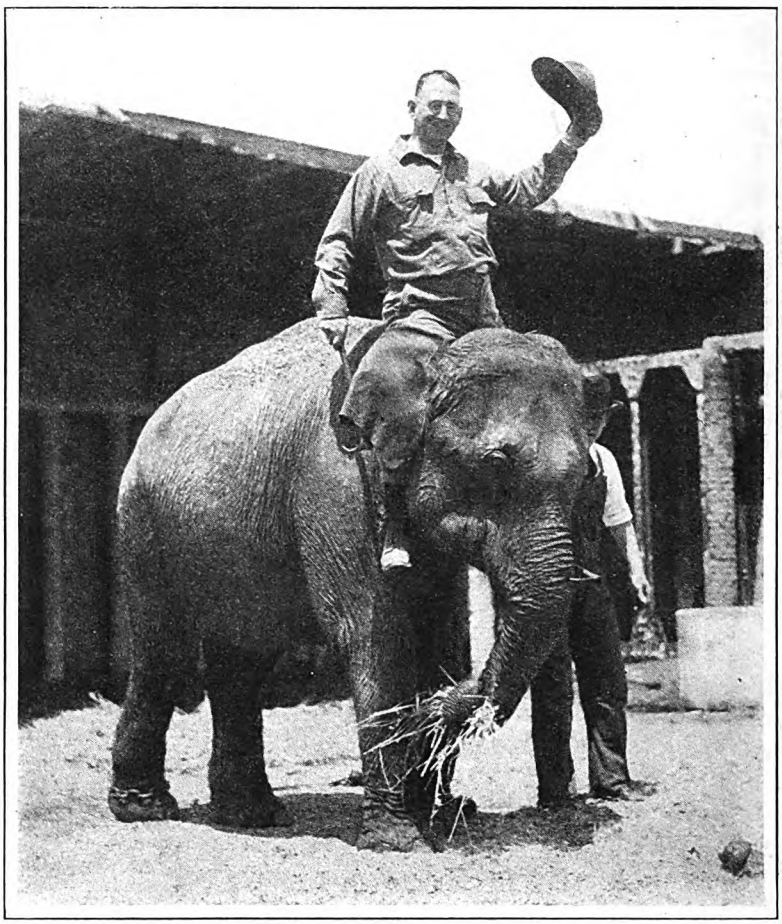

Dr. Harry Wegeforth, a practicing physician of San Diego, California, runs a menagerie in his spare time

Harry Wegeforth Longed for an Elephant And Got a Whole Zoo!

"WHO'S the most important man in town?"

Any San Diego schoolboy has the answer:

"It's Dr. Wegeforth, the Zoo Man."

The boys don't think of him as The Doctor, however, but as The Zoo Man, who brought the lions and tigers and elephants to town. Almost single-handed Dr. Wegeforth has built up in San Diego, California, a zoo that is recognized as one of the three greatest in the United States.

The idea started down in Baltimore thirty-five years ago, when there could be found in the back yard of the Wegeforths owls and rabbits and prairie dogs and squirrels and snakes and pink-eyed white rats and almost any other living creature that could be caught, bought, begged, or borrowed. They were housed in boxes and cages, homemade and concealed carefully in brush ingeniously arranged after a small boy's idea of the African jungle.

But Harry Wegeforth always wanted to own an elephant. The wise men of the town predicted that he would run away with a circus some day. He fooled them. He went to college along with his brothers, and all three emerged as doctors.

Harry Wegeforth moved west, settled in San Diego, built up a fine practice, and prospered. Then, about ten years ago, he felt that he could at last afford to have a real zoo, with a live elephant in it. The only change in his scheme was that he abandoned the idea of keeping the zoo in his back yard and looked about for a bigger and better place.

The search took him to Balboa Park, close by the heart of the city, much of which was a wild area of mesas and canyons, undeveloped in any way. Here was a real jungle, needing only a few more large trees, and elephants, lions, tigers, and all sorts of wild life.

Dr. Wegeforth then formed a zoölogical society and spent a night and a day receiving telephone calls from other San Diegans who, like himself, had long nursed secret ambitions to start menageries. They pooled their mutual aspirations, raised money to build corrals, grottoes, and tanks, and then instructed Dr. Wegeforth, who had been named president of the society, to proceed with the purchase of the elephants and other animals.

He bought three elephants in all, bought them in India, too! When they arrived, one of the pachyderms was accompanied by a donkey. This was somewhat out of harmony with the jungle picture, but the donkey refused to leave the elephant and the latter refused to part with the donkey. They were inseparable pals who insisted on living in the same quarters, even after the humane society made complaints about the cruelty of making a donkey live with an elephant.

This was but one of a series of strange friendships which Dr. Wegeforth was to encounter in the course of building up the zoo. A tiny bantam rooster became the bosom companion of a sea lion. The bantam sat by the seal's tank, gravely watching his friend dive and swim, and ignoring the other bantams in the zoo.

Maggie, the orang-outang, adopted two little Malayan honey bears, and then added to her affections "a boy friend," as the saying goes, in the form of a bewhiskered elderly keeper of the zoo. A group of native wild birds came and established an entente with the African lions, making their nests in the lions' den.

"A zoo is just about the most fascinating place in the world," remarked Dr. Wegeforth, as we strolled past the grottoes of the great cats, as the lions and tigers are called. "It is like a big family. A strange family too."

Dr. Wegeforth's grottoes for the lions and tigers have served as models for zoos all over the world. Abandoning the idea of cages, he dug great pits in the hillsides. Inside the pits are terraces, tree trunks, caves and runways. The cats bask under the open skies, surrounded only by walls, over which the visitors to the zoo look down at the animals.

"It takes a little time usually to find out just what the animals want," Dr. Wegeforth explained. "When the polar bears first came we thought they wanted fish to eat more than anything else. In fact they were on a fish and meat diet exclusively. They soon became mangy and their fur came off, and we could not understand it.

"One day we gave them some bread. They ate it as if they had had no food for weeks. After that we put them on a bread diet, and their fur became thick and smooth and they were healthy. Now they have fish and meat about twice a week. Bread is the universal food. Almost every animal in the zoo likes it. Every bakery saves old bread for us. We buy it by the ton."

The visit to the hospital was one of the surprises of the zoo. It is no ordinary veterinary establishment, but a modern hospital, equipped with X-ray machines, laboratories, operating-rooms, and all the paraphernalia of a regular hospital. Only the wards are different. Instead of the customary rows of beds, there

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cages of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. Everything about the place was spotlessly clean.

In one cage a parrot was standing on his head, squawking.

"He's beginning to show some life," remarked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the nurse, "he's going to get well."

The nurse wore the customary hospital uniform.

"We discharged the polar bear," she continued. "His ear is all right. You should see the grateful look on his face as he got better. He was a good patient and seemed to know what we were doing."

The polar bear was operated upon for an infection. The cages are so made that they can be collapsed to hold the animals rigid while operations are in progress.

Instead of the usual professional man's luncheon, noon finds Dr. Wegeforth perched on a stool at the zoo lunch counter, eating a sandwich and dictating to a secretary at the same time. This is when he transacts the business of the zoo, buying and selling to build up a more representative collection of wild life. Then he hurries back to his practice.

"Doesn't this routine wear you out, Doctor?" I asked him.

"The work never does," he replied. "I'm just as thrilled about animals as I was when I was a boy. I like to work with them. And I don't mind going out and raising money to build a new pool or a cage," he added. "I'm all right until I have a disagreement with some of the critics of the zoo about the way we manage things. Then I have to get away for a while."

He laughed.

"But then a little change," he said, "is good for all of us." FRANK J. TAYLOR

She Teaches Main Street to Roll Its Own Plays

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE MISSES SELBY

Mrs. Elizabeth Hines Hanley, who gave up a stage career to teach dramatic art

DOWN in Greenville, Florida, the members of the Episcopal Church were preparing for their annual Christmas play. They needed an angel in the cast—a single cherub, who would be suspended in mid-air over the stage by a strong, unseen wire. It was unanimously decided that the rôle would be given to three-year-old Elizabeth Hines because of her pretty blue eyes and bright golden hair.

But at the first rehearsal, Elizabeth decided that she did not like the stage at all. She was too high up in the air, for one thing. And for another, she didn't want all those people staring at her. So rebellion flared in the celestial ranks, and the fate of the play trembled in the balance, for there was no other child in Greenville who suited the rôle of angel as well as Elizabeth. Most of them were sun-warmed brunettes, and who had ever heard of a brunette angel?

At this point Elizabeth's mother came to the rescue. "Dear," she said to her little daughter, "would you like to have that doll we saw in the Racket Store window?"

"I'd love to have it!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Well, if you will play the angel and stay up on the wire and smile, Mother will buy the doll for you."

The outcome was that the mother agreed to buy the doll and bring it to the church the evening of the entertainment and hold it behind the scenes where Elizabeth could see it.

On Christmas night, the curtains parted, and Elizabeth behaved just as a little angel should, except that she held her chubby face slightly to the right where she could keep her eyes on the doll. But somebody remembered to tell her that in case of an encore, she was to remain perfectly still; so, when the curtains parted a second time, Elizabeth was found wriggling and screaming inelegantly at the top of her baby lungs: "Gimme the doll, Mamma, gimme the doll." Nor would she stop, despite the roars of the audience, until her wire was lowered and the doll was placed in her arms.

That was forty years ago. For those four decades, Elizabeth Hines—now Elizabeth Hines Hanley—has kept her eyes on one goal, with the result that today she is a recognized authority on plays, festivals, pageants, and recreational dramatics for churches, schools, playgrounds, camps, and social settlements. Although her work has taken her to many large cities, Elizabeth Hines Hanley's real job and real interest consist in bringing the footlights to Main Street.

Elizabeth Hines was born in Quincy, Florida; but when she was two years of age her parents moved to Greenville, Florida, to settle on Plantation Number Thirteen, which her mother had inherited from her grandfather Griffin. The only instruction she received was from her mother, who was her tutor until she entered a convent in South Carolina. Here she delighted in the dramatic performances which the nuns gave and invariably she played the leading rôle.

At nineteen Elizabeth was graduated, and the next summer she became the wife of the oldest son of a neighboring family. She had but three short years of happiness, when her husband was injured in an automobile accident and became an invalid. Elizabeth was forced to go to work. She resolved to make a marketable asset of the emotional and dramatic instinct which had always stirred within her, so, with a friend, she toured Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, giving plays and concerts. They made a little money and a tiny margin of profit, but they were finally forced to give it up. People in those days didn't understand two girls traveling alone.

"And so I decided," Mrs. Hanley said, "to go back home and teach elocution until something turned up. I formed a little class and was almost happy. But just before Christmas I received an invitation to go to New York."

Arriving there, she finally got her opportunity through friends to start her experimental school. Everything except arithmetic was taught—not by dull rules but by music, acting, and pictures. The ensuing program which reached the children was one they never forgot. Following this, Mrs. Hanley became associated with Grace Griswold in the Theatre Workshop.

"The purpose of this Workshop," she explained, "was to create a place where actors out of work could come and have an opportunity to act and to direct others. From the Workshop we sent out companies to Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and many other colleges and universities, to show them how to produce plays. Everything was incorporated in this instruction—direc-

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tion, lighting, make-up, stage settings. This Workshop helped in a large way to create an interest throughout the country in college dramatics.

"With this organization I stayed until the United States entered the war. I then enlisted with the Women's Committee for National Defense and was assigned to the War Community Service, which provided amusement and hospitality for the enlisted men."

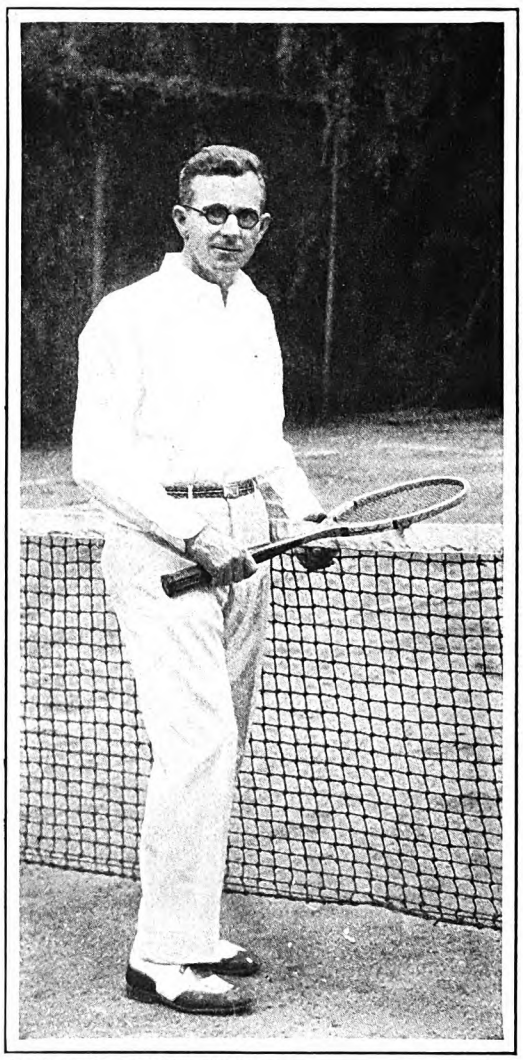
At the end of the war the Playground Association of America decided to carry on this amateur dramatic work, and Mrs. Hanley was chosen as Director of Community Drama and Pageantry. She commenced her work of traveling north, south, east, and west, and holding what they termed "Institutes" in large cities and towns.

"Everywhere I found that young people were starving for some form of dramatic expression," Mrs. Hanley said.

"After eight years with the Playground Association, I decided to come to New York and establish headquarters where this necessary instruction in this type of work could be given.

"I started with one pupil, but in a short time the class was overflowing; and now I am looking forward to the day when every town and every hamlet—no matter how small—will be able to give its children trained instruction in the dramatic expression for which I have found they are so hungry." ROSA STRIDER REILLY

Robert Stout's Ideas of Thrift Certainly Started Something



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALJIAN STUDIO, RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

More than four million school children have become regular depositors in savings accounts because of the activity of J. Robert Stout

HIS father was a school superintendent, his mother a schoolteacher, and he, when a boy, read Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography "at least forty times," according to his own estimate. You can guess, from that background, that J. Robert Stout is engaged in work that is connected with schools and with thrift. He is—very decidedly.

Four million five hundred thousand school children in the United States are depositing money weekly in a system of which Mr. Stout is the head, and these children now have more than $40,000,000 to their credit, all of which is drawing interest. "But the interest and the principal combined," says Mr. Stout, "are not comparable in importance to the lessons in saving, in self-control, in knowledge of money that these boys and girls are learning.

"The way for most of us to protect ourselves against debt in case of prolonged sickness and against want in old age, the way for most of us to own houses and to have investments in stocks and bonds, is to save with these things in mind. The man who can save frees himself from one of the biggest causes of worry—lack of money when it is needed."

Mr. Stout is president of Educational Thrift Service, Incorporated, with headquarters in New York. His job is to go to the public school authorities of various cities, persuade them to give him a franchise to operate in their schools, and then go to one of the safest banks in town, or to more than one, and make an arrangement with these banks to handle the deposits of the children who fall in line with his plan.

The bank that agrees to act as depository for the school children's accounts pays Mr. Stout so much per pupil enrolled in its city's public schools. That's how he gets his living. The bank is willing to do this because the method is an easy and cheap way to build up good will, and to secure depositors for the future.

"When I started eleven years ago to inaugurate this work," Mr. Stout explains, "the banks were slow to join with me. Naturally, and properly, they are conservative institutions, and so they do not rush eagerly into an innovation. My scheme, as a matter of fact, was not an innovation, but it never has been widely in vogue until within the past ten years.

"But today I have no trouble in getting the banks, and mighty little in getting the franchises from the school authorities, for the idea upon which I am working is intensely practical."

This thrift organization operates in forty-one states. The whole country is divided into eleven districts, and in each one there is a staff of workers. They visit the schools, enlist the aid of teachers, talk to the children, drill in the benefits of thrifty habits. They teach the children to save toward some definite thing. Most of them are saving to pay for high school or college education, but some of the put down lesser objects as their goal such as bicycles, skates, suits, clothes, footballs, baseball gloves and the like.

If a child wishes to withdraw money he must have the endorsement of his teacher, and a grammar school child must be accompanied to the bank by one of his parents or his guardian. If he is in high school approval by the teacher and a parent or the legal guardian is all that is necessary, the depositor being old enough then, we think, to go alone to the bank and establish his identity.

Mr. Stout's own story is full of interest. As I have said, he started with a background that places him logically, where he is today. Nevertheless, he was a long time getting where he is. He was born in Seymour, Indiana, of Quaker stock, years ago, but when he was in his teens the family moved to a farm in Kansas, and he undertook to run the farm.

"I was a terrible farmer!" he says. "I spent more time reading than I did plowing, and the result was disastrous. I came east, worked as a haberdasher's clerk, a factotum in a department store, a window dresser, an instructor in salesmanship, a writer, and didn't set the woods on fire at any of these jobs.

"A casual remark dropped by a friend of mine started me to thinking about school savings. 'There should be some system,' this friend said, 'that will teach practical thrift to children. You are free, Stout, why don't you do something about it?'

"That clinched my wavering will. I start a savings system. I *did* do something about it this time. For three years we lost money, but since then the sleigh has been fine!" JAMES C. DERIE

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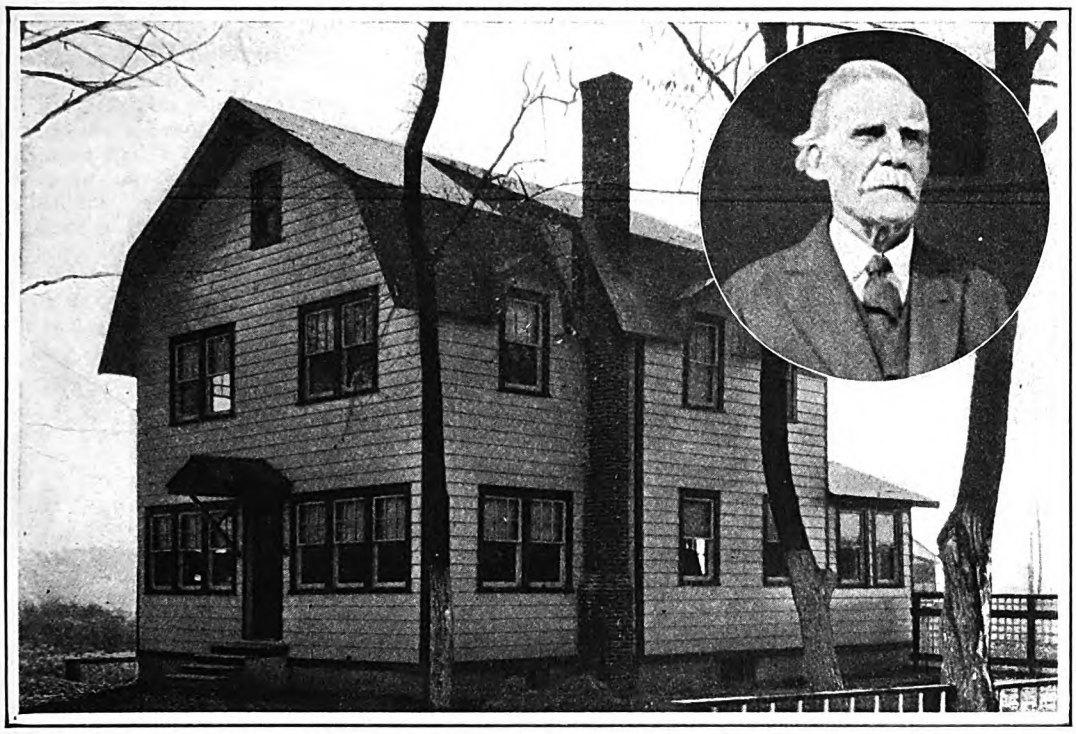

Francis Albert Burdett, a blind man of Wayne, New Jersey, and the seven-room house he built for himself and his wife

He's Blind, But He Built His Own House

DURING the past few months the little township of Wayne, New Jersey, has come into considerable fame, for within its borders is located what has been appropriately called, "The House That Was Built in the Dark."

From many parts of the United States and even from foreign countries have come people to see this two-and-one-half-story Dutch Colonial structure, which is the only building of its kind and size in the world known to have been erected by a man who is totally blind. That man is Francis Albert Burdett. With his wife, he now lives in the dwelling which he, without assistance, labored patiently for more than two years to build.

Recently I had the pleasure of making a careful inspection of the blind man's house. As Mr. Burdett led me through the various rooms, he told me some interesting things about his life and how he came to undertake the tedious task of erecting his own home, as well as a few of the many difficulties he encountered during his work.

"I was born sixty-six years ago in Birmingham, England," he said. "My parents came to this country when I was two years of age, and settled at Trenton, New Jersey. Later, we moved to Providence, Rhode Island, where my father, a jeweler by trade, went into partnership with another man and opened a small shop."

In 1884 Mr. Burdett married Mary A. McInnes, and for many years worked as a goldsmith. Later he conducted a jewelry store in East Providence where, in his workshop, he made watches and fashioned delicate rings, brooches, and other ornaments from his own designs.

One day, a few weeks after he had celebrated his fiftieth birthday, he was struck by a moving-van. As he could walk home and attend to his regular duties, no serious consideration was given the accident at the time. It was not long, however, before it was seen that the injury had affected his optic nerve and that he was rapidly losing his sight. Even as darkness closed about him, he refused to abandon his shop, but it was a struggle against the inevitable.

He at once began seeking something else to do, and his ability to use tools, accompanied by a supersensitive touch, prompted him to construct small chairs, dressers, fancy trays, bird houses, tables for children, and many serviceable articles. These he either sold or gave to his friends.

"But this did not bring in sufficient money to maintain a home," he told me. "Consequently, my wife found it necessary to go out nursing. Often I would not hear her voice for a whole month. Left at home alone, I soon learned to build and control a fire, bake bread, prepare meals, and do the general housework.

"After the Armistice, we moved to Wayne, making our home with a married daughter. Four years ago, Mrs. Burdett and I felt the need of having our own home once more. With what little money we possessed, we purchased a lot and the necessary materials. In several months, working alone, I built a two-room shack.

"This experience gave me confidence that I could erect a larger and more substantial house—one patterned after the Dutch Colonial structure in which we had resided in Rhode Island before my sight left me. Blindness and semi-deafness were not the only obstacles that confronted me. My trade was that of a jeweler and not a carpenter; and I had to start without a dollar, for all we owned was the lot bought on time payments. No one would lend a blind man money with which to build, particularly when I had no plans and specifications to file."

None of these handicaps, however, deterred him from his course. After establishing a credit account with a good-natured lumber dealer, he began forming his plans.

"After I had acted as my own architect, cutting out the plans in cardboard and storing away on the shelves of my mind all of the details of construction, I made three ladders and a sectional tool house," Mr. Burdett continued. "I was then ready to begin the actual work on the dwelling, which, when completed, was to be thirty-five feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, and thirty feet high, and contain seven rooms, a bath, and a large attic."

Every morning, for more than two years, his little grandson led him to the building under construction, where on more than one occasion, the blind builder remained on the job long after the neighbors had retired. That he has an almost infallible memory will be seen in the fact that he was able to remember the progress of the house in its various stages of development.

Day after day he labored as unconcernedly on the roof as he did on the ground; leaned over the eaves; walked over open floor beams; climbed up and down long ladders; put up scaffolding; carried and placed all the heavy timber and planks

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that were needed, from the sills on the foundation to the rafters on the roof; in brief, he did the entire job, except the masonry and plumbing. Just one misstep or a moment's forgetfulness might have meant his death.

"While laboring on the house, I met with all sorts of difficulties," he said. "One particularly hard and perilous job was the Dutch Colonial roof. I had cut out a cardboard pattern for this and, therefore, had a definite idea of what was to be done. I ran my fingers over the edge of the form and found where the ridgeboard was connected. I realized that it was going to be a very high place to reach.

"Finally, after much thought, I hit upon a plan. I took the center stud down and cut it off six inches; then I nailed a piece of two-by-four on each side, thereby forming a pocket. While I had this stud, I fastened on it a length of one-by-two, which extended several feet above the pocket. To this I connected a rope and pulley. I did the same with the rear stud, replaced them in position, tied the rope to each end of that long board, and alternately pulled each end until both were above the pocket. I then lowered them in. After I had things more secure, enabling me to work around those parts with a degree of safety, I nailed both ends fast and removed the sticks and pulleys.

"When I had finished hauling all of the heavy beams up to the attic floor, I cut the lumber. I nailed the rafters to the ridgeboard and to the hips."

Save for six shingles which were laid wrong side out on the south section of the roof, the house is a perfect specimen of expert workmanship. ALBERT R. BEATTY

Jake Surface is Buying a Town on the Installment Plan

HIS home is a two-room shack set in a garden of burdock, alfalfa, and snakeweed—the only vegetation that will grow on the sun-baked, unfertile soil of an Indianapolis dump. His front door opens on a landscape sprinkled with rusty cans, shapeless automobile fenders, piles of worn-out casings, hopeless inner tubes, broken and bottomless chairs, and empty barrels—all the desolate wastage, in fact, of a prosperous city.

To Jake Surface, however, his dump is far from desolate. It is a source of health, happiness, and profit—a profit that Jake earns by "working" the dump, sorting the trash that is unloaded there and selling whatever part of it is salable to Indianapolis junkmen who, in turn, find markets for it where it is turned into some useful commodity.

The chief "lines" that Jake handles are old copper wire, which, after the insulation is burned off, brings eight cents a pound; aluminum—of which it takes a lot to weigh a pound that brings Jake twelve cents; light brass, worth three cents a pound; heavy brass, which brings four cents; paper, good for thirty cents the hundred pounds; books and magazines, a source of profit at fifty cents the hundred; "common seams" (the trade name for old carpets and dirty rags), sixty cents the hundred; clean rags, eighty cents the hundred; bottles, one cent each; old inner tubes and casings, sixty cents the hundred; and barrels, cheap at ten cents each for the light ones and twenty-five cents for the heavy oak variety.

From this assortment Jake gathers and sorts, in a week, enough material of various kinds to pay the owners of the dump from five dollars a week in midwinter to twenty-five dollars a week in summer. For his work, he earns a regular weekly salary of ten dollars, clear profit—and with this income he's buying himself a town—the little village of Waverly, Indiana, fifteen miles south of Indianapolis.

Already, during the past four years, he has saved enough to buy seven of the thirty houses which comprise the town. At that rate, he figures, it will take him about ten years more to complete the transaction. By that time he will be just seventy-eight years old, and, if his health

Despite the fact that his salary is only ten dollars a week, Jake Surface, of Indiana, is buying a town

is poor, he may consider quitting work.

"I'm not planning to quit, though, unless I'm too feeble to stir," he explains, "because I'd be miserable if I didn't have something like this to keep me busy. I've worked every day as far back as I can remember—cuttin' timber, ditchin', haulin'—good hard work that keeps a man healthy.

"But none of them jobs was as interestin' and pleasant as workin' the dump, though I've only been at this two years. Still, in that time I've stuck around pretty close to home—one time I wasn't off the dump for nine weeks, and I only go downtown once or twice a year. I had a right good time my last trip, though."

The "right good time," it was finally revealed, was the chance Uncle Jake found to play Santa Claus out of season to a group of little street urchins hanging around a neighborhood motion picture show.

"When I asked them how they'd like to see the show," Uncle Jake said, "they looked me over disbelievin' like and accused me of stringin' them, but you ought to have seen them when I bought eleven tickets for the show and sent them all in.

"It's just amazin' the amount of good wearin' apparel folks throw away these days," he went on. "It's a wasteful world we're livin' in, but I'm not complainin'—them that waste keep them that need in comfort—and keep me in a job too." For Uncle Jake collects clothes for the poor from the bundles and boxes thrown on the dump.

Jake Surface has another charity in a dog refuge, where he welcomes strays, homeless, forlorn dogs. Sometimes there are as many as sixteen dogs living in the empty barrels that Uncle Jake provides for kennels. For many of the dogs he finds homes, but those that no one else wants he keeps, and they repay his kindness by hunting rats on the dump by day and guarding the shack at night.

"I don't save money just for the sake of the money," he said. "I just don't have any need of spending it, so I put it away until I have enough to buy another house and then I know it's well and safely invested. I'm able to save at least ten dollars every week. That makes more than five hundred dollars every year, and five hundred dollars will buy a three- or four-room house in Waverly. And with the rents of the ones I have pilin' up, it won't take long to have all the town I can use.

"Maybe, then, I'll pick me out a house near the crick and just sit on the porch and fish—but probably I won't. More than likely I'll just keep right on workin'. The fact is, if I was worth a million, I'd go right on down to the dump ground to see what the newest load of trash had useful in it." LEONORA K. ROSS

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Here's a way to get your children to eat and enjoy their vegetables!

This hearty soup is an ideal way to obtain the vegetable foods so vital to health

Some mothers say they don't have trouble persuading their children to eat all the vegetables called for in the proper diet for children. But with most mothers it is a real problem.

Bobby will not eat his carrots no matter how carefully mother follows all the suggestions laid down by authorities on child training. He just won't, and that's that! Or maybe sister won't eat tomatoes, which, as everyone knows, are such a valuable source of vitamins.

But there's no trouble getting the children to eat soup! They just love it. And when you give them Campbell's Vegetable Soup, they receive the benefits of fifteen choice, wholesome garden vegetables.

Here in one delicious soup are the very foods you are so anxious to have the children eat. And by the same token, it's just as healthful for the grown-ups. 12 cents a can.

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How to Make Your Mind Behave

(*Continued from page 22*)

agreed Dr. Robinson, promptly, 'I will use myself to test my own theory. However, you are overlooking an important factor, that of time. I think you will agree that anyone not physically handicapped can learn to play the cello, for better or worse, with unlimited time at his disposal. How long before you will want me to give my first recital?'

"'Six months!' said one of the musicians.

"Dr. Robinson laughed. 'I was afraid you were going to say thirty days! Under ordinary conditions, thirty days should be sufficient, but it happens that I am very busy just now and I shall not be able to get a cello until my return to the city. So give me sixty days.'

"This was agreed to. Two months ater, in New York, I was present at a gathering including the musicians and others who had participated in the discussion around the camp fire. Dr. Robinson played for us, and he played well. His first recital,' as we laughingly called it, consisted of a number of pieces, including Massenet's 'Élégie,' Pergolese's 'Tre Giorni,' Handel's 'Largo,' and Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.' All the professionals there agreed that the rendering of these selections was acceptable, and that, so far as the performance of one man could do it, Dr. Robinson had vindicated his theory."

NOW, as many readers of this magazine will know, Dr. Robinson is a noted educator, president of the College of the City of New York. Recently, influenced by the belief that in the way he went about learning to play the cello there might be a valuable lesson for the rest of us, I called at his office and made further inquiries about what I had heard.

"The incident, as you have heard it, is substantially true," he said. "Prior to that occasion I had never drawn a bow across the strings of a violin or cello. Nor there any secret about the small measure of success I achieved within sixty days. *I worked; I applied myself.* I had the great incentive also of feeling that I simply *must* make good. A friend of mine, an excellent violinist, though by no means a professional teacher, showed me the fingering to start with, and he helped me from time to time, giving me in all what amounted to several lessons. Also, of course, I used a method book.

"The important thing is that I have learned to love the cello. I have bought a real 'old master.' I look forward to having the time necessary for study under a professional teacher so that I may become really good player."

"No!" I returned. "The important thing is that you should have gone so far in sixty days. It seems hardly possible."

"As a matter of fact, success in a thing of that sort is comparatively simple to explain," was his answer. "It's a matter of knowing *how to make the mind behave.* I must learn to apply yourself; to fix attention, to concentrate on the project or problem in hand, with all your latent powers."

"How did you come to take up etching?" I asked.

"In March, 1927, an artist friend was painting my portrait. One day we went into an adjoining studio to visit another well-known painter and etcher. Never having seen an etching made, I asked him to show me how it was done. He took a little copper plate, polished it, heated it, and coated it with a waxy substance called 'ground.' Then he smoked the golden-brown ground till it was glossy black. Presently, he put the prepared plate in my hand, gave me an etcher's needle, and said, 'Sketch me!' Pulling an old hat down on his head, he struck a pose; and I scratched the ground with the needle so that the bright copper underneath showed through the scratched lines. He then put acid on the plate, and 'bit' it, so that all the exposed lines were 'etched' on the copper.

"The result of my first etching experiment was, of course, crude and we had a good laugh when the artist printed a proof from the copper plate. But I had become interested in the process. 'How long would it take me to accomplish something in the way of an etching that I might consider worth while?' I asked myself. I bought the necessary materials and took them with me when I went to the woods for my summer vacation. By the time I returned to the city in September, I had become an etching 'fan.' My spare time I gave to it with zest and enthusiasm, and I think I can say that I applied myself with all the powers that I have. It was in a spirit of fun that I sent some of these etchings to the jury for the Brooklyn exhibit. Believe me when I say I was surprised when two were selected for hanging along with the works of real etchers of long experience."

"And this again vindicates your theory that a man can succeed in any undertaking to which he applies himself?"

"Yes! Within limits! *Granted a sound body with normal sense organs, a man can develop in any direction he chooses in accordance with his general intelligence and his power to persist in the undertaking which he places before himself as an objective.*

"AS YOU see, there are in this statement two limitations First, a man must not be barred from undertaking some particular field of endeavor by physical incapacity. By this, I mean simply that a color-blind man cannot become a painter, a tone-deaf person a musician, nor a cripple an æsthetic dancer. Second, a man's success in any undertaking will be in accord with his general intelligence and his will power, or power to concentrate.

"The point I stress is that with most of us what we accomplish is nowhere near what we have a right to expect of ourselves in view of our latent abilities. What most of us chiefly lack is the power of application—concentration!"

"Concentration!" I exclaimed. "For most of us that's only a word! Just what *is* it?"

"I think of concentration as a kind of stamina, or mental tenacity, the result of a definite, consistent purpose. In the larger sense, when we speak of concentration, or the art of making our minds behave, we speak of the basic problem of life itself. For to concentrate requires *choice.* That is, we must fix our mind and energies on *one* thing, or on a few things, to the complete or relative exclusion of everything else.

"To what one thing, or to what few things, then, shall we choose to devote our attention? What things are worth so much that all others may justly be pushed aside, or given second place, that we may for an hour, for a day, for a week, or even for years or a lifetime, devote ourselves more or less exclusively to them?"

"Will you tell me, for the benefit of readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE," I asked, "just what this power is and how one can acquire it?" And after a moment's reflection, Dr. Robinson gave me this answer:

"*The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and the powerful, the insignificant and the great, is the ability to choose wisely a few things from among the many that clamor noisily for attention and to pursue these chosen things with a minimum of wasted energy, mental and physical. From that point of view, the story of what I have learned about the right way to go about making the mind behave may be of some value.*"

And so the rest of this story, a careful report of two subsequent conversations with Dr. Robinson on the same subject, is given as follows:

"TO MY mind, the first point which should be emphasized about concentration is this: The men who achieve important positions in life depend less upon their natural special aptitudes or inherited gifts, than on this *acquired ability* to fix the attention upon any specific problem and to hold the mind to that problem until they have seen it through. Any man who gets anywhere has to learn to make his mind behave in the directions which it ought to take in order that he can persist in affairs that are vital for him, no matter what drudgery is involved.

"As for the mental processes involved in the act of concentration, the psychologists still are in the dark. Indeed, we are no nearer a solution of the mystery of the mind, in its ultimate direction and control, than we are, in the final analysis, to the mystery of electricity. Nevertheless, though we cannot satisfactorily explain what the mind really is, we *can* employ certain methods to help us control, develop, and apply our mental powers, just as we employ certain methods to generate, control, and use electricity, though we do not know what *this* force really is.

"Not as a trained psychologist, but as a practical man, I have found four simple principles of great use to me in developing and applying such mental powers as I have to the varied tasks and problems

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that I have had to face. These four principles may be summarized as follows:

"1. A keen and active interest—zest—in the subject to be mastered or the task to be performed, is of primary importance if the mind is to work efficiently.

"2. We must learn to amass in an orderly way the raw materials necessary for our thinking. *Get the facts!* Stress, in due proportion, those which bear directly upon our problem. Subordinate, or sift out, those which are of minor importance, or irrelevant.

"3. If we want to think and hit hard, we must learn to take it easy! That is to say, the most *efficient* use of our mental and physical energy is likewise the most economical.

"4. There is evidently something in the mind which, after a sustained effort, becomes temporarily exhausted but recovers and goes on trying and trying, so that the ultimate solution of the problem may come in an altogether unexpected way. That is to say, at times our mental processes continue at work subconsciously; and, to a certain extent, we can *make the subconscious work for us.*

"AS YOU see from the above summary, the first principle with which we are concerned has to do with interest. In connection with such abilities as I have acquired as an amateur etcher and cellist, you may say that I was naturally interested in those tasks and made the more rapid progress because of this. Probably that is true. What progress would I have made had I *not* been keenly interested naturally? I cannot say, of course; but in the light of other experiences I have had, I feel certain that I could have found ways and means of stimulating in myself the interest necessary to have made my efforts equally effective.

"In many instances, the real problem involved in the business of life is to acquire and maintain an active interest in the tasks which are necessary to our progress, although they may not naturally appeal to us. So let me explain in some detail the method which I think should be applied when we find it difficult to fix the attention on tasks for which we lack interest.

"Years ago, I was employed as consulting editor to a large publishing house. It was my duty to submit a written report on the merits and the probable market for the manuscripts I read. During the winter, the work was of fascinating interest; but during the summer, when I was on my vacation in the Adirondacks, there were things that appealed to me much more. I found myself postponing my editorial work from hour to hour or day to day; or, if I did tackle the work, my mind might be given in part to other things. The effect of this divided interest on my work, I discovered, was the same as giving a nail ten or a dozen light taps with a hammer, instead of sinking it in to the head with two or three smart blows.

"Moreover, though this tendency to sacrifice my work to my recreational interests never went far enough to bring me a rebuke from the publishers, it left me with the uneasy feeling that I was evading an obligation. In consequence, I faced the situation squarely, analyzing it until I arrived at four important conclusions which I then stated to myself much in the way I am doing here:

"First, I desired to keep my contact with the publishing house because the work was congenial to me (except when it interfered with my vacation pursuits) and because I needed the compensation allowed.

"Second, prompt reading and appraisal of the manuscripts were necessary in order that the author might not be kept waiting and that the publisher's reputation for promptness and fair dealing might not suffer.

"Third, my own integrity was involved; for it was as important to the publishing house to have my best services during the summer months as in winter.

"Fourth, it was my duty to render as prompt and efficient services in the summer as in winter, or else to resign.

"Having presented the matter to myself in this way, I took steps to square my conduct with my conclusions, making my duties as consulting editor the first order of the day, subordinating all other engagements and pursuits. Eventually, this proved to be no hardship at all, but quite the reverse. I became interested, not only in the task, but in observing the efficiency of my own performance. The result was that I did the work better than previously and completed it in a shorter time.

"*Remember that lack of interest is commonly the cause of a kind of mental slacking, procrastination, and evasion of effort. As I have just indicated, we find it easy to fix our attention on those things that we like and want to do, but often these things are in conflict with what we should do for the sake of our greatest good in the long run. How then can we develop and maintain the necessary active interest in the tasks which do not at the outset appeal to us?*

"FIRST, we need a strong stimulus, which sometimes manifests itself in the form of 'ambition,' a keen desire to excel, and sometimes in the form of 'duty.' We can generally provide ourselves with the stimulus if we begin by ascertaining *why* the tasks we are tempted to evade *should* command our best efforts. The way to do this, I think, is for each to answer for himself a series of questions.

"So, if there is some subject or phase of your business to which you find it difficult to give your best energy and attention, consider it in the light of questions similar to those I outline below. Once a man has answered them seriously, fairly, I believe that he will decide the matter concerned is not worth his while and should be *chucked*, or else he will buckle down and pursue it with his best mental resources:

A

"1. Will a study of this subject, or application to this business matter, benefit me financially?

"2. Will it be to my intellectual advantage, making me more capable of dealing with other problems?

"3. Will it be to my moral advantage to face this subject and master it?

B

"1. What to me is the most interesting thing in this subject?

"2. Why is it interesting?

"3. What is the relative importance of this feature to the whole subject?

C

"1. What parts of this subject are hard for me to master?

"2. Are they hard because of my limitations in education?

"3. Are they hard because the subject itself is of no intrinsic importance?

D

"1. If it is to my advantage to master this subject, what steps shall I take to accomplish this?

"2. What competing interests must I shut out because they interfere with my own best ultimate interests?

"3. What courses of study should I pursue, and what experience should I acquire, to prepare myself intellectually for this problem that I have decided to master?

"I assume, of course, that once a man has answered these questions and decided to take up the problem and see it through, he will apply the best resources he can muster toward making good on that decision. As a result of effort, with a clear understanding why this effort is desirable, he will become *interested* in the task and in its efficient performance.

"Here the power of the will is in the ascendant. Now comes the discovery that there is in every man something which enables him to adhere to the execution of a fixed purpose in the face of competing interests and desires. In what at first he may have regarded as an obligation, he will discover—opportunity!

"NOW I speak of a *second* principle which must be observed if the mind is to yield the best results of which it is capable. Many of us, in dealing with the problems that arise in everyday life, in school, at home, in business, seek to reach conclusions and decisions without first adequately informing ourselves of the facts on which a sound judgment can be based. The principle I have in mind can be very simply stated—get the facts! Remember that when the mind is 'going in circles,' over and over the same matter, without new ideas occurring to us, without our conclusions sharpening and prompting us to act, the cause is presumably a lack of that information on which a definite decision could be based.

Successful results cannot be obtained from an effort of the will in a vacuum.

"And here a word about the *third* principle for aiding us to make the most of our mental resources:

"When I was a young man and found myself working under pressure, with a desire to accomplish varied tasks in the shortest possible space of time, I used to rush at them and get into a state of mind which we commonly describe as 'steam up.' Later, I learned that this was not the way in which really effective men handle themselves. Rather, such men are completely at ease even under urgent and distracting circumstances.

"I have in mind a great financier who, calm demeanor at all times, no matter what disturbing news was brought to him, even when he was engaged in digesting important documents and considering important mergers, made a strong impression on me. There is a judge of the Court of Appeals of New York State whose mind I have watched in action. How easily it travels along with the thread of counsel's argument even in the midst of exciting disputes! Never disturbed, he takes things easily, in his quiet, even way, asking a question now and then which shows that his thought has penetrated beneath the surface.

"Suppose you are going to drive a golf ball from a tee. Any golfer will tell you that the body as a whole should be relaxed and the mind serene, but with the eye intent and fixed upon the ball. In other words, in the midst of relaxation there is mental concentration in eye grip. At the right moment, snap goes the wrist and away zips the ball for two hundred and twenty yards!

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"Similarly, when doing our hardest thinking, there should be a general relaxation and serenity of body and mind, but with a deliberate focusing of the mind and a maximum of intensity in *one* direction—that is to say, on the problem involved.

"*When we concentrate intently on any mental problem, the breathing is reduced to a minimum and the muscles are relaxed. If our concentration is complete, there will be absolutely no tenseness in any part of the body; but there will be a great degree of tenseness within the mind itself.*

"Now, the nature of this tenseness I do not know, and, so far as I have been able to discover, no psychologist has been able adequately to explain it. The important thing is that this focused intensity of mind, with complete relaxation in all directions except that of the predetermined goal or problem, is a knack that can be acquired, once a person has got hold of the idea. That is why I have said that if you want to think and hit hard, you must first learn to take it easy.

"In my own experience I have found that some very simple devices suffice to help maintain or restore the relaxed condition that is essential for successful concentration. In conferences, or in the privacy of my own study, when interrupted by disturbing events, or when I have long been working on some particular question and find myself getting high-strung and tense, I pause deliberately in my speech or meditations, relax, breathe deep'y, and do not resume until the tense condition has abated. Likewise, for one's best mental output, all physical conditions, such as a collar that is too tight, a buzzing fly, a desk that is too high or a chair that is uncomfortable (all those things that not only distract, but cause fatigue and hence engender tenseness), should be remedied.

"OF EQUAL importance with this principle of relaxation is another, our *fourth*, which I am going to mention now. Fixing the attention upon one problem for too long at a t me may cause the mind to 'go stale' in much the same way as the athlete's muscles do from overtraining. For relief, the athlete rests completely, and comes back the better for it. Similarly, physical diversion or a change in the form of our mental activity, may pave the way for a solution of the long-pondered problem.

"As students, many of us have had this experience: After working hard at night on a problem in mathematics without being able to solve it, we have solved it with ease on the following morning. Thus, as I have said, *there is evidently something in the mind which, after a sustained effort, becomes temporarily exhausted but recovers and goes on trying and trying, so that when a person sleeps or turns his attention to other things, his mental processes continue at work subconsciously.* Again, the exact nature of this process I cannot tell you, for no one knows. Though we cannot explain it, it is nevertheless something that we can use.

"My attention has been called, in this connection, to a story told by Nikola Tesla in this magazine some years ago. Tesla, as you doubtless know, has contributed to our civilization numerous inventions of great value in the field of electro-mechanics, telegraphy, wireless, telephony, and power distribution. As a young man, he studied engineering at the Polytechnic Institute in Gratz, Styria. During his second year there, a Gramme dynamo was received from Paris. With a horseshoe form of field magnet and a wire-wound armature with a commutator, the machine was of a type now antiquated. The brushes sparked badly while it was being demonstrated by the professor, and it was young Tesla who suggested that perhaps it might be possible to operate a motor without such appliances.

"'That,' exclaimed the professor, 'would be wonderful! Nothing less than the equivalent of a perpetual motion scheme, young Mr. Tesla! I congratulate you!'

"And the whole class laughed.

"FOR four years, over long periods, young Tesla did not cease to ponder and concentrate on the problem of constructing a motor without brushes. Owing to illness, which was in part due to vexation because of his failure to conceive it, he was finally obliged to abandon the task. In 1881, when convalescent after that illness and while in Budapest studying the recently installed American telephone system, he was walking in the city park and discoursing with a friend upon matters far removed from that of the motor without brushes. Reminded of a passage from Faust, he recited it aloud:

"'The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!'

"And as he spoke these words, this uncanny, latent power of the mind to which I have referred manifested itself. The vision of his long-sought induction motor, complete, operable, flashed upon him. With his walking-stick, he drew diagrams of it in the sand; the very same diagrams which he was to show six years later before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; diagrams of a discovery known as the 'rotating magnetic field,' an invention which produces a sort of magnetic cyclone that grips the rotable part and whirls it, exactly what the professor had said could not be done. The same principle is employed today in the induction motors that operate our trolleys and subways and furnish electric power the world over.

"In a very small way, events similar to the epoch-making inspiration that happened to Tesla, have happened to me and to numbers of my acquaintances.

"Among my friends are a number of advertising men. They tell me that not infrequently for days they have sought for the pithy phrase that will make famous and sell some new product; and that frequently they have the same experience I have indicated. That is, the happy phrase, the important slogan, comes to them out of a clear sky, not when the mind is intent on the problem, but when the mind has apparently been interested in other pursuits, such as motoring or golf.

"This work, accomplished by the mind without our consciously directing its activities, would appear to be the very opposite of concentration. But remember that without the intense, concentrated effort that went before, such flashes of insight are not apt to occur.

"*Once the mind is trained in working and thinking in certain directions and is stored with the material of accumulated experience, we all may look for flashes of insight in this way. It is a good thing occasionally to let the mind have its own way, to give it a rest and to let the subconscious work for us.*

"Regarding this principle of letting up and giving the mind a chance to have its own way with some problem that has too long puzzled us, there is a conversation recorded in Herbert Spencer's autobiography which, I think, will interest us all. George Eliot had remarked to Spencer that for a man who had done so much thinking and on such profound subjects his forehead was singularly free of wrinkles, and she asked how that came to be.

"'I suppose it is because I am never puzzled,' replied Spencer.

"'That is the most arrogant thing I ever heard,' returned the novelist.

"'Not at all, when you know what I mean,' he returned; and thereupon he gave her a most striking account of his own mental processes:

"'The conclusions to which I have com from time to time have been arrived at unawar and as the legitimate outcome of a body thought which slowly grew from a germ. Som direct observation or fact met with in readi would dwell with me, apparently because of significance. A week later, possibly, it would remembered; and further thought about would lead to the recognition of some wi application than I had at first perceived. Th little by little, in unobtrusive ways, witho conscious or appreciable effort, would grow coherent and organized theory.'"

IT WAS here that I asked Dr. Robins whether he could tell us of pract exercises to be used in developing ability to fix the attention and apply mind.

"Certain forms of activity requir patience and stick-to-it-iveness might of benefit in that way," he answer "Close embroidery is an excellent pur for girls and raffia work or putting c seats in chairs for boys. Mechanical p zles such as opening Chinese boxes getting the pigs in clover are likewis value for both boys and girls, and for same reason. Exercises in multiplicat subtraction, and division accomplis similar purpose.

"One of the best exercises I kno for developing *skill* in concentration young and old, is to read carefully a p graph of a book, then turn the book d and name the essential points cover the paragraph and in the same sequ Once you can state points in a short p graph, practice doing the same wi longer paragraph, then with two p graphs, and continue extending the graphs in length and number.

"There is a form of concentration requires a logical sequence of though this, practice can be acquired by list carefully to a speaker, jotting dow main points of his address when through. With these points memo develop the speech over again in own way.

"Big men in any field of true end are noted for their ability to anal situation and to reduce it to its si terms. This form of mental activ logical analysis, which is the reverse gathering of material and organizi speech of the speaker. In developi

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ability we might make judicious use of our daily newspapers. When reading of some situation, domestic, legal, political, international, or, for that matter, scandalous, instead of taking only a passive, curious interest, ponder the matter with care until you can give satisfactory answers to the following queries:

"1. Who are the people involved?
"2. What did they do?
"3. What would be their habitual way of doing and seeing things?
"4. As reported in the news account did they act true to form?
"5. What will be the effect upon them as individuals?
"6. What will be the reaction upon society?

"IN THE daily output of some of our newspaper columnists, we frequently find amusing examples not only of craftsmanship but of a peculiar facility in concentration. Imagine how one of these clever writers proceeds. In conversation he hears someone remark that the early bird catches the worm. He thinks to himself, 'That's a terribly old saw!' and, almost instinctively, he reverses that ancient bit of wisdom and, if the idea is good enough, writes a quatrain to the effect that it's the early worm that gets caught.

"On reading in the news column of an automobile collision in which both drivers were killed and one was plainly in the right, he thinks of something like this:

"'Here lies the body of Thomas Gray,
He died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he rolled along
But he's just as dead as though he'd been wrong.'

"Or perhaps, on a rainy day, some genial person remarks to our columnist that it's raining alike upon the just and the unjust; and, quick as a flash, reminded of a painful experience perhaps, the columnist sees the effect of an opposite statement of the old saying, with amusing results for his readers the following day:

"'The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fella,
But most upon the just (they say)
For the unjust has the just's umbrella!'

"Such trifles as these require, to begin with, alertness and humor in possessing yourself of a point that is worthy even of doggerel; and up to the time when one can condense and express the point in a pithy, witty way, the effort involved is a splendid exercise in concentration. Try it with some of the proverbs of the people, such as birds of a feather, rolling stone gathers no moss, never rains but it pours.

"Of course, the very best exercises in concentration spring from practical necessity. One concentrates on acquiring what he wants and needs. Teachers do well by their students if they can set objectives before them which seem real. They should be arranged so that the resulting line of thought to be pursued fits in with the course of study.

"I cannot close this talk without reminding you of what a few of our notable men have said on this subject of concentrated energy. Ponder these sayings and you will see that there is a common denominator of meaning and emphasis in them all; namely, that the great difference between those who achieve and those who fail consists not so much in the amount of time devoted to work by each, but in the degree to which each intelligently applies his powers, mental and physical, to one purpose. First, then, Charles Kingsley:

"'I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men.'

"And Carlyle:

"'The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.'

"And Emerson:

"'The one prudence in life is concentration. . . . Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and sends us home to add one stroke of faithful work.'

"Charles Dickens attributed his own most amazing and phenomenal achievement as a novelist not to any rare quality of imagination, but rather to the thing we have been discussing, the ability to make his mind behave; as witness:

"'The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit [said Dickens] is that of attention. My own invention, or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you would never have served me as it has but for the habit of *commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging, attention.*'

"ONCE a friend asked Edward Bulwer-Lytton, the famous English writer and diplomatist, how it was that he got time to write his books, and also to carry on his public career and get so much other work done. His reply was a remarkable tribute to the value of concentration:

"'I contrive to do so much by never undertaking to do too much at a time [was Lord Lytton's answer]. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself; or, if he does too much today, the reaction of fatigue will come and he will be obliged to do too little tomorrow.

"'Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not until I had left college and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much. I have mixed much in politics and the business of life; and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring special research. At what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when I am at liament is sitting, not always that. *But then during these three hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about.*'"

"I'M THROUGH," said overalled "Andy" Maloney, as he quit the coal fields of Pennsylvania. "No more mining for me!" Twenty-eight years later Andrew Maloney returned as president of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company—a company with assets of $130,000,000. Next month you'll read what happened in that interval of years which caused this erstwhile miner to be chosen for this high position

The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 57*)

. . . I have t—that little curse-anointed Nina Bernard!"

"'Tis you who's the mind reader, Mistress!" exclaimed Lim, in tones of admiring astonishment. "Whin I wiz del'verin' wather—" And he was off on one of his long yarns.

As soon as the meal was over Kerry went back into the Kashim to look again at his dogs. He was troubled to find that several others had developed sniffling noses. He decided to consult Doorknob about this as soon as Lim should leave; knowing the old fellow's propensity for gossip, he was always careful to keep from Lim anything he did not want bruited about the town.

Later in the evening the usual crowd began to assemble about the roaring Kashim stove that was successfully defying the outdoor temperature of forty below. Lim, with Crooger beside him, was busy telling new arrivals all about the fair candidates for the Sweepstakes queenship, when the tinkle of harness bells and high-pitched feminine laughter sounded outside. A few minutes later the front door opened with a rush of vapor, and a crowd of hilarious fur-clad men and women came in, stamping and calling greetings.

KITTY KRAMER led the procession, her fresh, cold-whipped face glowing above the mink cloak the doctor had managed to buy her for Christmas. She rushed directly to Kerry, with extended hands.

"Oooooo, Kerry!" she crowed joyously. "We've come to take you with us to the Valentine Ball."

"Noooooo, Kitty!" Kerry mocked her tone, and laughed as he put one of her hands back against her side, and then the other. "You know very well I'm tra and can't go to any ball!" By this tir had become accustomed to Kitty's laying him on the street or in stor coax him to attend some social fun

Kitty pouted and appealed to others, several of whom broke into de protest. Nina Bernard sang out: loose for once, Kerry. All work ar play—well, you know what that do little boys! And besides," she added "Barbee Neilan is going. Yes, Ra actually taking his infant with hin time!" She laughed, shooting a mal glance at Kitty. "You knew that, da didn't you?"

"Oh yes, dear!" Mrs. Kramer thr friend an ingenuous smile. "I s know it. 'Twas I that talked myself in the face persuading Rance and Neilan to let her go."

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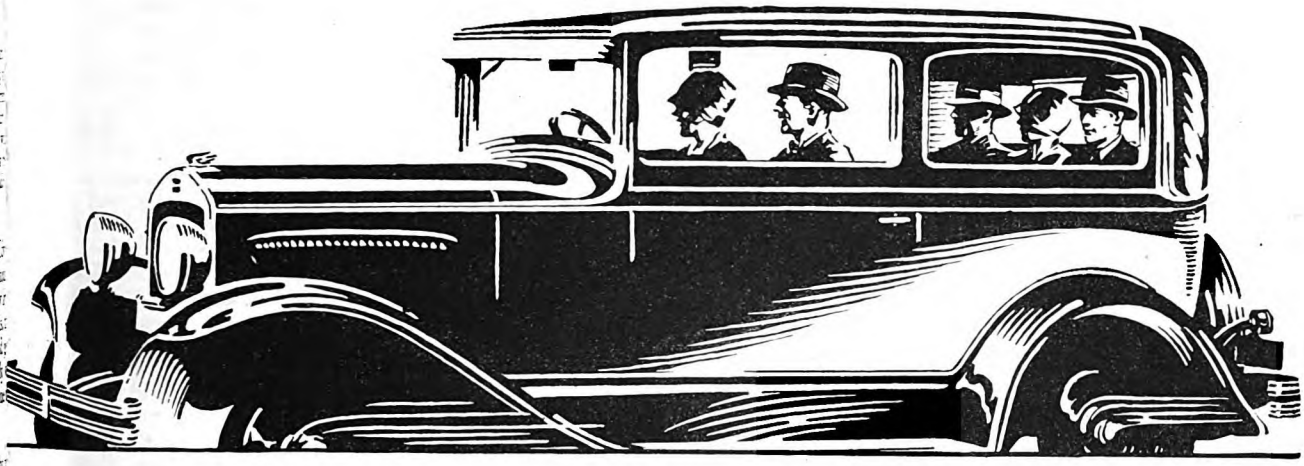
PLYMOUTH



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Tolovana sat quietly sewing by the table. Kitty had greeted her upon entering, and now, catching a glimpse of her through the crowd, she crossed the room to seat herself sideways on the edge of the table near her. After a few commonplace remarks, she suddenly leaned down with a gay, friendly air of secrecy.

"Mrs. Ballinger," she whispered behind her hand, "under our wraps we're all in the jolliest costumes you ever laid your eyes on. Wouldn't you and the boys sitting around here like to see us before we go on to the Fort? We could fix ourselves up in a jiffy!"

An understanding smile quirked the corners of Tolovana's mouth. She was sure that Kitty in this instance was prompted solely by a desire to display her charms in a way that would bring her votes in the coming contest. But Kitty's eager smile was disarming, Kitty's warm white hand lay confidingly on her shoulder.

Tolovana sent a quick glance toward Nina Bernard, who had ignored her. There was a malicious little glint in her eye as she looked up into Kitty's glowing, friendly face and nodded her head.

The cloaked merrymakers were herded into Kerry's living-room to remove their wraps and complete their costumes. The floor in the Kashim was cleared, while spectators perched themselves on boxes, barrels, and tables backed against the walls. Lim put Crooger beside the phonograph to get him out of harm's way, and then took charge of the instrument. He wound it up and turned it on. The battered tin horn blared out the popular syncopated tunes of the day, the door leading from the Kashim to Kerry's living quarters was thrown open, and Midas Bernard came capering out.

The watchers broke into a delighted roar.

The banker had got his pudgy figure into dangerously snug brown silk tights. Attached to his back so that it seemed part of him, was a huge, fuzzy, brown caterpillar. The round-eyed, simple face nodded high above his head with the ludicrous solemnity of the inanimate. The other end of it curved up behind him like a tail, and it was plain the little man delighted in every waggle it made as he cavorted to hand the others in through the doorway. He announced them one by one, waving them grandly to their places on the floor for a coming Virginia Reel.

THE sourdoughs clapped and Crooger barked with varying degrees of intensity. Then, with a lull in the music while Lim changed a record on the phonograph, a silence which made Midas's next announcement doubly effective:

"Ladies and gentlemen—'The Golden North'!"

Kitty Kramer glided into the doorway and stood there, a big, laughing woman with her head thrown back, holding before her from a cord about her neck a frost-white gold-pan heaped with simulated lumps of gold. Her unbound hair waved in a red-gold mass about her bare shoulders. Nugget chains encircled her head, her throat, her beautiful white arms. They cascaded over the sheathing slip of snowy velvet that outlined her round breasts and ended at her gold-clad knees in a slashed fringe glittering with mica frost. White deerskin moccasins gave her a lynx-like gait as she came swaying into the Kashim.

Every man present came to his feet in a salvo of applause, seeing in her the personification of that white and gold lure which has drawn to the North the adventurers of all times.

The revelers swung into the Virginia Reel. Midas called off from the top of the table, and the delighted sourdoughs sitting against the walls clapped out the dance rhythm as they stamped their mukluked feet. Kitty did not take part in the Reel. She had put aside her decorative but hampering gold-pan and was passing along the line of spectators listening avidly to their compliments.

But her brilliant eyes followed Kerry. Ever since the day she had watched him fight the wolf-dog in Barracks Square he had possessed a growing appeal for her. She saw him make his way through the gathering toward the back of the Kashim, where his racers were quartered, and she quietly followed him, ignoring the sign that prohibited visitors from entering the racers' stalls.

Kerry was kneeling beside Duna, anxiously feeling the leader's muzzle for signs of fever, when he glanced up to find Kitty in the dimly lighted stall. Surprised, he got to his feet, wondering what caprice had prompted her intrusion. She laughed softly and with confident step came close.

AS THE music, the laughter, the thump of dancing feet emphasized the intimate security of their retreat behind the partition, her childlike naïveté slipped from her. She reached for his hand and held it between her smooth, firm ones, looking at him, silent, provocative, her face so near his own that he was aware of the perfume of her hair, the scent of wine on her mouth.

"Oooooo . . . Kerry . . ." The caressing tone put Kerry on his guard. In a hearty voice calculated to dispel any moment so weighted with amorous possibilities, he inquired, "Well, Kitty, what do you want from me now—my votes for Sweepstakes Queen, my leader, or—"

"No, no!" She backed him impatiently against the side of the stall, and holding him there at arm's length measured him appraisingly—his dark, disheveled hair above his lean brown face, his throat rising firm and bare from the turned-in neck of his blouse. There was no mistaking the look in her eyes. "Kerry—let's drop this pretense! You know very well why I want you to come to the Fort ball tonight—" With a quick intake of breath she crushed his hand against her warm, soft body, where the rapid beating of her heart pulsed against her velvet gown.

"Now, now"—he laughed as he put her gently from him—"don't try to rush me that way, Kitty. You've got plenty of men for your party."

"I don't want them! I want you—I want *you*—" Her hands were at the neck of his blouse, moving along his bare throat. "Oooooo . . . Kerry . . . You *are* coming . . ."

Though Kerry was not unmoved by the sheer physical appeal of her, he grasped her wrists and drew away her clinging fingers. "Get this straight, Kitty. I'm not going with you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" With a low wail, she was in his arms. "Why won't you ever do anything for me, Kerry? . . . Don't shove me from you. D-o-n'-t—" She relaxed against him, and twining her bare arms about his neck tried to draw his face toward her seeking mouth.

None too gently he broke her hold. For a moment he looked at her; then the incongruous and farcical aspect of the situation struck him—what a scene to happen in a dog stall! He laughed.

The laugh did what words could not accomplish. "You fool!" Her voice was a furious quaver. "I hate you! I hate you!"

Blind to direction, she backed away and stepped flat on Duna's outstretched paw. The dog's yelp brought a vicious kick from her moccasined foot. With a vindictive glance at Kerry, she swept from the stall, grazing past Luce Barton, who at the moment sauntered inquiringly into view.

The lawyer watched her pass, then turned a knowing eye on Kerry.

That young man, alternately swearing and murmuring endearments to Duna, was on his knees examining the dog's trodden foot. When he became aware of Barton's presence he glanced up, his lips tightening, his eyes narrowing. Without taking his gaze from the lawyer's face he came slowly to his feet. Barton returned his look while he drew the smoke of a cigarette into his lungs and exhaled. Then he turned and strolled nonchalantly back to join the noisy party on the other side of the partition.

Under the low-hanging stars of the Arctic night the Kashim yard was clamorous with departing revelers. When the last sleigh had gone, Kerry stood alone at the Kashim gate watching the noisy cavalcade dash down the moonlit trail. . . . Barbee would be at the Valentine Ball tonight. . . . Little dark-haired Barbee with her uptilted laughing face, her eyes shining behind the fringe of her lashes, and the tiny wrinkle coming adorably across the bridge of her nose. . . . He was seized with a sudden longing to go there, to see her, dance with her, be care-free and happy with her. But that was not for him.

WHEN he went back into the Kashim he found only Tolovana and Lim. Lim knob before the big stove, and he went directly to the racers' stalls. A few minutes later he called to Doorknob.

Tolovana sauntered into the living room to put on her parka. When she turned the men were still behind the partition with the dogs. Their voices came to her—low, worried. She listened a moment, a look of apprehension growing in her eyes; then she walked quickly toward the racers' quarters.

The two men were kneeling in the middle of the floor. Ten out of fifteen racers were huddled about them—dispirited, dull-eyed, sniffling. "Distemper!" Doorknob was concluding in slow, unbelieving tones.

Kerry, with eyes grown glazed and unseeing, came to his feet and stood leaning against the end of a stall. Here was a calamity undreamed of—ten of his dogs with distemper, and the Sweepstakes only six weeks away. Ten of the young dogs he had trained so patiently and so well were done for, so far as the race was concerned, and the Syndicate had made it impossible for him to pick up another team before April.

"That finishes us, my boy!" Doorknob said miserably.

Kerry's dull eyes passed over the

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You must meet these cold weather demands if you want winter lubricating

Quality

With Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in your engine during cold weather you notice *immediately* the quick, easy starting which it gives. But unlike many so-called "winter" oils, Mobiloil Arctic has rich lubricating quality as well. So—

1 Mobiloil Arctic distributes freely to every friction surface—whether your engine has four, six, or eight cylinders—thereby protecting against wear and tear.

2 Mobiloil Arctic has a fluidity which permits free movement of the pistons—whether cast-iron or aluminum alloy—thereby preventing oil-drag or loss of power.

3 Mobiloil Arctic is sufficiently rich to give a tight piston seal—thereby protecting your engine against excessive gasoline dilution when you use the choke.

4 Mobiloil Arctic resists to a marked degree the congealing action of freezing weather even though your oiling system is exposed directly to the cold air.

5 Some of the cars which require Mobiloil Arctic in winter are: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Dodge, Essex, Ford (Model A), Hudson, Hupmobile, LaSalle, Marmon (8-cyl.), Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland and Overland-Whippet, Packard, Reo, Studebaker, Willys-Knight. If your car is not mentioned here see the complete Mobiloil Chart. Mobiloil dealers have it.

You are always sure of correct cold-weather lubrication with

GARGOYLE

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Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

The World's Quality Oil

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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FREE: A week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.

Can you get by with one shave a day?

Or do you feel at five that you really ought to shave again?

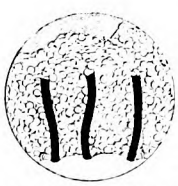
A LONGER-LASTING SHAVE—because it's a closer, smoother shave—is possible. We willingly prove it. Colgate chemists have achieved a unique lather. Different because of small bubbles. A scientific way to intensify the moisture content of lather. A principle which prepares the beard for closer, cleaner shaving. Hence a longer-lasting feeling of being well-groomed.

Two vital facts—easily proved

Millions of men prefer Colgate's because they've found—as you will—that as soon as you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard....crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist....easier to cut ....scientifically softened right down at the base ....then your razor can do its best work.

Ordinary big-bubble lathers have more air, less moisture. A comparison will prove Colgate superiority. Note our coupon offer of a week's free trial. We will send also, a sample of After Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful—the perfect shave finale.

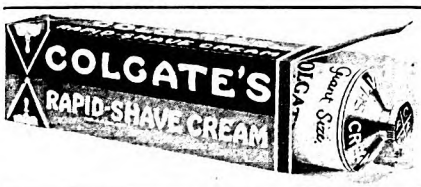


COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1708, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

Name.....

Address.....

still occupied. Duna and Tokon were left to him. Mukluk, Tong, and Karluk also showed no symptoms of the disease; they were all older dogs and practically immune. Yet he never could win a place in the Sweepstakes with only five dogs. . . .

Then something stern and indomitable within him scored him: "*You could not win a place; but you would run anyway—if you were not afraid.*"

"Finishes us—nothing!" he snapped, with a sudden, determined setting of his jaw. "I'll run the five we have! And now," he directed sharply, "let's get these sick pups out of here and—"

"Put 'em in my empty kennels," finished Tolovana, coming forward and placing a sympathetic hand on Kerry's shoulder. "I'll help you take care of 'em, boys."

He pressed her fingers in silent gratitude.

BUSY hours followed. The sick animals were all taken to Tolovana's kennels and made comfortable. Kerry, in the meantime, was back at the Kashim thoroughly disinfecting the dog quarters and arranging temporary beds in front for the pitiful remnant of his team.

The night was far gone, and he was still busy when Tolovana and Doorknob came back to the Kashim. The two wore an air of pleasant conspiracy. Tolovana began bustling about, brewing a pot of tea. She poured this for the men as they sat resting before the Kashim stove, then she announced in a businesslike way: "Kerry, let's get down to hardpan. You're a game kid"—she nodded her cropped head sagely—"but you can't run five dogs in the Sweepstakes. Now then . . . wait a minute, Kerry. W-a-i-t a minute—Wally is on his way home at last. He should be here in ten days. When he comes, take the pick of our team, put them with your five, train them together for the time that's left you, and—"

"Tolovana!" With one bound he was beside her, his hands on her shoulders, eager eyes searching her face. "Tolovana, do you mean that?"

"Sure, I mean— Look out for my t[illegible] you idiot!"

But her cup went flying as Kerry caught her under the arms, lifted her exuberantly into the air, and then set her down again on the table. He bent over and kissed both her rough little hands. "Tolovana, you're—you're an angel," he said huskily.

"By heaven!" blurted Doorknob, "I don't know the female of the species until you live with her in Alaska! Belle"—he thrust out his freckled paw—"put there. You're one of God's own women."

Kerry began eagerly to outline his plans.

"Wait a minute, kid," drawled Tolovana. "You've got Luce Barton to fix on yet. He'd just as soon lose his right as see you get a string of fresh pups; we've got to keep our scheme under cover until Wally shows up. Of course we can keep the camp from knowing about the distemper; but we've *got* to keep 'em from knowing you're going to use Wally's dogs. If Luce once gets wise to that—"

"And you don't want to forget," interrupted Doorknob, "that it's the middle of February. By the first of March you've got to have your new dogs registered, your name, on the books of the Club.

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Wash Wounds

with soap and water

When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

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NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere—streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment. But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-A. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

ETROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

ggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Bubbling love of fun—how mothers harness it

to guide their youngsters

"MAKE a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor Michael Vincent O'Shea, famous writer on child guidance.

How helpful to mothers—these new, better ways of child guidance, approved by psychologists. Any day is so full of problems! By the time her youngster's tucked in bed a mother has made as many decisions as the president of a corporation. Striking the balance between being too "easy"—and not forgetting children's love of fun.

One of the first problems is at the breakfast table. Mothers are anxious to see their children start off with a *hot, cooked* cereal. Nation-wide tests have shown the importance of this habit. Eating hot cereal in the morning often determines children's success, at work and play. That is why this rule hangs in more than 70,000 classrooms:

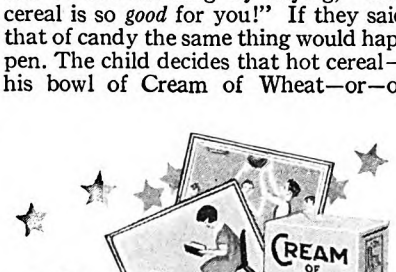
"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

And because no mother wants her child at a disadvantage, many take the joy out of the morning by saying, "Hot cereal is so *good* for you!" If they said that of candy the same thing would happen. The child decides that hot cereal—his bowl of Cream of Wheat—or—of oatmeal or whatever it may be—is the last thing on earth he wants.

Then begins coaxing and cajoling. And all the while thousands of other mothers are getting results in a far pleasanter way!

That way is an ingenious plan—the H. C. B. Club—devised to help mothers. This Club arouses youngsters' enthusiasm for their hot cereal breakfast. It appeals to them with colored wall charts, gold stars, badges—all free.

Eating Cream of Wheat is just part of a fine game at first. But soon spoons fly and every bit of *hot, cooked* cereal disappears!



FREE — *Mothers say this plan works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-20
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

To get sample box of Cream of Wheat, check here....

Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Reasons why child specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal:

1. Because it is so rich in energy.
2. Because with every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.
3. Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs or dates while cooking.

Give your children the chance to do their best. Start them off in the morning with Cream of Wheat.

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you can't run 'em. And if anythin
happens to hold Wally up—"

"Believe me, something will happen i
Luce finds out what we intend doing,
declared Tolovana.

"That means we can't wire Wally.
Kerry spoke thoughtfully. "Not with
bunch of wire tappers listening in every
time a key clicks on the line."

"That's the deuce of it!" agreed Tolo
vana. "But—oh, *now* I see a way! When
Wally left Valdez he wired me that h
would spend his last night before reaching
Nome at the Solomon Roadhouse, and
telephone me from there. Now, about th
time he's due, Kerry, you and I can run
out and wait for him at Solomon, and w
can give you a bill of sale for the dog
right there!"

"Hurroo! 'Tis a grand scheme entirely!"
approved a fourth voice heartily.

Startled, they all turned, and behel
Lim, with Crooger behind him, coming
forward from the back part of the shadow
Kashim.

"Oh—my—lord!" groaned Tolovana
"How long have you been here, Lim
How'd you get in?" demanded Kerry.

"Sure, didn't you see me standin' ther
this long time?" Lim stopped short i
surprise. "Ah, me boy! It's broke m
heart is for you this night! But w
Tolovana's team, you'll be after maki
'em sit up and take notice! An' if me pl
Crooger will be of use to you, lad"—
indicated the mournful morsel of dog
"'Tis you who's welcome to the loan
him!"

There was nothing for it now but to ta
the Irishman into full confidence a
pledge him to secrecy. Lim grew eloqu
in his promises for silence. Might
blessed saints forsake him—might hun
and rags be his portion—if so much a
whisper of their secret escaped him!

THE day following the Valentine
was one of intense interest. K
Kramer, as usual, was the chief sourc
comment. It was said that she was unq
tionably the handsomest woman at the
yet she seemed like one possessed. N
had she so flaunted her power over
never had she flirted so openly nor wi
many at once. Rumor had it that he
tions with Rance Herrington had bee
flagrant that little Barbee Neilan had
home with her father early in the eve

The excitement caused by the Vale
Ball had scarcely begun to die away
the news of Kerry's misfortune broke
the town. At the same time, other ov
of racing kennels reported single cas
distemper among young dogs. But
Wayne was the only one hard hit.

Lim Phayden, during his peregrina
with the water sled, was question
every kitchen as to Kerry's plans.
to his word, the Irishman said not
but he did it with such a knowing
secrecy that speculation ran high,
cially at the Kramer house.

Kitty Kramer herself never failed
to be in the kitchen when Lim deli
water. She always had something
for Crooger and for Lim—and wh
ate, she chatted with him.

At first she didn't mention Kerry
dogs; and Lim, garrulous about ever
else under the sun, carefully avoid
subject. Then came a frigid, gray
noon when the coffee was uncom

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Here is some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many of the widely advertised dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia" —the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—*to clean teeth safely.*

That is the one thing *you* can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is *his* job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to *clean.*

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question: "What kind of dentifrice would be best for dental health and beauty?" Their answer was: "Make a toothpaste that really cleans. If a dentifrice cleans thoroughly, it does not need to do anything else. Drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this fundamental principle, we created a dentifrice of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

So scientifically correct has this formula proved that more dentists now recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. As a result of their expert advice to patients, Colgate's is today the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream!

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest dentifrice research to safeguard *quality.* And, as far as have been able to find out, Colgate puts *more* dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other tube priced at a quarter. That's *value!*

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate, Dept. B1600, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Mothers For many years, Colgate has been permitted to help in the splendid efforts of dentists, physicians, educators and health officials to teach the children in the schools to brush teeth regularly. The results of this work—in promoting the general bodily health of children—have been outstanding.

It is natural that Colgate should cooperate in this work, because Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children—safe, pleasant-tasting, free from drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives.

If you are interested in helping in this great health movement in your own community, write us for full information.

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S AND MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S

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"I use it every day. It sails with me on every voyage," says CAPTAIN THOMAS *of the S. S. Paris*

"This skin bracer sails with us on every voyage"

.. the Captain and the Purser of the famous S. S. PARIS say

IMPECCABLE appearance—perfect grooming—is as much a part of the job of officers of a great liner as their knowledge of the sea.

"In port and out there's nothing keeps your skin so ship-shape as Pinaud's Lilac," they tell us.

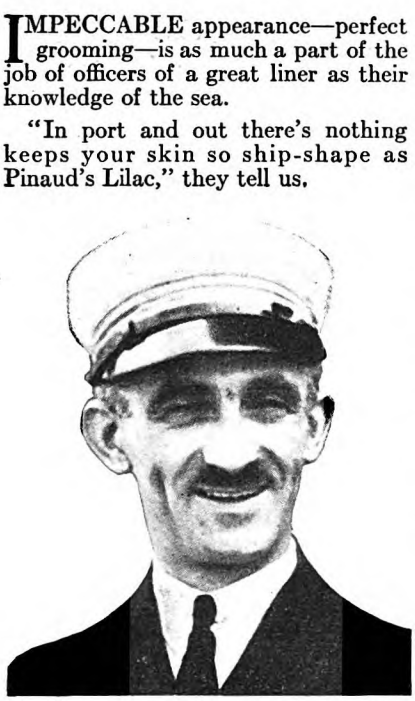
Pinaud's Lilac rouses circulation; sends the blood rushing to feed sagging tissues; checks pouches and wrinkles; keeps the skin young looking.

Pinaud's Lilac is a famous antiseptic, too. It sterilizes razor scrapes and nicks—absolutely prevents after-shaving infections and blemishes.

Shake some into the hand and slap it over your face. Not only after every shave, but whenever you feel fagged. Instantly your skin feels toned—invigorated! You will enjoy its fresh lilac odor.

You can get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store.

FREE: ***good-sized sample bottle of this*** famous skin bracer. Write today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. M-4, 220 East 21st St., New York, N. Y. (In Canada, 560 King West, Toronto.)



Host to thousands of the most distinguished people in the world, E. Mallet, Purser of the S. S. Paris, must look his best all of the time. He finds Pinaud's Lilac invaluable. "Nothing keeps your skin so ship-shape!" he declares.

Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

hot and good, and the fruit cake extraordinarily rich and moist with brandy. Lim had consumed several large wedges of this when Kitty mentioned Kerry's misfortune, with such a wealth of sympathy, such a show of distress, that the sentimental Lim was touched. And before he knew how it happened, her naïve interest, her ingenuous questions had drawn from him the essential details of Kerry's plans.

When he left the house and mounted his sled, it was with the panicky conviction that he had talked too much. And his uneasiness was not diminished when he saw Luce Barton and Rance Herrington entering the doctor's office as he drove away.

BUT it was not until he met Kerry, who greeted him with his usual cheery kindliness, that the full import of what he had done struck him like a thunderbolt. On the instant, he cast to the winds all thought of continuing on his water route, and turning his team, drove down among the lonely white hummocks of Bering Sea. There on his tank he sat, huddled beside Crooger, his misery-dulled eyes staring vacantly at the garbage heaps dotting the ice. Remorse, devastating, cataclysmic remorse took possession of him. With a groan his arms went about Crooger, and he sank his grizzled face against the back of the little dog's neck.

He had betrayed the trust of Kerry, the best friend he had in the world, the lad who had been like a son to him; who had picked him up, a drunken derelict in the streets of Nome, and set him up in a fine water business, who had furnished him a cabin near his own. He had betrayed the boy like the blab-mouthed Judas he was.

"Wurra! Wurra!" The little dog turned a ragamuffin face and dabbed consolingly at Lim's ear with his bit of tongue. "O, wurra! wurra!" If only he had never lingered in the kitchen of Mistress Kramer nor taken a sup of her coffee or a morsel of her cake. . . . Still—what cake—'twas as if she had but steeped it in the liquor that very afternoon—so fresh it was! And a rare bit of spirit she'd used for the job. . . . One drink of brandy like that would help him in his terrible trouble now.

He raised his head decisively. "We'll be afther takin' just one, Crooger. Just one, mind, to put the heart into us again."

He picked up the reins, turned Lim and Rose back toward the snow-banked ugly town, and headed for the Golden Sands.

When Doorknob and Kerry returned to the Kashim after several hours of duty at the dog hospital, Lily and Rose stood steaming and impatient in front of Lim's but the Irishman himself was nowhere to be found. A few minutes' conversation on the telephone confirmed their fears. He had, in the vernacular, fallen off the wagon, and in his own mournful way was painting the town.

He continued to do this. Doorknob took over the task of driving the white sled, and in his spare moments, which were very few, pursued Lim, trying to persuade the delinquent to go home.

But the days lengthened into a week with no sign of Lim's recovery, and the time came when Kerry and Tolovana left Solomon to wait for Wally Ballinger. Left alone with the care of the sick dogs and the responsibility of the water sled, Lim

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Busy Men often prefer to "See" you by Telephone

OUR customers are busy people. There are times hen they prefer that you visit them by telephone. ou save their time as well as your own.

A sales executive does 77% of his out of town usiness by telephone. He says, "you get the undiided attention of the man you are calling. Without y preliminary conversation, you are right down basic facts. Think also of conserving the time the buyer."

Many such practical experiences have grown out the Key Town Plan. As your business in the larger wns grows and takes more and more of your esmen's time, why neglect the smaller towns? ep up your contacts; cover them by telebne from the larger towns. The Bell System s prepared a national and regional Key Town Map, which may be procured free upon request to your local Bell business office.

Study these key town maps to learn the most effective method of reaching your market by telephone—the modern way to meet competition. Cover more towns. Make more contacts. Use classified telephone directories to uncover new outlets. Develop each territory with savings in cost.

The quickest way to make the calls from each key town is by Sequence Lists.

The Bell System Credit Plan makes it unnecessary to carry cash for the calls. It helps keep a record of all contacts.

Ask the local business office today for complete information. Bell Telephone Service . . . . *Quick* . . . . *Inexpensive* . . . . *Universal.*

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The Story of a Wise Wife

For a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew *he'd* never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

One day she read an advertisement — and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—so good everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, said nothing. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous sample can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1829 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

knob determined to bring matters to a climax.

It was in the red-and-gold splendor of the Golden Sands that he overtook Lim.

In a corner of the mirror-walled main saloon he was seated before a table, on top of which stood a bottle of champagne. Virgie, queen of Nome's dance-hall aristocracy, was perched on the farther edge, foot swinging to the rhythm of the song she was singing. Lim, his arms on the table, regarded her with vinous gravity.

Ignoring Virgie, Doorknob clapped a determined hand on the Irishman's shoulder. "Here, Lim—this has gone far enough. You're going home right now!"

Slumberously Lim resisted, holding up a gentle, conciliatory hand. "Don' be axin' me, Doorknob dear. Don' be axin me now. Crooger an' me is wishful to hea the—the lady sing another—"

"T-h-a-t's right, dearie! T-h-a-t' right!" crooned Virgie, leaning over to pa the Irishman's arm. "Hey, Kelly!" Sh hailed a bartender. "Another quart o Mum's. Now, Lim, where were we, dearie Oh yes—"

When Kelly put the full champagn bottle down beside that already empti the enraged Doorknob indicated both wi a bellow of rage: "Sixty dollars! S-i-x-t dollars in one gulp—and me freezing m ears off driving his blasted water wago That settles it! I'll see that you waste more money. D'you know what I'm goi to do with you?" He impaled Lim wit fiery eye. "I'm going to have you washed! By the Holy Mackinaw, I going to the judge tonight, and fix it you'll never get another drink in t town!"

THE next morning—Saturday—a S dicate sharpshooter reported to L Barton that Kerry Wayne and Tolov Belle were at Solomon Roadhouse, thi six miles out of Nome. The lawyer Rance were sitting in the latter's ap ment. When the man had gone, L lighted a cigar and turned with a chu to Herrington.

"Well, old man, we can thank K for that little tip. It's really worth ermine wrap she's so set on."

Rance answered Luce's remark wi scowl.

The lawyer shrugged his plump sh ders. "Lord, but you're a merry com ion these days. I infer from your glad mien that your fiancée is still incomm cado."

No reply being vouchsafed him, he a wry face. "Ah-ha! He doesn't ca talk, either. Very well;" he cleare throat ostentatiously and proceede carry on the conversation with hin "Yes, Luce, old pal," he quavered, in sonating the gold king. "Tantru could understand, accusations I refute, but silence—what can a ma against silence in a woman? Ouch!" last was called forth by a flung cu which Herrington landed smartl Luce's ear.

As the big fellow stalked from the and slammed the door behind hin lawyer laughed. Then, sauntering t telephone, he called up Bart Pelk Fifty-mile Roadhouse.

The ensuing telephone conver appeared on the surface to be but a monplace interchange of trivialitie

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Baby's Health *demands*

that foods be kept at those temperatures provided unfailingly by Frigidaire

How carefully you watch and guard the foods your baby eats. But what about refrigeration? It is one of the most important and vital factors in baby's health.

Physicians everywhere agree that safe refrigeration means temperatures well below 50 degrees. Frigidaire provides these temperatures . . . unfailingly. It is powered to meet every emergency in the hottest of weather or the warmest of kitchens . . . powered to hold safe temperatures day after day, month after month, and year after year.

Cleanliness, too

This surplus power means the difference between certainty and doubt, the difference between absolute protection and worry. And this is one reason why there are more Frigidaires in use today than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Still another safeguard to health is provided by the New Frigidaire . . . cleanliness. The shelves are removable. The lining is of seamless porcelain enamel. Inside and out the entire cabinet is as easily cleaned as a china plate. There is *nothing* to catch dust or dirt.

Consider these features

See the New Frigidaire. Only then can you appreciate all that it offers. See the beauty of the cabinet. Note the simplicity of operation. Listen for the sound of the motor. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. Get the facts on low prices and the liberal G. M. A. C. partial payment plan. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room at your first opportunity.

Write for this book

May we send you a copy of our book on healthful refrigeration? Photographs taken through the microscope tell an interesting and convincing story of what happens to food at different temperatures. A copy will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. C-100, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me your book on healthful refrigeration.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

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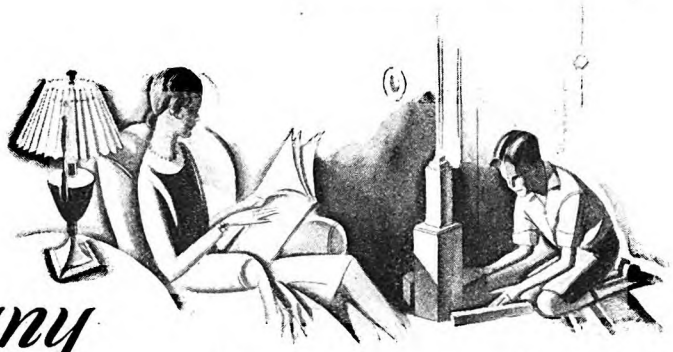
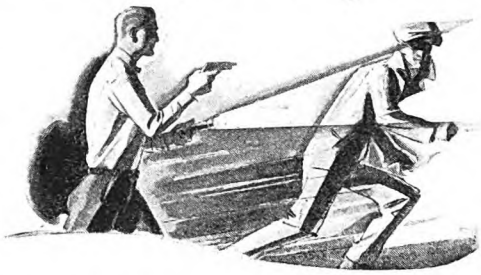


Many a peaceful household *harbors a costly conflict*

George M. Burrell routed the enemy from his heating system. Read the amazing results



THE trouble in Mr. Burrell's Shelter Island home was within the pipes and radiators of his steam heating system.

The trouble maker—Air, the enemy that fights steam's quick entrance into radiators. These heated slowly when the fire brightened, and quickly lost their heat when pressure faded. The cooling process was hastened as air rushed back through radiator air valves—steam's heat was destroyed. Each cold day his home was hot—then cold—then hot—then cold.

Mr. Burrell had these air valves removed, replacing them with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves.

"Since then," says Mr. Burrell "on *very cold* days, with steam up only three times a day, morning, noon and evening, my radiators remain hot constantly. When steam is raised they heat in *15 minutes* (instead of an hour). When steam pressure fades they are hot for *three hours* (instead of 30 minutes). Naturally my home is more comfortable and my bills for fuel are materially less."

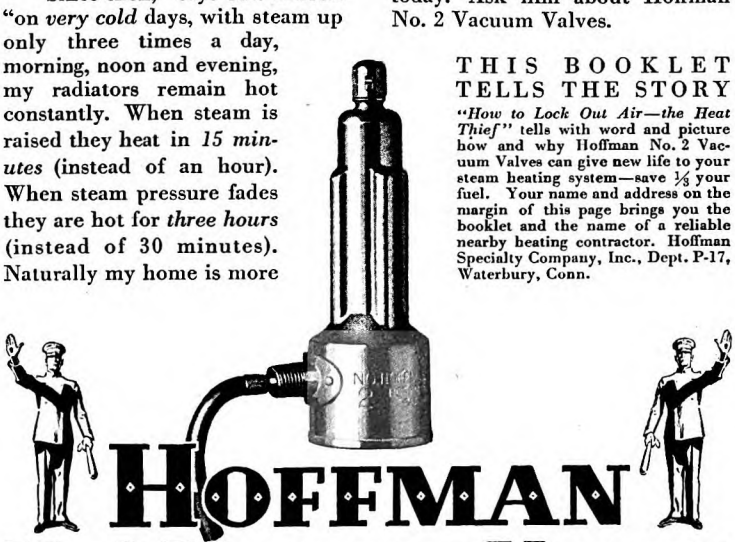
This simple, inexpensive change to Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves automatically vacuum-izes the one-pipe steam heating system. They let air out of the system the first time steam rises—Then *lock it out.*

Steam, formerly condensed and robbed of its heat, is concentrated on the job of heating your home. Radiators quickly gain full heat—and then hold it for hours after steam pressure recedes.

Let your local heating man perform this same miracle on your steam heating system. Phone him today. Ask him about Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves.

THIS BOOKLET TELLS THE STORY

"How to Lock Out Air—the Heat Thief" tells with word and picture how and why Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves can give new life to your steam heating system—save ⅓ your fuel. Your name and address on the margin of this page brings you the booklet and the name of a reliable nearby heating contractor. Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. P-17, Waterbury, Conn.



HOFFMAN
No. 2 VACUUM VALVES

AND HOFFMAN CONTROLLED HEAT

because of it Bart Pelkie and his squaw immediately began taking turns watching from the window for Nome-bound travelers. And because of it, just before noon that day Bart was out in the middle of the trail to meet Wally Ballinger as he drove his string of dogs down off Topkok Hill.

Wally, as he had informed his wife by wire, had intended going on to Solomon Roadhouse, fifteen miles nearer Nome; but the day was gray and cold. Bart's welcome was hearty, his big, rough room warm with a crackling fire, and there was also a savory reindeer mulligan on the table and a bottle of old whisky. Wally stayed for the noonday meal, and afterward he stretched himself out in an easy-chair to smoke in drowsy content, while Bart attended to his team.

An hour later, when he roused himself and tried to call Tolovana on the telephone, his efforts met with dead silence. And Bart informed him that the line between Fifty-mile and Nome was down.

LEFT to himself, Wally would have stayed the night in comfort at Fifty-mile; but Bart pointed out that a storm was imminent—and snow would make heavy traveling. Bart himself had business in Nome and was leaving that afternoon. He would be glad to take the lead on the trail and pace Wally's team.

Wally considered this. He had one dog on his towline, a pointer named Cultas, that was giving him trouble. With Bart's fresh team pacing him on a clear trail he could cover that fifty miles to Nome in seven or eight hours with little exertion to himself. . . . And it would bring him in on Saturday night instead of Sunday. . . . He'd do it, by Jove; and surprise Tolovana by walking in on her unannounced!

They started. The day was murky and gray, with a rising temperature. There was a sinister hush over the land, as if the North were holding its breath, bracing itself for the coming blizzard. Bart took a short cut that put Solomon Roadhouse off their route, and shot on, eating up the miles. Wally followed, his leader's nose not ten feet from Bart's runners.

Past Port Safety they sped in the dusk; past Cape Nome in the dark; past the lighted barracks of the Fort. Then, far up the dim coast the silver glow of Nome, with the electric cross flashing out a welcome from the church steeple! A few minutes later, Bart swung his dogs into Barracks Square, shot down Front Street, and led Wally to a halt before the twinkling jovial lights of the Golden Sands, which was in full Saturday-night swing.

On the right, an archway framed a vista of the gambling-room. And off to the left, shedding the glamour of the exclusive, with the door of the famous Dog Room, over whose threshold only powers in the dog racing world might pass. Pervading all was the scent of expensive cigars, beer, wine, liqueurs, and a love-of-life atmosphere made up of warmth, hilarious friendliness, abundance, success.

It was into this humming hive of good fellowship that Bart led Wally Ballinger. A shout of recognition from the crowd, and he was plunged into a pleasurable swirl of welcome that allowed no time for thought. Greetings . . . handclasps . . . friendly laughter. A couple of rounds of drinks in quick succession, another round at the bar—then Luce Barton and Rance Herrin

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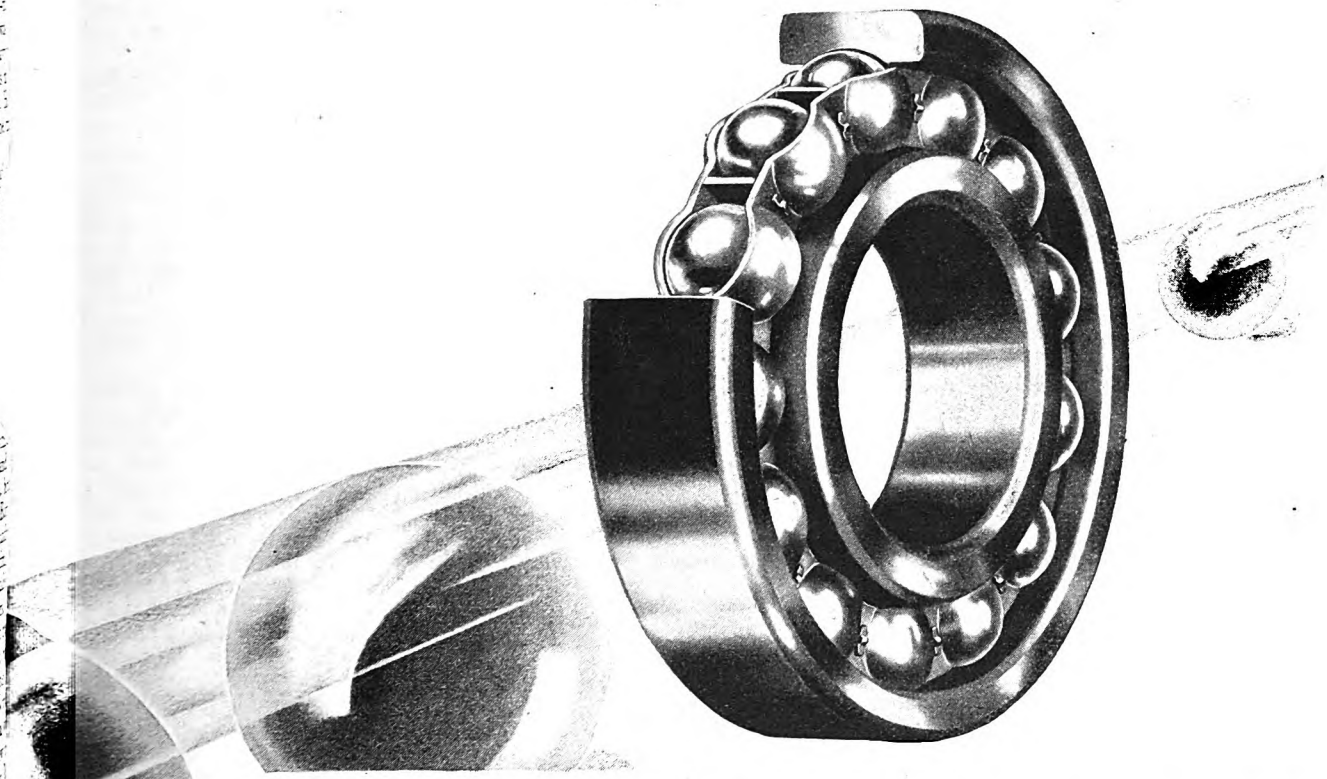
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Before ball bearings became the accepted answer to problems of reducing friction, the story of transportation and industry was one of excessive wear—overheating—low speeds and waste of power—short machinery life—high upkeep expense, for ball bearings follow the natural law—*that nothing rolls like a ball.* For nothing is more friction free or nothing is stronger, mass for mass.

And because New Departure has carried the ball bearing to its highest state of development, it was inevitable that the makers and users of motor cars and all types of machinery should come to regard New Departure as a superior anti-friction device. In automobiles, electric motors, machine tools, farm machinery—New Departure Ball Bearings conquer friction, whatever the speeds or loads. They never need adjustment; they reduce power waste—and assure the utmost performance for any type of machinery.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

WORLD'S LARGEST BEARING MANUFACTURER

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Troubled With Sleepless Nights?

Accept, Then, This Unique Test

Now an Utterly DRUGLESS *Way to Instant Sleep—Boundless Energy the Next Day*

If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep!

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bed-time; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then while you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. Try it. Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. A-11 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)

ton, one on either side of him, laughing, slapping him on the back, ushering him into the Dog Room, with its easy-chairs, its intimate round table bedecked with bottles and glasses.

Later, in a genial, alcoholic haze, Wally listened with what attention he could bring to bear to what Luce was saying. But, try as he might, he could get only part of it: Talk of the Syndicate with its three teams. . . . Talk of the twenty-thousand-dollar first prize. . . . "A cigar, Wally, old boy!" . . . Talk of other prizes. . . . "Want you to come in with us—fourth team in the Syndicate—furnish you a driver—crackerjack man, Harry Dunn from Dawson. Register your dogs under Syndicate name—just time to do it before register closes. Never mind whether you win or not. If any Syndicate team comes in, you get ten per cent. Hey, Rance! Pour another for Wally! . . . Now then, blanks all ready to be filled—time's short, must hurry. Here—Syndicate Team Number Four—Harry Dunn driver; Walter Ballinger, owner. Now the names of your dogs. Then your signature Wally. First line for your leader, what's his name—"

The lean, blond Wally favored Luce with a befuddled smile. "Jolly kind of you boys—give me this op-portunity. Hadn't thought of—of entering pups this year. Ripping idea! But—but I think I'll wait. Perhaps my wife—"

"That's right, Wally. Perfectly right. Always consult the wife. It's safer in the end!" Luce was laughing. "But, say—why not call her up now? That's the ticket. No; sit still, old man. Sit still. I'll do it for you myself. Have Mrs. Ballinger on the line in a minute!"

Luce called at the wall telephone in the Dog Room, but he didn't get Mrs. Ballinger on the line. At that moment Tolovana was seated on Kerry's sled, muttering imprecations on her husband as she sped back to Nome through the blizzard.

The lawyer, with a great show of impatience, made two more attempts to get the Ballinger house. Meanwhile Wally, in a genial blur of nonresistance, had swallowed several additional glasses of whisky and had achieved a beatific state of altruism in which he would have trustingly signed away his life. When Luce again approached him with the blanks, which once filled in and signed, would make his team irrevocably a Syndicate unit, drew back his sleeves, and took the pen the lawyer handed him.

"Ah, now, le' me shee. . . . Name of the leader on this line? Quite so—quite so. Rupert—" With inebriate deliberation, he put pen to paper and began to form the letters as he spoke the name: "R-U-P—"

CRASH! *Bang!* Pandemonium broke loose in the main saloon. Thunderous stampeding feet, hoarse yells, shouts, the crash of overturned chairs and tables. The door of the Dog Room pressed inward—crack—gave way. Men sprawled in, scrambled to their feet, and began fighting their way out again.

"Get out! Ramble!" a wild-eyed miner shouted. "He's crazy— D. . . . Blow us all to hell!"

Luce, Rance, and the sobering Wally pushed their way to the door and stood looking out into the main saloon.

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THE MOST IMPORTANT

ANNOUNCEMENT

made by the

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

in 10 *Years*

THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Institute's program to meet these changed conditions.

Beginning immediately, therefore, we shall offer to business executives a four-fold service, incorporating the results of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following courses, depending on their own particular business requirements:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives.
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management.
3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management.
4. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management.

THIS enlarged program is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. Its value to executives is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

For convenience, a coupon is provided below. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 747 Astor Place, New York City

Please send me the facts about the Institute's new four-fold service.

Name.....Position.....

Business Address.....

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

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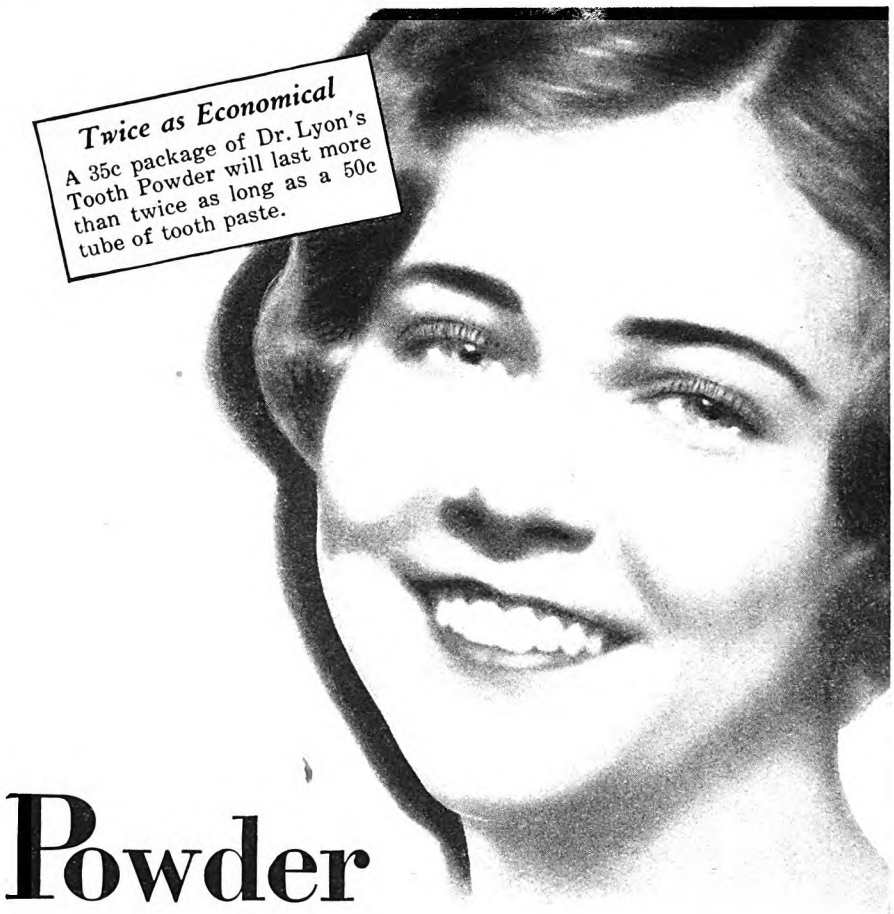

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

Bartenders in flapping white aprons were leaping over the bar into a chaos of men and girls struggling from dance hall and gaming-room. There was no shouting now, only the grim stamping of feet and a splintering of glass as the throng charged for exits through windows and door.

The three bewildered men watching the thinning crowd suddenly saw the cause of the exodus:

The door of the big pot-bellied stove near the end of the bar was wide open—a maw of yellow flames—and dancing beside it was Lim Phayden, his hair standing wild above his erstwhile mournful eyes, now gleaming with a crazy light. In each hand he held an object indistinguishable because of the frantic flourishes he was making toward the mouth of the stove. Crooger beside him was barking an accompaniment to the maledictions Lim was yelling at the trembling Kelly, the last bartender left behind the board.

"Siwash me, will you, and keep me from my liquor? By the saints, I'll be afther showin' you, you towel-flapping stiff!" His arms ceased their windmill flaying for a moment, and the three watchers saw that he held a stick of dynamite in each hand. He made a swift movement, as if to toss one into the roaring stove. "Mush! Or I'll blow you to—"

Kelly cleared the bar like a rocket. At the same instant, Luce and his two companions leaped across the empty saloon and sprinted for the front door with Lim's war cry ringing in their ears: "Siwash me, will you? Siwash me—"

(*To be continued*)

Tick-Tock!

(*Continued from page 19*)

a chair to sit on, every chair being cluttered up with their books and wraps and things. Access to the bathroom during their hours awake was almost out of the question. Funny, how much water it takes to keep these young girls clean. They look so fresh and dainty always that one would think a men sponge bath would suffice them; but no they just have to soak and soak, one afte another, morning and night.

The cosmetic bills they piled up a the drug-store were appalling, but as sut as I tried to change from pyjamas t undies, one of them would have to bur into the room to use the mother's atomiz or borrow her face powder. I had abo as much privacy as the man in the moo I was glad when one of the girls left hon for a few days at a time; happy when pair of them were away for a week-en Now, at last, I have the privacy a seclusion I have been yearning for these years—and it isn't so desirable.

I look wistfully at the vacant cha at the table. I would take a leaf out the table and move the vacant cha back, but Margaret will not have it Margaret is our colored maid, and here the South the colored woman who st long enough in one household rules t household.

Margaret's way is to keep the vac chairs at the table. "As long as I st here, them chairs stay," is Margar

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···WORLD AUTHORITY ON SKIN DISORDERS···

Dr. Edvard Ehlers

says "*I invariably prescribe yeast*"

Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

"IT IS MANY YEARS *since my teacher and friend, Dr. L. Brocq of Paris, taught me to use fresh yeast for staphylococcic infections of the skin. Since then I have invariably prescribed yeast in all cases of boils, as well as in rebellious cases of acne. The effect of yeast upon boils is surprising and incontestable. It is often slightly laxative.*"

Dr. Ehlers

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, OF COPENHAGEN

THE most romantic figure in Danish medicine—Dr. Edvard Ehlers. Hazardous medical research in the tropics has brought him decorations from half the governments of Europe.

Hospitals, established by him in Denmark for children born sick, have almost eliminated infant deaths from one dread disease.

Holder of degrees from the universities of Paris, Strassburg and Copenhagen—what Dr. Ehlers says of the health properties of yeast is drawn from years of experience as a skin specialist of world wide fame. Many doctors now agree that unsightly, embarrassing and unpleasant skin eruptions are associated with clogging of the intestinal tube.

"In furunculosis (boils) the effect of yeast is incontestable," Dr. Ehlers says, and advises, "the yeast treatment should be continued for several months, until the elimination of harmful bacteria is complete."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system. Eat three cakes daily, before or between meals. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Start today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-61, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

90 per cent of ills start here . . . Here is where yeast works

As this picture shows you, the alimentary tract is one continuous tube from throat to colon. Poisons caused by clogged intestines spread swiftly through your body. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast you can keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy. You can insure the flawless, healthy complexion which comes only from a clean, active colon.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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A STEAK is JUST MEAT

It is SEASONING like this that makes it — SAVORY

This man's seasoning—racy, spicy savor that makes him smack his lips and settle down to business. When he comes up for breath, a beaming smile lights his countenance. But his wife, the creator of the marvelous steak, she knows—who knows better?—what spell is on him. A spell more potent than any magic potion or love philtre of the Middle Ages—the spell of wonderful food flavor. Flavor from the slender bottle that holds sway over all the seasonings in her kitchen cabinet. The flavor is A.1. Sauce. Sprinkle some on your meats before cooking—more at the table. Then see how savory your meats can be.

Before cooking steaks or chops, sprinkle a few drops of A.1. Sauce on them. You'll be delightfully surprised with the chef-like flavor it gives to meats.

SEND FOR THIS FREE NOVEL BOOKLET "LITTLE LOST FOOD FLAVORS"

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
59 High St., Hartford, Conn.

Please send me a free copy of the recipe booklet "LITTLE LOST FOOD FLAVORS"—the legend of world famous dishes and their recipes.

Name.....

Street..... Town..... State.....

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edict. "No sir," says she, "I just ain' going to think of the children as bein gone to stay; I'm going to think abou 'em just as if they were coming home ever day, and have their plates all set an everything ready for them."

I think the wife and mother feels ver much as Margaret does; the breaking u of the home goes particularly hard wit the mother. First and incidentally woman is a wife, but with the coming o the first child she is a mother firs last, and all the time. I recall vividl now the far-away look in the eyes of m wife and her reminders that the childre would some day be leaving us, years b fore I gave such a thing a serious though

I have indulged in a lot of self-pit these past few months. I felt a grea heartache when Mamie left us. Mam was only a niece, but she had lived with u since she was a little curly-head seven years and had grown to your womanhood as one of the family. H going was like the going of an offsprin I felt a very real fear and sense of lon liness when my boy went off to colleg And when Billie married and left us tried to appear reconciled to the b reavement, but tears came to my ey that night and my heart felt as if it wou break. I say I have indulged in a lot self-pity these past few months. But am getting a grip on myself; the rosea years of youth are far behind me a their hilarious joys I shall know no mo but there are wonderful years ahead i but employ them rightly.

Death has no terrors for me; I do know any more about the whys a wherefores of life now than I knew wh I first came into it, but I have, after ma years of doubts and misgivings, of v questionings and fruitless researc resolved that the end of this life can be involved in more uncertainty terror than its beginnings, and that great guiding force of this marve universe will order all things right in ultimate.

CONCERNED for years with the mate affairs of a numerous housel I have paid too little attention to folks. I have only begun to discover the greatest joy in life and the secr that charming attribute we call sonality is an interest in other peop find the most fruitful lives are those have been most friendly. The world to be interested in you and in exact measure of your interest an interest in the rest of the world.

Here in North Carolina lives a m the name of Julian Price, head of siderable insurance company. He high among successful North Carol and his keen business judgment is in the councils of his home city a state. Although more than sixty old, Julian Price is one of the most vi and vivacious men I have ever met fellow is radiant with cheer and joyf I got a great line on life from him.

"How do you explain your ener enthusiasm?" I asked him.

"I never get tired," he replied.

"And how do you manage to off fatigue?" I asked him.

"By never permitting myself bored," said he.

"And how do you escape bor

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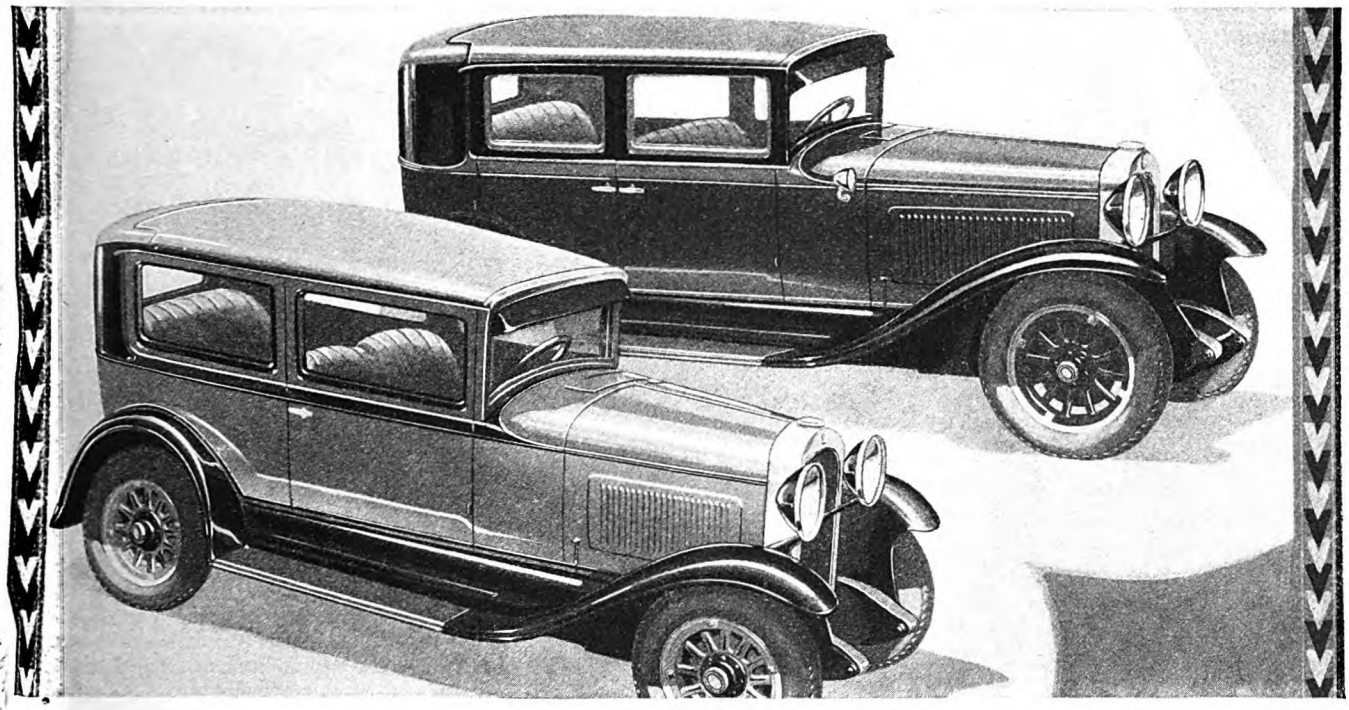
ANNOUNCING THE NEW SUPERIOR WHIPPET

THE STYLE CREATION OF MASTER DESIGNERS
GREATER BEAUTY · LONGER WHEELBASE · LARGER BODIES



INTRODUCING THE NEW

"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER

IN modish design, the new Superior Whippet is as far ahead as the first Whippet was ahead in engineering advantages. With longer bodies, higher radiator and hood, low graceful lines, one-piece full crown fenders, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, rich, harmonious colors — the new Superior Whippet establishes an ultra-modern style trend for Fours and light Sixes.

Larger, Roomier Bodies

More spacious interiors, with 3 inches added leg room, together with longer springs both front and rear, and form-fitting seats, insure maximum riding and driving comfort.

"Finger-Tip Control"

The Superior Whippet is the first car to offer the "Finger-Tip Control"; a single button, conveniently located in the center of the steering wheel, controls the starter, the lights and the horn. Illustrations at the left clearly explain its operation.

Mechanical Improvements

The Superior Whippet's higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower, with resultant increase in power, speed and flexibility. Higher second gear speed gives faster pick-up. Low consumption of gas and oil, results in marked operating economy. An immediate order will aid in early delivery.

Whippet Four Coach $535; Coupe $535; Sedan $595; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365. Whippet Six Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sedan $760; Sport DeLuxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

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"What would I do if I LOST MY JOB?"

WHAT *would* you do? What would your wife and children do?

Suppose your employer notified you tomorrow that he didn't need you any longer? Have you any idea where you could get another position?

You wouldn't have to worry if you were a trained man. You wouldn't have to spend your mornings reading the "Want Ads" and then trudging from place to place, meeting rebuffs and discouragements, piling up bills, finally willing "to do anything" if only you could get on somebody's payroll.

Don't have this spectre of unemployment hanging over your head forever. Train yourself to do some one thing so well that your services will be in demand. Employers don't discharge such men. They *promote* them!

Decide today that you are going to get the specialized training you must have if you are ever going to get a real job and a real salary. It is easy if you really try.

Right at home, in the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste, you can prepare for the position you want in the work you like best. For the International Correspondence Schools will train you just as they are training thousands of other men—no matter where they live — no matter what your circumstances.

At least find out how, by marking and mailing the coupon printed below. There's no cost or obligation, and it takes only a moment of your time, but it may be the means of changing your whole life. Do it now!

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"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, **"Who Wins and Why,"** and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X in the list below:

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

"By making it a point to find interest in everything I am compelled to do and in every situation in which I find myself. If the rest of the crowd want to dance, I dance with them. If it is a prayer meeting, I pray with them and tune in with their prayers. There is nothing in life that is not interesting except the fellow who shuts his eyes and his mind to the interest in all things."

I got another great line on life from Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mention the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt in any worth-while group anywhere in America and instantly someone will speak of his charming personality. He has won millions of admirers with the inexplicable charm of that thing called "It." The secret of his resplendent character, it was my good fortune to discover, is an unquenchable interest in the common things of life.

See how it has worked: Here was one of the most vigorous and whole-hearted outdoorsmen in America. Yachtsman, swimmer, canoeist, golfer, sprinter, horseman, tennis player. Suddenly, at the age of forty or thereabouts, he was stricken down with infantile paralysis, the use of both legs denied him. Most of us would have been broken-hearted in a similar plight. Not so Franklin D. Roosevelt. He couldn't sail a yacht nor paddle a canoe any more; no more golf, no more horseback riding, no cross-country runs. You would think that he had been deprived of every interest in life. Nothing of the sort.

Denied participation in outdoor sports in which he had previously reveled, he immediately sought other interests. He cultivated new hobbies: became a stamp collector; a collector of prints of old ships; applied himself to the study of the neglected subject of early Dutch architecture in New England; became interested in the rehabilitation of other cripples and established a Foundation at Warm Springs, Georgia, where Nature has provided springs of warm water in which paralytics may disport themselves and regain the use of their limbs by exercises in water. And if Franklin D. Roosevelt has had an unhappy moment in the three years since fate knocked him off his underpinnings, those most intimately associated with him have never noted it. I learned a great life lesson from Mr. Roosevelt.

IN MY own town lives a youthful personality who is seventy-three years old this year. He doesn't look it; few guess it. For more than fifty years Dick Creecy has been a teacher of backward boys in our town. In the public schools where everything is cut and dried and where they try to run all timber through the same mill, forcing round plugs into square holes and trying to fit square plugs into round holes, many youths fail in their studies and drop out as misfits and nincompoops—if indeed, they don't get kicked out.

Professor Creecy has been grappling with these unpromising students for more than half a century. Taking a personal interest in each individual case, he has discovered much valuable human material that was ignored in the schoolroom because by mass standards it wasn't recognized. And with an interest like that in life Professor Creecy, seventy-three years old, has but one concern about Old Age

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MODISH, BEAUTIFUL — and FINE THROUGHOUT

De Soto Six, despite its most moderate price, has been singled out as a fashionable car. It is fit companion for the larger, costlier cars in the most exacting homes. It rides with a richness of ease unknown in its class. It is not merely amply powered but magnificently so, and it is fine throughout. In the De Soto Six, at last high quality and moderate price are joined together.

Visit De Soto Six exhibits at Chicago Automobile Show and Congress Hotel, January 26-February 2.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

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Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50¢ and up. Galoshes, for example. Handkerchiefs. Hosiery. Perfume. Gloves.

A remarkable dentifrice

—*yet but 25¢*

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentifrices that sell for 50¢ or more.

Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigoration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy—and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of $3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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he only wishes for more years of it.

And so, with all that I have seen of life and all that I have learned about life from those who have lived most happily, I see no reason to let Old Age have any terrors for me. I fought it and lost a foolish fight. I hope to readjust myself to it and conquer in the end. This is an interesting old world we're living in and I have only begun to explore it.

Modern Science has changed the whole aspect of Old Age. Not so many years ago there was but little recreation or amusement for one grown old. The old man sat by the fireside in winter or on the shady side of the house in summer, sucked his pipe, and indulged in memories. The old woman sat in a rocking-chair and rocked incessantly, darned stockings, knitted things, and indulged in memories. There wasn't much else they could do. Their greatest solace in life was a worn leather-bound book that promised them a care-free home in the land of Sweet Bye and Bye. Old eyes grew heavy and suffered much pain in the gloom of nights illumined by smoky little oil lamps. They went to bed too early, exhausted their sleep before the night was done, and were up and puttering about a lonely house in the early hours of the morning before the rest of the world was up to keep them company.

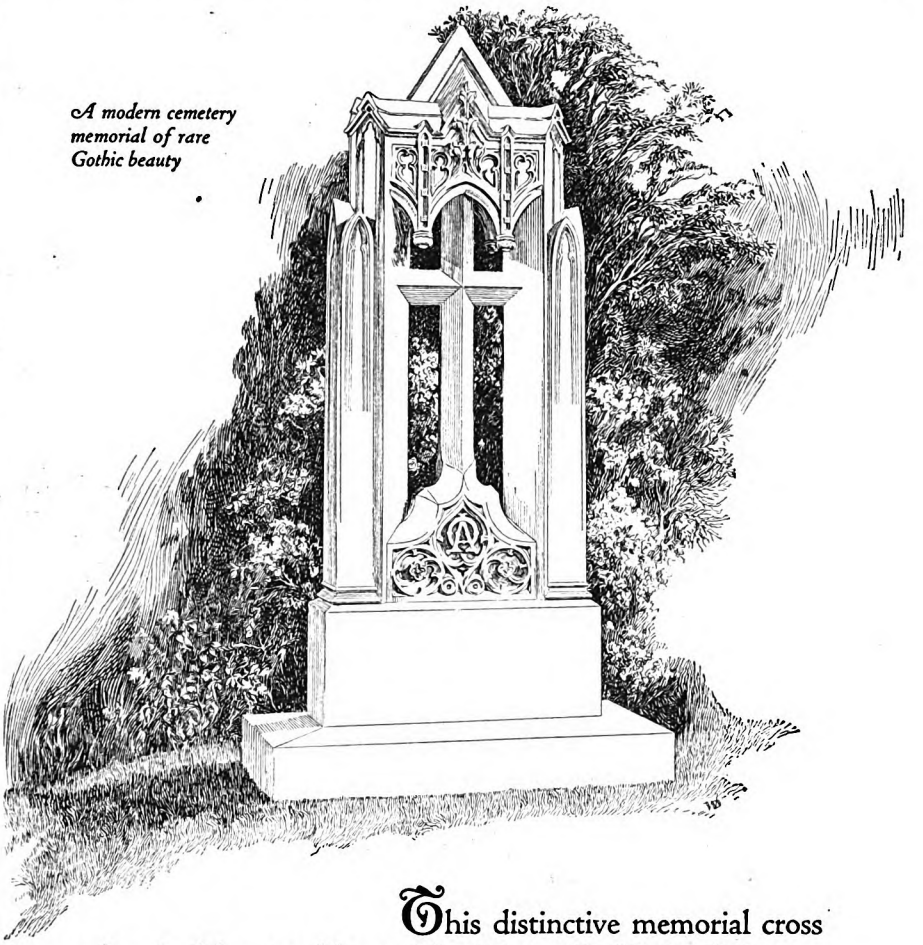
Science has made great changes. Science has made comfort possible for Old Age: electric lights that make night as cheerful as day; gas heaters to take the chill off the rooms for those too feeble to fetch in wood and make a fire; running hot water in the house; iceless refrigeration.

There is the telephone now that old folks of other years didn't have; with so little effort one confined to his room may carry on conversations with his friends all over the town or countryside, or even with friends and loved ones in remote places.

And there is the radio. I've put one in my home now, the best that I could buy, for I have found satisfaction only in the best. And again I am filling the house with voices: the voices of great singers, great musicians, great speakers, and the country's fun-makers. The best bands, the best orchestras, and the best soloists of America—all over America—play for me. The tick-tock, tick-tock of the old clock is drowned in the dinner music of one of the highest-priced orchestras in New York City or the martial strains of the United States Army Band in Washington. I laugh with Will Rogers, Al Jolson, and the two Black Crows.

I do not like to go to church. What of it? That little walnut cabinet with six trembling electric lamps in it brings me the chimes of a carillon on Park Avenue, in New York, the organ music of a great cathedral, and the voice of a Fosdick or a Cadman.

But Science is not done yet. The thing they call television is on the way. I shall not only have notable voices in my house, but in my Old Age I shall bring great company of notable faces to my side. I shall not only hear grand opera in my home, but I shall see it acted; I shall not only revel in an announcer's report of a world series, I



A modern cemetery memorial of rare Gothic beauty

This distinctive memorial cross was inspired by an old wayside shrine. Gothic in design—combining storied tracery, receding planes and mitred corners, and intensified by a wonderful play of light and shade—the beauty of this cross is made possible only through the sculptural quality of marble.

For over a century and a half Vermont Marble has been the nation's memory stone. It was selected for the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and for the huge all-marble Amphitheatre at Arlington. Yet with all its matchless permanence and beauty, Vermont Marble costs no more than other monumental stones.

Vermont Marble is always available in every American city. Used for structural purposes, it can express the worth & permanence of your business & enrich the beauty of your community.

Write to us for a booklet illustrating the twelve basic types of family memorials. The services of our Department of Design are at your disposal through a nearby Master Craftsman in Marble.

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The Memory Stone

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER

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Found in familiar Japan Tea—a wonderful health-building element

Several common ailments, it is now believed by scientists, can be helped by this familiar and delicious tea

FOR years its sparkling delicacy of flavor, has made it a favorite. Now, suddenly, a welcome piece of news!

Scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property in simple Japan green tea: a precious food element, which is entirely lacking in most foods.

Just because our three meals a day, often give us too little of this one all-important element, Vitamin C, countless people are now believed to be suffering from a number of minor maladies.

"It now appears," writes one eminent scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: *loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"

An easy safeguard

In how many ways loss of energy can take the sparkle out of life. Low vitality may bring with it fatigue, sleeplessness, a finicky appetite, nervousness, lethargy.

And how many there are who shrink from looking in the mirror—whose skins are sallow and muddy! How many others who are afflicted from time to time with so-called rheumatic pains in the joints and limbs!

For those who suffer from these ailments, there is now a simple precaution: good old Japan green tea is today known to bring us an abundance of precious Vitamin C—a safeguard against these troubles.

Only a few foods, aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a small number of fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan tea we buy at the grocery store is rich in it.

If you feel "run-down," if your skin is sallow, if you are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains, try this pleasant plan: Drink delicious cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich store of Vitamin C. In a few weeks you will probably feel and look more vigorous, more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

As you probably know, Japan green tea has been for years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country.

In familiar Japan green tea, scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property — an abundance of precious Vitamin C

It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Your grocer has it, or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

shall behold the players in action.

I don't know where Mamie and Billie and Keith and Elizabeth and Mary Byrd will be then. They may be living in many different cities far remote from me; but I shall see and talk with them when I become very lonesome. And as they find more and more things in life to occupy their minds and time and have less time to spare for visits to the old folks, air travel will solve their problem within a few years.

And, last but not least, I hope to get acquainted with my wife. She used to be the best pal in the world when there were just the two of us and we knew each other intimately. But a husband loses a lot of his importance in the home with the coming of the first baby. And when the babies keep on coming every other February until there are four of them, a woman doesn't have much time to be a wife; most of her time is taken up with her children. The greatest love in the world is mother love; all other loves are subsidiary to it; but it plays havoc with romantic love. And so now I look forward with wistful eagerness to getting acquainted with my wife again; I have an idea we're going to need each other and look more and more to each other for companionship in the years to come.

AND so, after all my fears and doubts and my foolish strivings to deny Old Age, I find that it is not such a dismal prospect after all. I look about me and see peace and happiness in the faces of many old people. I see a lot of unhappy ones too; but the unhappy ones almost always seem to be those who have worn their tongues out and eaten their hearts out trying to regulate the lives of other people, instead of engaging whole-heartedly in the business of living.

I find comfort now in thinking that surely the best years of life are ahead of me. The years behind me have been years of rushing to and fro, running around in circles, forever hurrying, never having time for anything. I never planted a rosebush in my youth because I didn't have the patience to wait to see it grow. I can wait for the rosebushes to grow now; and trees. And if I pass out before they grow up to bless my labors, then they will be a blessing to youths succeeding me who will not have time in their young years to plant rosebushes and wait for them to grow. And I shall have time to read! Scores of books, hundreds of books.

I am entering this era of Old Age with many lively anticipations; we have nearly conquered the material universe and have only begun to contemplate the spiritual side of it with open minds. We have hid in dark closets, buried our heads in the bed covers, and shut our eyes when we talked to God; we are seeking Him today with open eyes and without fear or simpering. It's a glorious era for Old Age.

Tell your time with your measured tick-tock, oh, clock! You shall not depress me any more. Again I may be only kidding myself. Very well, then I shall go on kidding myself; for, after all, it is a way of life. It may be the only true and satisfying way of life: Who knows, who knows?

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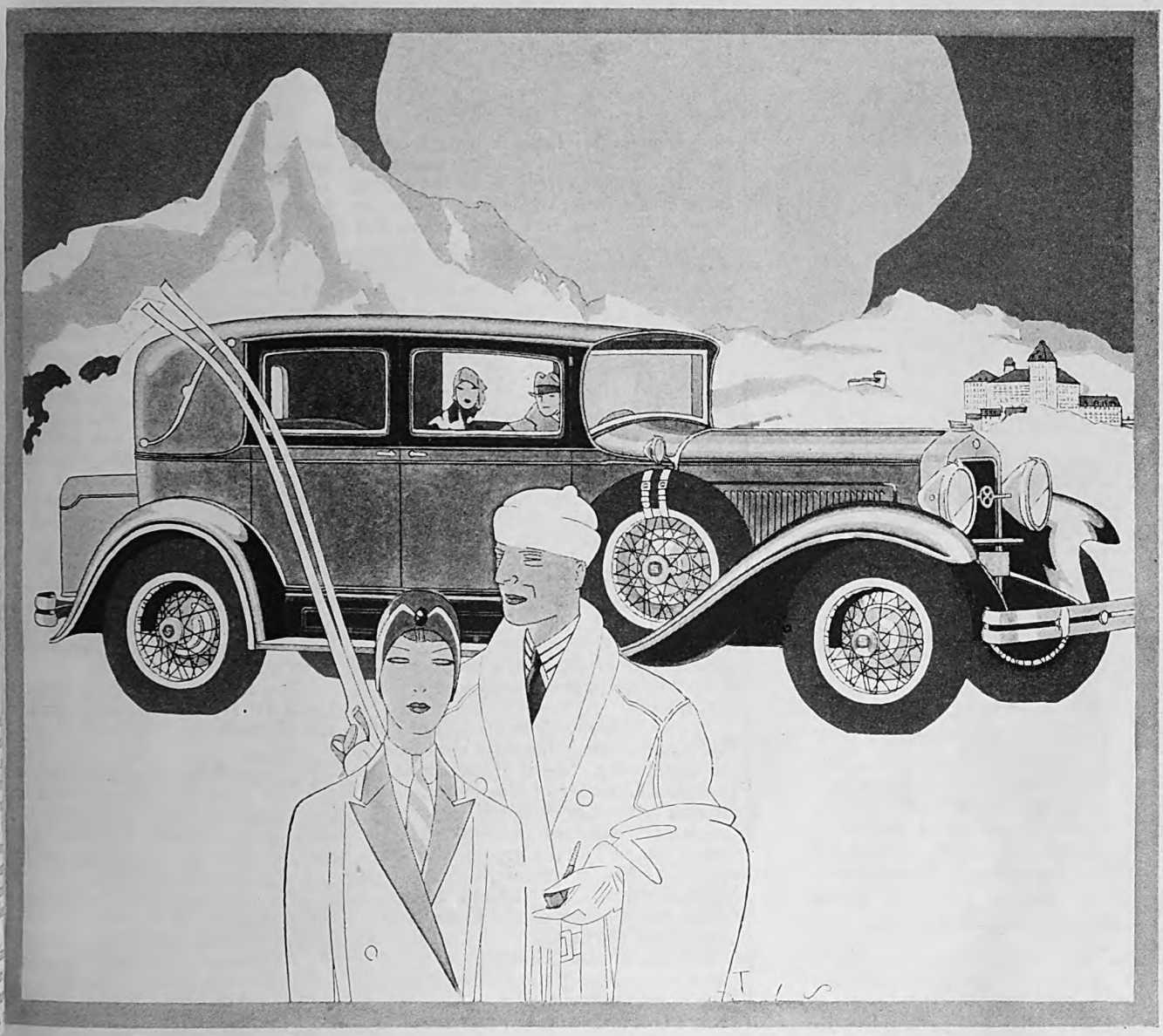

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BY their new, trim, alert smartness, quite as pronouncedly as by their deeds and deportment, Studebaker's great new sixes and eights look every inch the champions they are. The fleetness and stamina that enable Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, have been splendidly interpreted in body designs of original beauty. Each line, each curve, each modish color scheme, bespeaks the surpassing performance typical of Studebaker-built motor cars. And fully as gratifying as their behaviour in town or on the open road, are the prices made possible by Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

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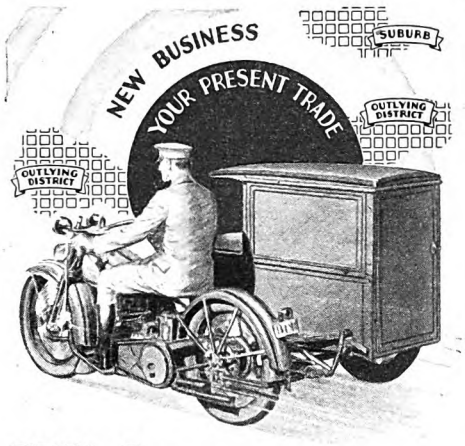

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Reach out farther for new business, hold customers who move, and give all your trade better service—with a Harley-Davidson Package Truck.

This swift, sturdy carrier will handle your deliveries or service calls at one-third (1/3) the running cost of auto or truck. It is faster through traffic, easier to park at delivery points, and carries safely a full quarter-ton load. Its distinctive appearance gives it great advertising value.

Your local Harley-Davidson dealer will gladly demonstrate the Package Truck in your own work—and show you why it quickly pays for itself. Call him today.

Mail the coupon for illustrated literature

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90 different lines of business are using Package Trucks

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[1/4 Ton Capacity] *Package Truck*

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Does Business Give Women a Square Deal?

(*Continued from page 40*)

expression on their faces. When it becomes evident that I am not a human centipede, or that my hair cannot rival the golden locks of a Circassian beauty, I can see them relegate me to a lower plane, but still hopefully. For I may be a fortune teller, a trapeze performer, a dancer or snake charmer, or Katie the human fly! I never can quite bear the disappointment manifested when I confess I am a gasman, a respectable calling but gray as the sands of the sea on a rainy day."

Gray? Well, you shall be the judge. For to me there is a rosy glow about Mary Dillon from the time twenty-five years ago, when she decided to become an errand boy, until today. She is not merely a pioneer in a business new to woman. As an executive, she has also won the admiration and respect of the men in the gas industry. Since she has dictated its policies, her company has been marked as signally successful. Its growth has been rapid—so rapid indeed that problems of finance and construction have been a regular part of the year's program. Its dividends are paid regularly and there is a surplus.

As part of her work as president, Mary E. Dillon has made herself a vital part of her community. She is a director of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, and a director of the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce; secretary and director of the Coney Island Hotel Corporation, which operates the community-owned Half Moon Hotel at Coney Island. She is an officer and director of the Coney Island Center and of the Carnival Company of Coney Island, and chairman of the Finance Committee of the Harbor Hospital, Brooklyn. And she is a consultant to hundreds of people on any problem affecting community interests.

WHAT has this to do with a gas company? Mary Dillon would tell you that it is essential to its successful administration. Adopting as a business policy the theory that her services belong to the community, she has grown into one of those rare human beings who are always consulted when anything of importance to their neighbors is to happen.

She was one of twelve children born to Philip and Ann Eliza Dillon. Her father was an employee of the United States Post Office, and his salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year—which of course had a buying power of almost twice that amount today—was carefully and cleverly budgeted, so that the family lived nicely upon the sum. It was a home like thousands of American homes, where father and mother and children lived happy, golden days of struggle, glorified by their mutual love.

"An old-fashioned Christian home," said Miss Dillon.

From this old-fashioned home have grown to maturity eight useful men and women. Henry Dillon, one of Mary's older brothers, entered the Gas Company a year after Mary, and is today its general superintendent and a director.

In her senior year at high school Mary decided to work through the summer vacation. Coney Island presented opportunities, and she got a job at Louis Stauch's bathhouses. Her duties were simple. She stood at the bathing-suit counter, surveyed the feminine applicants for bathing suits, decided whether the woman before her wore a thirty-six or a forty-two, and passed out the correct size. Her success at the job depended upon the accuracy of her appraisal, because if the suit did not fit, returns made a lot of trouble. Mary did very well and she suspected that the six dollars a week she was receiving was not all to which she was entitled. She investigated. Her partner, who was doing exactly the same work, was receiving seven dollars a week. Mary sought Mr. Stauch, presented her facts, and asked for a raise of a dollar a week.

"I am doing the same work," she argued, "and doing it just as well." Mr. Stauch shook his head. Mary was new; she might not last. He refused. Today, as a retired magnate, Stauch tells the story and laughs heartily.

"The one mistake of my business career," he says, twinkling, "was when I turned down Mary Dillon."

REFUSED her raise, Mary took action. Her sister Eva was employed by the Gas Company, but was to leave to be married. Mary decided to try for her place. She asked Eva to see the superintendent, James J. Humphrey.

"H'm, is your sister the girl who won the prize given by the 'New York Times' for the best essay on Hendrik Hudson and the Half Moon?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes, she is," said Eva Dillon.

"Send her along," said the superintendent. So Mary, on the strength of the prize essay, entered the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company as a kind of general utility clerk, or office boy. She had decided not to go back to school; she wanted to work.

It was gray work, if you saw it that way. For she began by filling inkwells and sharpening pencils and running errands from office to office. But it was a small company at that time. Mary found an opportunity to fit in in many capacities. For three happy, eager years she burrowed into the affairs of the Gas Company, ferreting out information, her sharp eyes seeing, and her mathematical mind classifying, and her scientific facility relating what she saw and heard. She became a very mine of information at that early day.

At the end of her third year with the Company, there was need for a new office manager. James J. Humphrey, the general manager, wanted Mary Dillon for his office manager; she possessed both the ability and the knowledge to handle the job well. But Mary Dillon was a charming young woman with the joy of life abounding within her. No such office manager had ever been known in the company office. The only other available employee was John H. Bailey. Mr. Humphrey debated the matter and decided upon Mr. Bailey as his next office manager. He sent for Bailey and spoke from

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We'll say...
"There's a Reason"
Dozens of them.

Grape-Nuts makes a small breakfast a safe one. With whole milk or cream, it supplies more varied nourishment than many a bulky meal.

THAT'S A REASON

For growing bodies, it's nature's own perfect food—made of wholesome wheat and malted barley.

THAT'S A REASON

Here's something that is mighty scarce today—food that gives teeth the exercise they need for health, by encouraging thorough chewing.

THAT'S A REASON

Pour out Grape-Nuts. Pour on cream. And there you are. A nourishing breakfast that's served in a second.

THAT'S A REASON

Flavor no other food can boast—nutlike, delicately tinged with the natural sweetness of rich malt sugar. And the special fresh-from-the-oven crispness of those golden kernels adds zest to the unique Grape-Nuts flavor.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow.

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3 minutes twice a day for teeth . . . that is ample to protect the beauty of your smile

TODAY, practically every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. That is why so many people suffer from tooth decay and gum irritation in spite of faithful care. Think of it! To lose beauty and perhaps health, not through neglect, but because of erroneous, old-fashioned practices.

This is the danger

The trouble is that while ordinary brushing is fully effective *as far as it goes*, it does not go far enough. For no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections such as pyorrhea.

Since mere brushing alone cannot protect you fully, your dentifrice *must* by containing a trustworthy antacid.

Squibb's brings protection

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids at The Danger Line, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

Why should you be content to entrust your teeth and health to a dentifrice less certain to give full protection? The use of Squibb's Dental Cream for three minutes twice a day is ample to guard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum irritations. As an additional precaution, visit your dentist twice a year.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild and delicately flavored. Children delight in it. Get a tube today. Use it on the gums with a soft brush. It will keep them in healthy condition. It contains no grit, astringents or abrasives. Nothing that can hurt the most delicate tissues—only the finest cleansing ingredients and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At druggists—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from whi Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take because it h no earthy taste Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable promoting proper alimentation.

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"I've been hesitating," he said, "between you and Miss Dillon. But I don't want a woman as office manager, and so I am giving the job to you."

Then John H. Bailey, with the job in his hand, spoke.

"Mr. Humphrey," he said, "give Miss Dillon this job. It doesn't matter about her being a woman. She can fill the place better than I can. Give it to her."

After a long conference, Bailey went out. Humphrey sent for Mary Dillon.

She was just twenty-one, and although I dislike applying to a woman of Mary Dillon's ability the adjective "pretty," there is no doubt that she merited it at twenty-one (and still does today at forty-three). Humphrey looked at the girl before him, at her curly hair with its glints of gold, her bright blue eyes and her lovely mouth, and he sighed. She didn't look like an office manager; she looked like a girl any young man might capture at any time—without notice. He said something to this effect.

"All right, then," said Mary Dillon. "I'll give you my word I won't marry."

And thus, upon a pledge of spinsterhood and with John Bailey withdrawing in her favor, Mary Dillon became office manager.

John Bailey is now manager of distribution for the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company and a warm friend of its president. When, as president, Miss Dillon presented Bailey with the medal given by the Company at the end of twenty-five years of service, she told this story.

"You did not know that I knew," she said to Bailey, "but after a time Mr. Humphrey told me. One never knows what might have happened, but I owe you my job. You are a good sportsman!"

Under the title of office manager Mary Dillon served the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company for thirteen years. Her first promotions had been rapid; her growth following was with that of the Company. Mr. Humphrey resigned and was succeeded by Mr. G. H. Woodall. To these two men Mary E. Dillon credits much of her training. Humphrey, the technician, the engineer, the conservative, and Woodall, a liberal, an administrator with a distinct flair for public relationship, guided the young woman in just that combination of qualities essential for an able executive. Both men were generous with their help.

"But that," she assured me, "is true of most of the men I have met in business."

In 1916-1917 the eighty-cent gas rate was ordered by legislative action, for New York. The Brooklyn Borough Gas Company could not do business on an eighty-cent rate. It served a widespread territory. In one section the mains ran for miles without being tapped for service. The Company appealed for a rate decision giving it the right to charge more for gas. The attorney for the Gas Company declared that Miss Dillon knew more about the matter than anyone else and that she would be chief witness for the Company. When Mary Dillon heard that decision, she had for days the awful sensation of fear that almost paralyzes one's tongue and brain. But she never thought of stepping or protesting. Long before, she had evolved a guiding principle that she applied to her job as office manager and to herself as a human being:

"Accept as a gift from Heaven the opportunity to try new work."

The exact relation of the trying of a rate case to a gift from Heaven did not disturb her as she sat day after day at the long mahogany table in the office of Charles Evans Hughes, the referee, and replied to the questions asked her, questions that required every bit of the knowledge she had been accumulating all the sixteen years she had been a gasman. Technical details upon the manufacture of gas, operating expense, cost of laying mains and pipes, distribution area, pressure, topography of the territory served, office expense, peak loads—these formed the basis for question after question which she met and answered readily, calmly, and succinctly.

Before the hearings had ended Mary Dillon was accepted as a sensation. Reporters from newspapers spread her fame far and wide, the attorneys became friendly, those in attendance begged to meet her, and within herself her heart sang. She knew that she had established herself as a gasman.

When her testimony was concluded the city counsel turned to the attorneys present.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if all our witnesses were as well-informed and as honest and fair as this young woman, we would get to the marrow of these rate cases in no time."

When the decision was handed down by Charles E. Hughes, the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company had won its appeal, thanks largely to Mary E. Dillon.

Two years later the general manager of the Company left. Miss Dillon was the obvious person for the vacant place. But the owners of the Company demurred. A woman as an office manager might be possible; as a general manager, it was beyond anything heard of in a gas company. Yet they needed Mary Dillon. For five years she worked on, and the general managership remained an empty title. In fact, she was the general manager, but without recognition.

In 1924, after the five years of service without a title, the Board of Directors made Miss Dillon general manager and vice president. A year later, the controlling interest of the Company was sold and when the new president, Mr. Frank Hulswit, came into office he at once recognized how much the Company owed to Mary Dillon.

Something of the general change in the attitude towards women in industry was reflected in this belated granting of office; for shortly before it had come Miss Dillon married. Her pledge to spinsterhood was long outdated. No one in the Company now objected; no one expected her to resign. But there was considerable curiosity as to the man she had chosen as her husband.

Henry Farber stood inspection well. The curious found him a man who had made a considerable personal success, who was now interested in the coal business, and who bore with perfect equanimity, and even a suspicion of pride, the fact that his wife was a distinguished personality in the gas industry.

"How did you ever live through those years when you did all the work without the title?" I asked her.

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MAKES the finish last LONGER

". . It's wonderful for furniture, too."

Every Car Needs SIMONIZ to Protect the Finish from Exposure

"Just think . . fifteen thousand miles . . in all kinds of weather!" "Compare it with any car that has not been Simonized, and driven half as far. You can readily see what EXPOSURE does to motor car finishes and how valuable is the advice 'Motorists Wise—SIMONIZ,' . . and the sooner, the better. Simoniz makes all finishes, including Duco and lacquers, last longer and keeps colors from fading."

Simonized cars are easily kept bright and beautiful for years because of the lasting protection Simoniz gives the finish from snow, sleet and ice in the winter, and dust, dirt and traffic fumes in the summer.

When finishes are dulled and discolored, use Simoniz Kleener to restore the luster. Then apply Simoniz which provides that distinctively beautiful and lasting protection that resists all weather conditions. Insist on SIMONIZ for your car and your furniture, then they will always look new and beautiful.

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What a cigarette meant there

It took a lot of courage, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted...And now...would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

What a cigarette means *here*

It took a lot of courage, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow . . . we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun—from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.

. . . and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

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. . and yet THEY SATISFY

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Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have this special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
☐ Tar Shampoo
☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 6-B, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"I had not demonstrated my ability sufficiently," she replied, "and I had to remember day after day that no woman had ever occupied such a position, that my fitness for it would have to be shown again and again. It was entirely a question of sex; all precedent, all custom was against me. I was willing to give those five years, or any number of required years, until my demonstration was effective."

There is behind that statement a belief in herself that is sustaining. Mary Dillon's faith has always held her to her work.

To understand her work it is necessary to know something of Coney Island. If you had not seen that great playground for many years and you were taken there via airplane and dropped on the wide boardwalk running along the edge of the ocean, you would never recognize the Coney Island of fifteen years ago. The fifty millions of people who go there each summer must rejoice in this new, clean, and spick-and-span walk, with its shops and bathhouses, its restaurants and amusements. Behind it lives a little of the old Coney Island, but it 's neater and cleaner and smarter. No matter how many thousands of bathers leave their papers upon the sands, the next morning the beach is clean, the walks immaculate. In all of this Mary Dillon's feminine fingers have had a large part. The gas company building is a part of the new plan, not only of exquisite neatness, but of personal service, for Miss Dillon makes a special point of having her customers well treated. Any one of them can see her for the asking. And often they do ask. Not long ago a man who had just moved to the Island brought his wife with him to ask that his house be supplied with gas.

"My child is seek," he said, waving his arms wildly; "we musta have the gas . . and queek! queek!" Then he turned to his wife and ordered, "Now, you cry! Cry, do you hear, cry!"

Miss Dillon managed to stop the demonstration by promising gas at once, and the pair went away, talking of a "nice present" if the gas went on. "Nice presents" to the office are many. They have included a quantity of fresh liver wrapped in a newspaper, bags of rolls, candy, and on one occasion the treasurer of the Company was awarded a dime. In order to avoid hurting customers' feelings, these small gifts were accepted.

ALL Coney Island knows the gas company building, not only as a building but as a general meeting-place. If there is need for a clearing house, a general discussion, the gas offices are mutual ground.

If anyone asks Miss Dillon how a utility company can do this and if the cost is not considerable, she points out that the cost is merely a little extra janitor and porter service and that the Company profits in good will. When she spoke to the American Gas Association in 1924 she said:

"This business of ours has such varied and absorbing problems of engineering, accounting, and finance that in the solution we are likely to lose sight of the fact that they constitute just one half of the show. *These* matters are handled with the highest degree of efficiency, and they should be, for they have had the almost

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INTRODUCING AN ENTIRELY NEW LINE

FRANKLIN ANNOUNCES

SENSATIONAL NEW PRICES

The One-Thirty

A spacious car of traditional Franklin quality; powered by a high compression, six-cylinder, (3¼" x 4¾") air-cooled motor, famed for road and hill records. The Sedan priced at $2180

$2180

The One-Thirty-Five

Longer wheelbase; larger bodies; added luxuries; new, silent transmission; new, more powerful, six-cylinder, air-cooled motor, (3½" x 4¾"). The Sedan priced at $2485

$2485

The One-Thirty-Seven

Seven-passenger bodies—unusually commodious, on long wheelbase and wide tread; new, silent transmission; powered by the larger motor. The Sedan priced at $2775

$2775

AN EXPANSION PROGRAM which produces revolutionary new standards in fine car values—greatly widening both the advantages and the appeal of Franklin air-cooling, riding comfort, easy control, road speed and beauty.

These smart, new Franklins present quality features never before combined in one automobile.

Style-setting body designs; broadcloth upholstery of newest mode; clear-vision corner pillars; non-shatter windshield; full-elliptic springs; hydraulic spring controls; counter-balanced, case-hardened, seven-bearing crankshaft; hydraulic brakes; automatic valve oiling; non-tarnish chromium plating—

All these emphasize this fact—the luxury of air-cooled motoring has reached a new high point—and at prices as much as $600 less than any former prices of corresponding Franklin types.

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ALL PRICES F. O. B. SYRACUSE

THE ONE-THIRTY-FIVE
Sedan $2485 · Convertible Coupe $2610
Coupe $2510 · Victoria Brougham $2595
Sport Sedan $2625

THE ONE-THIRTY
Sedan $2180 · Coupe $2160

THE ONE-THIRTY-SEVEN
Sedan $2775 · Limousine $2970
Sport Touring $2785 · Touring-7 $2870
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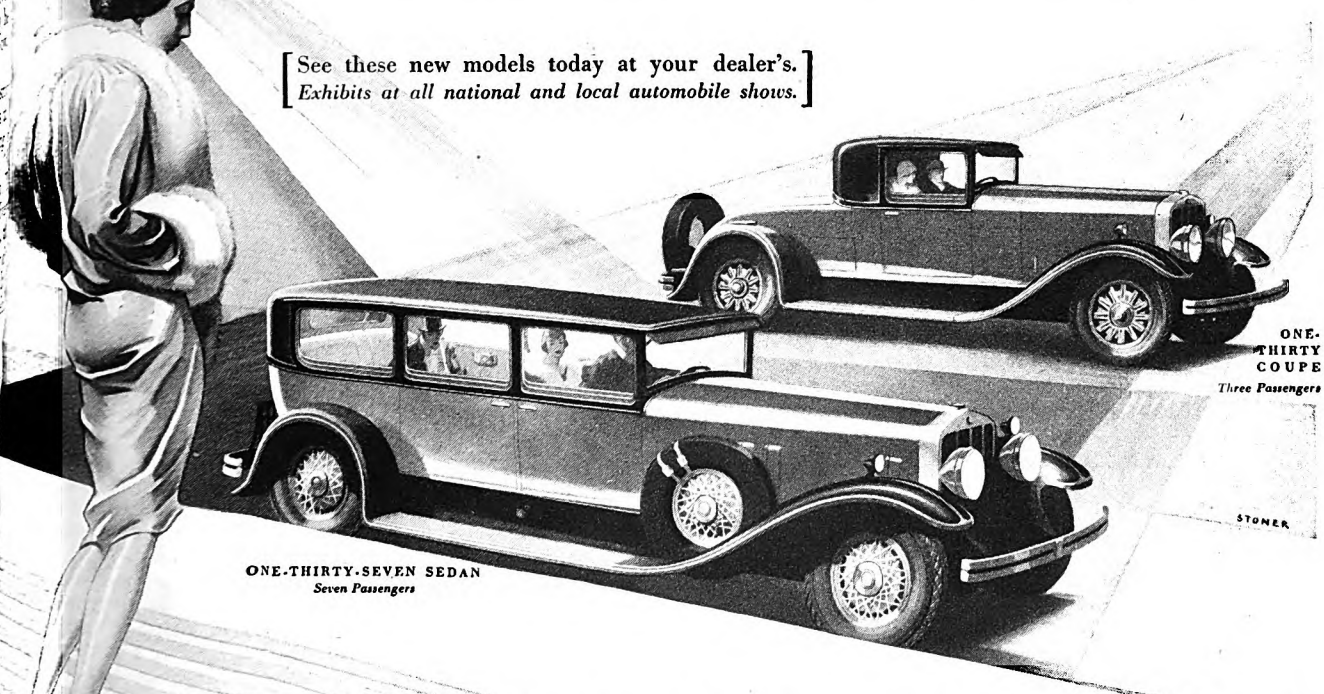
[See these new models today at your dealer's.
Exhibits at all national and local automobile shows.]



ONE-THIRTY COUPE
Three Passengers

ONE-THIRTY-SEVEN SEDAN
Seven Passengers

FRANKLIN

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Will You Be Clerk or Manager Ten Years from Now?

SURELY, this could never happen to *me,*" you say—"that I should be sitting at the same desk—be doing the same work, *for ten straight years!*"

But wait a minute—

Exactly the same thing is happening to thousands upon thousands of men throughout the country. It has probably happened to men right in the company you now are working for. *And—unless you deliberately fit yourself for a better job—there is a very good chance that it will happen to you!*

Unthinkable? That's what R. M. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y., said to himself. Yet lack of training kept him slaving away at low wages for more than twenty years . . .

Trebled His Salary in Three Years

—For more than twenty years, till finally, at the age of 47, *and still receiving only thirty dollars a week,* R. M. Whitney resolved to be a bookkeeper no longer. He enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, and completed the course. Almost immediately came the offer of a bigger job.

Less than three years later, the Davenport Machine Tool Company—*the very company he had worked for as a clerk*—invited him to come back. He returned as Auditor, at a salary-increase of better than 300 per cent.

Today, he is Treasurer of this great company; and in a letter to LaSalle, after commenting on the opportunities LaSalle affords to men in their forties or early fifties, he adds, "And for the *young* man, who is just getting a foothold in the business world, LaSalle Extension University training is the most profitable investment he could make."

Says Good-bye to Clerkship—Now Heads Successful Firm

We have told you about a man who *waited*—at a cost to himself of probably not less than $100,000. Now consider the experience of a younger man—G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois—

Eshelman was occupying a subordinate position in the purchasing department of a manufacturing concern—salary $16 a week. Visualizing the opportunities for skilled accountants, he enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

"Through this training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department and often remained after working hours watching the Auditor at his work. Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant, employing other accountants. It is sufficient to say that my present income is *many, many times greater than when I enrolled.*"

Send For These Two Books and Start Toward Real Success

Need you hear more before you investigate the opportunities in Accountancy? Shall we tell you about Hyde—or Gray—or McDuffie—all of them commanding incomes better than $10,000 a year *and all of them still young men?*

Or will you face the problem of your future NOW—and send to LaSalle and get further facts and particulars?

Without cost or obligation, the coupon will bring you two books—one a 64-page book entitled, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays;" the other, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

How about those next ten years—will you wait, or will you START TODAY to realize the opportunities that lie ahead of you through sound and practical home-study business training?

Measure your grit and ambition by what you do with this coupon—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Through LaSalle

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Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

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- ☐ Business Management.
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
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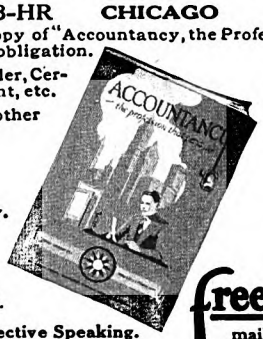
- ☐ Traffic Management.
- ☐ Railway Station Management.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence.
- ☐ Industrial Management.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship.
- ☐ Personnel Management.
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Banking and Finance.
- ☐ Stenography—Stenotypy.
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence.
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.
- ☐ Business English.
- ☐ Commercial Law.
- ☐ Effective Speaking.
- ☐ Commercial Spanish.



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Name Present Position Address

undivided attention of the cream of the gas industry for many years. I firmly believe that if the gas industry were to develop and follow a technique in dealing with its public comparable in excellence with that which it now employs in the manufacture and distribution of its products, the politicians would find other texts to serve their purposes, and our lawyers could take a rest at their own expense."

"We all try to do what Miss Dillon is doing," said an officer of one of the biggest gas companies.

As a pioneer in an industry which at her entry was practically closed to women, she has felt keenly the responsibility to her sex. In her company, there is no discrimination against women as such; offices depend entirely upon efficiency. In fact, they are rather evenly divided between men and women. At present the vice president is a man, the secretary and the treasurer are women, the general superintendent is a man. But even in the manufacturing end of the business, Mary Dillon sees no bar to women workers. She herself is familiar with the gas plant; it was she who insisted that it should be as neat and attractive as possible. Its sun light-yellow painted walls and clear floor and its meticulous order are of her planning. This year a garden lies at its base.

"Business is in many cases dreary and drab," she said. "It needs all the color women can bring to it. All the social grace they have acquired in the administration of their homes is wanted there."

Her views on women employees are novel and refreshing.

"I prefer married women," she said, "because they are more stable, more full natured and usually more in earnest. No woman loses her job here because she marries. And if she wishes to have a baby she can obtain a leave of absence for that purpose and later return to her place. In no case has their value altered except for the better."

FOR a year and a half I have been in touch with Miss Dillon with this article in mind. In that time I have just begun to get acquainted with the real woman. Affable, pleasant, interested in you and your mission, and with a warmth and friendliness, she still conveys an impression that within herself she is living more deeply and more fully in the vision of the future than in either present or past. It was hard for Mary Dillon to talk of her childhood and girlhood, and she had some difficulty in recalling as many of the details as I have given here.

"I don't do it at all well," she said. "I am sorry. I think—" she hesitated. "It is because I am too young. I am only three," she added, smiling, as if to clear any misapprehension upon my part. "Perhaps that is not really young, but things that are past do not interest me particularly. I may enjoy looking back when I am—say, sixty-three. Now my eyes on the present and future. Tremendous changes are taking place in the industrial structure of the world, and the builders are men of daring, of prophetic vision. How they will deal with the problems that are coming—not those of property but those that concern the human element—is and will be of the most interest to me."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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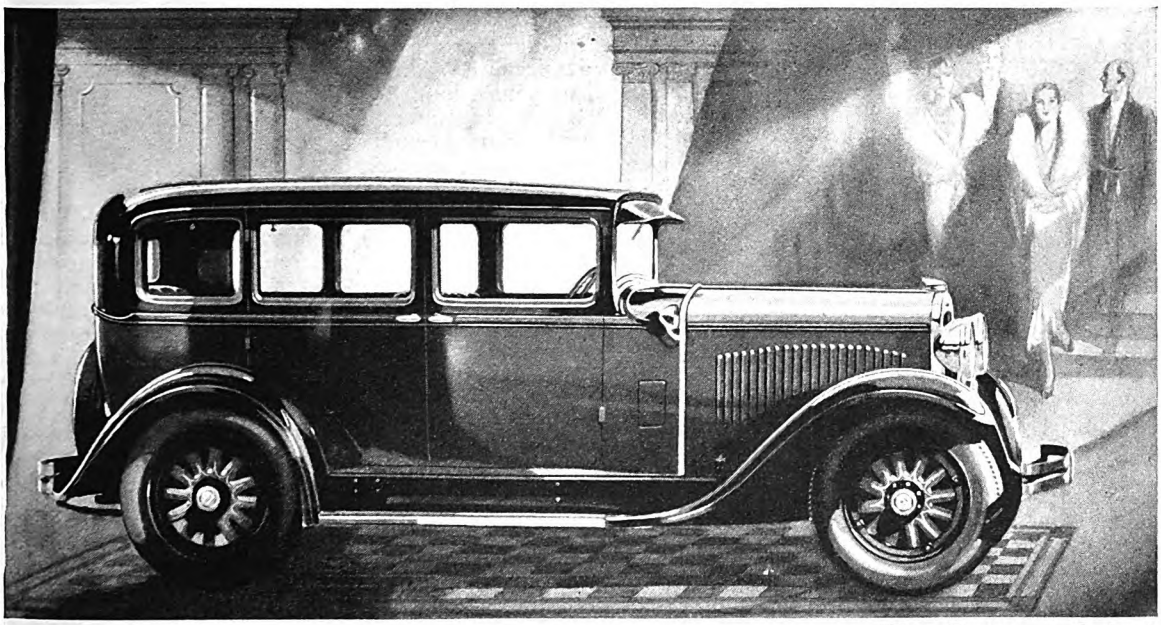
New Dodge Brothers Six

presented by Walter P. Chrysler



(*Five-Passenger Sedan*)

The Greatest Value in Dodge Brothers History

Dodge Brothers Six typifies that genius in engineering and craftsmanship which characterizes all Chrysler-built cars.

In new beauty, in sparkling performance, in superior comfort, in safety, and in luxury of detail, it is a supreme addition to the long-time prestige of Dodge Brothers.

Now being shown by Dodge Brothers Dealers everywhere

Introduced in this new Dodge Brothers Six are more than a score of important betterments including the exclusive *Monopiece Body*—a sensational development which revolutionizes body construction.

In eight new-model body styles, the new Dodge Brothers Six awaits your judgment—a car that today reaches far into the future to bring to you fuller and broader measures of value. Just see it.

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Have You Progressed during the past 3 years?

FEW people are really satisfied with the honest answer. The question is bluntly asked to induce men and women to undertake study at home. Thousands of people realize that they should study at home—but never start. These thousands intend to prepare themselves better for their work or their enjoyment of life—but they delay. They *know* that they would progress faster, and enjoy life more, but still they postpone.

Columbia University, as one of the world's leading educational institutions, *urges* you to use part of your time to increase by study your capacity to do better the things that lie before you in life. Your days may be so full that you have little time for directed study but for most people there are many hours during which profitable, enjoyable, and interesting knowledge can be acquired. The range of subjects offered is wide.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Offers Home Study Courses of University Grade in the Following Subjects:

Accounting
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American Government
American History
American Literature
Applied Grammar
Astronomy
Banking
Biblical Literature
Biology
Botany
Boy Scouting
Business Administration
Business English
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Business Mathematics
Business Organization
Chemistry
Child Psychology
Classics
Composition
Dramatic
English
Various Languages
Lyric Poetry
Contemporary Novel
Drafting
Drama
Drawing and Painting
Economics
Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
European History
Fire Insurance
French
Geometry
German
Government
Grammar
Greek
Harmony
History
Italian
Juvenile Story Writing
Latin
Literature
Magazine Article Writing
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Mathematics
Personnel Administration
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THESE courses have been prepared by our instructors to meet the special requirements of study at home. While all basic material essential to the full understanding of each subject is fully covered, sufficient elasticity is allowed to permit adaptation to the individual needs of the student. Everyone who enrolls for a Columbia course is personally taught by a member of the University teaching staff. Special arrangements can be made for group study.

The University will send on request full information about these home study courses. A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter briefly outlining your educational interests our instructors may be able to offer helpful suggestions. Mention subjects which are of interest to you, even if they are not listed here because additions to the courses offered are made from time to time.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES

COLUMBIA University Home Study Department has prepared courses covering the equivalent of four years of High School study. This complete High School or College Preparatory training is available to those who can not undertake class room work. We shall be glad to send you our special bulletin on request.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, University Extension—Home Study Department, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subject: Amer. Mag. 2-29

.....

Name.....

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City.....State.....Occupation.....

2357

George Washington—Business Man

(*Continued from page 17*)

very profitable enterprise, and that it did not was through no fault of his.

"That the idea and the route were sound enough, however, is shown by the fact that the immediate successors of the Potomac River Company were the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

"It is also worthy of mention that Washington's original superintendent on the Potomac job was James Rumsey, who made the first successful experiments with driving vessels by a propeller instead of by paddle wheels. Washington was so taken by Rumsey's plans for a steamboat that he did all in his power to forward its construction, many years before Fulton's 'Clermont' steamed up the Hudson.

"THESE, in rough outline, are a few of the larger ventures in which Washington engaged. In all he proved himself a great administrator, a wise adventurer on promising undertakings, a shrewd money-maker, able to conduct large negotiations, if necessary, without opening his mouth about them until the proper time. Of course, Washington never formulated his money-making rules in so many words. But the principles are implicit in what he did and said, day in and day out through the years. Seven rules stand out prominently. Let us consider them in some detail, one by one.

"(1) *Early in life, Washington got hold of a worthy line of activity, and he bent his efforts unflaggingly in the direction of this activity.*

"From the age of twenty-one, when he crossed the Alleghenies in midwinter on a mission to warn the French out of the Ohio Valley, until his dying day, he had one great idea. It was that the Colonies on the coast must be tied by commerce and transportation to the valleys beyond the mountains.

"For forty years he pursued this idea. His business activities, his engineering projects, his speculative ventures, all in some degree grew out of this idea and tended to promote it. He built roads, fought wars, bought lands, encouraged settlement, planned canals and constructed them, in order to connect the Potomac with the Ohio and the James with the Kanawha, to make the latent productivity of the interior realizable, and to tie its commerce with that of the coast.

"Washington, in common with other 'empire developers' was a map-thinker, or, as Alexander Hamilton said, he 'thought continentally.' He visioned the rich country beyond the Alleghenies as it had revealed itself to him on many venturesome journeys, and knew that it was bound to develop. He once said prophetically that settlers would pour into that country faster than one would believe possible. He even foresaw the time, as he once said in a letter to Patrick Henry, when settlers would take up the land right across the continent to California.

"Writing to Lafayette just after the Revolution, he told of a great trip that he hoped to take, including a journey through the Lakes to Detroit, 'thence to Lake Michigan by land or water, thence through the Western Country by the River Illinois to the River Mississippi, and down the same to New Orleans.' Thus his imagination worked. And in bringing the dream to practical realization, he had the central idea from which much of his fortune grew.

"(2) *Washington was careful about exacting value, and giving it. He performed his contracts and promises according to the spirit as well as the letter, even when doing so involved heavy losses.*

"Washington hated a mean spirit. In 1760, one year after his marriage, when he was devoting most of his time to his farm and to building up his estate after the close of the French and Indian War, a characteristically brief and pungent remark is to be found in his diary. He wrote:

January 1, Tuesday

Visited my Plantations and received an Instance of Mr. French's great Love of Money in disappointing me of some Pork because the price had risen to 22.6 after he had engaged to let me have it at 20 s.

"On another occasion, Washington was trying to buy a farm from a man named Clifton. The latter agreed to sell for eleven hundred and fifty pounds, but later reneged 'under pretence of his wife not consenting to acknowledge her right of dower . . . and by his shuffling behavior convinced me of his being the trifling body represented.' When, after a while, Washington learned that Clifton had disposed of the property to another man for twelve hundred pounds, he was thoroughly disgusted and confided to his diary the opinion 'that he was nothing less than a thorough paced rascal.'

"Washington hated shiftiness and all appearance of it, and judged men by the sense of honor in carrying out a bargain. It was not what the law might hold him to, but what his conscience declared was right. During the Revolution, owing to his inability to look after his own affairs he suffered serious losses. He wrote to a relative that he made no money from his estate during the nine years he was absent from it—'and brought none home with me. Those who owed me—for the greater part—took advantage of the depreciation and paid me off with sixpence on the pound.' (Two and one-half cents on the dollar!)

"WASHINGTON, on the other hand, paid his debts, which just then were not small, at twenty shillings on the pound and with interest. He did this promptly, and with pride. To do so, he had to sell his best farm and one of his best investments, a block of stock in the Bank of England.

"When, however, it was a case of somebody trying to cheat him of something justly due, he could be firm enough in holding his rights. More than once, Washington went to law to protect what he considered his rights, or to check impositions.

"In affairs involving public trust, Washington's practice was beyond reproach. Indeed, he was inclined to lean backward

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Head and shoulders above the crowd

a face that's FIT

Williams has spent eighty-nine years of specialized study in developing products that make for quick, smooth shaving. Products that help vitally in keeping *Faces Fit!*

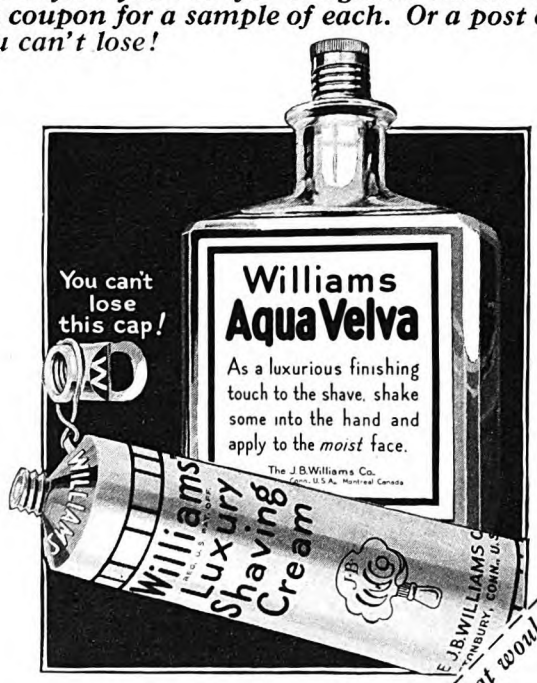
And the best formula for *Face Fitness* is this,—first, Williams Shaving Cream; then, Aqua Velva.

Williams Cream is pure with the purity of triple distilled ingredients. With not one atom of artificial color. Incomparably (*incomparably!*) mild. Absorbs, *by actual test,* 10 per cent more moisture than any other cream we know of, with all the super softening power such extra moisture brings. With a glow of satisfaction you watch it rise quickly, in thick, smooth creaminess, beneath your lather brush.

Then Aqua Velva! Made scientifically and expressly for the newly shaven surface. First it gives a sprightly tingle. Then it cares for nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Protects from outdoor wind and weather, indoor dryness. Prevents chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, keeping it flexible, pliant to the touch. Keeping it, as Williams lather *leaves* it, all day long well conditioned and *Fit!*

Try this Williams shaving service,—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Millions of well groomed faces the world over bear cheerful witness to their virtues.

Test the truth of what we say, if you wish. Use Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva 5 or 10 days before you vote for or against them. Send the coupon for a sample of each. Or a post card. You can't lose!



JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. A19, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

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coming to NEW YORK?

"make this statement as *emphatic* as you can"

. . . . *said the new management*

WE'VE spent $2,000,000 to modernize completely the McAlpin Hotel—from top to bottom—inside and outside.

"It's now a NEW hotel in every sense—beautifully furnished with new, modern furniture, carpets, draperies and interior decorations, high speed elevators—in fact the world-famous McAlpin might well be called New York's NEWEST Hotel.

"But that's not all—make this statement to old McAlpin friends and to every New York visitor:

***"We not only promise 100% satisfactory service; we guarantee it. How? We will promptly correct or adjust any complaint or difficulty to* YOUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION!"**

On your next trip to New York, stop at the McAlpin and enjoy the utmost in luxurious, immaculate accommodations, courteous service and excellent cuisine.

FRANK A. DUGGAN
President and Managing Director

new rates!

ROOMS with BATH

from* $3.50 *per day

***McAlpin Rates* NEVER VARY—*in each room is plainly posted the* RATE OF THAT ROOM**

HOTEL McALPIN

ONE BLOCK FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION

B'WAY *at* 34*th* ST

Never a penny of his fortune came unearned from the public purse. The money that he gained in the public service was used up in the public service—and more too. He gave to his country not only his services, but also the sacrifice of all that he might have made had he gone about his private business.

"The Revolution was a nine-year period of continuous service, but he would take no pay as commander-in-chief, and accepted reimbursement only for his actual expenses. As President, his account books show that his income did not equal his outgo. The President's salary then was twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

"A favorite form of investment with Washington was bank stocks. But he would not purchase any stock in the Bank of the United States—though he considered it a splendid opportunity—because he had signed the bill creating the bank and the investment might have been construed as using his public office for personal gain.

"The Legislature of Virginia in 1785 passed a law presenting him with one hundred shares, worth ten thousand dollars, in the James River Company, and fifty shares, worth twenty-five thousand dollars, in the Potomac River Company, in recognition of his services in the Revolution and also in promoting inland navigation. But he would not accept these shares, and in his will stated the reason: that to do so would be 'inconsistent with a principle which I had adopted, and had never departed from, namely—not to receive pecuniary compensation for any services I could render my country in its arduous struggle with Great Britain.'

"(3) *Washington ran his business affairs by exact knowledge. He always knew where he stood. He kept complete records of receipts and expenditures, and of all business transactions.*

"About two years before his death, Washington wrote a letter of fatherly advice to his wife's grandson, his own adopted son, G. W. P. Custis, then a sixteen-year-old boy in school. In part he said:

> Another thing I would recommend to you—not that I want to know how you spend your money—and that is, to keep an account book, and enter therein every farthing of your receipts and expenditures, the doing of which will initiate you into a habit from which considerable advantage would result. Where no account of this sort is kept there can be no investigation, no correction of errors, no discovery, from a recurrence thereto, where too much or too little has been appropriated to particular uses. From an early attention to these matters important and lasting benefits may follow.

"ALL his life, Washington followed the advice he gave young Custis. His ledgers 'A' and 'B' are famous among historians. They cover nearly half a century, from 1749 to 1792, and the first was begun when he was only eighteen. They form one of our direct sources of information about his business. We now know too that he began keeping his accounts carefully even earlier. Tucked away in the collection of Washingtoniana owned by Mr. Lloyd W. Smith, of New York, I came across the original 'little ledger' that Washington began using when he was only fifteen years old.

"The first quaint entry, a debit on September 10, 1747, reads as follows:

Thomas Turner. To Cash, won at billiards £0.1.3

"He kept accounts with relatives and others. Against his half brother Augustine he charges:

1748
9ber To Cash won at Whist down at Nomony 7.6

Per Contra

1748
9ber By One Bottle of Peach Brandy 1.3.
Feby. 5, By Cash in Full —

"The remaining entries in the book are items of cash disbursements made in attending to business for his mother, brother, and Mr. Fairfax. They are intensely interesting, for they show in the most vivid way Washington's early prudence in handling money.

"CLEAR to the end of his life, Washington kept most of his books himself except during the Presidency, when he was too busy. It was his habit to rise very early (four in summer and five in winter) and his writing before breakfast. He made most of his business letters in duplicate, having a letter press for that purpose; some of his most important letters were drafted first in a rough copy and then laboriously transcribed. It is doubtful any other great man of history has left so many documents written in his own hand.

"(4) *Washington kept his liabilities low as compared with his assets, and as far as possible avoided debt, unless it was contracted for some well-considered undertaking with an attractive promise of profit.*

"Like many business men engaged in promoting expanding enterprises, Washington was often pressed for cash, because he had plenty of work for all the money he could lay his hands on. He did borrow small sums to tide him over temporary emergencies, usually of a personal character, and it is well known that at the time he was called to the Presidency he had to borrow several hundred pounds to finance himself in proper style. But the debts were always paid as promptly as possible, and in his larger enterprises Washington had an excellent head for proper proportion.

"At the time of his death, although he had not yet been able to get his affairs in shipshape order after his long absences, his debts amounted to about twenty-thousand dollars. This was small, considering the size of his estate. In the language of bankers, his ratio of assets to liabilities was something like forty to one, a fine state of affairs. In his will, Washington's first provision was for the speedy and punctual payment of his debts, which,' he wrote, 'there are but few, if none of magnitude.'

"He necessarily made a few exceptions to his rule about debt. When he finally came back to Mount Vernon to put his affairs in order, expecting never to go more than twenty miles from the place again, he was not left in the peace he desired. Many calls were made on his time and purse. One, for example, which he felt obligated to undertake as a public venture, was the building of two houses in the new capital city, Washington, to provide quarters for members of Congress when the seat of government was moved thither. These houses cost, altogether

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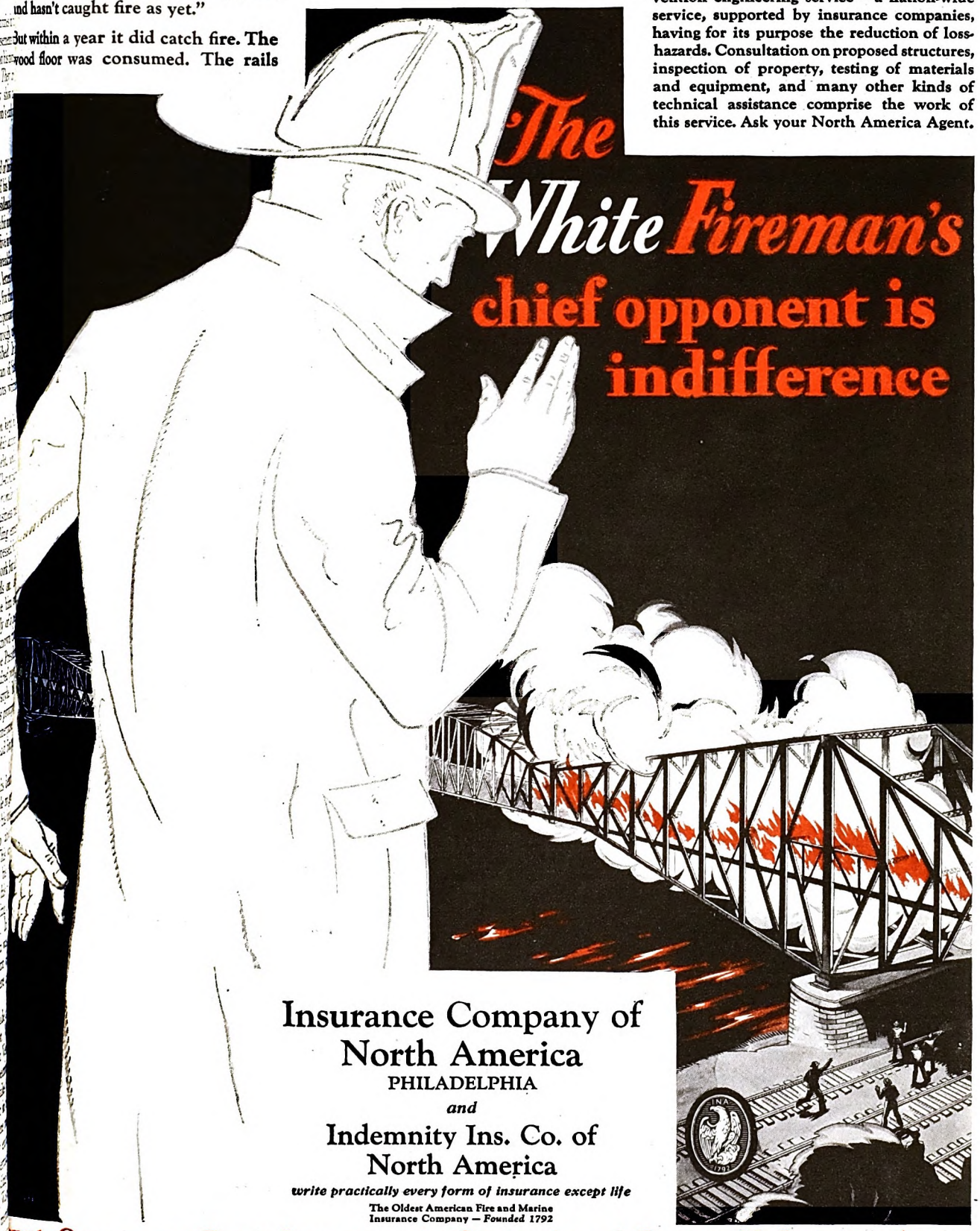
A BRIDGE. A main artery for three railroads and an important highway link. No other crossing within fifty miles. The White Fireman advised the installation of a pipe line with outlets at various points along the span as a protection against fire. Simple. Inexpensive. But the owners said, "Why should we go to the trouble? The bridge has been there twenty years and hasn't caught fire as yet."

But within a year it did catch fire. The wood floor was consumed. The rails and steel work were warped and twisted. Traffic was re-routed. Shipping was demoralized. Hundreds of thousands of dollars wasted, which a few hundred might have saved.

The White Fireman is an experienced loss-prevention engineer — a specialist in reducing fire-hazards. He has helped thousands of owners to make their properties more fire-safe. Frequently the acceptance of his recommendations has resulted in considerable savings in insurance premiums. But where there exists an indifference to fire danger, his best efforts may be nullified.

WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service — a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.



Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life
The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company — *Founded 1792*

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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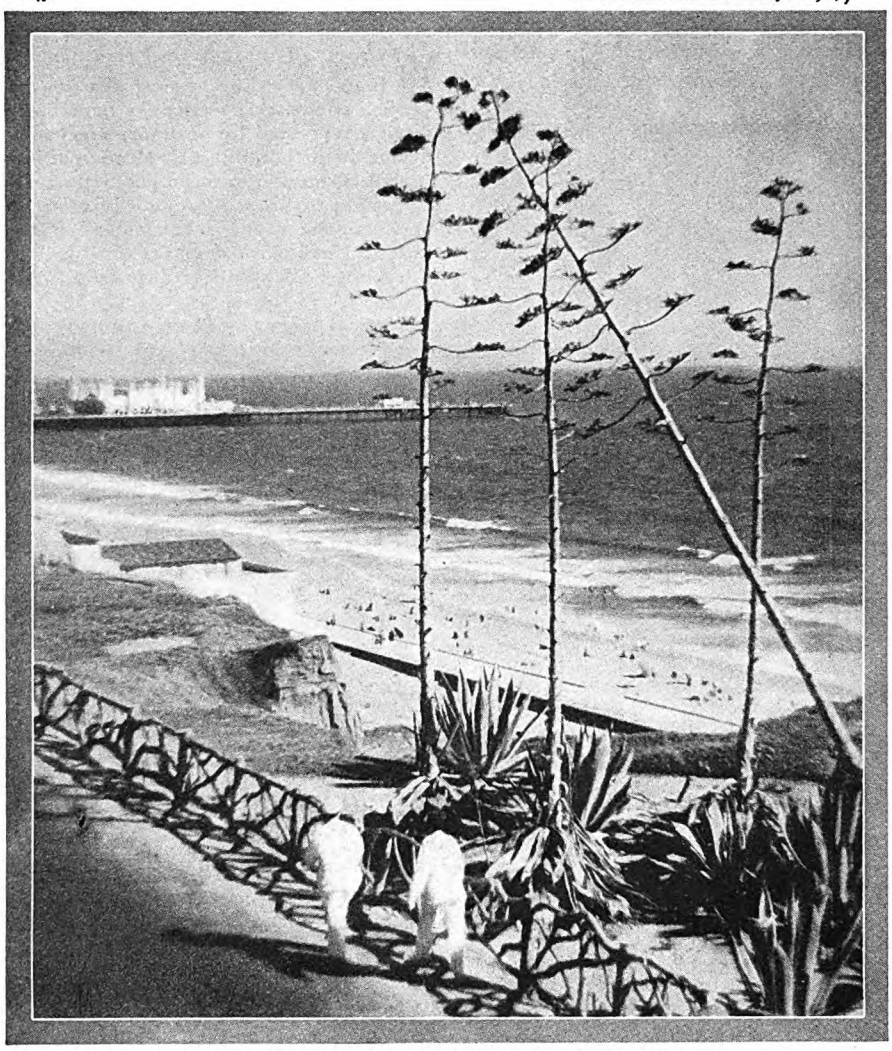
in the dimness of boundless distance

ASIA!

(by an Easterner who came to Southern California early in 1927)



Not the North African shore, but the Palisades at Santa Monica, a few miles from the heart of Los Angeles

SNOW PEAKS sheltering Southern California's golden orange valleys overflowed my cup of astonishment that last day on the train. But next morning the Pacific's plea became insistent; I found myself on Santa Monica's palisades!

At last—*the Pacific!* Childhood dreams rewarded! Gorgeous color, placidity, friendly warmth, sparkling winter sunshine—everything! No ocean ever gave me that urge! In the dimness of boundless distance—ASIA! What a sensation; a feeling of awe! Truly, a place to let imagination go wild!

That was two years ago—two years away from a "joy farm" out of New York City! Each trip to some particular close-by wonderland—whether the High Sierra, to Death Valley's lowest sink, the ever-fascinating Pacific, through the orange orchards or to Old Spanish Missions—makes me gladder I am alive—*in Southern California!*

Such winter and summer days and nights, such all-year flowers, such diversions! If you could feel its call as I do now; if, you knew the joys that might be yours! Well—you'd come for a vacation—quick!

And, Los Angeles with its Hollywood; gay hotels, great theatres, fascinating cafes—cosmopolitan to the core! Even the richness of Los Angeles County is bewildering. Billion dollar oil fields; agricultural products that annually approximate $95,000,000!

As you read this, "spring" is just around the corner in Southern California. Pack up—and come—now! That's what I did. The desert will be blooming as you arrive! I'll never forget that sight—*nor will you!*

Send immediately for a free new and authentic book of 73 large pictures—"Southern California through the Camera" showing exactly what you'll see here winter and summer.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 2-M
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ San Diego
☐ Riverside ☐ Ventura

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

about fifteen thousand dollars, more than Washington anticipated, and he had to borrow at the bank of Alexandria in order to finish paying the contractor. A part of this debt remained unpaid at the time of his death, which occurred a few months later, and was settled by the executors.

"(5) *No man, Washington knew, grows rich by himself alone, but by coöperation with others. He made a practice of choosing subordinates or associates with the greatest care—trusted them implicitly—checked up their performance unfailingly.*

"Once, as a surveyor, he had an experience with a helper that served as a warning and guide all his life. In those days, instead of a chain to measure distances, it was customary to use a rod made of a young sapling cut sixteen and a half feet long. Either maliciously or carelessly, this helper cut his rod only fifteen feet long. Washington did not discover the fact for two days. Then he had to resurvey and repeat all of the two days' work. The incident tended to make him careful about subordinates ever after.

"IT IS not generally realized that Washington had a high temper. Even his friends, many of them, never knew it. But there were a few historic times when he did 'fly off the handle' completely, and almost all of them were occasioned by a subordinate's failing to carry out some carefully given instructions, thereby endangering larger plans.

"Washington was a good judge of men and had a wide knowledge of them. He seldom picked a helper who failed him seriously, and part of the secret no doub was that he never failed others. He received what he gave. But he always kep the threads of his important affairs, eve when entrusted to others, close in hanc At Mount Vernon he often spent six an eight hours daily in the saddle, inspectin planning, directing; and, besides, he i sisted on regular, detailed reports fro each superintendent.

"(6) *In making investments, Washin ton's rule was to choose something that knew about, preferably something close hand, or of such a character that he cou watch it closely.*

"He found most of his investment o portunities in the conditions immediate about him, because here he could rely personal knowledge. Mount Vernon, already pointed out, was the first prope of considerable size that he owned, and was his home for more than fifty years amounted to about twenty-seven hundi acres when he inherited it, but it gr under his hand to eight thousand ac before he died. Similarly, the Poton River flowed past his door, and one of great undertakings, involving a conside ble cash investment, was the Poton River Company.

"His investments in lands were nea all made after personal inspection and s vey; this was true even of many of th located beyond the mountains. He did find these distant properties such g investments, however, as those neare hand. Once he wrote:

"'From the experience of many yea have found distant property in land n pregnant of perplexities than profit.'

"Badly-bitten long-distance specula of recent booms will probably agree him.

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Allentown, Pa.
Albany, N. Y.
Altoona, Pa.
Atlanta, Ga.
Bakersfield, Cal.
Baltimore, Md.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Charleston, W. Va.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clarksburg, W. Va.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Texas
Danville, Ill.
Dayton, Ohio
Decatur, Ill.
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Elmira, N. Y.
Erie, Pa.
Fresno, Cal.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Gary, Ind.
Hartford, Conn.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Louisville, Ky.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Madison, Wis.
Manchester, N. H.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N. J.
New York, N. Y.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plattsburg, N. Y.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Reading, Pa.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rock Island, Ill.
Sacramento, Cal.
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
St. Louis, Mo.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Toronto, Canada
Utica, N. Y.
Watertown, N. Y.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Williamsport, Pa.
Wilmington, Del.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Youngstown, Ohio

This is an advertisement based on opportunity and prompted by appreciation. For further information regarding this opportunity address your letters Manager, Air-Way Branch of (nearest of the cities listed above).

To Men Who Live Within 150 Miles Of These 64 Large Cities

Expansion Plans Of A National Organization Offer New Opportunities For Intelligent, Able Men Of Character Who Can Measure Up To The High Standards Of This Business

BECAUSE of a request made by one grateful man who had appreciated his opportunity and made the most of it, the major Air-Way Branches in 64 large cities are offering to men who can meet requirements and follow instructions similar opportunities for increased incomes in a dignified and permanent business. These opportunities are available to men who live in the cities listed above and in communities of 5000 or more located within a radius of 150 miles of these cities. Appointments and interviews may be arranged by writing the managers as directed above and referring to this article.

Manufacturers have introduced a remarkable new invention, the Air-Way Sanitary System, which has met with such a wonderful reception in American homes that factory production space was more than tripled in one year. Within a brief space of time, these producers have reached a position of leadership in the industry. An unusual and meritorious product, covered by exclusive patents and merchandised by modern, effective methods has made that possible.

Today the Air-Way Electric Appliance Corporation has huge modern factories, employing hundreds of men and women, producing the Air-Way Sanitary System exclusively. The stability of the manufacturers is reflected in the authorized capital stock of $3,000,000 in preferred and 500,000 shares of no-par common stock. Highest financial ratings have been given the corporation by the Dun and Bradstreet mercantile agencies and men interested are invited to inspect these ratings.

Hundreds of thousands of Air-Way Sanitary Systems have been sold in the past few years in a rather limited territory, as the Corporation is establishing itself by conservative methods. The Air-Way has supplanted present-day methods, and, in many instances, rendered existing equipment obsolete. This service has been satisfactorily rendered not only in homes but also in hotels, apartment buildings, schools and universities, municipal and state offices and in other institutions and places so well known that for obvious reasons mention is not permitted. Society leaders in scores of cities have purchased Air-Ways for their homes. The list of Air-Way owners reads almost like "Who's Who" and satisfactory service rendered to these owners has created invaluable good will and led to other sales.

With all of this wonderful success, the surface has been merely scratched, as the occupant of every electrified home is a prospect for Air-Way. There can be no substitute for this equipment. Its exclusive features are covered by patents. Thousands of home makers when acquainted with its services, discarded the equipment which Air-Way made antiquated.

During the time that the Corporation was building for the expansion program which is now announced, hundreds of men have found in this business real opportunities to get out of the rut of routine. They found their earning powers were not limited by a time-clock, but by their own ambitions. During October one Air-Way man, H. S. Daumit of Youngstown, Ohio, earned more than $2,000 in cash, and, when payments are completed, his record for that month will show close to $3,000 as paid to him—and October was his fourth month in the business.

This business does not require experience of any particular sort. Mechanics, salesmen, ministers, university professors, government employees, bond salesmen, newspaper men, clerks and men from all walks of life have made good at it. They were trained in Air-Way methods and were willing to follow instructions. These instructions outline Air-Way methods which are founded on practical experience and are imparted by men who have proved their effectiveness.

Hundreds of men have more than doubled their incomes in this business. Men who dreamed of owning homes, autos and luxuries have seen their dreams realized with Air-Way earnings.

These facts can be substantiated at any Air-Way branch office. Actual names of men will be given to those who investigate with sincerity and good faith.

When you write or call at an Air-Way office, you will be received courteously and given, without expense to you, complete details and instructions which will enable you within a very short time to enter this business and make your own career.

Address your letters to Manager Air-Way Branch of nearest of 64 cities listed to arrange appointment for an interview.

These Men Increased Their Incomes In Air-Way

IN ORDER to present a fair picture of earning possibilities in Air-Way, the following instances were selected at random without thought for naming those who received highest incomes. In other words, the record holders were deliberately omitted.

The successes recorded here are those of men who entered Air-Way without investment of any capital other than their time in this business. Richard Deckert of Baltimore was formerly proprietor of an automobile repair shop. During the year ending November 1, 1928, his earnings averaged $406 a month. Earl Totten of Peoria, Illinois, formerly with a railway express company at $140 a month, averaged $604 per month for his first year in Air-Way. Frank E. Judkins, formerly in the real estate business in Cleveland, earned $5700 during the year ending November 1, 1928. In Detroit, Otto Kaess, former factory worker, averaged $345 a month over a twelve-month period. In Los Angeles, H. E. Brown, during his first seven months showed average earnings of $430. Over a three-month period, L. A. Martin of Plattsburg, New York, averaged $315. The consistency and permanence of the business is shown by W. C. Kemp's average earnings of $400 per month over a three and one-half year period in St. Louis. J. H. Bergman of the Air-Way Branch of Buffalo, in eighteen months, has averaged $364 a month, and D. C. Mackey averaged $101 per week in Meadville and New Castle, Pa., over a period of one year.

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"Washington had a special liking for bank stocks as investments, based mostly on a favorable experience that he had with a block of Bank of England stock. His dividends on this, and on other bank stocks that he acquired, were paid regularly year after year, and in his will he made a point of recommending that his executors buy additional bank stocks for certain purposes.

"As a general thing, Washington placed his faith and his money in what would develop the country: in roads, canals, agriculture, the reclaiming of rich waste lands, bringing fresh acres under the plow. He was a 'bull' on the future of the United States, and staked his fortunes on his belief in the country's rapid growth.

"(7) *He did not abandon a judiciously chosen investment or undertaking at the first temporary slump in prices or threat of failure.*

"WASHINGTON was a splendid hanger-on. In war he often lost battles—but usually won the campaign. It was the same way in his business. Time after time, as his letters, diaries, and records show, he suffered the worst kind of farming defeats. Excessive rains were followed by severe droughts that killed the crops. Sometimes for three years in succession there were crop failures beyond his power to prevent. But in the long run, he made money as a farmer.

"He did not lose heart if his plans failed to materialize instantly. On the contrary, he was incredibly patient, as long as he continued to feel that his original reasoning and purposes held good. On this point he was explicit in his will. He wrote:

And by way of advice, I recommend it to my Executors not to be precipitate in disposing of the landed property (herein directed to be sold) if from temporary causes the sale thereof should be dull; experience having fully evinced, that the price of land (especially above the Falls of the Rivers, & on the Western Waters) has been progressively rising, and cannot be long checked in its increasing value.

"He also strongly advised his heirs, if they could conveniently do so, to buy and hold among themselves his shares in the Potomac River Company, even at some immediate sacrifice, for he firmly believed that as the country developed these would pay a good dividend.

"These, then, are some of Washington's basic principles of money-making, as a first-hand study of the records reveals them. And it seems to me that they give a wholly new conception of his character and career.

"Washington never meant to be a great soldier or statesman. He preferred to be a man of peace and to devote his capacities to surveying, farming, and business, road and canal building, land exploration and settlement. He was a good, successful, and great citizen in the largest affairs, because in his small daily contacts he was unselfish and just, loved work, and labored constantly to leave the world better than he found it. He possessed unusual powers which he faithfully used. A thorough study of these powers show us the real Washington—a human, flesh-and-blood man whom we can understand and emulate as well as reverence."

The Vanished Man

(*Continued from page 13*)

on toward night. From far down the river the remote echoes of a sound came up. The river boat was turning a bend of the Ohio. And Mr. Brewster must be on his way if he was to reach Fort Pitt.

He took up his top hat and went out with a curt adieu. Horton remained standing by the door. But Colonel Braxton walked with the attorney to the carriage.

Mr. Evert Brewster pronounced there his opinion.

"Old Berkley may have gone somewhere to the dogs, for all we know," he said. "The affair is a mystery beyond me. But one thing is certain: This creature will stick. And I see no way for my clients to eject him.

"The law in these cases of disappearance will not presume death, following, I suppose, the rule laid down by Sir Matthew Hale, who hanged some sailors for the murder of a mate who had disappeared; and afterward the mate turned up."

He made a gesture as of abandonment.

"Unless the death of Berkley should be discovered, I can see this fellow sitting here for his seven years."

He made a courteous bow to Colonel Braxton, and stepped into the carriage.

"I shall direct the driver to return here for you," he said, "and I am obliged to you in every variety of way for your conspicuous courtesy. When you are coming to Fort Pitt, do me the honor of a c upon my service."

And he drove away to the steamer lan ing.

COLONEL BRAXTON went back p Horton into the house. He paused the hearth, looking down at the big, em fireplace where the body of a tree wo burn, and the great open throat of chimney. Then, for a moment, he stud the little miniature of the boy which sitting on the mantel shelf.

He went over, after that, to the t near the chair from which Mr. E Brewster had so recently got up. And of the corner of his eye he scrutinized daguerreotype at his elbow. Here w new element come into this affair, how, precisely, had it influenced these terious events?

Was there a relation between this man and Captain William Berkley?

But, if so, why did it appear here after the man had vanished?

Why had Horton brought it out?

The incident set something in m in the lawyer's mind. He began to about the room. A bed had been set a corner, Horton's bed; for throu door, ajar, he could see into the where Berkley was accustomed to s and it was empty, the bed dismar There remained only the wooden k on the bed frame.

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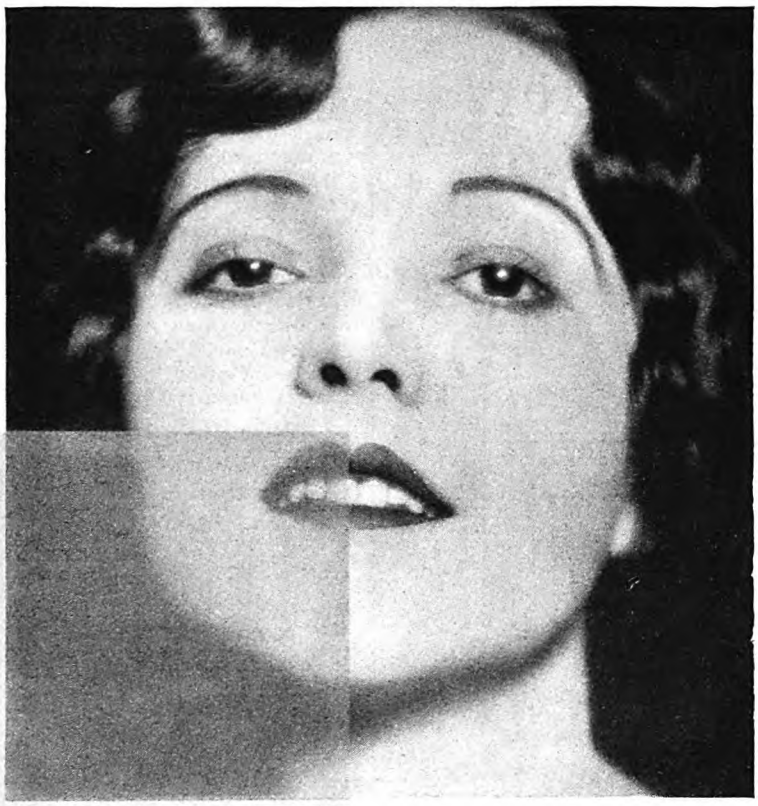

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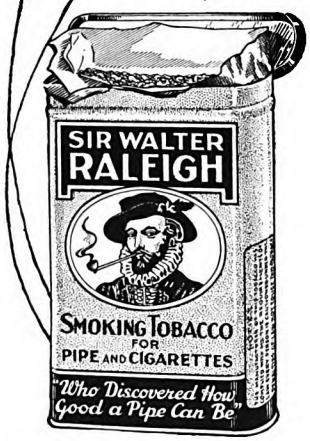

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And his vague impression took a certain form.

The aspect of the room had changed; as with a change of occupant a room, subtly and inconspicuously, can change. Heretofore, it had been a room for Berkley. It was now a room for Horton!

The insistence of this fact disquieted the man.

The thing was a seizure of possession. And Colonel Braxton felt that it was based on something irrevocable and permanent. Did Horton know, then, that Berkley would not return?

When Colonel Braxton came back into the house Horton had gone outside. He made some trivial explanation; there was a chill in the air at evening, and he would find some bits of wood for a little fire. One could not say when the negro driver would return with the carriage from the river. The boat was coming up at some distance below the landing and there were always a variety of delays in an embarkation. Night might be on the way when the carriage returned.

Colonel Braxton was alone in the room.

AND the impressions that he assembled did not reassure him. The daguerreotype of the woman on the table was the most disturbing. If Horton were intriguing for a woman, anything might have happened. Women notoriously complicated any mystery. A man enamored of a woman might do any sort of thing. That lure overrode fidelity, honor, every law. The highest endeavors of the soul went with it, and the most abominable betrayals.

Who was this woman, and what did she here?

Horton came in then with some bits of wood, and started to kindle a little flame on the hearth. And again Colonel Braxton's attention was centered on this fireplace. It presented a marked change from his earlier memory of it.

It was a great, open fireplace with an immense throat of a chimney, in which one could have burned an ox to ashes. It had stood with andirons on which cuts of beechwood that a man could hardly carry in were consumed. The sort of old fireplace that the early men built to heat their houses when the snowstorms raged and the timber cracked in the low temperature of midnight.

Colonel Braxton recalled it precisely as it was when he had been here the last time. Now it was cleaned out; the great andirons were gone, and Horton was kindling a little flame of chips and stove wood.

Colonel Braxton put a query along the line of his impressions:

"Captain Berkley was not in rugged health?"

And Horton, stooping over the fire, replied:

"He was not. He had attacks of the heart."

"His tenure of life was uncertain then?"

"Yes."

"You did not expect him to live long?"

"No."

"Not seven years?"

Colonel Braxton shot the query, as though to take the man unguarded.

But it failed. Horton gave no evidence of any visible concern. He replied slowly in a deeper voice:

"Life and death are in God's hand. One may live long or die early as He wills."

Colonel Braxton deflected his interrogation:

"Captain Berkley had a dread of being buried in the earth."

The man looked up from the fire.

"He said that to you?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Braxton, "more than once he said it. One could laugh at death, he said, if one had not to lie still forever in the earth, if one could be exposed to the vultures, or go out, like the dead Vikings, on a sinking ship, or be burned on a great funeral pyre."

And again he looked closely at the man kindling his little flame in the vast fireplace.

But that one replied with equanimity:

"It was a strange feeling. But there was a deep horror in it to Captain Berkley. To lie forever in one place was an idea that he could not bear. He had a restless spirit; to move; to change—motion of some sort was what he longed for, even after death."

"Precisely," said Colonel Braxton; "the vultures and the water move, and the fire . . . the flames and the smoke go up, and the sparks fly heavenward. There would be in the idea something of the freedom of a thing adventuring on, to a restless spirit."

And again Colonel Braxton put a question from another quarter:

"When you urged Berkley to go to law about this deed, he replied that he had had enough of lawsuits, and you were silent. Why were you silent at that answer, Horton?"

The man turned about, where he was kneeling on the hearth.

"I of all persons could not urge a lawsuit on him."

Horton spoke slowly, softly, but there was an upheaval of emotion under the restraint.

COLONEL BRAXTON put out his hand and took up the daguerreotype from the table.

"Did Captain Berkley care for the woman?"

It was some moments before Horton, on his knees in the great fireplace, endeavored to reply, as though he required that interval for control.

"He cared nothing for her."

There came a strange paroxysm of emotion over Horton's face.

"Nothing?" echoed Colonel Braxton.

"Nothing!" replied the man.

The suppressed emotion broke out in Horton's answer.

Colonel Braxton was profoundly puzzled. He was in the dark, and he moved softly.

"And this other," he said, indicating the miniature above the fireplace. "Was Captain Berkley in his youth?"

"No."

Colonel Braxton paused, for the darkness was now deepened.

"What is the equity," he said, "between this woman and this youth?"

"No equity," replied Horton, "in the affairs of men. But in the vast adjustment of God, a pressing and eternal equity."

"On what man?" said the Colonel.

"On me!" replied Horton. "And I shall adjust it at any cost!"

"At any cost?" said Colonel Braxton.

"At any cost," replied the man.

"Even murder?" said Colonel Braxton.

There came a wrenching, contorting energy into Horton's voice.

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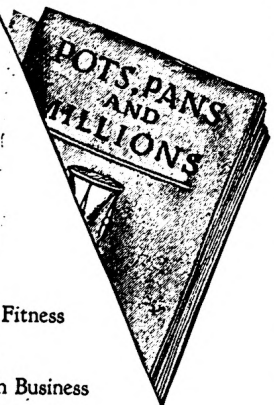

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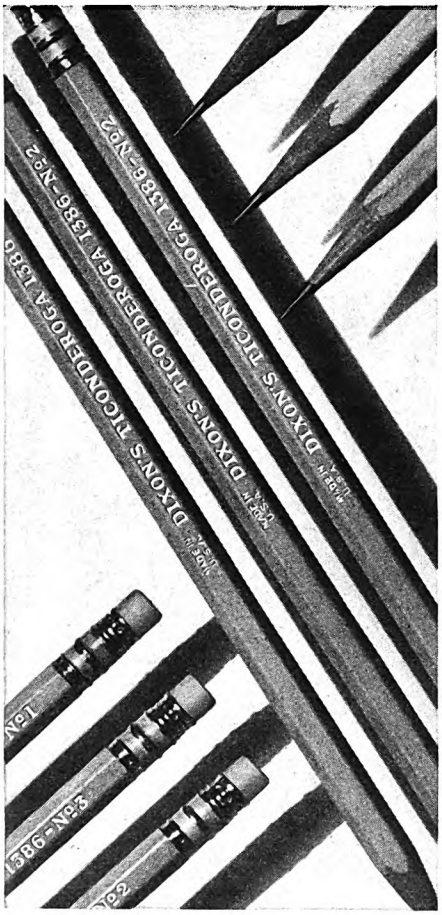

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"Even murder," he said; "if that were a part of the cost."

"And so," continued Colonel Braxton, "you have laid every plan for this adjustment; got everything here into your own hands to do it . . . at any cost, as you say it, Horton; at the cost of a seven-years' tenure if it cannot be shown that Captain Berkley is dead?"

"Yes," cried the man, his voice escaping, in its emotion, out of leash. "Have I not said it? At any cost! And may the Lord God destroy me if I do a less thing!"

THE man was kneeling on the hearth in the great throat of the chimney, near the flame of the little fire that he had kindled. Twilight had fallen. Shadows were gathering in the room.

And Colonel Braxton put another query: "Why did Berkley go on these journeys?"

"It was only to see the South," replied Horton. "It was his native country. He was sometimes homesick to see it."

Colonel Braxton replaced the picture of the woman on the table. He sat down.

"And this last journey," he said; "do you expect him to return from it?"

"He has always returned from his journeys," said Horton.

"He will not return from this one."

"Why not?"

"Because he never went on it," replied Colonel Braxton.

There was utter silence in the room. The attorney sat beside the table looking into the great fireplace, now empty, save for the man who had kindled the little fire of chips and stove wood on the vast hearth. This man in his crouched attitude seemed distorted and grotesque in his big shadowy outline. The voice, when it replied, was like a voice issuing from a shadow.

"You mean he is here?" it said.

For a moment the lawyer did not reply. He seemed to study the great fireplace, in which an ox could have been burned to smoke and ashes, butchered and undressed, on the big andirons, now removed from where they had formerly stood on the wide stone hearth.

"At any rate, Horton," he said, "your design in this matter rescued Berkley from one thing he feared—the fear of the earth over him. He will not lie with the earth over him . . . nor did he go to the vultures . . . what was it that he said would make him laugh at death! To be burned on a great funeral pyre of wood and spices, or to go out to sea, like a dead Viking, in a sinking ship. . . . The great fireplace is empty, Horton. . . . It is empty! Where are the big andirons that used to stand in it? . . . Where have they gone, Horton?"

THE man came out of the throat of the chimney and stood up on the hearth beside the mantel. He bulked big in the twilight, one side of him faintly illumined by the fire.

"Do you pry into this thing," he said, "for yourself or to the gain of another?"

"For myself," replied Colonel Braxton. "For myself only and the adjustment of God's justice. I interrogate you for the gain of no man."

And his voice went on in its prolonged key like a refrain:

"Where is the bed cord, Horton? Berkley's bed is stripped to the knobs on the wooden frame. . . . Where is the bed cord?"

The big man standing on the hearth, the half of him in shadow, the half of him lighted by the fire, did not reply.

And Colonel Braxton's voice went on in its deep rhythmic intonation, like the recurring repetitions of a chant:

"And that seventh wool bale! Where is it, Horton? . . . Where is that other wool bale?"

He put out his hand and touched the paper on the table. The receipt of the consignee at Memphis for the wool shipment; the receipt that Horton had shown to the Fort Pitt lawyer.

"That paper acknowledged the receipt of *six* bales; and you had *seven* bales on the steamboat landing. Seven! Horton, Sylvanus Betts tried to buy them from you. Seven! He counted seven. . . . Where is that other wool bale?"

The big, even, relentless voice went on: "Look at me, Horton. Where is that other wool bale; the lost one, the seventh one; the one that was bound so securely with the bed cord. The one that had the two heavy andirons in it, to make it sink . . . the one that contained the dead body of Captain Berkley? . . . Did you kill him?"

The man, bulking big, indefinite, against the background of the huge fireplace, laughed. It was like no other human laughter. It was like the laughter of a jinni, the laughter of a dominating spirit at a thing too utterly incredible for any other form of answer.

"I kill him! When to gain him an hour of life I would have bled out every blood drop in my body!"

The laughter, guttural, weird, was a sort of agony.

Then, with a great effort, he got back his equanimity. He took a step forward from the shadow of the hearth. He looked down at the lawyer.

"I will tell you," he said, "and with the knowledge you shall take the obligation. And if the adjustment of God's justice is disturbed by what I tell you, it shall be you and not I who must answer to Him!"

THERE was a moment's silence and he went on:

"A woman and a little boy, fleeing out of Mexico, at war, came into Louisiana. They were a blend of Spanish and people and, counting on the color of that blend, slave trader seized them at the border and offered them on the block at New Orleans. Captain Berkley, returning also from the war—passing, heard their protestations and knew that they spoke the truth, for he had a knowledge of these people to the south.

"He protested against the outrage. There were high words. But he was a man of spirit, and once into a thing he did not give way. He put up a bond. Carried the woman and child to his estate. The slave trader raised his fellows and went into the courts, and this gallant gentleman went with him. The case went on, bitter, and shunted from court to court for years. It became famous and it cost a fortune. It ate up like a plague everything that Captain Berkley had.

"And not that only. It turned his people and his friends against him. It put him in the position of fighting against an institution upon which they believed their civilization rested. The wrong of a particular case was lost in the vast e

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of its precedent, if it should be legally established. But against all this Captain Berkley stood with the courage of the angels.

"The case went on for years—for twenty years. The woman died, happy, free. The boy grew up, and finally the case was won. But Captain Berkley was a pauper and an outcast. Even his sister, the only living member of his family, would not speak to him.

"And so, rejected of his people and denuded of his inheritance, he came here. . . . I, only, remained to him. The son of the woman he had saved from slavery. . . . You know the rest."

There was a long silence before Colonel Braxton spoke.

"Not all of it," he said.

"No," replied the man, "not all of it, for things changed. Captain Berkley's sister and her husband died, leaving a son with nothing . . . he is there in that miniature on the mantel. And I must do for him what Captain Berkley did for me . . . in secret for him what was done openly for me. . . .

"For Captain Berkley, after they had turned against him, would not permit me to mention to him any member of his family. And so I got the property into my hands, and so I would have managed, even against these Fort Pitt thieves with their crooked deed, if Captain Berkley had lived on."

The man stopped. Then, with a gesture as of abandonment, he continued:

"But he died. I found him dead in that chair."

Again he paused.

"And so, I did the only thing I could do to gain a little time on these Fort Pitt thieves; time to earn the money to get back Captain Berkley's estate in the South for that nephew yonder on the mantel, the last of his blood; and the image, like a reincarnation, of him."

There came a sudden energy into his voice. He seemed to advance on Colonel Braxton, although he did not move.

"You have searched it out to the last detail. And you are right. I put the body into a bale of wool, with the andirons to make weight, I bound it with the bed cord, and when I took the bales off to the steamer I overturned the boat and sank it. . . . And so . . ."

HIS voice echoed through the empty room.

"I saved the dead man from the earth he dreaded, and I gained my seven years on the thieves. . . . All hidden . . . covered from every man but you; you alone have cunningly ferreted it all out. . . . And the injustice that results be on you!"

Colonel Braxton made a sweeping gesture as of one who rejects an obligation.

"It shall not be on me!" he said.

There was the sound of a carriage on the road outside—the carriage returning from the river boat. And the lawyer rose.

"Horton," he continued, "it shall not be on me." And his voice was balanced—even and level like a sheet of light.

"For I have learned one thing—one thing in a long experience of life—I have learned to keep silent and to stand aside when the inscrutable Providence of God is moving to the adjustment of some troubled matter in the affairs of men!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"But Postum accomplished a still greater benefit in my case. Its use in place of caffein improved my disposition amazingly! Heretofore, on going home in the evenings, I felt extremely irritable. Only by keeping closest guard over my tongue and actions, could I refrain from outbursts of unjustifiable temper. Jaded nerves, over-stimulated by caffein, were probably to blame.

"Whatever the cause, my disposition is now greatly improved since Postum has replaced caffein in my diet. Needless to say, my family is as enthusiastic about Postum as I am. We continue to use it and like its flavor exceedingly."

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. . .

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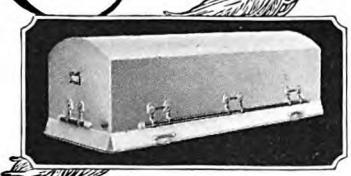

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What I Don't Like About the Movies

FIRST PRIZE

The Long List of Preliminaries Is Like a Pewter Dollar

A "HUNK" of roast beef manifestly is not desired by most people when their taste is set for romance, and I, as one of the bulk of movie-goers, do not care for that overdone slice of publicity forced upon us in the introductory titles which begin a film.

I refer to the listing of all who contributed to every detail and function, except the acting, in the film's make-up. I believe the average movie fan ignores it, passes it up like a pewter dollar, yet chafes inwardly with impatience, as I do, while waiting for the real reel show to begin.

Picture Ringling Brothers' Circus about to begin, with an audience waiting to be thrilled, when out steps the ringmaster and announces:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the clowns, the elephants, the trained horses and all are ready to perform but I must delay them a bit to tell you this: The canvas for this tent was made by the Henry Grillbortzer Tent Corporation; the tent stakes were manufactured by the Hobglobin Lumber Company; the guy ropes were designed by Mr. Gabriel Gilreath; the paint on the circus wagons was prepared by Mr. Samuel Katz"; and so on—*ad infinitum*.

Picture the effect on the impatient seat-holders and I believe you have the identical effect on a movie audience when the average film starts by telling you who was responsible for the titles, the photography, the continuity, and what not. At least, the effect on me is one of fretful impatience, and this is really the only thing that I don't like about the movies.

As to the pictures themselves, they are not filmed to suit individuals; there are varieties galore, and one can choose according to his moods.

To complain against the picture part of films in general is to bear a grievance against the human race, whose actions vitalize the cinema; to find fault with any one film is to condemn for its dimness a tiny star in a whole heaven of brighter ones.

G. B. C. K.

SECOND PRIZE

Why Don't the Picture Makers Assume that We Have a Little Sense?

IT IS with great trepidation that I approach the subject of criticizing the "Came the dawners," as Sam Hellman calls them. In an art so amazingly developed and so technically perfect, criticism can only be pointed at the methods employed by directors in unfolding the story to be told and the scope they allow their cast in portraying human emotions. However, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has asked for a purely personal criticism, so here goes:

It seems that the art of suggestion is almost totally unknown to ninety per cent of moving picture directors. To my mind that is one of the chief points in which the industry falls short in its striving toward true art.

Must we actually have close-ups of the heaving breast, the clenched hands, the glycerine tears, to make us realize that our heroine is crying? Must the villain always leer, scowl, wear black mustachios, and tear ladies' garments to shreds, for us to imagine his black heart? The comedian seemingly cannot be identified as such until he actually falls down a flight of stairs or trips over people's feet.

My plaint, in short, is that we must not take it for granted that an object is a spade until someone turns a sod with it. A few times I have gone to pictures and found, to my incredulous delight, that I was actually being allowed to use my intelligence. It amazed and heartened me and I eagerly awaited the next "feature." But, alas, my fond hopes were shattered and again I resumed the attitude of a four-year-old child learning its A B C's.

E. M. M.

THIRD PRIZE

It's Time to Show the Other Side of the Shield

WHEN moving picture companies set out to film an event that is far removed from us in space and time, they can do it to the very minutest detail with absolute accuracy. But when they attempt to depict our contemporary American life, they fall down so miserably that it is hard to believe they are the same organizations.

Yet, obviously, it is this class of pictures that has the most vital effect on the movie audience at large; and one hates to think what this effect is on the many who go to the movies under the delusion that what they see there is true to life. Smoking, drinking, dissipation, and excess of all kinds are common in many of these pictures. Almost invariably the romance of the "love at first sight" variety.

The movie people's defense is that they are "picturing life." As long as just one picture is up for discussion, this argument will hold. Anyone will admit that these unsavory elements actually exist, therefore, that one particular picture cannot be called inaccurate. But when a other true-to-life picture of this type is turned out, and another, and still other, every one of them true to life, until they greatly outnumber pictures of normal conduct, it becomes quite evident that the general effect is not at all "true to life."

There are only two possible remedies. Dispel the fallacy that the pictures are true to life. Let everybody who goes to the pictures understand that the producing companies are over-emphasizing the sensational, merely for purposes of drawing a crowd.

Or else let the wholesome side of life be shown in a reasonably correct proportion.

J. P. F.

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Unto the Hills

(*Continued from page 47*)

she told him. It was safer to keep narrowly to the truth. Lizeri had passed this way often enough to remember where to find the schoolhouse. He might remember the distance to the nearest farmstead; a lie gained nothing, risked much.

"A mile? Expect to get home tonight, do you?"

"Why, yes." She spoke as if the question sounded foolish. "Of course."

"How you going to get there—walk?"

"Why not? I'm used to snow. I've taught this school two winters."

The eyes surveyed her deliberately. "What were you waiting for when we came in? Wasn't the snow deep enough to suit you?"

She laughed carelessly. "The wind's apt to drop a little at sundown."

As if the answer satisfied he turned back carelessly to the stove, loosening his coat and holding out his hands to the warmth. The gesture somehow relaxed the tension of Margie's nerves; it was reassuringly commonplace, natural. She told herself that she had nothing to fear; these men worked at killing like a trade—they wouldn't work at it without need or profit any more than Neil Rintoul would plow for pleasure. They couldn't guess that she knew who they were. They—

HER glance, moving past the Lizard's shoulder, saw the open paper on her desk. The sense of security went out of her like a candle in a wind; for a moment she was desperately afraid, not of the men themselves but of death; just in time she caught back the scream that was in her throat, arrested the blind impulse that urged her to run for the door.

The effort of self-control somehow stilled her panic, cleared her brain. She stopped being afraid as suddenly as she had begun; she was even conscious of a kind of excitement that was almost pleasant, in the nearness and deadliness of danger. She seemed to hold her life in her two hands; holding it thus, she found it, for the first time, magically bright and precious, like a shining jewel, set at venture on the steadiness of face and voice and yet infinitely worth possessing and defending. For the first time, looking death between the eyes, Margie Wayland felt utterly alive.

She found an unsuspected ability to masquerade. It was easy to walk to the desk without haste, to lean against it, interposing her body between the open newspaper and the men huddled before the stove, to wait, deliberately, for the chance to fold it behind her instead of yielding to the stupid impulse that would have snatched, screamed, tried to run. Borowitz and Lizeri did not even look at her. Only Little Joe Scapo, farthest away, watched her across the stove, the glints of the gold teeth showing in a smile that she knew was intended to be amiable. She could even smile back at him, as if pleased and flattered by his approval. Her hand went carelessly behind her; she could feel the corner of the paper. Would it be safer to push it accidentally to the floor or to pretend to play with it?

She saw Scapo's eye follow the move-

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ment of her arm, and paused. The smile widened suddenly; he came behind the others, straight toward her. She held her breath. But he only reached past her to take the wrinkled russet apple from the desk, bit into it. Again the naturalness of the action reassured her; hunger suggested, at least, that the man was human.

He stood beside her, eating with noisy relish, unmistakably friendly.

She turned a little, as if disconcerted under the frank, appraising stare; the movement would draw his glance a bit farther from the desk; she could pretend to fumble self-consciously . . . the paper rattled at her touch, her hand jerked back from it as if from heat; she saw the scarred face twist toward her; met, against her will, the steady, unblinking scrutiny of the opaque eyes; knew, suddenly, that she had lost.

She played out the game, nevertheless. Without haste she turned, took up the paper, moved to the stove; there was just the thousandth chance that she could get the door open, the paper on the flame, before—a hand closed on her wrist.

"LET'S see it, sister." The voice was gentle. She felt another throb of panic because of that very mildness, and then, suddenly, she wasn't frightened at all. She could watch the yellow weal across the cheek, as Borowitz read, without even any sense of immediate and personal concern, as if all this were happening to somebody in a book.

"Stalling, eh?" Borowitz lifted his glance above the page. "Kidding us along, are you?"

"I don't know what you mean." She could even laugh.

"More stalling." He nodded. "Yesterday's New York paper." He spoke to the others. "She's wise. Look."

She saw his finger touch the picture of his mutilated face. Three pairs of eyes dwelt on her now, queerly alike. She chose the bold course, thrilled and puzzled by the quickening sense of aliveness that was upon her.

"Of course I know who you are, if that's what you mean. What of it?" Again she laughed. "What difference does it make? I can't do much about it, can I?"

They watched without answering. None of the three faces showed any revealing sign of emotion; but she knew that behind each of them was the same indifferent meditation as to whether it would suit them better to let her live or—Lizette moistened his lips. The thought came to Margie Wayland that for him the trade of killing had still some pleasant quality of sport.

"I can't do you any harm," she said quickly; "but maybe I might be a lot of help."

"How?" Borowitz spoke carelessly, a thin amusement at the corners of his mouth. "What could you do, kid?"

"You can't get away for a while," she said. "You've got to have a place to hide till the road's open, haven't you? You've got to eat while you're waiting. Who's going to show you where you can stay, if I don't?"

"I guess we could attend to that, if we had to," said Scarface. "There's hous along any road."

"Not up here!" She found that she could laugh. "It's a mile to our place, a

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that's the nearest and easiest to find. But you could go by it in weather like this and never know it was there." She watched Lizeri; he had been this way before. "There's an empty house that you can see from the road; but you'd only starve if you found it." She saw that Borowitz was mildly interested. Hunger, she guessed, was her best argument. "You might have to wait a week," she went on. "We've been snowed in, lots of times, longer than that."

"Aw, applesauce." This was Lizeri. "I been over this road."

"Yes—in summer. You didn't get over it today, did you?" She faced him. "How far away did you leave your car? You looked pretty cold when you came in here. It's been snowing right along while you've been here. If you think you can find your way to our house for yourself—"

"All right." Borowitz came abruptly to decision. "You show us the way, then."

She saw the shifting of his glance to Lizeri, read it like print. It was a reprieve, no more. Scarface wasn't sure whether she was lying; but he chose to play safe, let her lead the way to food and shelter and then . . . she caught a sudden clear vision of the three of them coming into the kitchen, where Simon Wayland would be waiting for her. Instinctively, she played for time.

"We'd better wait till the wind drops. It's sure to die down a little, at dark."

Borowitz went to the window, rubbed the frost from the pane.

"I guess it's dark enough now," he said. "Let's get started."

She saw that argument would only quicken his watchful distrust. They stood about her as she pulled on the clumsy fleece-lined overshoes, put on mackinaw and cap and mittens, as slowly as she dared.

THE wind, jostling past the door, seemed to give her a rough greeting; the roar of it was like loud, friendly laughter, and it buffeted her, she thought, as a merry man might pound the shoulders of a well-met crony. It gave her, too, a queerly heartening pride in the strength that carried her easily forward against its playful thrust, in the glow of her flesh under the sting of the bitter cold.

Borowitz closed his hand about her wrist.

"No funny business, kid."

She discovered that she had lost her fear of him. Out here in the swirl and scurry of the storm there was something ridiculous in that fear. The yellow stripe across his cheek, the still, lidless gaze, the tired deadliness of his voice—these things were bogies, absurd the moment they were clearly understood.

She had no plan. She knew only that she must get them away from the schoolhouse before Neil Rintoul came blundering innocently in upon the scene; that she must not guide them home, to kill old Simon Wayland, as, presently, one of them would certainly kill her. She turned away, therefore, from the traveled road, taking the narrower, almost abandoned timber track that led away from it, following the face of the hill out into the waste of cut-over uplands.

A sort of exultation came upon her as she realized the violence of the storm; it was fiercer than she had guessed; the tem-

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perature was lower, and the drifts were deep; the swirl of snow islanded them in a narrow hemisphere of gray, restless movement. If she could trick them into following her far enough . . . there was already a foreboding shadow in the air; in another hour it would be dark. Nobody who did not know this road by heart could find his way back over it by night . . . an hour. . . .

She stopped, turned her back to the wind.

"I've got to rest a minute. It's going to be harder work than I thought. I'll have to take it slowly."

Surprisingly, none of the three objected. They dropped into the drift, panting; Scapo's mouth was open, so that the points of the gold dog teeth were visible; one of his ears, Margie saw, was beginning to turn putty color.

"Much farther?" Borowitz glanced at her. She lifted her shoulders.

"We've hardly started. We've come about a hundred yards, perhaps."

SHE saw his eyes shift; for the first time they seemed to lose the forbidding blankness that made her think of shuttered windows, through which somebody watched her, furtive and hidden. Anxiety almost contrived to humanize them.

"Come on, then! It's warmer when we're moving."

Scapo whined in protest: "Aw, wait till we get our breath, can't you?"

Scarface whirled about at him, suddenly savage, snarling: "Stay there and freeze, if you want to." He plunged heavily into a thigh-deep drift at Margie's side, his hand always on her wrist. Glancing back, she saw that Lizeri was already a few steps in the rear, Scapo stumbling after him. Carefully she quickened the pace till Borowitz snarled at her. Obediently she halted.

"Getting tired, are you? Shall we rest again?"

"Keep moving," he said, "and take it easy, see? How much farther?"

"We've only come a little way," she said. "It seems longer, when the snow's deep like this, than it really is."

"It hadn't better seem much longer, see?" The voice was flat. "We better get there pretty sudden."

"I'm doing the best I can," she told him. "I don't like this any more than you do."

But she knew, with a stab of hope, that she liked it infinitely more. The bite of the frozen wind was only a quickening spur to her body; the lowering curtain of dusk held out a heartening promise of sanctuary; the drifts, steadily, swiftly deepening, were allies. She was only pleasantly tired; the man who struggled through the snow beside her had begun to draw, she knew, on the reserve energy of will.

When she glanced back she could see nothing of Scapo; Lizeri, hardly visible through the swirling snow, fell steadily behind; she heard him call out faintly to Scarface, heard Borowitz curse him under his whistling breath without even pausing in his toiling stride.

It was necessary, now, to resist a stupid pity that woke in her. She could remember vividly the glint of expectancy in Lizeri's face as he licked his lips at the pleasing thought of killing her, and still be sorry for him, ashamed of having led him out here into the unforgiving storm, ashamed to go on, with that faint outcry in her ears.

"We ought to keep together." She stopped. "The others will get lost, if—"

A whistling whisper of a voice cursed them and her; she scarcely understood the words; the fear behind them was more audible, more intelligible; it was too dark to see the face, a blur of gray shadow with a white line standing out against it, but she could read, even there, the print of terror.

"Keep moving, you—" the rest was abuse, threats, whipped away by the wind that made them, somehow, pathetic. She could be sorry even for this man, too. Considering the evil of him, here in the immense, relentless malice of the storm, was like weighing the microscopic wickedness of a gnat. He didn't matter; his death, the death that his gasping whisper promised her, was no more important. She was sorry for him because he was so little, so helpless, so afraid.

Instinct kept her in motion rather than any conscious resolve. You didn't matter, one way or the other; but something demanded that you cherish to the last of your tiny strength that little atom of life you carried in you. Again it seemed like a flashing gem that she must carry in her hands, not hers, a trust from Something Somebody. . . . If she carried it on into the empty, whirling night she would lose it, presently, in one of the drifts that were now so strangely warm and soft, inviting as the thought of sleep.

She knew suddenly that she must go back . . . carry that glowing spark to a safe place . . . to the road where Neil would find her as he came walking home. She would make a wide circle, so that there should be no trouble with the man whose hand still clutched her numbed arm, whose weight held her back . . . a man she thought of now only as a vague danger to the precious thing that she must carry. . . . She stumbled over something hidden under snow, fell . . . up again, curious, stronger, freer, plunging on without the hindrance of that dragging weight at her wrist . . . a noise behind her, a rattle of flat, slapping sounds, like firecrackers, absurdly tiny in the roar of the wind . . . a dull blow against her arm . . . funny, be afraid of bullets if they didn't hurt a more than that . . . another drift . . . another. . . .

SOMEBODY was rubbing snow again her face. There was a lantern, holding out a tiny cave in the dark; again, suddenly, there was fear, the old fear, familiar, real, that startled her awake.

Neil Rintoul's face in the yellow light made her think of carved granite; the loom of his shoulders seemed to reduce night and the storm to just proportions; this was only a commonplace winter evening, an ordinary snowfall, through which a man could walk, hardly noticing the wasted malice of the weather, calmly heading to milk.

She understood, suddenly, why she had always been afraid of Neil Rintoul, even as she rejoiced in the comfort of his nearness, leaned gratefully against the strength of his arm, she was still afraid. But she could laugh now, at that fear; she could laugh at the memory of

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hatred for these wind-swept winter hills, her hunger for escape from them.

Somewhere out beyond and below their unseen rim were the cities where men like Scarface and the Lizard could build up petty kingships on the fear and apathy of other men, such men, she thought, with a stab of shame, as she might have mothered if she had gone down to find their father in the warmed caves and lighted tunnels where even murderers were soft!

"The soft ones get sieved out." Neil Rintoul's homely phrase found sudden meaning. The hills hadn't found her soft. She needn't go out of them. Needn't? She erased the word. She couldn't go out of them. They'd always hold her—the high, hard, sifting hills . . . and Neil! Her hands reached out to him.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND SILVER FOXES! A fortune in fur! This is what the Fromm boys have out in Wisconsin on the largest silver fox farm in the world. Next month you'll read how the Fromm boys started in on this most hazardous of industries and how, because of their staying qualities, they are today the leaders in their line.

IN HIS TEN-GALLON HAT, chaps, high-heeled boots, and with his rope on his saddle, Shorty Caraway, cowboy extraordinary, rides into the magazine next month with a ki-yi-yi. Ross Santee, who tells Shorty's story, says he is the most interesting cowboy he has ever met. And Santee has met hundreds of the real thing.

When We're Through Changing We're Through

(*Continued from page 9*)

So the changes come and go, bringing riches to some and hard times to others. To most of us riches have only a theoretical importance. We are not so much concerned to die rich as we are to know how we can live up to the limit of our possibilities. Given ourselves as we are, with certain physical and mental equipment, certain talents and shortcomings, how can we make the most of these in the great game of living? In helping to furnish an answer to that question the law of change has very definite application.

It applies to the important matter of habits. Everybody ought to read once—and most of us could stand it once a year—William James's stimulating *Talks to Teachers*. In them he discusses how impossible life would be without the beneficent aid of habits. Suppose that it took you just as long to dress yourself every morning as it did when you were learning to dress as a child. Suppose that the routine of your office was as new and difficult every morning as it was on the day you entered business. Suppose that you had to think of as many things in driving your automobile as you did when you were learning to drive. Life would be impossible; progress would cease. We

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should all be devoured by the cares of routine.

This is both our salvation and our peril. It preserves us from the tyranny of trifles, but it tempts us into ruts. William James startled his audience by the statement that the average man is an old fogy at twenty-five. By that age, he said, Mr. Man has acquired the little stock of ideas and practices which are enough to make him a living. Henceforth he becomes purely a creature of habit, his mind closed tight against new ideas. He quoted the famous confession of Darwin, who gave himself so devotedly to the study of biology that he awoke, late in life, to the sad discovery that the other sides of his mind had died. Said he:

"Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure; but now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts. If I had my life to live over again I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss to happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral nature, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Mr. James, the great psychologist, says: "We all intend, when young, to be all that may become a man, but the destroyer cuts us down," and he points out the importance, not only of keeping the finer parts of our brains active through regular exercise, but of jarring ourselves forcibly out of ruts by systematic and, if necessary, violent disturbances of our routine. "Once in every so often we ought to clean out our desks—and what a useless accumulation of things we find when we do it—turn the desk at an angle of a hundred and eighty degrees and look at a different wall or out of a different window, and get a new light on our daily affa'rs. If it is our custom to go to bed every night at nine o'clock, then we should stay up occasionally all night, and see the city, and our fellow men, under the stars and the arc lamps. If we lunch every day at the same place, and with the same group, let us make it a rule at least once a week to lunch elsewhere and talk with and listen to different people."

C. F. KETTERING, the brilliant engineer, has a game which he calls "going into mental competition with ourselves." It is played after this fashion: You say—"Suppose I were to lose my job today and take another job with our competitor who is across the street. I should look back at this company then and say, 'There are certain weaknesses in it; certain things ought to be changed.'" Says Kettering: "Why wait to lose your job? Why not strengthen the weaknesses right now? Why not make the changes at once?"

If we don't make the changes for ourselves, time and circumstances will make them for us, and usually at a very high cost. At the beginning of this piece we set forth some stories showing that no business is so big as to be permanently secure. Such stories can be multiplied indefinitely; every reader can furnish instances out of his own observation.

I admit that change cripples some businesses permanently, like the ferries, for instance, but most businesses of permanent character recover from temporary depressions and come back into greater strength and earning power. Generally speaking, we are wise if we expect that the changes are to be big instead of little; if we build our hopes on a country destined to outgrow even the boldest imagination.

The subways of New York involved an enormous investment, but before the first one was finished it was already outgrown. The General Motors building in Detroit was labeled "Durant's Folly." Miles from the depot, in an unbuilt section of the city, the biggest office building in the world looked as if it would always be at least half empty. Today it is full, and the Fisher brothers are erecting an even bigger building directly across the street.

One way to keep our expectations large and bright is to surround ourselves with the spirit of youth. A very successful man of my acquaintance said: "Until I was forty years old I made it a rule always to associate, whenever possible, with older men. After I passed forty I began deliberately seeking the company of men younger than myself."

SAID Samuel Johnson: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

The biggest men have remained open-minded right up to the very end. Th quotation from Charles Darwin, which w noted a moment ago, does him a parti injustice. It is true that his absorptio in his chosen task narrowed his mind an killed his appreciation for the arts, but is equally true that, within the boundari of his chosen field, he was always lookin for new ideas and never showed the sligh est hesitation in saying frankly: "I w wrong." For more than twenty years studied and thought about the origin species before setting pen to paper. I great book was many, many years in pr ess. A smaller man would have said: have mastered that subject. I need n make any more changes. What I ha written I have written. It is the tru and will last forever." Not Darw Constantly he was seeking criticism, vising, changing, and late in life we f him writing: "It is only about two ye since the last edition of the *Origin* an am disgusted to find how much I have modify and how much I have to ad

Consider Benjamin Franklin, how gerly his mind reached out for new id even in his very old age. He sat in fr of a fire which smoked. "Why coul there be a stove that would have charm of a fireplace and not smoke?" said. And he invented the Franklin st Going across to Europe for the last t he stayed on deck and kept dropping measuring line and his thermometer the stern of the boat to add to his kn edge of ocean temperatures and curr

Bacon, pondering on the problem preservation of meat, left his sl stepped out into the wet, and stuff chicken with snow. He caught a cold shortened his life—but his body die fore his brain.

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Said Laplace, the great astronomer, as he lay on his deathbed: "What we know is nothing; what we have to learn is immense."

That is the spirit of eternal youth. Such a mind must expect to reverse itself often. Big men have been contemptuous of consistency; only the little folks are afraid to embrace a new truth because it conflicts with something which they have previously thought.

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," Emerson exclaimed. "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.... If you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. 'Ah, then,' exclaim the aged ladies, 'you shall be sure to be misunderstood.' Misunderstood! It is a fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh."

Summed up in different language, the secret of genius, as Carlyle said, is to carry the spirit of chi'dhood into old age. The Bible reminds us that except as we become as little children we shall not inherit eternal life. As children—with little interest in the past but boundless curiosity about the future. With little care what tomorrow may bring forth so long as it be different from today. With no petty regard for what we may have said or done in the past; flexible, growing, easily bent but never broken, hoping, dreaming, trying, ready for any change.

My Biggest Problem

Prize Contest Announcement

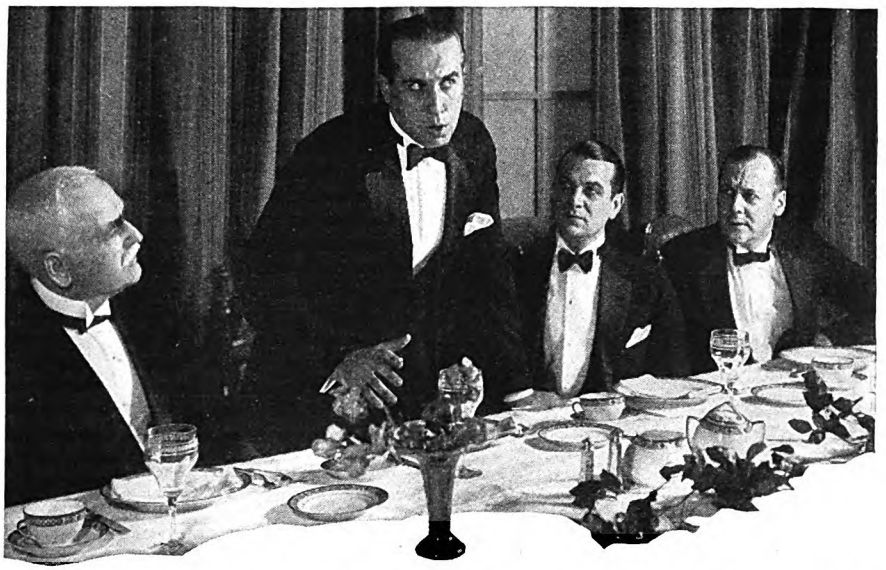
WHAT is the biggest problem you ever have faced? Perhaps you solved it; perhaps you did not. In any event, write us what that problem was, or is; and if you solved it, tell us how. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is deeply interested in the problems of its readers, and is eager, as you know from its articles and stories, to help solve them. This contest, therefore, is a sort of intimate communication between you and the editor, and what you say will certainly help him, even if it does not win one of the three substantial prizes for you. Write frankly—your name will be withheld.

For the best four-hundred-word letter we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes on February 20th. Winning letters will appear in the May issue.

Address "Biggest Problem" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

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THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my t midity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

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* * * *

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The Gnat

(*Continued from page 31*)

On the end of his show-case, Bud Meyer always kept a glass jar standing and in the jar was always a quantity of the sort of tobacco called bird's-eye. It was not only the poorest quality of bird's-eye but it was musty, being some tobacco Bud had let get wet under his counter. Anyone was welcome to fill his pipe from the jar, and that was the smoking tobacco Flin used. One afternoon he had just gone to the jar to fill his pipe when Japheth Strone came into the Smoke Shop. Doc Clavering and some of the others were in the shop, and Doc had just come from the funeral of Edward Laud and was telling about it.

"Well," Bud Meyer said, "Ed was a good man. I never got real friendly with him and I guess we didn't think alike on every point—but he was a good man."

"Stingy as a goat, though," Flin Werster said. "Tight-fisted as a clam. Yes, sir; pretty mean old cuss, Ed Laud was."

"Folks don't speak disrespectfully of the dead, Flin," Doc Clavering said somewhat lightly.

"I do when they've got it coming to them," Flin said.

"You sure do," Bud Meyer agreed. "You sure are outspoken that way, Flin."

"SOMEBODY ought to tell the truth about things once in a while," Flin said. "By hecky, the way you hear folks talk you'd think that all a man in this town had to do was to die, and right away he becomes a saint or something. I don't see that dying changes a man much, except it puts him where he can't straighten out the mean things he's been doing. Ed Laud was a tight-fisted skinflint, and he wasn't anything else, and you know it as well as I do, and I'll say so as long as I've got breath to say it. He had ought to have been ashamed of himself."

Japheth Strone was filling his snuffbox, and he turned his head on his massive neck and scowled at Flin Werster. Just so he might have scowled at an annoying gnat.

"Flin thinks he's a Jeremiah or something, and appointed to keep the dead from feeling too stuck up," Rally Foster, the dry goods man, said.

"Well, somebody ought to," Flin said, and went back to his chair. Japheth Strone's face reddened down to his collar, as it always did when he was angry. This gnat was annoying him.

"Edward Laud was an upright man," he said ponderously. "He was a good man. No one but a carrion crow would speak ill of the dead."

He said this to no one in particular and, having said it, he turned and went out of the shop, and when the door closed Flin Werster chuckled.

"Got under his skin," he said. "Must be a couple of cracks in his rhinoceros hide somewhere, Bud."

"He's going to die himself sometime," Doc Clavering said. "He don't like to hear you talk that way about highly respected citizens, Flin."

"It's a free country," Flin Werster reminded them. "A man has a right to talk when he's a mind to."

This was in June, and by July the weather had become unmercifully hot and dry, and one of the organizations—The Woman's Civic Club—felt pity for the dogs and horses and tried to raise a fund to buy pails and hire a man to keep them filled with water so that the panting animals could be refreshed. Mrs. Joel Townsend was in the Smoke Shop, and had collected a dollar from Bud Meyer for this good work when Japheth Strone came in for his snuff, and she tackled Japheth.

"You'll give us something for watering the horses, Mr. Strone?" she said and, oddly enough, Japheth Strone looked in Flin Werster's direction before he answered her. Then he took his worn purse from his pocket and opened it. He hesitated a moment over the bills it contained and then drew out a dollar bill and handed it to her.

"There's a dollar for you, but I don't know why men can't water their own horses," he said, as if giving ungraciously lessened the pain of giving. Flin Werster got out of his chair and walked to Mrs Townsend and took from his pocket silver dollar and handed it to her.

"There's a dollar for you," he said "but I don't see why some man like E Laud didn't give this town a water foun tain long ago. But Ed Laud wouldn't He's dead now, the old tight-fist; he ain breaking his heart when he gives anybod a dollar any more. Here's mine."

"Oh, thank you!" Mrs. Townsend e claimed. "Every little helps."

"That's all right," Flin told her. " don't bust me; I've got a dime left. I build you a cast-iron water trough if I h the money."

ONCE more Japheth Strone's face r dened down to his collar, and this ti he turned on his heel without looking Flin Werster and went out, and less tha week later the news went around town t Japheth Strone had made arrangeme to donate to Denton a permanent *ma* fountain for man and beast. The fount was to be a memorial to his wife, and w it was erected the lettering on it so sta But Japheth Strone had thought of t only to lessen the pain of giving.

Calling it a memorial to his wife exc him to himself, but the fountain wa good truth a memorial to Flin Wers buzzing. In spite of himself, Jap Strone was unable to avoid looking ward Flin Werster when he entered Meyer's the day after the fountain put in place. When he looked at Fli saw a grin on his face, and he looked a again, his face and neck red.

"Cheap!" was what Flin's grin se to say. "Too cheap! You can't kee mouth shut after you are dead by bu a dinky little drinking fountain." B words were spoken by the two that It was not until some weeks later tha Clavering was talking about what a s it was that Denton had no hospital, Japheth Strone came into the S Shop for his snuff.

"Yes, but there ain't liable to be Flin Werster said. "You can give u

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notion if you've got it, Doc. Ed Laud could have built us one, but look what a tight-fist he was. 'Get and keep' is all he ever thought of."

"Lay off Ed Laud, Flin," Bud Meyer said. "Let the dead alone. What has he got to do with Doc's hospital?"

"Nothing, and never would have had," Flin said. "That's the way he was—scrooge the last dollar out of folks, and then squeeze it till the eagle on it hollered. Man like him is no good to the town."

Right there Japheth Strone interrupted him. He did not admit that Flin existed by giving him a glance, and his face was red, but he spoke to Doc Clavering gruffly, almost angrily.

"What makes you think this town needs a hospital?" he asked. "Where's the need of it?"

"Old George Gatlett might have saved a hand if we'd had one," Flin said, to no one in particular, but Japheth Strone had turned to the door.

"Come over to the bank, I want to talk to you," he said to Doc Clavering.

SO DENTON got the hospital and it was probably then that Flin Werster, grinning to himself as he sat in his chair in Bud Meyer's Smoke Shop, decided to get a library for Denton, so that Mary Gatlett could have a library job. He knew that no one in Denton would ever think of anyone else for that job. Day after day Japheth Strone went to the Smoke Shop for his snuff, and for an instant let his eyes turn to Flin Werster's face. One day it meant an extra ward for babies at the hospital, and another day it meant an X-ray outfit, until the hospital was the best in that section. But always old Japheth's eyes met that same sarcastic grin on Flin's face. "I'll say what I think of you when you're dead," the grin seemed to say.

Sometimes, walking home up the hill with his ivory-headed cane stumping along in his hand, old Japheth Strone would stop short and stare at the walk, his forehead creased with a frown. Then he would walk on, annoyed and uncomfortable in mind, unable to get Flin Werster entirely out of his thoughts. After all, Japheth did have a lot of money, and he had made it all in Denton and he could take none of it with him when he went.

That he had made his money in Denton probably had little to do with opening old Japheth's Strone's purse, and it is almost certain that he did not know he was being driven by Flin Werster. For some time Flin himself did not guess this. He knew when old Japheth would be coming into the Smoke Shop for his snuff and a few minutes before he was due Flin would say that what the town needed was a good public library, but none of the men in the Smoke Shop thought much of the idea. "What we need more than that," one of them would say, "is a decent memorial to the boys that got killed in the World War," or some other thing. And once the others began to talk of a thing, Flin did not count to anything. He was ignored.

Old Japheth, now that he had begun giving the town some of the things it needed, found it less and less easy not to give others. He always had plenty of money after he had given. Each time, it was due, he had a struggle with himself before he could bring himself to part with the money, but at some point in the struggle he would have a thought of Flin Werster sitting there in the Smoke Shop, waiting to tell folks what he thought of Japheth Strone when he was dead.

Flin never became old Japheth's conscience; he was more like an advance warning of Japheth's living tombstone—a phonographic tombstone that could and did talk—with an epitaph that Japheth Strone was mighty sure was apt to be just but cruel.

Even more, Flin was like a gnat, buzzing in Japheth's ear what Denton actually thought of Ed Laud, and thus suggesting that he would buzz the town's real thoughts about Japheth Strone when Japheth Strone was gone, keeping them alive, letting no one forget them. It fretted Japheth Strone to think that when he was gone Flin Werster would be sitting there in the Smoke Shop, grinning his sarcastic grin when Doc Clavering and the others came back from the funeral, getting up to fill his pipe and saying "The truth is—"

It cannot be known just when Flin Werster began to be a little peevish over the thickness of Japheth Strone's head. It may have been the day when the fellows in the Smoke Shop discussed the soldiers' memorial. As has been said, Flin had tried to turn the talk to the need of a library, but Doc Clavering had said that what was needed was a war memorial.

"It could be a library," Flin suggested. "Now, a real good library—"

That was when old Japheth came in.

"We are talking soldiers' memorials," Doc Clavering said, and old Japheth reddened, as he always did when he heard such things, and less than a week later it was known that our generous citizen Hon. Japheth Strone, was having a soldiers' monument planned that would be the most noble in the state, as it proved to be.

"Well, then, dag it all!" Flin said to himself. "If he's got to do everything else first, let him! He's got to build a library for Mary sometime."

IT WOULD have saved Japheth Strone much worry if he had come right out and asked Flin what he wanted, but you could not imagine Japheth doing such a thing. He went to the Smoke Shop hoping to hear, and thus began the great game of hints and guesses that eventually made Denton the noble little town that it is.

For about three years Japheth Strone built and paid for and donated, and he could not build or pay or donate the sarcastic grin from Flin's face. And each time he entered the Smoke Shop, Japheth's jaw was set harder and his glare at Flin was accompanied by a redder face and neck.

Thinking this over, Flin came to the conclusion that he would never get the library he wanted, with the job for Mary Gatlett, unless he spoke out boldly. He began by dropping hints whenever Japheth Strone stopped in for snuff. He would get out of his chair and go to the jar of bird's-eye, and say it was sure a pity that some of these old skinflints around town couldn't do something for the town—give it a library, for instance. Bud Meyer said you could almost see the hair on old Japheth's neck stiffen.

"Ain't a town," Flin would say, "the size of this but has got a swell library. If Ed Laud hadn't been such a tightwad—"

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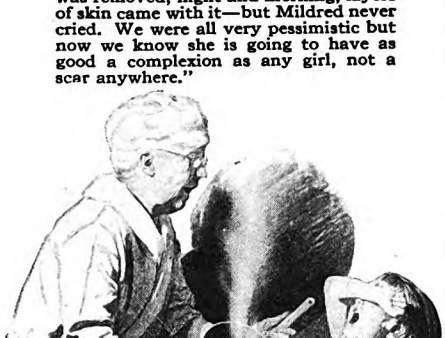
"MY LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, Mildred, somehow collided with me in the doorway when I was holding a pan of boiling hot starch. Her face was horribly burned. She kept screaming with the pain. I didn't know what to do. When the doctor finally arrived he applied Unguentine. It stopped Mildred's crying immediately.

"For weeks she wore a muslin mask lined with Unguentine and when this was removed, night and morning, layers of skin came with it—but Mildred never cried. We were all very pessimistic but now we know she is going to have as good a complexion as any girl, not a scar anywhere."



Spare them such pain

WHAT if your own child were burned? Could you soothe her, stop the horrible pain? Or would you have to hold her screaming in your arms while you waited for the doctor—and Unguentine?

Unguentine is the standard antiseptic surgical dressing used for burns in eight out of ten hospitals. It stops pain almost instantly.

It helps prevent infection from even insignificant kitchen burns. It hastens normal healing. And almost invariably *leaves no scar.*

For all cuts, scratches and bruises as well. For serious burns apply on gauze, bandage lightly. Write for free household manual, "What To Do," for little ailments, accidents and real emergencies, by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Buy Unguentine Today

Keep extra tubes in danger zones: bathroom, kitchen, office, shop, auto kit and club locker. At all druggists', 50¢.

So Japheth Strone frowned and fumed and gave Denton the Y. M. C. A.

"There's one thing a man can say about Carnegie," Flin said another time. "He made money, but he gave it too. If we had a Carnegie in this town that would open up and give us a library—"

But old Japheth wasn't going to let any Flin Werster tell him what and when to give. He fretted and fussed, and finally gave the new church. By that time Japheth Strone's name was being praised to the skies by everyone in Denton except Flin.

Flin Werster sat on the old chair in the Smoke Shop and grinned sarcastically at old Japheth whenever the old fellow came in, and then Japheth would go out—red down to his collar—and give the park a bandstand, or bring a new railway to Denton, or build the new opera house. He could have been elected mayor of Denton by that time. He could have been chosen Duke of Denton and King of America, as far as Denton was concerned. For two cents the town would have renamed itself Strone City.

And still Flin Werster grinned sarcastically when old Japheth entered the Smoke Shop and, at last, old Japheth's face turned a fairly vivid purple and he went out and ordered a library built. He built a good one too, and he gave it a noble endowment. It stands in a little park of its own, fine and fair and beautiful.

WHEN it reached the point where the roof was being put on and the floors laid Flin Werster walked up the hill and looked at it and he approved of it. He went back to the Smoke Shop and dropped into his chair, and presently Japheth Strone came in for his daily modicum of snuff. He looked toward Flin Werster, but the living tombstone did not look up at him. Not until Japheth Strone turned to go out did Flin Werster speak.

"Say, Mr. Strone!" he said, "I wonder have you got time to listen to me a minute?"

Japheth paused and waited, for Flin was coming toward him, and they went out onto the step in front of the Smoke Shop. And they stood there, Japheth tapping gently with his ivory-headed cane and looking down the street—looking anywhere but at Flin.

"What do you want? I've got to go in the bank," Japheth said.

"I just sort of wanted to ask who you were going to put in for librarian."

"Mary Gatlett," said Japheth Strone. "Mary Gatlett."

"Well," Flin said, "I guess she'll make a good one." And with that he went back into the Smoke Shop and Japheth went on into the bank next door.

And here's a funny thing: About eight months after that short conversation Flin Werster got pneumonia and died suddenly, having no constitution to fight it. He did not live to be any kind of living tombstone for Japheth Strone, eulogistic or derogatory. He did not have much of a funeral, but Japheth Strone was one of those who went, and after the funeral he stopped in at the Smoke Shop for his snuff as usual. The same crowd was there, Doc Clavering and Rally Foster and all the rest, and when Japheth entered the shop Flin's name was mentioned. Joe Brant brought it up.

"WELL, there's one thing, Bud," he said to Bud Meyer, "you sure gave Flin about all the comfort he ever had, letting him loaf here in the Smoke Shop."

"He cleaned out for it," Bud said. "It didn't hurt anybody, letting him sit around."

"What I can't make out," said Billy Smits, "is how anybody can be so worthless as Flin Werster was. Now, there's one man I'll say was just no good at all. You take the way he pretty near drunk himself to death when—"

What stopped him was the ferrule of Japheth Strone's ivory-headed cane coming down on the floor with a thump, and they all turned and looked at the benefactor of Denton. He had turned to face them, his olivewood snuffbox still in his left hand, and his face was red. He was so angry that his hand trembled, spilling some of the snuff.

In an instant they were all silent, a little frightened, as they always were when Japheth Strone was angry, being always a little afraid of him. He raised his right hand, clasping the neck of his cane with three fingers, and shook his index finger at them, and opened his mouth, but unexpectedly he lowered his hand, and his face became its normal color.

"You don't know anything about him," he said in his naturally gruff voice, and snapped his snuffbox shut and went out of the Smoke Shop.

Solitude

(*Continued from page 43*)

because of the manner in which, from that coign of vantage, the watcher can see how the stars march up the great dome of heaven, as if they were angels in procession, carrying tapers, joyously climbing a mighty hill. I reached the pasture just at the right moment. The dark-blue flower of twilight was opening wide. The sky showed lilac lanes, wan gulfs, sea-breakers of misty red.

In that high pasture I thought myself alone; but presently, as I sat on the roots of a gnarled and ancient apple tree, two cows with tinkling bells came by. They were followed by a tiny mountain girl, not more than five years old. I knew her well, but I hardly had expected to see her so far away from home at such an hour. She recognized me at once and stopped to talk with me; and the cows, no less urged, buried their broad noses in the dewy grasses of the hilltop.

"What you doin' out here so late?" I asked, with womanly directness. She, of course, had her work to do; but why should I be loafing around?

"I like to watch the stars come," I told her, "and I like to see the lights down yonder in the mist."

"Do you like them things too?" I asked, in a tone more kindly than that in which her initial question had

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The dream that *must* come true

CALIFORNIA*

for your next vacation

YOSEMITE VALLEY, FAMED ROUND THE WORLD, A FEW HOURS ONLY FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Lifting their rugged crests to the sky of deepest blue, sheer walls of granite, magnificent in their beauty, rise on all sides from the floor of Yosemite Valley. A few hours' distance by marvelously scenic highway is the Mariposa grove of Big Trees,—magnificent veterans of two, three and five thousand summers and winters. Almost in their shadow you can play golf,—golf a mile in the air, in a setting of alpine glory.

San Francisco

California calls to you,—calls to you *this summer*. A vacation spent in this famed playland will be one of *double profit*. For you will have good chance to study the state's practical opportunities. Tens of thousands arrive in California every year, for a holiday, and find the business opening that permits them permanently to remain, with their families, "where life is better."

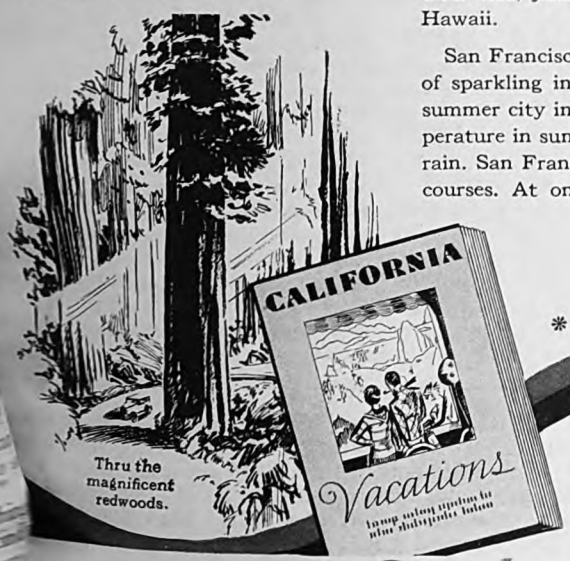
Plan your trip by way of—

This city, the central gateway to the Pacific Coast. Behind it are spread, fan-like, the Redwood Empire with its mystic groves and gamey streams; mountain-high lakes, geysers and petrified forests; several national parks; thousands of square miles of national forest for camping and fishing; scenic rail lines and motor highways; and the long, foaming coastline of the blue Pacific. Over-seas, just a few days' jaunt, lies Hawaii.

San Francisco is itself a holiday city of sparkling interest. It is the coolest summer city in America. Average temperature in summer 59°, and it doesn't rain. San Francisco is ringed with golf courses. At one of these, the Pebble Beach course on Monterey Bay, (5 hours distant), the 1929 national amateur golf tournament will be held, September 2 to 7.

Low roundtrip excursion rates to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast will be in effect on all railroads beginning May 22, return limit October 31. The Victory Highway (U. S. Highway No. 40) will be in good condition. Or you can come by air, or by steamship via Panama Canal.

Let Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of institutions and citizens, send you a book of sumptuous illustrations and travel information,—"San Francisco, Golden Gateway to Vacationland." It is free.



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703 Market Street, San Francisco

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When her father says, "It's O.K. with me!"

. . . it's time to celebrate with

ESKIMO PIE

THRILL after thrill. Listen! Crisp, pure chocolate all around—with delicious, wholesome ice cream inside. Plays a joy tune for your palate. Eskimo Pie—some bundle of goodness! Sold by leading drug stores and confectioneries everywhere.

© 1929, E. P. Corp.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!
The name and fame of Eskimo Pie have encouraged many forms of imitation. Licensed ice cream manufacturers are obligated by contract to make Eskimo Pie pure and wholesome. Get what you ask for—look for the name Eskimo Pie on the silvery foil wrapper.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

put. "I nearly allus stops here when it ain't rainin'. I don't get lonely when the stars come out."

"Why do you love to watch the stars?" I asked my tiny comrade.

"I talk with them," said the child. "And they lights me home."

In a moment she was gone over the fading hill, leaving me with another treasured memory about solitude. And I never look at the spangled heavens without recalling what that baby said of the stars—"They lights me home."

IN OUR modern day, with the pace that our civilization tries to establish and to maintain, a great many people are made nervous by peace and solitude. Our speed of life is such that usually, when we seek repose, we make a mad dash for it. Solitude has a hand to still the pulse's leap, a voice to calm and to reassure.

I remember going late one afternoon to see old Sambo Boykin, an ancient negro who lived as a solitary on a deserted plantation. All his kith and kin were gone. It would seem that there was little left for him to live for. Yet, despite his dusky skin, despite the apparent desolateness of his situation, he was a grave and charming philosopher, made what he was, I think, by living close to nature, by watching, with dim eyes but a discerning heart, the stupendous mystical ways of life.

The old negro was sitting on the wooden bench before his doorstep. He greeted me with affection and that easy courtesy that not many people realize a negro possesses. I gave him the little basket of things I had brought, and his gratitude was touching.

"Sambo," I said, after we had talked about many other matters, "you must not mind being all alone like this."

He looked far over the fading country, his eyes seeing more than the saffron sedge field and the towering pines beyond.

"Cap'n, I ain't 'xackly alone. I miss all who are gone, but I ain't alone."

It is not infrequent for a plantation negro to utter simply the great truths of existence. He lives so much with the infinite patience of nature, and he feels so keenly the mystery of life and the presence of God that it is natural for him both to think and to speak with the thoughtfulness of an Oriental.

"Somebody else has been to see you then," I ventured crudely. "I am mighty glad to hear it."

"Cap'n," he said, and he laid his gnarled, black hand on my knee for emphasis, "you know Who I mean. He was my first friend in this life, and He will be my last—same as He is to you. God don't come to see me; He stays with me all the time. I ain't lonely."

A masterly work of any kind, whether it be natural or produced by man, can seldom be sincerely enjoyed save in some kind of spiritual isolation or solitude. I remember going into an art museum where there was a famous little masterpiece. It was in a room by itself. Before it was a single chair. And the guard at the door permitted only one person at a time to enter. When asked the reason for this practice, he said: "Everyone can get it for himself; but when several people go in together, each is liable to spoil the picture for the others by trying to explain it. We think really fine things don't have to be explained."

I remember going to visit one morning an expert woodworker by the name of Hulon Padgett. He and I were on intimate terms, so that as I went into his sawdust-smelling workshop that morning, I did not even speak to him when I saw him perched on a high stool, his head in his hands, bowed over some problem of construction on the table before him. One flaming maple actually hung into one of Hulon's open windows. It's a pretty thing to have a tree look into a house. At last my friend straightened himself, slipped from his stool, and turned to face me. He was smiling.

"I knew you were here," he said, "but I had to stay by myself until I got this thing."

He then showed me the design for an interlocking splice for the broken back of a hickory chair.

"All day yesterday," he went on, "there were people here. I had time to do this but I hadn't the quiet. I don't exactly have to be alone to think, but I love to be alone to finish thinking—to do that last bit of it that completes the job." He smiled reminiscently. "The very best work I ever got done," he said, "was during the summer when we had a smallpox scare over at the next farm. Nobody would come near this place. I had a chance to think out designs entirely new and to work them out in wood."

FOR a good many years I used to take my youngest boy hunting with me, and of course together we learned much about game birds and animals. Yet I always felt that he was depending on me; and my own ideas simply echoed mine. The came the great day when I gave him my old setter and told him to go out alone. That night he could hardly eat his dinner for telling me about the things that he had seen for himself.

Once I watched a white chip whirled madly down the wild waters of a rain-filled trout stream. It raced toward it frantically; but a backwater eddy caught it, and quietly it floated into a little sheltered bay. We, too, ought to leave the mad current sometimes, to rest our hearts and, ere it is too late, to muse upon the innocent beauty gleaming on the banks. If we do not so retire, how shall we ever be thrillingly pierced by the music of silence? How shall we hear the lustral music of the rustling corn? How shall we ever feel the pure, inevitable charm of the world?

It takes solitude for these great and humble pleasures to be enjoyed. And it takes solitude, under the stars, for one to be reminded of our eternal origin and far destiny.

RECENTLY MARY B. MULLETT was seated on a bench on a flying field talking with an experienced pilot of the Curtiss Flying Service. She came away from that field primed with some of the most interesting and informative facts about commercial aviation, especially as it relates to passenger service, that any writer has ever obtained. Watch for "From the Ground Up." You will thoroughly enjoy it.

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(Attractive home of Geo. E. Smith, at Great Neck Estates, Long Island, N. Y. Architect, W. Albert Swasey. Roofed with J-M Asbestos Shingles)

Everlasting COLORFUL BEAUTY GUARDS THIS ROOF-TREE

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles Mean Permanent Protection from Fire, Weather and Time

WHAT a warmth of rich color there is in this beautiful home roofed with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles! How perfectly it proves what every architect and builder knows—that upon the colorful beauty of the roof depends the character of your house. Velvety greens—autumn reds—mellow grays—there is a Johns-Manville roof to blend with every house design to meet every home-owner's desires.

And the colorful distinction of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will last forever. Time does not touch them! Weather will not wear them out, nor penetrate their sturdy, thick protection. Fire cannot harm them—or the house they guard. Roofing expense is ended for all time. You cannot afford to be without the lifetime of roofing beauty and protection found in Johns-Manville Shingles.

Look At Your Roof Today!

And for old homes as well as new! Thousands of houses are finding new beauty each year when re-roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles *laid right over the old shingles*. Think of the satisfaction of knowing that you'll never have to worry about your roof again. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles end roofing expense where other materials begin them. Let your local Johns-Manville Dealer tell you how *little* it will cost you to beautify and protect your home with these everlasting asbestos shingles.

Johns-Manville
RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

A roof of Johns-Manville Colorblende Shingles admirably fits this attractive Eastern home. And the owner was surprised to find how economical it was to have the additional beauty and protection found only in Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

This interesting stone house is roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in blue-black tones. It will never need another roof, will always be safeguarded from firebrands and the ravages of time and weather

Study these Homes

Successive owners of these houses will enjoy permanent beauty and protection from fire and weather. This is so because their roofs are of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. A Certificate of Registration goes with every genuine J-M Asbestos Shingle Roof.

What "Made by J-M" Means

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles bear the "J-M" trade-mark—the hall-mark of quality of the world authority on Asbestos and its products. J-M Asbestos Brake Lining makes motoring safer for millions of car owners. J-M Built-up Asbestos Roofs guard office buildings and factories from coast to coast. Throughout industry "Johns-Manville" packings, insulations and fireproof building materials are famed for their unfailing service and quality. Write today for our booklet, "The Story of Asbestos."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)
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Send me your free booklet telling the story of colorful, permanent roofs.

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Justice of Peace hands down 8395 *decisions* in favor of this pipe-tobacco

IF any man be a sound judge of what's right and what's wrong, it's Justice of the Peace Bostock. And no exceptions taken on pipe-tobaccos or any other decisions that may be handed down to the folks in the county courthouse.

For twenty-three years this gentleman has rendered opinions favoring just one brand of tobacco—Edgeworth. He says he's smoked more than eight thousand tins of it—at least one a day!

Justice Bostock's decisions are as unvarying as the quality of the tobacco that he favors. For Edgeworth *does* possess the same likable flavor—tin in, tin out!

Let us send you, free of charge, trial packages of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you, too, can put them to the pipe-test. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 45 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these samples, you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth; for, as you will discover, its likable quality is always *there!*

Ipswich, S. D.
Sept. 4, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

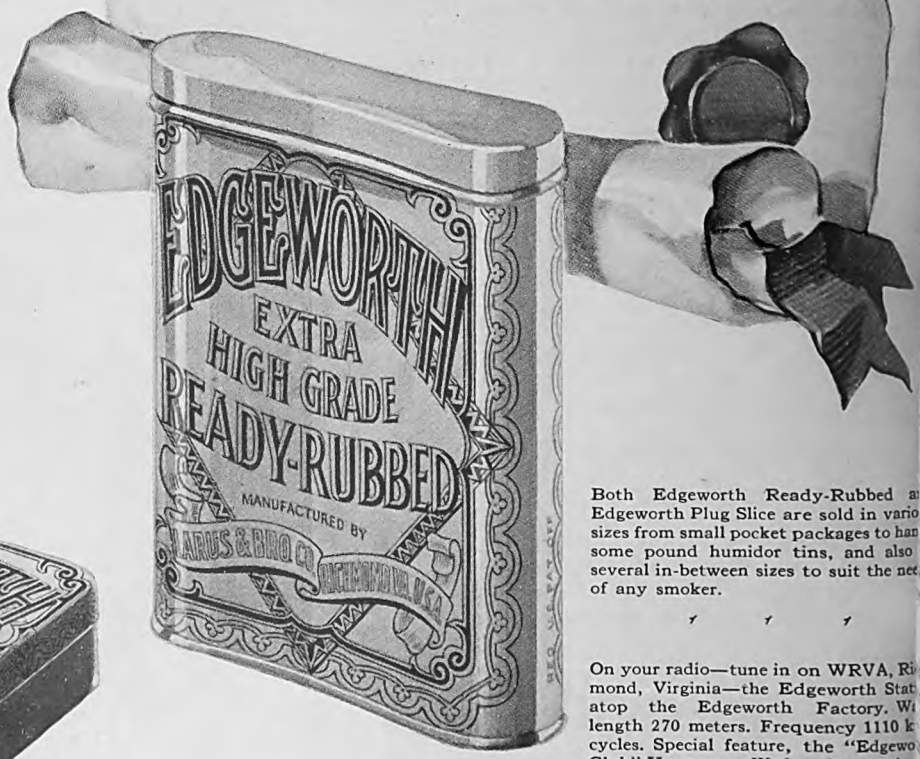
In answer to the challenge of J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D., as printed in the Minneapolis Journal dated Sunday, September 2, I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-three (23) years, and for two years previous to that time I smoked Qboid, which, I believe, is manufactured by your firm.

During this time I have smoked at least one can each day, and to verify this statement you may address the C. & C. Cafe of this city, where I make my tobacco purchases.

It may be interesting to know that my purchases of Edgeworth during this period have totaled more than 8395 (eight thousand three hundred ninety-five) cans, representing a total expenditure of more than $1,259 (twelve hundred fifty-nine dollars).

I have never smoked any other brand of tobacco but Edgeworth during the twenty-three years.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Chas. Bostock
Justice of the Peace.



Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed a Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in vario sizes from small pocket packages to han some pound humidor tins, and also several in-between sizes to suit the nee of any smoker.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Ri mond, Virginia—the Edgeworth Stat atop the Edgeworth Factory. W length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 k cycles. Special feature, the "Edgewo Club" Hour every Wednesday evenin nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

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S O S—The Call That is Always Answered

(*Continued from page 33*)

The next great radio drama came in April, 1912, when the "Titanic" was lost after a collision with an iceberg. Both distress signals, C Q D and S O S, were used by the "Titanic's" wireless operator. And it was because these signals brought the "Carpathia" speeding to the scene of the tragedy that hundreds of lives were saved.

The official adoption of S O S as the international distress signal came a few months later, at the Radiotelegraphic Conference in London. The delegates realized that there must be only one such signal; and they realized also that it ought to be entirely different from every other wireless call, something which would be recognized instantly, from the very first letter, as a desperate cry for assistance. This was not true of C Q D. But it *was* true of S O S! And that is the reason why S O S was chosen.

In the code, S O S is represented thus: (...) (O) --- (S) . . . ; and this signal is three dots, three dashes, and three dots. It is selected because it is a simple and clear one, different from every other wireless call. It is the only call that begins with the letter S.

It is different also in this respect: in sending other calls, the letters are separated by pauses; but in the S O S signal there is no spacing between the letters.

You may never have heard this signal. It comes on the 600-meter wave length, which is used by ships and coast stations for all general calls. This wave length must not be used by the broadcasting stations to whose programs you listen. It is reserved for general service among ships at sea or on the Great Lakes, and between vessels and the coast stations handling ship radiograms.

It probably seems strange to you, as it seems to me, that an operator can convey *emotion* through mere clicks of an instrument. I don't mean that he conveys it by the words he spells out. Radio operators who have received S O S calls will tell you that they can detect, merely by the *tone and quality* of the signals, the sender's state of mind.

Kenneth Upton, chief radio operator on the "President Roosevelt" when that vessel was searching for the sinking steamship "Antinoë," says that "despair permeated every message" received from the doomed vessel.

Other operators have emphasized the fact that an S O S call has a different tone, or quality, from any other; that even if you could not read the signal, you would know that it was an imperative demand, prompted by some great

The first paragraph of this country's Radio Regulations reads: "That from and after October 1, 1912, it shall be unlawful for any steamer of the United States or of any foreign country, navigating the ocean or the Great Lakes and licensed to carry, or carrying, fifty or more passengers, including passengers or crew or attempting to leave or attempt to leave any port in the United States, unless such steamer shall be equipped with an efficient apparatus for radio communication, in good working order, capable of transmitting and receiving messages over a distance of at least one hundred miles, day or night."

In the second paragraph it says: "The radio equipment must be in charge of two or more persons skilled in the use of such apparatus, one or the other of whom shall be on duty at all times while the vessel is being navigated."

A ship's radio operator goes by the nickname, "Sparks." On all vessels which are required by law to carry radio equipment, either an operator or a "watcher" must be listening in continuously. A watcher is not a real "Sparks;" but he must be able to *receive distress signals* and to send call letters that will get the attention of a regular operator who can follow up the cry for help.

EVERY detail of our radio laws is dominated by this one supreme consideration: *nothing* must be allowed to interfere with an S O S call! Every ship that carries a radio apparatus must be able to send distress signals. In sending them, the transmitting set on the ship "may be tuned to create a maximum of interference." At other times there are severe restrictions on this point, but in an S O S emergency, "Sparks" is permitted to do his utmost to rip through all other communications.

Operators on ships and at coast stations are required to listen in day and night, at intervals of not less than fifteen minutes and for at least two minutes each time, on the 600-meter wave length, just on the chance that someone is sending an S O S call.

They must make entries in the "radio log" every fifteen minutes, as evidence that they are keeping this continuous watch. When an operator is sending long radiograms he must stop every fifteen minutes and remain silent for three minutes, in case an S O S signal is trying to get through.

When a distress signal is heard, every other communication must cease instantly. No messages relating to anything else may be sent until the "All clear" signal is given.

This applies, not only to ships and coast stations, but to broadcasting stations also; especially to those anywhere near the seaboard. Perhaps, while you were listening to radio programs on certain evenings during January and February, three years ago, there came a sudden break and you heard an abrupt "Signing off on account of S O S!" After that, possibly for several hours, you twirled the dials in vain. Not a sound could you get.

The man who caused this break in your evening's entertainment holds one of the strangest jobs you ever heard of. Let us take, for example, a big New York station whose programs, during most of the day and half the night, are heard by millions of listeners-in.

You probably know that a broadcasting

$50 a month made a Priceless Investment

CONCRETE FACTS speak louder than words. Here is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children.

His income is $5,000 a year. What would you consider a fair proportion of this income to spend for life insurance? Ten per cent?

Actually in this case the annual premiums amount to about $600, leaving a balance of $4,400 of the income for the support of the family, an easy proposition for ambitious young parents looking to the future.

What does he get for his $600?

Total life insurance of $30,000,—$5,000 to be paid in cash in case of the husband's death, the rest so arranged in a trust settlement as to produce $100 a month income for the wife during her lifetime, the remaining principal to go to the children after her death.

Do you not think this young man has done well for himself and his family?

Surely he has laid out his life very successfully, with a fair income for present living expenses and an estate of $30,000 to leave for his family.

In the meantime, cash value accumulates and dividend returns are paid.

He might struggle for years to obtain such a result in other ways, and then fail of his goal, in the meantime missing the best there is in life, including the contented enjoyment of his income and his family.

How near can YOU get to this? Let us help you work it out.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Inquiry Bureau
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send booklet "This Matter of Success."

Name .....

Address .....

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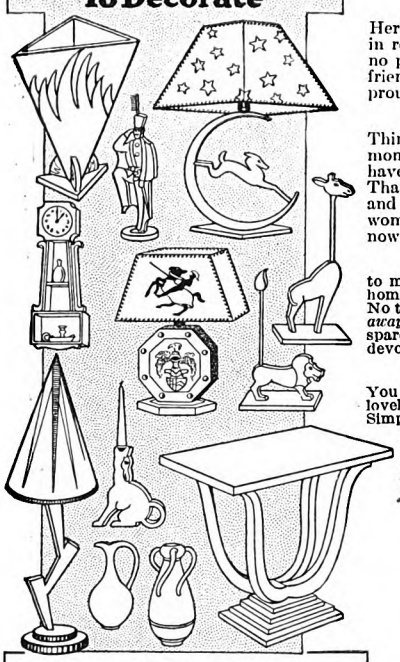
MONEY Immediately for Every Woman!

Given To You To Decorate



Right at Home

No Soliciting—No Canvassing

Here is a new, easy, fascinating way to use your spare moments in real pleasure—in a money-making occupation so simple that no previous training whatever is needed. You will astound your friends and win new ones. You will make your family and friends proud of you. And you will receive

An Income of Your Own

Think what that means! The joy, the independence of having money all the time—your own money—to spend for the things you have always wanted, but never before felt you could afford. That Paris model hat—more soft, dainty underthings—new clothes, and furnishings for your home. Trips! Theatres! Music. Other women just like you are getting them the Fireside way. Begin now to be independent *yourself!*

We Show You How

to make money in a delightful, dignified way—without leaving your home. By decorating charming giftwares! Our method is so simple! No tedious study—you learn by doing! *You begin making money right away!* Our members are making hundreds to thousands of dollars—in spare moments. Ora Scott cleared $1000.00 in one month. You can devote as much time as you wish.

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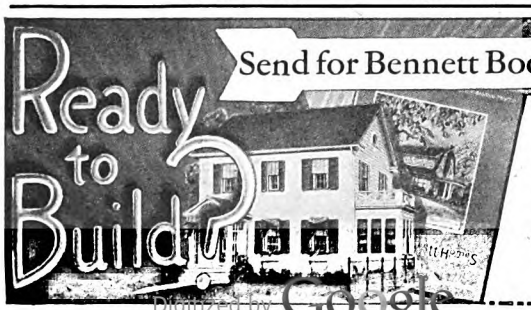

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studio and its broadcasting station m
be some distance apart. The studio i
suite of rooms, usually in some large off
building, where the people who take p
in the program do their talking, singi
and playing before the microphone.

The studio is connected by wire w
the power station; and it is from t
power station that the program is s
out over the air.

EVERY moment of the time that
program is going on at the stu
there is a "monitor" on duty at the s
tion. The hours are long, from before t
beginning of the program until it ends
midnight or later. So this "monitorin
is divided into three shifts, a new m
coming on for each shift.

For hours at a stretch, he sits in fr
of an instrument, listening in on
600-meter wave length for a poss
S O S signal! This is his job, day a
day, and month after month.

Often he hears ships calling to
another or to the coast stations; but so
times weeks go by without the spe
signal for which he is listening. Ne
theless, the watch must always be k
At any time the Storm King may
abroad with his legions of furies; and t
as during that January and Febru
within a few days half a dozen ves
each fighting its death struggle, may
for help.

When this happens, the listening m
tor of the air instantly presses a bu
on the instrument before him and s
off the program which is being br
cast by the station. He does not
for a singer to complete a song.
speaker is on the air, even though
might be the President of the Un
States himself, not another word o
talk would go through.

If you were listening in, you w
hear only one brief sentence; for, i
pressed the button shutting off the st
the monitor would turn to the microp
at his elbow and say: "Signing o
account of S O S!"

This is done to clear the air o
possible interference with messages t
from the stricken vessel. At such
it is a matter of pride with a broadc
station to be the first to "get off th
But an S O S call may not silence
stations in the country. If a d
signal is from a ship on the At
Ocean, the stations far inland and
on the Western coast may contin
broadcast. If the S O S comes fro
Pacific Ocean, the far Eastern stat
with the exception of a few very po
ones—are not compelled to stop.

Most of us confirmed "landlu
may as well admit that we have a
fear of the sea. We have read th
accounts of marine disasters, a
remember these tragic tales lon
vividly. But we don't realize th
reason *why* we remember them is b
there are, comparatively, very
them. Every day the newspapers
automobile accidents. Yet we p
the family car and start off wit
single qualm. But the rare trage
the sea register indelibly—just b
they *are* rare. The sinking of th
tanic" made a greater impression
thousand motor accidents.

When you realize that whole

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vessels, take them all together, are constantly threading their lonely ways across those waters, the small total of distress signals is very reassuring. It is also a wonderful testimony to the skill and courage of the men who go down to the sea in ships—and who, except in rare instances, bring those ships safe to port.

During 1925 Station WEAF went off the air twenty-seven times because of S O S calls. Only six times did the interruption last more than one hour! In other words, in all except those six cases a rescuing vessel had gone to the scene of trouble within sixty minutes after the distress call was sent out.

Sometimes the "All clear" signal, meaning that assistance had arrived, came in less than ten minutes after the S O S was heard! If radio meant nothing else to the world than this amazingly swift help in time of peril, it still would be one of the greatest marvels of the twentieth century.

THERE was one occasion in 1925 when the broadcasting studios were silent for more than three hours on account of S O S. That was on October fifth, from 8:19 in the evening until midnight.

This three hours and forty-one minutes is the longest continuous S O S silent period recorded in the WEAF radio log. Yet it was not due to a real disaster. It was simply a curious demonstration of how *any* S O S call takes absolute possession of the air, so far as radio is concerned.

The vessel which sent out the signal was the coast guard cutter "101," part of the so-called "prohibition navy" patrolling Rum Row to prevent the smuggling of liquor. The cutter's own trouble was liquid; but in her case the liquid was water! Her hold was half full, due to a bad leak.

Her distress signal stirred up a lot of commotion off the New Jersey coast. Several steamers hurried to the rescue, and the captain of the coast guard station at Atlantic City dispatched the "Seneca" and two smaller boats to the scene. It was a night when static was particularly bad, causing a good deal of confusion; and for hours several vessels hunted the "101" persistently but unsuccessfully.

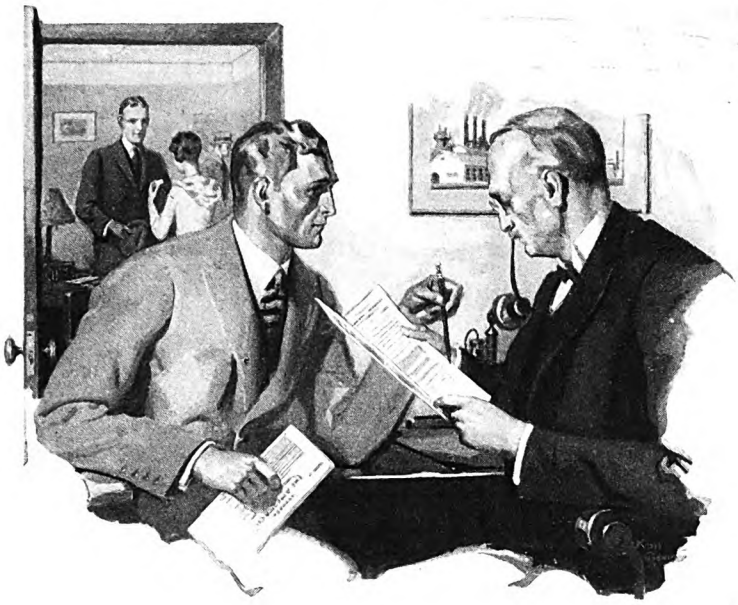
"I think she's sunk!" one of these ships finally declared by wireless to his companion searchers. But still they continued their quest; and still every broadcasting studio anywhere near that part of the coast was shut off.

Meanwhile, the "101" was slowly creeping back to port all by herself! The coast guard captain on shore had received this word from her and had gone to bed. But, probably because of the tricky atmospheric conditions, no one else got the information until midnight, by which time most of the radio audience also had gone to bed.

The entire evening had been monopolized, not by a real disaster, but by the mere possibility of a disaster. There is a thrill in this evidence that S O S is the undisputed king of the air.

A few months later, on Monday evening, January twenty-fifth, the broadcasting studios had another long period of silence. They were shut off at 7:09 P. M. and did not get back on the air until about half past ten.

Perhaps you remember that the At-



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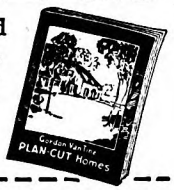

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GIANT ZINNIA

lantic was swept by a succession of terrific gales during January and February, 1926. As a result, one dramatic chapter after another was written into the history of S O S. In less than forty-eight hours there were three of these chapters. The most thrilling was that which told how the "President Roosevelt," of the United States Line, rescued the entire crew of the British steamer, "Antinoë."

The "Roosevelt" had left New York on Wednesday, January twentieth, and by Saturday had run into "dirty weather." There were three wireless operators on board, the twenty-four hours being divided in shifts among them. Kenneth Upton, the chief operator, went on duty at 4 A. M. Sunday.

All day Saturday ships had been exchanging messages about the weather. All of them to the east of the "Roosevelt" reported fierce gales. Occasionally a ship would tell of a broken rudder or a shifting cargo; but up to Sunday morning, none of them asked for assistance.

Upton put on his head-phones and began to listen in on the 600-meter wave length. As he told the story afterward, there was silence at first. Then, out of the storm and the darkness, came the call: "S O S de G K J Y! S O S, S O S de G K J Y!"

Every radio-equipped vessel carries an international list of call letters. From this list it was quickly learned that GKJY was the "Antinoë." On getting a response from the "Roosevelt," she reported her position in latitude and longitude, said that her condition was very serious, and frantically appealed for help.

Other ships picked up the call. Among them was the "Aquitania," the big Cunard liner. These vessels talked with one another, each giving its position. The "Roosevelt" was nearest the "Antinoë." The "Aquitania" was next. But she was fighting her way westward and making slow headway against the gale. So it was agreed that Captain Fried, of the "Roosevelt," should go to the rescue of the "Antinoë."

UPTON immediately sent out a general call, Q S T, to all ships and shore stations, and told them of the situation. In this way, the air was cleared of all other messages, so that the "Roosevelt" and the "Antinoë" could communicate without interruption.

The second operator, Nelson Smith, soon came to Upton's assistance. Smith handled the messages to and from the "Antinoë," while Upton stationed himself at the direction finder, carefully turning it, listening to the strength of the signal and watching the radio compass.

Without that mechanism, it would have been almost impossible to find the disabled vessel. The ocean was a mass of raging combers. The air was so filled with spume and spray that it was impossible to see any great distance. It was like hunting for a needle in a *wind-blown* haystack.

"How many knots are you making?" came the desperate message from the "Antinoë's" operator. "If you don't come soon it's all up! . . . Another half has let go. . . . You say we so nearer?"

The messages were interrupted by long silences, when the anxious listeners on

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'Roosevelt" feared that the worst had happened. They found later that these breaks occurred when Evans, the "Antinoë" operator, had to leave his instrument to speak to the captain. Every time he did this he had to go along the open deck, which was being swept by huge waves. One of these waves tore a lifeboat loose and hurled it against the radio room, smashing the wall. After that, Evans was forced to fight the big seas that came in and drenched him as he sat at his instrument.

It was noon on Sunday when the "Roosevelt" sighted the "Antinoë." The story of the next few days was one which stirred the whole civilized world. Captain Ried lost two of his own men and five lifeboats before he finally succeeded in saving the twenty-four men on board the "Antinoë." Finally, late Wednesday night and early Thursday morning, taking advantage of lulls in the storm, the rescue was effected. Utterly exhausted, half frozen and half starved, every member of the crew was brought in lifeboats and hoisted to the "Roosevelt's" deck.

THE S O S call which had silenced the broadcasting programs on Monday evening was the first warning received of another tragedy. But this one did not have a happy ending. Although the signal was picked up a little after 7 P. M., it was not until hours later that the vessel in distress was identified as the "Laristan," another British freighter, with a crew of twenty-two men. She was in a desperate plight, her bulkheads stove in, and she was fighting a terrible storm.

Two ships, the "North Carolina" and the "Bremen," went to her assistance. The "Bremen" succeeded in taking off members of her crew. Then the gale grew so much worse that further attempts were impossible. But the "Bremen" continued to stand by, waiting for a lull in the storm, until daylight on Wednesday morning showed only scattered wreckage floating on the water. The "Laristan" had gone down in the night.

The "Antinoë's" S O S had come Sunday morning; the "Laristan's" Monday morning; and there was still another one about ten o'clock Sunday evening! This time it told of a collision between the two ships "Solvang" and "Vacuum" off the New Jersey coast. The "Solvang" sank; but not before all the members of the crew except two, had been rescued.

That last week in January was a terrible week. It was black with tragedy. And yet, because of the miracle of radio, the world was illuminated by something so beautiful and splendid—the light of courage and of compassion.

It is interesting to note that the "Vesuvius" disaster, which held the front page for weeks last November, was in no way due to failure to respond to the S O S. Within half an hour after the first call of distress went out, several vessels were on their way to the scene of trouble. And the good Samaritans of the sea stood by long as there was even a very remote chance of picking up a survivor. Had it been for the radio outfit aboard the "Paris," probably every soul on the ship would have been lost instead of approximately a third of the passengers and

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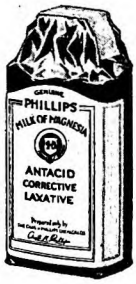

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Nobody can steal MY Happiness

By EDGAR A. GUEST

ONE beautiful Sunday afternoon during the summer of 1927, a memorable thing happened to me. Along with five or six hundred others, I sat in the little Methodist church at Huron City, Michigan, and listened to Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University preach his now widely known sermon on Happiness. This sermon has since been printed in book form. I have read it a number of times, and I have heard Professor Phelps deliver it a number of times. But I shall always be grateful and glad that I braved those eight dusty miles to hear its first public utterance.

I felt then, and I feel now, that Billy Phelps was inspired that afternoon. And I believe that the people gathered together in that little church felt the same way. The very walls seemed to listen receptively. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the opening sentence of his talk:

"Years ago," he began, "I came to the conclusion that the happiest person is the one who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

Of course this was another way of saying that happiness comes from within, not from without. Professor Phelps went on to show that, while happiness may be partly made up of externals—grand possessions, a big house, fine furniture, a costly automobile, and the like—it never *depends* upon these things.

For the past year, I have been trying out on myself Billy Phelps's recipe for happiness, and I have been watching it work out in the lives of others.

"HAPPINESS is the one thing in life you can't afford to postpone," says Mr. Guest. "It is like the manna of old. Enough for today is all that life measures out to us. There may be more tomorrow; but today's supply isn't going to keep. You can't store it in the ice box.

"If your first little car failed to thrill you with delight, the last limousine will be just another automobile. If your first little garden wasn't a bower of beauty to you; if you didn't watch for the zinnia seeds to sprout and the morning glories to start their climb on the old wire fence, then you needn't count on getting any fun out of the bouquets the hired gardener will cut for you some day. If you've never risen at dawn to go fishing in a leaky boat, and thanked the Lord that you had been permitted to see the sunrise, don't look forward to the day when you will own a yacht. You may take happiness with you aboard a yacht, but you'll never find it waiting there for you.

"When it comes to getting joy out of this life not one of us has a minute to waste. It is folly to postpone a single smile. The habit of frowning grows, and the habit of whimpering becomes increasingly hard to break. The time to be happy is *now!*"

I firmly believe he has the right idea. In short, I have decided that we are the authors of most of our own misery. The lion's share of our bad luck may be traced to our attitude toward something or somebody. As for our good luck, we are prone to give it a grossly exaggerated value. If success comes, the best that it can do is to increase our bank account, or widen our fame a little. And these things may have nothing to do with happiness. The thrill of victory is sweet; but often it doesn't last overnight. The new suit becomes old with the first rainstorm. Having more money than your neighbor can get to be monotonous. You can't lord it over him more than once or twice, and get any satisfaction out of the process.

This is what Billy Phelps told me that Sunday afternoon more than a year ago, and this is what experience has taught me to be the truth: *Unless you have my permission, you can make me neither happy nor unhappy.* How can you cheer me up, good neighbor of mine, unless I am willing to respond in some measure to your hopeful words and to your sunny presence? And, Mr. Sneering Critic, you certainly cannot disturb my peace of mind with your gibes and taunts, unless you have my coöperation.

You can see it for yourself: If my happiness comes from with anybody could rob me of i would be at the mercy of e careless or unkind tongue. snub, or a malicious dig, c make me miserable for days a time. Therefore, I refuse to my happiness into the keepin Tom, Dick, and Harry.

It is all a question of makin your mind: Will the loss of a set you to weeping? If so, it w bad day for you when that came into your possession, f put into sorrow's hand a weapon with which to strik you. Has an enemy lied a you? Did the stranger who h it believe the lie to be the tr Who is the injured one? Not if you are wise enough not t into the trap. Go on about business and let the liars lie. I let them rob you of appeti sleep. The stranger who has deceived is the one who has defrauded, and he will find the truth sooner or later.

IF I were asked today to the unhappiest man I strangely enough he would b of the richest men I know. tune has smiled upon him, b has seldom smiled back. A were asked to name the ha man I know, he would be the poorest. His nickna "Sunny," and he works b day. Fortune has never upon him and probably nev for he is now well over sixty of age. But Sunny has ceased to laugh at life. genuinely glad to be alive. at Pointe aux Barques, actually glad that he can grass and look after my boxes in the spring. He genuine thrill out of flowers and bi animals and people. He was ill a f early this month, and I stopped i pretty little house to inquire for

"I've been laid up," he said; " on the mend again now, and I' your place in a few days. Every all right. I suppose we've got to now and then just to apprecia health when we have it."

Sunny sensibly refuses to let g joy of life. You can't steal his saying something unkind about it isn't true. You can come up city with bushel baskets filled w from the florist, (*Continued on p*

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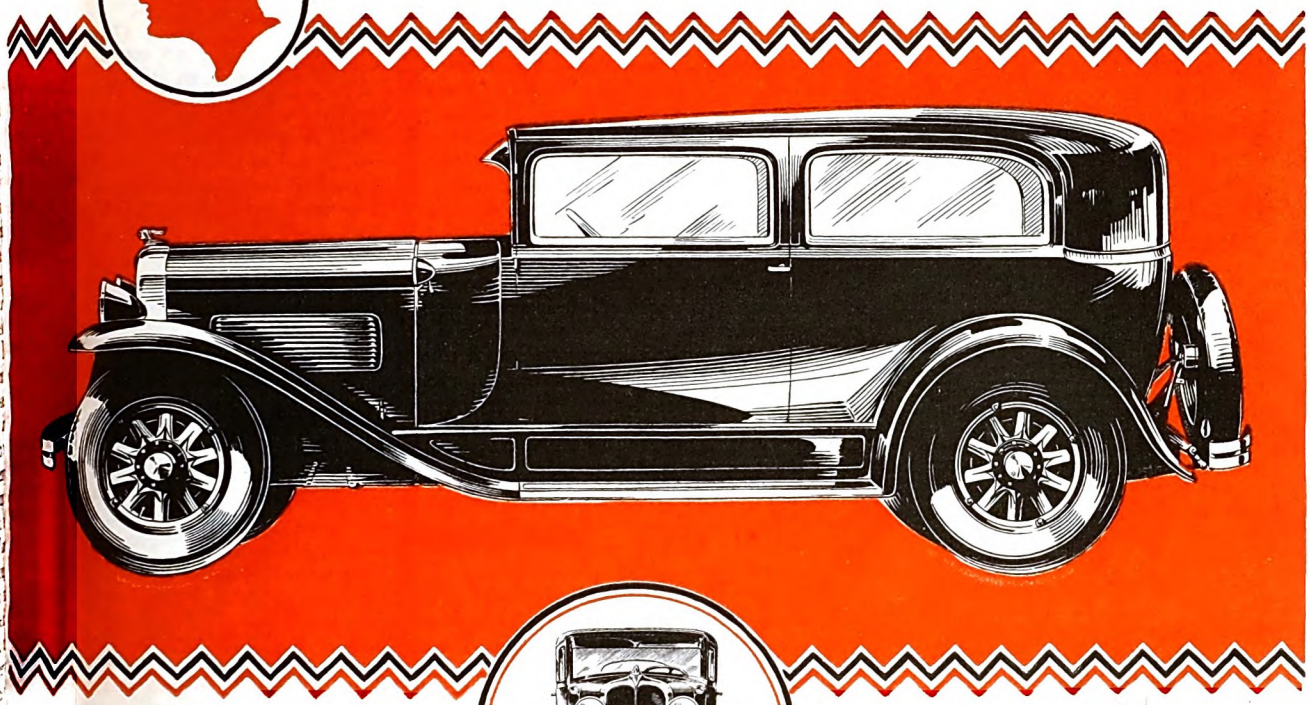

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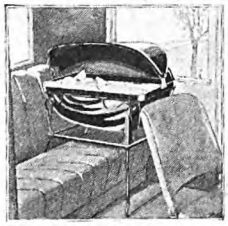

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Nobody Can Steal My Happiness

(*Continued from page 138*)

but your joy in the flowers will be as nothing to Sunny's when he goes out in the evening among the blossoms in his own patch of garden.

Sometimes it seems to me that we all go at life too haphazardly. I have written it before, but I repeat it here: Luck may make a man rich, but luck never will make a gentleman. Nobody ever becomes cultured by accident; chance will never make a mean man generous nor a brutal one kindly. Nobody ever became happy who was not willing to be. Biologists may prove much, but I doubt that they will ever prove that a man was born surly, or selfish, or petty, or bigoted, or whining, or sarcastic. These traits are the results of repeated demonstrations of choice on our part. Perhaps the choice was unconscious, but it was there all the same.

What happens to us is not nearly so important as our reaction to what happens. Actually, what difference does it make to our happiness that a ring is lost, or that a purse has gone astray, or that the game went to another? Has life in any way been changed? Are we not still the same as we were before? But the way in which we meet these situations makes all the difference in the world, both to ourselves and to others.

I know this, too: You can't be happy by yourself. You can't corner the good cheer of this life. You can't take all the victories and none of the defeats; you can't keep your smiles for the sunny days and growl through the dark, and get anywhere with yourself. You can't steal the happiness of others, and you can't save it up for special occasions.

If you are happy only when you are winning, then there is much unhappiness in store for you.

It takes courage to be happy. It doesn't take fine houses and large bank accounts and bonds innumerable. High-priced automobiles aren't upholstered with happiness.

It takes common sense to be happy. You don't need to study Greek philosophy, or Roman history, or higher mathematics in order to achieve contentment. A knowledge of these things may make you a wise person, but it will not of itself make you happy.

Without courage and common sense we become slaves to things and position and pride. The thief who can strip us of these treasures can leave us miserable and helpless.

A FINE old citizen of Detroit who had reached seventy years and a little more believing himself to be independent of the world, stood face to face with penury a few years ago. One day he was rated to be worth two millions or over; the next it seemed absolutely certain that he had lost everything. He had endorsed notes for sums larger than his entire fortune, and the notes were due.

I met this grand old man in the lobby of the Detroit Athletic Club, grip in hand, shortly after he discovered that he was penniless.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Eddie," he said to me, "I'm going back on the road to sell goods. They've taken everything from me but my spirit. I can still sell, and I'm on the way."

Brave? Yes, but oh how sensible! He had endorsed notes for his fortune—not for his happiness. He had lost his money, but not his smile or his grit. He was still thinking clearly, and he was wasting no time getting back to work. That he advised me never to endorse a note I remember, and have failed to follow that counsel. What he didn't know that day is that he was setting me the finest example I have ever had of how to bear myself in the face of adversity.

Should hard luck ever knock me flat, I shall remember that grand old man. I shall see him as I saw him then, grip in hand, seventy years of age—starting out as a traveling salesman. Back where he was forty years before, and wasting not one precious day in whimpering and wailing.

It takes common sense to do that.

NOT long ago, I sat in with a company of men who were starting a new business venture. Were they taking any chances with that money of theirs? Not if they could avoid it. They discussed their plans pro and con. Would this be a good move or a bad one to make? Would this help or harm? How far would they proceed the first year? What would they do if something unforeseen came up? What risks could normally be expected? Why, I was fairly dazed by the questions which were brought up and carefully considered.

Those fellows weren't leaving anything to luck. They were business men, putting real money into a venture. And, so far as it was humanly possible to do so, they were going to make sure that their money was safeguarded.

And all the time I sat there, I couldn't help thinking that that is precisely what we ought to do with our lives. Why not map it out as far as possible? Why not go at this stretch of years intelligently and rationally? Why not check and balance the possibilities. Why not make a business of happiness, and bond it ourselves.

Who is the general manager of this life of mine anyhow? Who says whether I shall keep on working or quit? Luck? Not at all. Who tells me to growl and swear and make a nuisance of myself generally just because some trivial plan of mine has gone wrong? Chance or mere chance? Not at all. I'm the fellow who lets go of everything that's fine and decent in me and sinks for the time to the level of the mucker. Can I prevent that thing happening to me again? I'm a poor sort of weakling if I can't.

I can't lose my temper without a loss losing something of my self-respect. I never done an ill-natured act of which afterward managed to be proud. Getting even with somebody for a genuine or fancied wrong has never proved the thing I thought it would be. Always there has come with my bit of revenge and momentary gloat, a larger sense of loss.

Years ago my father and I were

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walking together, and a little yellow dog came snapping and snarling at us. Boy-like, I picked up stones and sticks and threw them at the cur.

"Son," he said, "don't do that. If you'll just walk on and pay no attention to that dog, he'll stop annoying you. It isn't any fun to a dog to yelp at people who pay no attention to him. The same is true of men. When you get older, you'll find there are a lot of human yellow dogs. They'll run out at you and snap at your heels and try to anger you. They'll say all manner of bitter things about you. Pay no attention to them. Never turn to answer them or throw sticks back at them. That's what they want you to do. Let the yellow dogs howl and snarl, but don't become a yellow dog yourself."

You can't please everybody. There is no use in trying. Unkind things will be said about you. You will encounter envious people and malicious people and grasping people. Jealousy, intolerance, and sarcasm and bitterness are human traits. Who goes out into life must expect to encounter all these difficulties. The sailors who put out to sea hope for fair weather, but they are prepared for the storms that may come at any hour. Loss and gain are as certain as rain and shine. If you have nothing to worry about, you have nothing at stake. And if you have nothing at stake, nothing to hope for, nothing to look forward to, nothing of which to be afraid, you might as well be dead.

LAST evening just at sunset two of us walked down to the cliffs overlooking Lake Huron. There on her porch sat one of the happiest and sweetest women I have ever known. The friend with me was struck by the beauty of her smile and the graciousness of her greeting. Her eyes were radiant with joy and her laughter was as clear and musical as the ripple of the waves near by.

As we walked on toward home, the friend said:

"What a remarkably happy woman she is."

"Yes," I said. "Everybody here loves her. She is the shining example for us all. Did you notice anything unusual about her?"

"Nothing but the beauty of her smile," he said.

"Did you notice that she didn't rise to meet you?"

"No," he answered.

"Well, she didn't," I replied. "She couldn't. She never takes a step without suffering excruciating pain. She can, and does, move about a little, but always with exceeding difficulty—and you never guessed it."

The incident is everywhere repeated. Disease attacks the body, but with the body brave it cannot get to the spirit. The mind still functions, and the mind is in control. Laughter is a better defense than whimpering.

But there is another side to this happiness question. One must have the *right* to be happy. An ill-natured man isn't entitled to friendship. He has thrown it away time and again and his sobs of loneliness in his old age come with little grace.

We were discussing a certain man the other day—a man rich and almost friendless. His life has been a long round of bickering and close dealing. Lawsuits have strewn his path. Friendship apparently meant nothing to him when he was busy making his fortune. Men who once tried to like him, gave him up as a hopeless case. He is old now and has more money than he will ever need.

To one with whom he quarreled bitterly more than twenty years ago, he said recently:

"I don't understand it. You have hundreds of friends about you, and I have almost no one outside of my own family whom I can turn to."

And the man replied simply: "I was making friends years ago while you were busy making money."

IT'S all in that one sentence. We carry into old age only the things we have thought to bring along the way. If we were happy as boys we possibly shall have happiness as men. If we are making friends now, some of them will be with us at the end.

Time was that I fretted when people sneered, but no more. Say what you will, think what you will, do what you will, you haven't the key to my peace of mind. I carry that myself. I shall lie awake only when I have wronged another. I shall be disturbed and unhappy only when I have done a vicious thing or a mean thing. When anger has caused me to lose my self-respect; when in a moment of carelessness I shall fail to live up to what I believe to be best, I shall be grieved and hurt and miserable. But not because of the bitter tongue of malice or of slander.

There are griefs which come to us through locked doors and bolted windows. We have all known days when to be happy and smiling was impossible. No one escapes such days.

A loved one goes out of our lives, and we feel that all happiness has gone too. But happiness hasn't really left us. Grief has stunned us and shocked us and hurt us beyond our powers to describe; but the smiles will come again and the laughter ring. Time will work that miracle. By and by we learn to talk happily of the departed spirit. Here she sat and there she played her games. Now we are reading again the stories which we read to her. Is her absence all misery? It was in those first few months, but not now. In the kingdom of the mind she still dwells with us, radiant and bright—a joy which we have known and loved. How richly we were blessed by those few years of her life. What if they had been denied to us? We should never have known these tender memories. We should not now be sitting here talking of her and looking forward to seeing her again in that eternal future. But she brought us sorrow. Aye, and laughter and gladness and love, and priceless memories.

So I say, let me keep my tears and sobs for life's real losses. While I still have friends, and books, and flowers, and my own people about me; while there are still cares to face and dangers to encounter; while I can still dream and plan and hope and see something to look forward to, I can still laugh when the road grows smoother, and still smile when a good friend calls!

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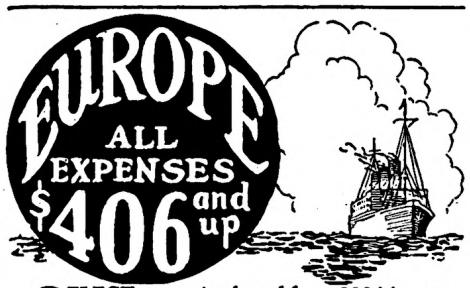

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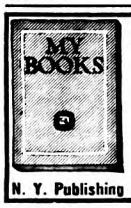

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They're Your Feet but Stop Abusing Them

(*Continued from page 49*)

and plaster. As a general rule, it requires four or five applications to soften the corn sufficiently so that it may be removed without trouble. Finish the operation by painting with tincture of iodine or mercurochrome.

However, if the corn is very large or high, it is best to remove the upper two-thirds with a sterile knife before applying the salve and adhesive, taking care not to draw blood, and follow the directions above.

Large calluses on the soles of the feet and stone bruises are usually due to bulging of the soles of the shoes or to wearing shoes with too thin soles. They should be treated after the same general method as advised for corns.

To relieve the stinging which sometimes accompanies these newly formed callosities, soak the feet at night in hot, soapy water. Sometimes, after a half hour's foot bath of this sort, the callus can be largely removed by rubbing with a damp, very rough Turkish towel. Dash a little cold water upon the feet, dry carefully, and anoint with cocoa butter.

Blisters and abrasions usually result from wearing shoes that are too large or stockings that wrinkle. Sometimes it is a wrinkle in the lining of the shoe itself that causes the trouble.

The best way to treat a blister is to sterilize a needle, and after pricking it at the edge, very gently press out the serous content. Under no circumstances should the loose skin over the blister be removed. Paint the area over with either tincture of iodine or mercurochrome, and allow it to dry. Then cover with adhesive tape applied over a layer of gauze or cotton. The gauze is important; otherwise, ulceration may occur if the adhesive tape is left on very long.

Abrasions are simply blisters from which the outer covering of skin has been removed or torn off. These tender surfaces are very painful when exposed to air or when irritated by the material of the stocking or the sock. Treat them as you would a blister after its serous content has been squeezed out. If the abrasion is very large or if it seems to be infected, go to the doctor.

THE care of the nails is an important feature of foot hygiene. There is an art in the trimming of nails, especially of the big toe, to prevent tendency to ingrowing. This inward curve of the nail going down into the flesh produces a very painful condition and it sometimes becomes infected and constitutes a serious menace. Socks or stockings that are too small are one of the causes of this condition, not to mention too narrow and improperly fitting shoes. But, aside from wearing properly fitting stockings and shoes, a simple way to prevent ingrowing nails is to trim them squarely across. Do not cut the nail of the big toe as you might those on the other toes, in a circular fashion, but allow the sides to remain on a level with the center of the nail, which is pared down to the flesh.

In mild cases of ingrowing nail, infection can sometimes be prevented by gently raising the corner of the nail and inserting a small pledget of cotton. The cotton should be changed at least once or twice a day and the nail will thus be gradually forced away from the flesh. In the more severe cases of ingrowing nail, surgical treatment is required.

If you have a painful or tender spot where the big toe joins on to the foot, or, to be technical, where the metatarsal joint of the great toe is located, watch out for trouble. A bunion may be on its way.

You have probably been wearing shoes that have crowded the big toe and caused the metatarsal joint to be pushed outward at a sharp angle; as a consequence the synovial sac, which is situated over the metatarsal joint, is enlarging.

THE first thing to do is immediately to remove all pressure and look to your shoes.

You may be able gradually to pull your toe into place again by the use of adhesive plaster and by wearing wool pledgets between the first two toes. But if the joint has begun to get badly deformed, consult a doctor, as there is danger from pus formation and ulceration.

Sometimes bunions result, not from pressure but from a hereditary conformation of the foot, in which case a surgical operation is the only cure.

The next two common foot ailments which are in a measure linked together, are excessive foot sweating and poor circulation.

There are two general plans of treatment for excessive sweating. The first is to tone up the circulation of the feet by taking the alternate hot and cold foot baths each evening. The feet should be put into piping-hot water for from two to three minutes and then taken out and put into ice water for eight to ten seconds. This should be kept up for from fifteen minutes to half an hour, making anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen changes between the hot water and the ice water.

Finish the treatment by drying the feet when they are taken out of the cold water and dusting them with the following powder:

Salicylic acid	3 parts
Powdered starch	10 parts
Powdered talcum	87 parts

Another remedy is the potassium permanganate treatment. First wash the feet thoroughly with soap and warm water, great care being taken to see that all soap is removed by rinsing them with water. They are then soaked for about twenty minutes in a saturated solution of potassium permanganate in hot water. This permanganate solution is allowed to dry on the feet. Carry out this treatment for three successive nights. After the first night the feet are not again washed with soap and water, but are put directly into the permanganate solution, which each time is allowed to dry on.

Liberally use the foot powder as suggested, applying it not only to the feet but to the inside of the socks, and be sure to get plenty of powder between the toes.

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This treatment, especially if it has been preceded by a course of tonic alternate hot and cold foot baths, usually checks excessive perspiration. The permanganate will stain the feet a deep mahogany color, but this is harmless and will soon wear off.

Another good tonic treatment for poor circulation is the salt glow. Take some cool water and some coarse salt (not the rock salt used for making ice cream, but just coarse salt, such as is used in taking a salt bath) and thoroughly massage the feet with this moistened salt, rinsing off with cold water. Dry carefully and rub in cocoa butter.

Sometimes circulation in the feet is interfered with to the point where the ends of the toes are threatened with tissue death, gangrene. This condition is called Reynaud's disease, and its treatment should always be directed by a physician.

If you should happen to suffer from cold hands and feet, this does not necessarily mean that your whole systemic circulation is poor. I am constantly meeting people who have cold hands and feet, but who otherwise have a good circulation and normal blood pressure and enjoy the best of health. They are simply born that way. If people with this hereditary tendency are reasonably careful in keeping the feet dry and warm and do not go to the extreme of over-clothing the feet, no serious harm comes from this sluggish circulation.

While on the subject of cold feet we may as well take in that distressing complaint —chilblains.

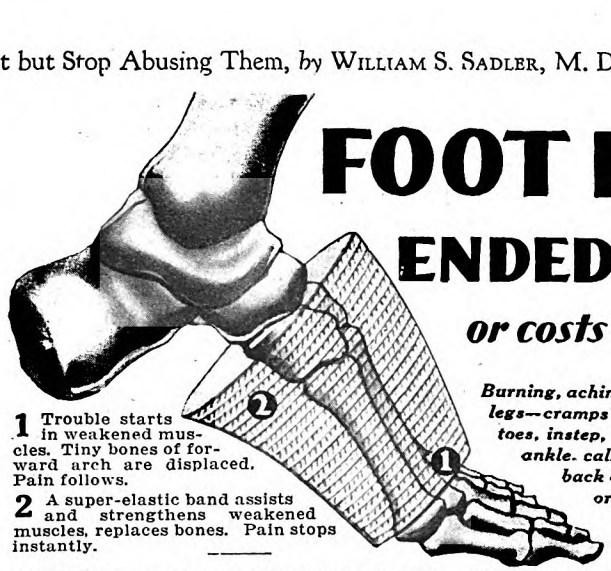
Chilblains, as you probably know, are a mild form of frostbite. If you have frozen your feet, do not put them immediately into hot water, but warm them up first by massaging either with snow or cold water. They can then be bathed in warm water and rubbed with menthol ointment.

If, however, the chilblains have reached the ulcerated stage, a safe and effective remedy is Balsam of Peru—20 per cent—in a base of cocoa butter. Sometimes, however, when chilblains reach a very badly ulcerated stage, they need surgical care, as it is frequently necessary to remove all tissue of lowered vitality and either allow this surface to scar over or to replace the lost skin by means of skin graft.

PEOPLE who are engaged in heavy work, particularly in hot places, often suffer from cracks and fissures between the toes and on the soles of the feet. These can be treated in their earlier stages by careful washing, drying, and cleansing with alcohol. This must be unadulterated alcohol; that is, grain alcohol that has not been denatured. Then dust with foot powder. Borated talc is good for this purpose. Cracks and fissures should be covered with adhesive tape, after first being protected by a little gauze or cotton.

When fissures have become very deep, you should go to the doctor.

Flat foot is more common among women than men and this is probably due to the fact that weak arches are not merely a foot condition, but they also result primarily from a general weakened condition of the muscles that have to do with arch support. The more vigorous exercise of boys as they grow up as compared to that of girls no doubt serves greatly to protect them from this tendency to flat foot later in life. Moreover, boys' shoes conform much better to the shape of their feet.



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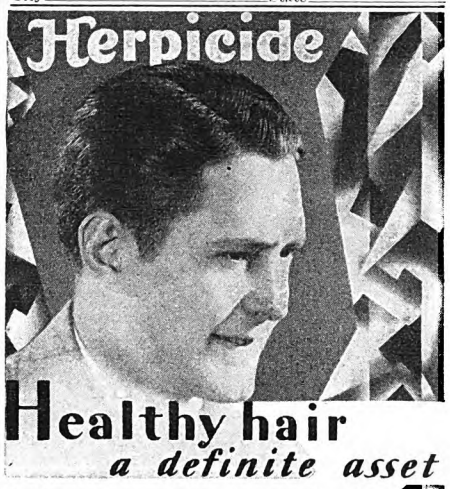

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Weak feet sooner or later come to be flat feet. Another reason why women suffer more from flat feet is because they toe out more both in walking and standing, and this places a great strain upon the arches of the feet. The persistent practice of toeing in, standing and walking Indian fashion, and the daily exercise of the leg muscles, rising on the toes twenty to forty times, night and morning, will do much to prevent flat foot. The following exercise is also valuable for preventing and correcting this troublesome condition:

Exercise for flat foot. Draw two parallel chalk lines about three fourths the length of one foot apart, and practice walking on them until the habit of toeing straight is acquired. Correct posture is like the military attitude of "at rest"—heels apart, toes straight forward, the sides of the feet forming two sides of a square. This attitude gives stability and poise and insures a proper distribution of the weight of the body upon the feet.

Those who stand a great deal should avoid distorted positions, as resting the weight on the sides of the feet, or on one foot with the body sagging to one side. The body weight should be kept evenly supported on both feet.

TO DETECT weak feet, note whether you have a tendency to toe out when walking, a bending inward of the ankles when standing, or a disposition to walk on the inner side of the feet, as shown by the uneven wearing of the shoe. This condition may be present with a high instep and no evidence of flat foot. As flat foot develops, the inward bend of the ankle is easily apparent. The inner hollow disappears and the entire sole rests flat upon the ground when the shoes are removed.

The earlier in life this condition of weak feet is detected the better for the individual. After middle life a cure—especially in heavy people—may be difficult, or impossible, if the arches are completely broken down. In young people, a cure can almost invariably be effected.

The prevention of flat foot consists largely in affording due exercise to the leg and foot muscles and tendons by plenty of walking, especially in childhood, and on rough ground. Flat pavements are indirectly one cause of flat foot.

The following additional exercises are also valuable in an effort to strengthen the arches and prevent or cure flat foot tendency:

1. Stand on a wooden stool about one and a half feet from the wall, supporting yourself with your hands against the wall, with the right foot, except the heel, extended off the stool. Now stretch the foot downward as far as you can, counting five. Then flex the foot upward as far as possible, counting five, always keeping the heel on the stool. Repeat from ten to twenty times. Repeat with left foot.

2. Sit on a stool and place your right leg on a chair, the ankle and foot extended off the chair. Grasp the leg half way between the ankle and the knee, and, while stretching the toes, rotate the foot vigorously from five to ten times in each direction. Repeat with the left leg.

The arches of the feet can also be greatly strengthened by wearing moccasins or sandals, which, while protecting the soles of the feet, afford every opportunity for a free play of all muscles and tendons.

With regard to arch supports, I suggest that the sufferer from flat feet consult a competent podiatrist before using them.

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There are many good arch supports and health shoes on the market, but there are also a number of so-called health shoes and arch appliances brought out by commercial exploiters, whose products do more harm than good. Your feet are too valuable to fool with—that is why I advise anyone suffering from *serious* foot trouble to consult a reputable podiatrist. He will suggest the support and last best suited to your feet.

Another good course for the foot sufferer is to have his feet X-rayed. Sometimes foot strain is caused by bone spurs which will continue to make trouble until surgically removed.

We have come to realize that most of our ailments result from over-civilized living habits and would vanish if we spent more time tramping in the woods and along country roads. But if we are to enjoy such hikes, the feet should be in good condition and suitably clad. Also, before starting on a long walk, one should make sure that there are no protruding nails inside the shoes or wrinkles in the lining.

A middle-weight cotton sock I consider even better than the half-wool, half-cotton sock that some prefer for hiking. It should be a comfortable fit, neither so large that folds will be formed and cause blisters or abrasions, nor so tight that the feet are crowded and holes result; for holes and darns in the sock will also cause blisters.

Those who have tender feet might well follow the example of our soldiers during the war and grease their socks on their feet, before a long hike, with vaseline or candle grease.

Another help in walking over rough country or on smooth, short grass will be six or eight hobnails driven into the soles of the shoes and four or five in the heels. The so-called Hungarian hobnail, with a steel head, is the best, and those for the heels should be smaller than those for the soles. Hobnails will give a better foothold and save wear on the shoe, but will interfere with the grip of the foot on the ground if put on too thickly.

Hikers must sometimes dry out their shoes quickly, and an effective way to do this is to heat clean pebbles over the camp fire and then shake them about inside the shoes until the inner moisture has been driven off as vapor. Hot, dry cloths stuffed into the shoes will also soon absorb moisture. For overnight drying, wet shoes may be packed with dry oats. These will absorb the moisture and prevent the leather from shrinking.

HEALTH and happiness are, in a great measure, bound up with foot ease. It's a "grand and glorious feeling" to be able to go on a ten- or fifteen-mile hike and not know that you have feet when you return. As it is, far too many of us are painfully aware of their existence after getting through merely an ordinary day's work.

And it *should* not and *need* not be.

Give your feet a chance to function naturally by clothing them properly.

Tone up their circulation by tonic baths.

Keep them free of corns and calluses.

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Even if you are not suffering from flat feet or fallen arches your feet will benefit from these barefooted exercises and you will walk better as a result.

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The Romantic Gypsy

(*Continued from page 27*)

much about your habits as you wonder about his. He despises the white man more for his sedentary habits than he is despised for his nomadic ones. You cannot always understand why one should prefer the inconveniences of a nomadic life to the comforts of home. He cannot understand why one should prefer the inconveniences of home to the beauties of the road. "A home," says the gypsy, "is a comfortable pillow under an uncomfortable head. The road is a hard pillow under a quiet one." There is another gypsy saying: "The gajo likes fire without smoke. But fire without smoke is like food without taste."

STARTING out from India some two thousand five hundred years ago, the first batch of gypsies trod on the footprints made by their grazing cattle and opened a tortuous road leading through passes in mountains and valleys, across forests and rivers. Alexander the Great followed that road in the inverse sense from the Black Sea to India. The black buffaloes the gypsies drove served the same purpose as the camels of the Arab. They provided food, milk, and meat, and their hides were used to stretch tents and to make clothes and boots.

It is difficult to imagine the hardships encountered by these people, but the conditions under which the gypsies had lived in India had been such that the hardships of wild and unknown Asia were heaven by comparison.

Three centuries before Christ, the advance guard of these gypsies had touched the outposts of the Greek Empire and were hailed by the immortal poet, Homer, as a people beloved by Vulcan, the god of fire, for their skill at the forge.

It had taken the gypsies two hundred years or so to travel from India to Greece, the distance between New York and Kansas City.

For fifteen hundred years groups of gypsies, in small and large caravans, trickled over the roads from the Ganges to the Black Sea. Some stopped in Persia, others in Egypt and in Arabia, but most of them traversed the tolerant and uninquisitive Turkish Empire to rest on the banks of the Danube, in the Thessalian mountains, and on both sides of the Carpathians, amongst the Roumanians and Hungarians. Western Europe did not know of their existence until the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the first band of gypsies, in colorful and barbaric rags, appeared in Germany and claimed to come from Egypt.

The world took them at their word, and, by corruption, from Egyptians they were called "gypsies." In Oriental Europe they were known by another name. As most of them plied the tinsmith trade, they were called "Tincari" in Roumania; "Tingheri" in Hungary; "Zincar" in Greece; and "Zingari" in lower Italy. Driven from Germany, the gypsies spread into France, Italy, Spain, and later to England, trafficking in horseflesh, working as blacksmiths and coppersmiths, providing dance music for festivals, smuggling from one country to another, on both sides of the

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fence whenever neighboring countries were at war, and becoming highway robbers when pressed hard.

For five hundred years the European powers have made laws forbidding the gypsies to continue their nomadic life, yet the force of these laws spent itself against the moving rocks of the children of the Ganges.

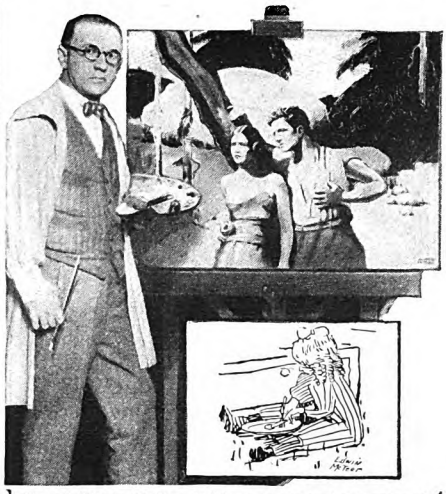
When they cannot move on, they die. Wherever the law hemmed them in, they perished like deer against a fence. The *Wanderlust* is so strong in their blood it comes to the surface in the fifth and tenth generations. A drop of gypsy blood in a man makes him a gypsy. I have known whole tribes of gypsies in Hungary and Roumania to disappear in one generation because they were compelled to stay in one place. The mortality amongst the gypsies wintering on the East Side of New York and around the Hull House in Chicago is greater than that of any population. Where gypsy children are compelled to go to school, they die like flies. Yet the mortality of roving gypsies is perhaps the lowest of any race and they live to a ripe old age, passing the century mark hale and hearty.

SOME three hundred years ago the English, tiring of repeated attempts to assimilate these uncontrollable wanderers, loaded a large group of gypsies on the good ship "Virginia," and sent them over to the Barbadoes. At about the same time the French, having had their troubles with the gypsies for more than two centuries, decided to get rid of them by exiling them to Louisiana. Not to be behind the times, the Spaniards exiled large contingents of the Black Brothers to Brazil. One can still meet tribes of gypsies in this country whose ancestors had been exiled from these three countries. They are to be found along the Mississippi, along the St. Lawrence, on the banks of the Wabash, and on the shores of the Hudson, living exactly the same nomadic life as their ancestors had lived three hundred years ago, or twenty-five hundred years ago in Asia, in the deserts of Arabia, on the peaks of the Macedonian mountains or on the banks of the Danube or the aprons of the Carpathians. They still speak the same language, still sing the same songs, and have the same old customs and traditions.

One never knows where a gypsy camp fire will burst forth. Without being organized, in spite of popular belief in the existence of a king of the gypsies, without any central government, a web of tradition and custom unites them and keeps them informed about the doings of their brothers the world over.

Having no sense of time and no feeling of the limitation of space, the gypsy envisages the whole world as his happy hunting ground. The gypsy knows only one condition conducive to happiness: being on the road, forever traveling. He does not desire to go anywhere. He wants to be moving on; without plan, without aim.

But aren't we all continually traveling? For hundreds of years human ingenuity has been devising means of faster and better means of travel. In less than a hundred years we have advanced from the horse carriage and the sailboat, from a maximum speed of ten miles an hour, to the airplane speed of a hundred and fifty.



Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth $100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

He did it—Why don't you?

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begins with a liking for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McTeer was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until, at the end of five years he is making around $10,000 a year. Read what he wrote us:

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There has been no equal progress in any other endeavor. The gypsies have taken two hundred years to travel from India to the Black Sea. It could now be done in forty-eight hours. The cost of the travel equipment of the people of the United States—trains, boats, automobiles, airplanes—is greater than the rest of the wealth of the country. We accuse the gypsies of being a nomadic people, but what civilized man has not made ten times greater mileage than most nomadic gypsies? Only we miss most of the beauty of the road; most of the romance of it. We peep through the window of a fast-moving train at the most gorgeous range of mountains. The gypsy stops, pitches his tent, lights his fire, and fills his eyes with the beauties of Nature.

Walled up within most hearts is the desire to travel. Whenever man is happy he wants to travel. Whenever he is unhappy he wants to travel. His deepest emotions move him to go where he hasn't been. Honeymoon voyages, travels to forget one's sorrows, the fever of exploration, and the seizing of every possible pretext to go from East to West and from West to East, whether it be at the head of a conquering army or in the function of a traveling salesman, are all pretexts to travel.

We are being transported rapidly from one place to another. The gypsy is on the road, forever and ever. This is why children and young people admire gypsies so much. The gypsies are the irrepressible youth of the world.

No sedentary population has ever been able to bring itself to live at peace with a nomadic one. When the first agriculturists put up fences dividing their lands, the foundations for all wars for all eternity were laid. Agriculture needs a sedentary population. Because of the necessity of new grazing grounds, sheep herders and cattle raisers can live no other but a nomadic life. Historically speaking, the first agriculturists were only a few generations removed from the nomadic cattle raisers. The man who discovered that seed reproduces itself a hundredfold was made prisoner by the land he had conquered. Whatever ye possess that cannot move of itself possesses you a hundredfold.

I DID not take that 7:59 train the morning after I met the gypsies in New Jersey. I joined them instead and went with them in search of that mystical daughter of Rama. It took us six months to reach Toledo. Why did we go to Toledo? I don't know. Nobody knew or cared. We bartered horses. We traded automobiles. In six days an old Ford had grown, through various changes, to a last year's model of an expensive car. But, oh, what stories I heard! And the songs, and the dances and the impassioned loves I have watched grow! We camped wherever we pleased and burned woods of many odors: branches of sweet-smelling elms and roots of spicy ash trees. In six months we celebrated four weddings. We stopped once for ten days in a rather dismal place because one of the dogs was too sick to travel. Occasionally people were rude but most of the time they were merely envious because they sensed how much happier we were than they themselves.

Other tribes joined us and we celebrated joyously each addition. We were a hundred and sixty by the time we reached

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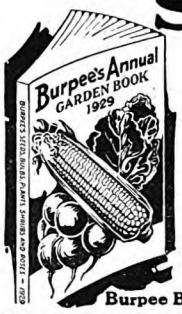

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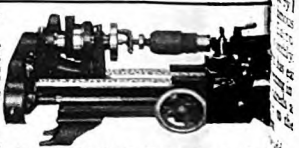

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Toledo; and not all of us were pure gypsies. Then there was the story of Rima, that honey-brown, black-eyed girl who sang so beautifully. A bank clerk fell in love with her . . . but that, as Kipling says, is a tale for another page.

Modern civilization is the civilization of good roads. Good roads will unite the world and bind it with stronger ties than scraps of paper and sealed treaties. Let people travel. The stronger element of every nation has reached out and struck out for other countries to conquer. The vigor of a people is measured by its spirit of adventure. Alexander of Macedon was the greatest ruler of Asia. The most constructive of all the Pharaohs of Egypt were those of the Greek dynasty of Ptolemy. The ruling heads of almost every European country are of a different nationality from that of the people they rule. The great Napoleon was a Corsican and not a Frenchman. And in our own day in this very country, most men of power come from other states and cities than the ones in which they have succeeded.

YET the gypsies have never imposed themselves anywhere. The reason for that can be found only in the gypsies' attitude towards life. There is no word for *possession* and no word for *duty* in the gypsy language. The gypsy has no desire to accumulate beyond his immediate needs. He lives literally from day to day and from hand to mouth. If he is a sharp trader it is only because of the pleasure and joy he derives from outwitting the other man. The profits obtained mean nothing to him and are immediately shared by all the others of the tribe. The lack of a desire for private property has enabled the gypsy to roam over the world so joyfully, so care-free, despite the difficulties an un-understanding world has thrown in his path.

No sense of duty! I can hear a loud cry: "Then what? Are they savages?" To this the gypsy answers: "No law has to impose upon me the duty of loving my parents. No law has to impose upon me the duty of loving my children."

The reverence of gypsies for their elders has no counterpart in any other people. As to the purity of gypsy family life, so many students of gypsy life have written volumes on it, it would be idle to say another word. Conjugal fidelity and love and reverence for one's parents and children are not law-imposed duties upon gypsies; they are deeply felt sentiments.

The purpose of laws is to coerce a minority to live according to the will of the majority. Such things, however, are only necessary to unorganized society and to protect that majority against the marauding instincts of the few who cannot adapt themselves to the life of the fold. The gypsy needs no laws nor does he have to act because of a sense of duty.

Many things have been said as to the purity of the blood of the gypsies, and authorities on the subject hastily have maintained that the "Kalo" are the only people of pure blood in existence. Personal observation inclines me not to believe this sweeping assertion. There is, and there has been, intermarriage between the gypsies and the fringe of the population of every country. One tenth of the population of Hungary and Roumania, of Spain and Southern France, has gypsy

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blood in its veins. The celebrated Brazilian author, Professor Morano, maintains that there is not a single prominent Brazilian family in which there is not some gypsy blood.

As a widening river sweeps along in its course everything on its way, so have the gypsies in their travels from India carried along in their path countless other migratory people they have encountered. The main objection against the gypsies in the Balkans has been that they attracted like magnets the more unstable element of the population. In Spain their spell was so great that kings made laws forbidding their subjects to partake of a meal with the gypsies. To spend a night in a gypsy camp was once punished with death.

The reason given for expelling the gypsies from England, three hundred years ago, was that the best youth of England was attracted by them. The rulers of France, also gave the same reasons and spoke volubly of the irresistibility and of the charms of the road which the gypsies mirrored in front of the youth of France.

This vaunted purity of race is very much exaggerated. It is not absolutely necessary to be born a gypsy. One can become one. Of every three tribes gypsying between the Atlantic and the Pacific, only one is of pure gypsy origin. Many a peaceful family of Balkanic origin goes a-gypsying for a week-end from Chicago, and remains on the road to weave baskets and do occasional labor harvesting or tinsmithing.

The romance of the road is irresistible to most healthy, vigorous people. There are many more pseudo gypsies today in the United States than in any other country; and there is hardly a stretch of fifty miles which does not boast of tent camps in the summer.

Five miles out of New York toward Westchester, hardware clerks and their families give vent to their nomadic tendencies, out-gypsying the gypsies. Many a new gypsy tribe has started that way in the past. For twenty-five hundred years the gypsy blood has been enriched and impoverished by streams of other bloods in the same proportion as their blood has injected itself into the veins of other peoples.

THERE are some sixty thousand gypsies in the United States today. Until ten or fifteen years ago the greater number of the gypsies, excluding the descendants of the original gypsy exiles, were English gypsies, descendants of gypsies who had settled in England in the fifteenth century. There were also a good many Scotch tinkers, and Irish and Welsh people of the road, tinsmiths and basket weavers, yet these latter were only gypsying people, not real gypsies; the roads of England, Wales, and Scotland are thick with a nomadic element frequently confused with gypsies. In the last ten years, however, Russia, Hungary, and Roumania have furnished the greatest number of gypsy immigrants to the United States. There were less than a hundred Balkanic gypsies in 1910; there are more than twenty thousand today.

In the winter they live in vacant stores and dilapidated houses in the crowded districts of the industrial cities. One is almost certain to find gypsies after the month of December in New York and Chicago, in Cleveland and Pittsburgh, in

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Boston and Kansas City. During the winter the gypsy families pick up very comfortable livings. There are as many people today who have faith in the fortune-telling abilities of the gypsies as there were five hundred years ago. Italian, Spanish, and all Slavic immigrants prefer the medicinal herbs of an old gypsy to the prescription of a doctor and do believe in the powers of the love potions sold by gypsy women.

While the gypsy women are thus earning hundreds of dollars a week, selling hope and despair, the men are not idle. They play the violin at wedding festivals and at cabarets, or work as coppersmiths in shops and factories. There is no gypsy girl, worthy of the name, who cannot pick up more money than she needs posing for artists, dancing, and singing.

I have known gypsy families of four or five people who earned as much as five hundred dollars in a week; yet at the first sign of spring they vanished.

BY SOME mistaken process of mind, well-meaning people, including Jane Addams of Chicago, have come to the conclusion that the happiness of the gypsy would be increased if he were made to settle down, provided settled life were made agreeable enough for him. At the Hull House in Chicago they organized special classes for the youngsters, special classes for music, drawing, and dancing. The total result of this benevolent and well-meaning work will be the increase of the death rate amongst gypsies and a few totally worthless songs most of which will be heard at gypsy camp fires. "Frankie and Johnnie" may replace some wonderful old gypsy song at the camp fires during the next ten years.

It is useless, and heartless, to attempt to coerce by law or cajolery the gypsy to live otherwise than hundreds and hundreds of generations have trained him to live. The world will not be worse off if a thousand more camp fires light the roads at night. The world craves Romance in this hard, matter-of-fact age. What is more, we need Romance. The gypsies are the only romantic people alive today. The world will not be worse off if after a tired day's work we can look at a column of curling smoke in the distance and let our minds wander along with these rovers who have the courage to do what we desire to do.

NEXT MONTH, Dr. Will Durant, author of that famous book "The Story of Philosophy," takes you into his home and shows you how he is bringing up his child. His scholarly and philosophical mind has solved or is solving many problems of child upbringing that are troubling the minds of parents and teachers today. No one who has anything to do with children should miss this article.

IF YOU ARE AMONG the thousands of people who find it hard to say "No," you should by all means read Bruce Barton's article next month, which shows the pitfalls that await the man or woman who isn't trained to say "No" at the right time. It is the kind of article that makes you sit up and take notice and then go into a closed session with yourself on the subject.

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My Memories of the Old-Fashioned Drummer

(*Continued from page 21*)

entertainment, and applauded with occasional weird jets of laughter that sang and whistled among his ringing adenoids. The clerk from Doc Cummins' drug-store came in and listened with a studious intentness, eager to pick up points, for it was his ambition to go on the road himself. And there were others, including six or eight of The Boys—The Boys being, in a country town, The Boys, without regard to their age, and quite distinct from Us Kids, who were also there.

And the older ones called him Billy.

A good many of his stories were always about Pullman cars and Pullman porters—and you felt that here was a man who would be intimidated by neither. He was eloquent about the dollar dinners on the Pullman diners; although he thought the price pretty high and you knew that he would not be embarrassed by any possible combination of knives and forks and spoons. As for the porters, he called them all George, he let you know. One of his Georges he found masquerading as an Arab at the World's Fair in Chicago—he assumed you had been there, and if you hadn't you felt still more inconsequential by the side of him—and there was a story about that.

There was an hour or so of stories. Some of them were detailed as actual personal experiences. And a good many of them, if he thought Uncle Ben would like that kind, were off color. After a while he would glance about Uncle Ben's shelves and counters and tell him that he was going to put him down for a dozen of this and a bolt of that and a gross of the other, interspersing the items with still more Good Ones. Uncle Ben might mildly resist, cutting the orders in half.

IF THE proprietor of the Weekly Banner were in the audience, the next issue of the paper would carry an item something like this:

Billy Jackson, the popular drummer, visited our little city one day this week and sold Uncle Ben Wilson quite a bill of up-to-date goods. See Uncle Ben's ad. in another part of the paper. We are always glad to see Billy Jackson's genial face on our streets. Billy always tries to make it here for over Sunday in our little town. Maybe the only attraction is the Sunday dinner at the Palace Hotel, which is the best for a good many miles around, see ad. among our business cards. And maybe the attraction is one of the new waitresses, not naming any names. Hey, Billy? Well, boys will be boys.

For Billy, whatever his name might be or his line, or his mental equipment or his physical appearance, was always supposed to be a gay dog with the ladies.

If you put it up to him, of course he denied the charge, or deprecated it; or he might even pretend to become angry—but with an air! With an air and manner that made you understand that romance, as well as sophistication, visited your little city along with Billy.

And he was always feared, as a rival, by the local swains. He knew all the latest line of talk calculated to capture a maiden's fancy. All the airy nothings. He was a man of the world in dress as w as conversation; he was supposed to kn the latest thing in the way of waistcoa shirts, ties, shoes, hats. If he took a gir the county fair, he would be at no l even for an instant as to how to enterta her, what to order in a restaurant, or an thing of that sort.

More than that, he was a man w would scarcely think twice about spe ing as much as three dollars on an e ning's entertainment, including a Liv Rig.

He was especially full of stories things that had happened in other to along his line of march; inside storie the kind of thing that naturally woul get into the newspapers. That is, t wouldn't in those days; the tabloids w be full of them now, if they could get of them. I remember one yarn—

But let Billy the Drummer tell it.

"YOU know old Deacon Ciphers ov Blankville? I was over there weeks ago, and they were holdin' a re meeting in the Deacon's church. The I was there, the Deacon prayed for rai got a cloud-burst, in a way of spea He was leading the exhorters, afte sermon—one of the volunteers that passin' down the aisles callin' on th ners to come forward, you know. a sudden there was a woman got u started down the aisle, shouting ou she was going to confess and be and live in sin no longer, and the D started down the aisle along with h first everybody thought he was help along and encouragin' her, and was noticed that he was shouti prayin' louder than she was, so tha she was confessin' to couldn't be h anybody else. Feller sittin' next slipped me the word that she was girl who worked in the Deacon family, but what it was she had to we never got out of her, the shouted and prayed so loud. C able speculation over to Blankvil what it was, and a lot of the D friends think it's up to him to con with an explanation."

Billy was always indignant if taken for a peddler. I was in a lit some miles distant from the o habited, a town not on any rai all, when this actually happen Drummer.

He was a shoe Drummer, an showing his samples to a local n when the proprietress of the ho innocently if she could buy a ce of shoes, and how much they w

"Do you take me for a peddler, asked the Drummer, drawing h to his full breadth, for he was fat ones. And later he took a f venge upon her.

"I want eggs for my dinner, "and I want 'em boiled. If open up an egg before you eat can get into it at all that sh there, such as flies or hairs."

The Billy I am talking of is a recollection of some forty or fi

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ers whom I knew. And looking back on im through the haze of thirty years, he eems somehow less romantic to me now an he did then. The composite picture that of a man getting along towards iddle age, a trifle bald, and slightly inined to obesity. He wore dangling from s watch-chain the emblem of at least one aternal order, and sometimes there were ree or four of them. Frequently there is attached to his watch-chain also, in dition to the various "charms," a quill othpick in a little golden, cylindrical se.

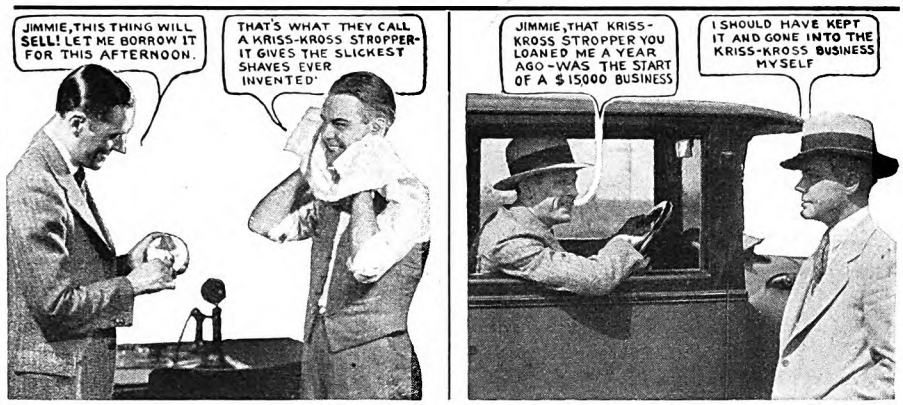
I fear that the brutal truth is that lly really thought more about food than out gallantry. When he found a coun- hotel where the food was really good d plentiful, he would stay in that town long as he possibly could, and eat as en and as much as possible. After din- he would sit on the hotel veranda, h his feet on the railing, and ply the ll toothpick. I can remember, as a ng man, witnessing as many as five mmers at the same time on a hotel anda using quill toothpicks steadily n two o'clock of a Sunday afternoon il supper time, when they laid in new terial for this form of exercise, and re- ed to the veranda. I do not think this t scene could be witnessed anywhere he country today.

ut the eating never seemed to lessen legend that Billy was, actually or ntially, a devil of a fellow with the . Whether it is true, or whether it only an agreeable and exciting fiction, n't know; but it was part of the story went with Billy. And the girls them- s evidently believed it. Only the er waitresses and the cashiers, only gayer flappers of the Gay Nineties, as the ones who used habitually to on their flashiest clothes and Go n to the Depot and See the Passenger is Come In ever dared to be openly lly with Billy when he was on the The more staid and circumspect els, when they passed by the Palace where Billy sat after dinner with er-stuffed fellows, were careful not to at him—unless, of course, they had him formally. A glance, they felt, it had been preceded by a formal luction, might be misconstrued by hole town, and by Billy himself, as st advance towards a flirtation.

yet what Billy and his mates alked about more frequently than they sat and digested, was the Little n and the Kiddies. It would take n hour or so to get around to that. hey had told each other what their ere, and had swapped general notes siness conditions, and had traded ation on the worst and best hotels r territory, one of them would be oonet or later, to strike a Serious

Billy was always a sentimentalist. toughly enjoyed his reputation for gay, sophisticated dog and he re- is smart stories with genuine but he also carried about with a case photographs of the Missis Kids.

greatest little woman in the e used to say. "A traveling man round a lot, and he gets a lot of s, and he sees the seamy side of



How I Started Making A Big Yearly Income

With a Borrowed Kriss-Kross Stropper

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By B. G. LOUGHREN

$200 the first week! $1000 in a single month! And over $5300 cash profit in a year! When I sit down and look at those figures in my bank book, I can't help marveling! I had been in the real estate business when suddenly the local "boom" collapsed. The immediate future looked gloomy, until one day when I dropped in to talk things over with a friend.

When I sat down at his desk my eye fell on a little nickel-plated contrivance about half the size of my hand.

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"That's one of those KRISS-KROSS razor stroppers," said Jimmy. "You've read about it in the magazines. I've only been using it a month, but I'm getting the keenest shaves of my life, all from the same blade."

"I wish I could invent something like that," I said. "I'll bet the company that puts it out is coining money."

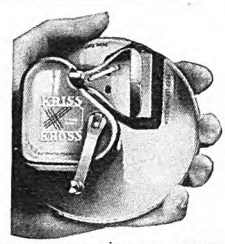
"They are," said Jimmy. "Furthermore, they only sell through agents—and those agents are making plenty, too! I sent for their proposition the other day just out of curiosity."

He handed me a letter with some sample order blanks attached.

"Jimmy," I said at last, "this thing sure will SELL—and they certainly give their men a generous proposition! Let me borrow your stropper this afternoon and see how many orders I can take!"

Astonishing Profits

That afternoon I got the surprise of my life. The first man I walked up to had read all about KRISS-KROSS in The Saturday Evening Post and said "Send me one" before I got half-way through my demonstration. By 4:30 I had 9 orders—and next morning I got 11 more! . . . And the end of the week found me with exactly $200 cash profit in my pocket!



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A $15,000 Business

The money I made that first week came easily enough—but after I got well started it became easier and easier. And then, before I knew it, I found that I was actually clearing as high as $1000 in a single month!

Today I figure that I did a $15,000 gross business that first year—with profit of over $5,000. And it all came from getting started with the right kind of a proposition. Success comes from giving the public what it wants and they surely have shown that they WANT KRISS-KROSS! Personally, I believe that it is the *greatest shaving invention of all time.*

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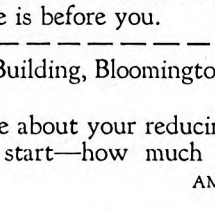

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life, and he is constantly exposed to a good many temptations that the ordinary man never gets up against, but if he's any kind of a man at all he always remembers that he's got a home with the little woman and the kiddies waiting for him there."

Billy was always conscious that he and his tribe were considered a bit raffish. In the Gay Nineties preachers and traveling evangelists used sometimes to mention the Drummer as a type of the Sport whom it would be highly desirable to bring to repentance; and the preachers felt proud when they could say that in the last revival meeting they had converted a gay and thoughtless Drummer. And Billy felt a little proud, too, of this especial mention, and also of the especial mention that he used to get in the sentimental and comic songs of the period. But, in spite of this, Billy wanted you to feel—and it was generally felt—that his Heart Was in the Right Place.

He always had certain customers to whom he never told the gayer stories that were so popular with the majority of his customers.

"Deacon," he would say, "here's one you can tell in Mixed Company."

As a matter of fact, Billy's job could scarcely have been any sinecure. He had to be a solid citizen one minute, in order to get the confidence of his customers, and a racy comedian the next. He had to be a sport and a typical family man at the same time. He had to be wise concerning all the rakish diversions he was supposed to be in touch with, while standing always for the best interests of the community. If he was supposed to be a little bit wild, he was more popular; but he must impress people as being trustworthy and conservative.

"I heard T. De Witt Talmage preach last summer," he would say, in one gathering; and in another: "The last time I saw Sam T. Jack's burlesque show in Chicago I picked up this one. . . ." And Billy would contrive to make both narrations impressive.

Billy never hesitated to give his political opinions, whether he was asked for them or not. And there was a popular belief that the combined strength of the Drummers of America was a mighty force which no candidate could buck against.

Probably only a minority of my readers remember the Presidential campaign of 1896, when Bryan ran the first time. I remember it very well; I was too young to vote, but I was thoroughly convinced that unless Bryan was elected, the republic would go to perdition.

We Bryanites told each other, and believed, that the Drummers had had a lot to do with turning the country to McKinley and the Gold Standard. The Drummers had got their orders from Business, the story was—possibly from Mark Hanna himself—and they had gone all over the country telling the small business men that financial and industrial ruin would ensue unless Bryan were defeated.

GAY Dog with the Ladies; purveyor of stories that only robust men could stand up under; political prophet and political power; noble eater; sentimentalist—such was Billy. It takes the automobile, the radio, and the salesman to fill the place that once he filled so expansively.

The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 39*)

returning home from the opposite direction along the Drive."

"That's right, sir. And, of course, I took up my post again on Seventy-fifth Street."

"You realize, Emery," said Markham gravely, "that it was during the time you waited at Seventy-fourth Street that Drukker fell over the wall."

"Yes, sir. But you're not blaming me, are you? Watching a man on a foggy night on an open path when there ain't anybody around to screen you, is no easy job. You gotta take a few chances and do a little figuring if you don't want to get spotted."

"I realize your difficulty," Markham told him; "and I'm not criticizing you."

THE Sergeant dismissed the three detectives gruffly. He was obviously dissatisfied with their reports.

"The farther we go," he complained, "the more gummed up this case gets."

"*Sursum corda*, Sergeant," Vance exhorted him. "Let not dark despair o'ercome you. When we have Pardee's and the Professor's testimony as to what took place while Emery was watchfully waiting beneath the trees at Seventy-fourth Street, we may be able to fit some very interestin' bits together."

As he spoke, Belle Dillard entered the front hall from the rear of the house. She saw us in the drawing-room and came at once.

"Where's Lady Mae?" she asked in a troubled voice. "I was here an hour ago and Grete told me she was out. And she is not in her room now."

Vance rose and gave her his chair.

"Mrs. Drukker died last night of failure. When you were here earlier Menzel was afraid to let you go up."

The girl sat very quiet for some time. Presently the tears welled to her eyes.

"Perhaps she heard of Adolph's accident."

"Possibly. But it's not quite clear what happened here last night. Doctor Ostead thinks Mrs. Drukker died about ten o'clock."

"Almost the same time Adolph died," she murmured. "It seems too . . . Pyne told me of the accident. I came down to breakfast this morning; everyone in the quarter was talking about it—and I came over at once to see Lady Mae. But Grete said she was out, and I didn't know what to do. There's something very strange about Adolph's death. . . ."

"What do you mean by that, Dillard?" Vance stood watching her.

"I—don't know—what I mean," she answered brokenly. "But only this afternoon Lady Mae spoke to me of Adolph and the—wall. . . ."

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"Oh, did she, now?" Vance's tone s more indolent than usual, but every rve in his body was, I knew, vigilantly rt.

'On my way to the tennis courts," the went on, in a low, hushed voice, "I lked with Lady Mae along the bridle h above the playground—she often it there to watch Adolph playing with children—and we stood for a long e leaning over the stone balustrade of wall. A group of children were gath- l around Adolph: he had a toy airplane was showing them how to fly it. And children seemed to regard him as one hemselves; they didn't look upon him grown-up. Lady Mae was very hap- and proud about it. She watched him shining eyes, and then she said to 'They're not afraid of him, Belle, be- se he's a hunchback. They call him npty Dumpty—he's their old friend the storybook. My poor Humpty npty! It was all my fault for letting fall when he was little.' . . ." The s voice faltered, and she put her hand- hief to her eyes.

So she mentioned to you that the chil- called Drukker Humpty Dumpty?" e reached slowly in his pocket for his ette case.

e nodded, and a moment later lifted ead as if forcing herself to face some- she dreaded.

Yes! And that's what was so strange; fter a little while she shuddered and back from the wall. I asked her was the matter, and she said in a ied voice: 'Suppose, Belle—suppose Adolph should ever fall off this wall way the real Humpty Dumpty did!' almost afraid myself; but I forced a and told her she was foolish. It t do any good, though. She shook ead, and gave me a look that sent a through me. 'I'm not foolish,' she 'Wasn't Cock Robin killed with a nd arrow, and wasn't Johnny Sprig with a little gun—*right here in New* ?'" The girl turned a frightened gaze us. "And it *did* happen, didn't it— s she foresaw?"

s, it happened," Vance nodded. we mustn't be mystical about it. Drukker's imagination was ab- l. All manner of wild conjectures hrough her tortured mind; and with two other Mother-Goose deaths so n her memory, it's not remarkable e should have turned the children's et for her son into a tragic specu- of that kind. That he should ac- have been killed in the manner she is nothing more than a coinci- . . ."

PAUSED and drew deeply on his arette.

y, Miss Dillard," he asked negli- "did you, by any chance, repeat nversation with Mrs. Drukker to yesterday?"

egarded him with some surprise nswering.

ntioned it at dinner last night. It me all the afternoon, and—some- didn't want to keep it to myself." any comments made about it?" told me I shouldn't spend so with Lady Mae—that she was morbid. He said the situation agic, but that there was no

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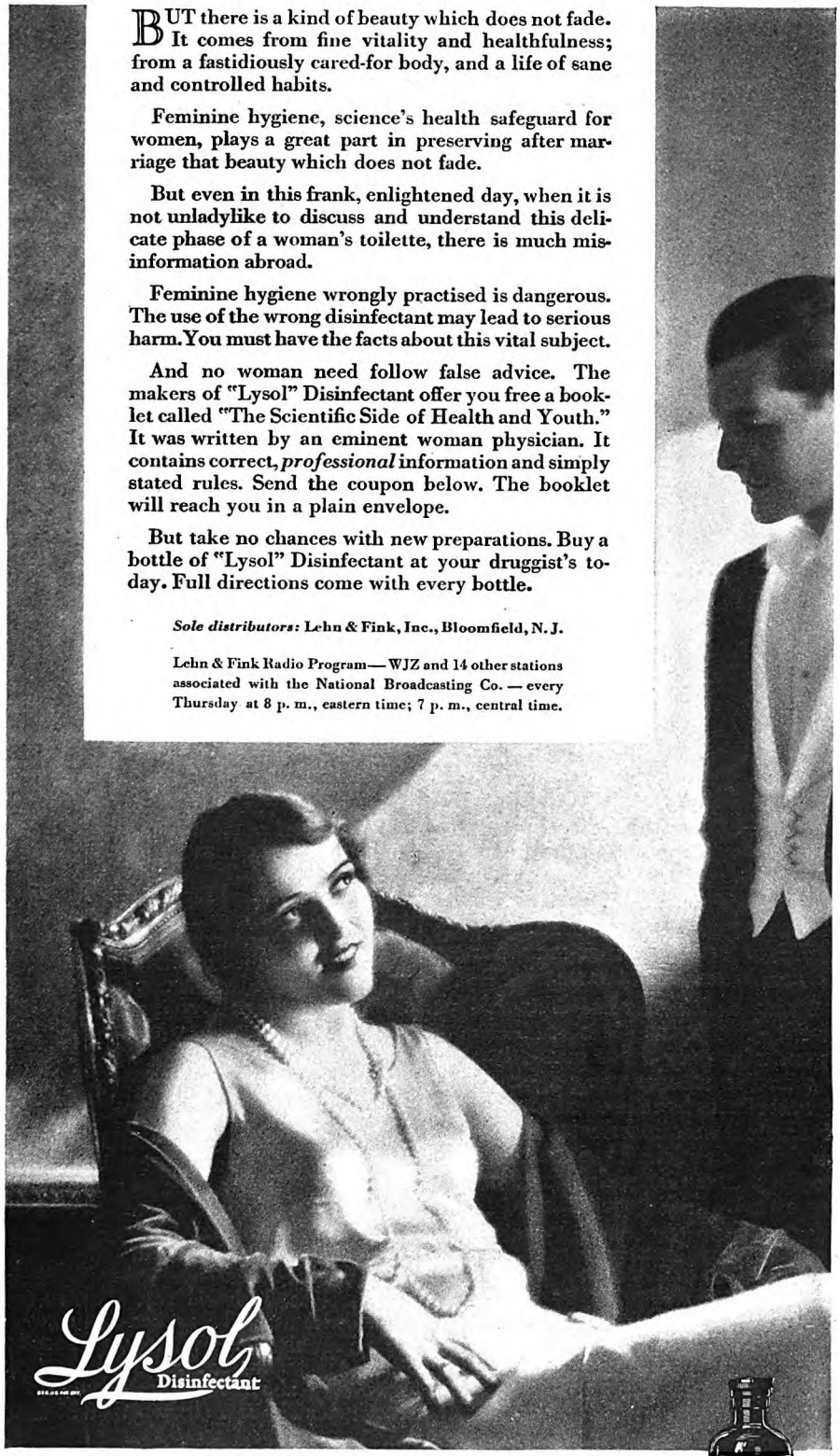

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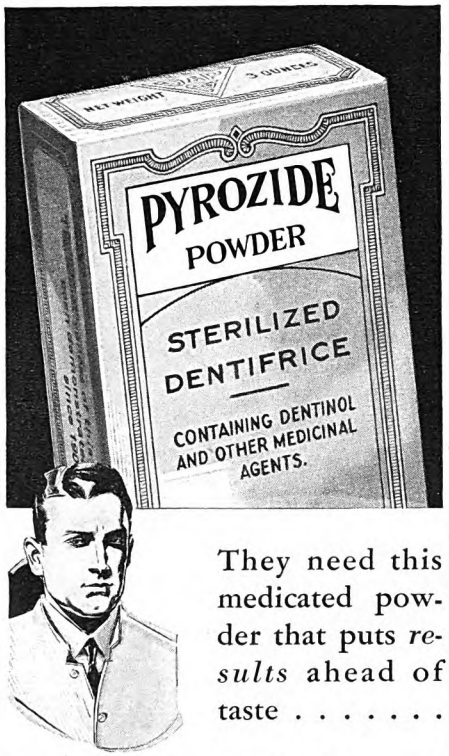

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need for me to share Lady Mae's suffering. Mr. Pardee agreed with Uncle. He was very sympathetic, and asked if something could not be done to help Lady Mae's mental condition."

"And Mr. Arnesson?"

"Oh, Sigurd never takes anything seriously—I hate his attitude sometimes. He laughed as though it were a joke; and all he said was: 'It would be a shame if Adolph took his tumble before he got his new quantum problem worked out.'"

"Is Mr. Arnesson at home now, by the bye?" asked Vance. "We want to ask him about the necess'ry arrangements in regard to the Drukkers."

"He went to the university early this morning; but he'll be back before lunch. He'll attend to everything, I'm sure. We were about the only friends Lady Mae and Adolph had. I'll take charge in the meantime and see that Grete gets the house in order."

A few minutes later we left her and went to interview Professor Dillard.

XIX

THE RED NOTE-BOOK

(*Saturday, April 16th; noon*)

THE Professor was plainly perturbed when we entered the library that noon. He sat in an easy-chair with his back to the window, a glass of his precious port on the table beside him.

"I've been expecting you, Markham," he said, before we had time to speak. "There's no need to dissemble. Drukker's death was no accident. I'll admit I felt inclined to discount the insane implications arising from the deaths of Robin and Sprigg; but the moment Pyne related the circumstances of Drukker's fall I realized that there was a definite design behind these deaths: the probabilities of their being accidental would be incalculable. You know it, as well as I; otherwise you wouldn't be here."

"Very true." Markham had seated himself facing the professor. "We're confronted by a terrific problem. Moreover, Mrs. Drukker died of shock last night at almost the same time her son was killed."

"That, at least," returned the old man after a pause, "may be regarded as a blessing. It's better she didn't survive him—her mind unquestionably would have collapsed." He looked up. "In what way can I help?"

"You were probably the last person, with the exception of the actual murderer, to see Drukker alive; and we would like to know everything you can tell us of what took place last night."

Professor Dillard nodded.

"Drukker came here after dinner—about eight, I should say. Pardee had dined with us; and Drukker was annoyed at finding him here—in fact, he was openly hostile. Arnesson twitted him good-naturedly about his irascibility—which only made him more irritable; and, knowing that Drukker was anxious to thrash out a problem with me, I finally suggested that he and I stroll down to the park. . . ."

"You were not gone very long," suggested Markham.

"No. An unfortunate episode occurred. We walked up the bridle path to almost the exact spot where, I understand, the poor fellow was killed. We had been there for perhaps half an hour, leaning agains the stone balustrade of the wall, whe Pardee walked up. He stopped to spea to us, but Drukker was so antagonistic i his remarks that, after a few minutes, Par dee turned and walked away in the dire tion he had come. Drukker was ver much upset, and I suggested we postpon the discussion. Furthermore, a damp mi had fallen, and I was beginning to g some twinges in my foot. Drukker straigh way became morose, and said he didn care to go indoors just yet. So I left hi alone by the wall and came home."

"Did you mention the episode to A nesson?"

"I didn't see Sigurd after I got ba I imagine he'd gone to bed."

Later, as we rose to take our lea Vance asked casually: "Can you tell where the key to the alley door is kept

"I know nothing about it, sir," the p fessor replied irritably, but added i more equable tone: "However, as I member, it used to hang on a nail by archery-room door."

From Professor Dillard we w straight to Pardee, and were receive once in his study. His manner was r and detached, and even after we seated ourselves he remained standing the window, staring at us with unfrie eyes.

"Do you know, Mr. Pardee," a Markham, "that Drukker fell the wall in the park at ten o'clock night—shortly after you stopped spoke to him?"

"I heard of the accident this morn The man's pallor became more notic and he toyed nervously with his w chain. "It's very unfortunate." Hi rested vacantly for a while on Mar "Have you asked Professor Dillard it? He was with Drukker—"

"Yes, yes; we just came from interrupted Vance. "He told us was a ruffled atmosphere between y Drukker last night."

PARDEE slowly walked to the de sat down stiffly.

"Drukker was displeased for so son to find me at the Dillards' w came over after dinner. He had good taste to hide his displeasu created a somewhat embarrassin ation. But, knowing him as I did, to pass the matter off. Soon, h Professor Dillard took him out for a

"You didn't remain long afte observed Vance indolently.

"No—about a quarter of an ho nesson was tired and wanted to tu I went for a walk myself. On my took the bridle path instead of th and came on Professor Dillard an ker standing by the wall talkin wishing to appear rude, I stopp moment. But Drukker was in a mood and made several sneering I turned and walked back to ninth Street, crossed the Drive, a home."

"I say; didn't you loiter a b wayside?"

"I sat down near the Seven Street entrance and smoked a c

For nearly half an hour Marl Vance interrogated Pardee, bu more could be learned from hi came out into the street Arnes

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is from the front porch of the Dillard ouse, and stalked forward to meet us. "Just heard the sad news. Got home rom the university a little while ago, and he professor told me you'd gone to g Pardee. Learn anything?" Without aiting for an answer he ran on: "Frightil mess. I understand the entire Drukr family is wiped out. Well, well! And ore storybook mumbo-jumbo to boot. . . Any clues?"

"Ariadne has not yet favored us," reonded Vance. "Are you an ambassador om Crete?"

"One never knows. Bring out your estionnaire."

Vance had led the way toward the wall te, and we now stepped down on the nge.

"We'll repair to the Drukker house st," he said. "There'll be a number of ngs to settle. I suppose you'll look after ukker's affairs and the funeral arrangeents."

Arnesson made a grimace.

"Elected! I refuse, however, to attend funeral. Obscene spectacles, funerals. t Belle and I will see to everything. ly Mae probably left a will. We'll e to find it. Now, where do women erally hide their wills? . . ."

ANCE halted by the Dillards' basement door and stepped into the archroom. After glancing along the door's ding he rejoined us on the range.

The alley key isn't there.—By the bye, t do you know about it, Mr. Arnes-"

You mean the key to yon wooden door e fence? . . . Haven't an idea on the ect. Never use the alley myself—h simpler going out the front door. one uses it, as far as I know. Belle d it up years ago: thought someone t sneak in off the Drive and get an w in the eye. I told her, let 'em get ed—serve 'em right for being interl in archery."

e entered the Drukker house by the door. Belle Dillard and Mrs. Menzel busy in the kitchen.

Hallo, sis," Arnesson greeted the girl. ynical manner had been dropped. d lines for a young 'un like you. d better run home now. I'll assume hand." And taking her arm in a rly paternal fashion, he led her to oor.

hesitated and looked back at Vance. Mr. Arnesson is right," he nodded. ll carry on for the present.—But he question before you go. Did you s keep the key to the alley door g in the archery-room?"

s—always. Why? Isn't it there

as Arnesson who answered, with ue irony.

ne! Disappeared!—Most tragic. eccentric key collector has evidentl snooping around." When the girl t us, he cocked an eye at Vance. in the name of all that's unholy, usty key to do with the case?"

haps nothing," said Vance care- "Let's go to the drawin'-room. It's mfortable there." He led the way e hall. "We want you to tell us u can about last night."

son took an easy-chair by the ndow and drew out his pipe.

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"Last night, eh? . . . Well, Pardee came to dinner—it's a sort of habit with him on Fridays. Then Drukker, in the throes of quantum speculation, dropped in to pump the professor; and Pardee's presence galled him. Showed his feelings too, by gad! No control. The professor broke up the *contretemps* by taking Drukker for an airing. Pardee moped for fifteen minutes or so, while I tried to keep awake. Then he had the goodness to depart. I looked over a few test papers. . . and so to bed." He lighted his pipe. "How does that thrilling recital explain the end of poor Drukker?"

"It doesn't," said Vance. "But it's not without interest.—Did you hear Professor Dillard when he returned home?"

"Hear him?" Arnesson chuckled. "When he hobbles about with his gouty foot, thumping his stick down and shaking the banisters, there's no mistaking his arrival on the scene. Fact is, he was unusually noisy last night."

"Offhand, what do you make of these new developments?" asked Vance, after a short pause.

"I'm somewhat foggy as to the details. The professor was not exactly phosphorescent. Sketchy, in fact. Drukker fell from the wall, like Humpty Dumpty, round ten o'clock, and was found this morning—that's all plain. But under what conditions did Lady Mae succumb to shock? Who, or what, shocked her? And how?"

"THE murderer took Drukker's key and came here immediately after the crime. Mrs. Drukker caught him in her son's room. There was a scene, according to the cook, who listened from the head of the stairs; and during it Mrs. Drukker died from dilatation of the heart."

"Thereby relieving the gentleman of the bother of killing her."

"That seems clear enough," agreed Vance. "But the reason for the murderer's visit here is not so lucid. Can you suggest an explanation?"

Arnesson puffed thoughtfully on his pipe.

"Incomprehensible," he muttered at length. "Drukker had no valuables, or no compromising documents. Straightforward sort of cuss—not the kind to mix in any dirty business. . . . No possible reason for anyone prowling about his room."

Vance lay back and appeared to relax.

"What was this quantum theory Drukker was working on?"

"Ha! Big thing!" Arnesson became animated. "He was on the path of reconciling the Einstein-Bohr theory of radiation with the facts of interference, and of overcoming the inconsistencies inherent in Einstein's hypothesis. His research had already led him to an abandonment of causal space-time coördination of atomic phenomena, and to its replacement by a statistical description.* . . . Would have revolutionized physics—made him famous. Shame he was told off before he'd put his data in shape."

"Do you happen to know where Drukker kept the records of these computations?"

"In a loose-leaf note-book—all tabulated and indexed. Methodical and neat about everything. Even his chirography was like copperplate."

"You know, then, what the note-book looked like?"

"I should! He showed it to me often enough. Red limp-leather cover—thin yellow pages—two or three clips on every sheet holding notations—his name gold-stamped in large letters on the binding. . . . Poor devil! *Sic transit. . . .*"

"Where would this note-book be now?"

"One of two places—either in the drawer of his desk in the study or else in the escritoire in his bedroom. In the daytime, of course, he worked in the study but he fussed day and night when wrapped up in a problem. Kept an escritoire in his bedroom, where he put his current records when he retired, in case he got an inspiration to monkey with 'em during the night. Then, in the morning, back they go to the study. Regular machine for system."

Vance had been gazing lazily out of the window as Arnesson rambled on. The impression he gave was that he had scarcely heard the description of Drukker's habits but presently he turned and fixed Arnesson with a languid look.

"I say," he drawled; "would you mind toddling upstairs and fetching Drukker's note-book? Look in both the study and the bedroom."

I thought I noticed an almost imperceptible hesitation on Arnesson's part; straightway he rose.

"Good idea. Too valuable a document to be left lying round." And he strolled from the room.

Markham began pacing the floor, Heath revealed his uneasiness by puffing more energetically on his cigar. There was a tense atmosphere in the little dining-room as we waited for Arnesson's turn. Each of us was in a state of expectancy, though just what we hoped for or feared would have been difficult to define.

In less than ten minutes Arnesson appeared at the door. He shrugged his shoulders and held out empty hands.

"Gone!" he announced. "Looked every likely place—couldn't find it." He threw himself into a chair and relighted his pipe. "Can't understand it. Perhaps he hid it."

"Perhaps," murmured Vance.

XX

THE NEMESIS

(*Saturday, April 16th; 1 p. m.*)

IT WAS past one o'clock, and Markham, Vance, and I rode to the Pleasant Club. Heath remained at the Drukker house to carry on the work, to draw up his report, and to deal with the reporters who would be arriving there shortly.

Markham was booked for a conference with the Police Commissioner at two o'clock, and after lunch Vance and I walked to Stieglitz's Intimate Gallery and spent an hour at an exhibition of Georgia O'Keeffe's floral abstractions. We then dropped in at Aeolian Hall and saw Debussy's G-minor quartette. There were some Cézanne water-colors at the Montross Galleries; but by the

*An important step toward the solution of these complex problems was taken a few years later by the de Broglie-Schrödinger theory as laid down in de Broglie's "Ondes et Mouvements" and Schrödinger's "Abhandlungen zur Wellenmechanik."

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had pushed our way through the late-afternoon traffic of Fifth Avenue the light had begun to fail, and Vance ordered the chauffeur to the Stuyvesant Club, where we joined Markham for tea.

"I feel so youthful, so simple, so innocent," Vance complained lugubriously. "So many things are happenin', and they're bein' manipulated so ingeniously, that I can't grasp 'em. It's very disconcertin', very confusin'. I don't like it—I don't at all like it. Most wearin'." He sighed drearily and sipped his tea.

"Your sorrows leave me cold," retorted Markham. "You've probably spent the afternoon inspecting arquebuses and petronels at the Metropolitan Museum. If you'd had to go through what I've suffered—"

"Now, don't be cross," Vance rebuked him. "There's far too much emotion in the world. Passion is not going to solve this case. Cerebration is our only hope. Let us be calm and thoughtful." His mood became serious. "Markham, this comes very near being the perfect crime. Like one of Morphy's great chess combinations, it has been calculated a score of moves ahead. There are no clues; and even if there were, they'd probably point in the wrong direction. And yet . . . and yet there's something that's trying to break through. I feel it: sheer intuition—that is to say, nerves. There's an inarticulate voice that wants to speak, and can't. A dozen times I've sensed the presence of some struggling force, like an invisible ghost trying to make contact without revealing its identity."

Markham gave an exasperated sigh. "Very helpful. Do you advise calling in a medium?"

"THERE'S something we've overlooked," Vance went on, disregarding the sarcasm. "The case is a cipher, and the key word is somewhere before us, but we don't recognize it. 'Pon my soul, it's annoyin'. . . . Let's be orderly. Neatness—that's our desideratum. First, Robin is killed. Next, Sprigg is shot. Then Mrs. Drukker is frightened with a black bishop. After that, Drukker is shoved over a wall. Makin' four distinct episodes in the murderer's extravaganza. Three of 'em were carefully planned. One—the leaving of the bishop at Mrs. Drukker's door—was forced on the murderer, and was therefore decided on without preparation. . . ."

"Clarify your reasoning on that point."

"Oh, my dear fellow! The conveyor of the black bishop was obviously acting in self-defense. An unexpected danger developed along his line of campaign, and he took this means of averting it. Just before Robin's death, Drukker departed from the archery-room and installed himself in the arbor of the yard, where he could look into the archery-room through the rear window. A little later he saw someone in the room talking to Robin. He returned to his house, and at that moment Robin's body was thrown on the stage. Mrs. Drukker saw it, and at the same time she probably saw Drukker. She screamed—very natural, what? Drukker heard the scream, and told us of it at, in an effort to establish an alibi for himself after we'd informed him that Robin had been killed. Thus the murderer knew that Mrs. Drukker had seen something—how much, he didn't know. But

The start of many serious ills . . .

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

MANY of us are constantly risking the priceless gift of health because of faulty intestinal hygiene. Not that we neglect the matter! Indeed, no. As soon as we feel the headache, the tired digestion, the fatigue that so often warn us of intestinal toxicity, we take a cathartic—and consider the matter settled.

It is not. A drastic cathartic may bring temporary relief. But it also frequently shocks the system, and too often tends to cause undesirable habits. And meanwhile intestinal toxicity continues its work—spreading poisons to all parts of the system, stealing away strength and vitality, often laying the foundation for serious ills to follow.

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he wasn't taking any chances. He went to her room at midnight to silence her, and took the bishop to leave beside her body as a signature. But he found the door locked, and left the bishop outside, by way of warning her to say nothing on pain of death. He didn't know that the poor woman suspected her own son."

"But why didn't Drukker tell us whom he saw in the archery-room with Robin?"

"We can only assume that the person was someone whom he couldn't conceive of as being guilty. And I'm inclined to believe he mentioned the fact to this person and thus sealed his own doom."

"Assuming the correctness of your theory, where does it lead us?"

"To the one episode that wasn't elaborately prepared in advance. And when there has been no preparation for a covert act there is pretty sure to be a weakness in one or more of the details.—Now, please note that at the time of each of the three murders any one of the various persons in the drama could have been present. No one had an alibi. That, of course, was cleverly calculated; the murderer chose an hour when all of the actors were, so to speak, waiting in the wings. But that midnight visit! Ah! That was a different matter. There was no time to work out a perfect set of circumstances—the menace was too immediate. And what was the result? Drukker and Professor Dillard were, apparently, the only persons on hand at midnight. Arnesson and Belle Dillard were supping at the Plaza and didn't return home until half past twelve. Pardee was hornlocked with Rubinstein over a chessboard from eleven to one. Drukker is now of course eliminated. . . . What's the answer?"

"I could remind you," returned Markham irritably, "that the alibis of the others have not been thoroughly checked."

"Well, well, so you could." Vance lay back indolently and sent a long, regular series of smoke rings toward the ceiling. Suddenly his body tensed, and with meticulous care he leaned over and put out his cigarette. Then he glanced at his watch and got to his feet. He fixed Markham with a quizzical look.

"*Allons, mon vieux.* It's not yet six. Here's where Arnesson makes himself useful."

"What now?" expostulated Markham.

"Your own suggestion," Vance replied, taking him by the arm and leading him toward the door. "We're going to check Pardee's alibi."

HALF an hour later we were seated with the Professor and Arnesson in the Dillard library.

"We've come on a somewhat unusual errand," explained Vance; "but it may have a vital bearing on our investigation." He took out his wallet and unfolded a sheet of paper. "Here's a document, Mr. Arnesson, I wish you'd glance over. It's a copy of the official score sheet of the chess game between Pardee and Rubinstein. Very interestin'. I've toyed with it a bit, but I'd like your expert analysis of it. The first part of the game is usual enough, but the play after the adjournment rather appeals to me."

Arnesson took the paper and studied it.

"Aha! The inglorious record of Pardee's Waterloo, eh?"

"What's the meaning of this, Markham?" asked Professor Dillard contemptuously. "Do you hope to run a murderer to earth by dilly-dallying over a chess game?"

"Mr. Vance hoped something could be learned from it."

"Fiddlesticks!" The professor poured himself another glass of port and, opening a book, ignored us completely.

Arnesson was absorbed in the notations of the chess score.

"Something a bit queer here," he muttered. "The time's askew. Let's see. . . . The score sheet shows that, up to the time of adjournment, White—that is, Pardee—had played one hour and forty-five minutes, and Black, or Rubinstein, one hour and fifty-eight minutes. So far, so good. Thirty moves. Quite in order. But the time at the end of the game, when Pardee resigned, totals two hours and thirty minutes for White, and three hours and thirty-two minutes for Black—which means that, during the second session of the game, White consumed only forty-five minutes whereas Black used up one hour and thirty-four minutes."

Vance nodded.

"Exactly. There were two hours and nineteen minutes of play beginning at 11 P. M., which carried the game to 1:19 A. M. And Rubinstein's moves during that time took forty-nine minutes longer than Pardee's.—Can you make out what happened?"

Arnesson pursed his lips and squinted at the notations.

"It's not clear. I'd need time."

"SUPPOSE," Vance suggested, "we set up the game in the adjourned position and play it through. I'd like your opinion on the tactics."

Arnesson rose jerkily and went to the little chess table in the corner.

"Good idea." He emptied the men from the box. "Let's see now. . . . Oh! A black bishop is missing. When do I get it back, by the way?" He gave Vance a plaintive leer. "Never mind. We don't need it here. One black bishop will swapped." And he proceeded to arrange the men to accord with the position of the game at the time of adjournment. Then he sat down and studied the set-up.

"It doesn't strike me as a particularly unfavorable position for Pardee," ventured Vance.

"Me either. Can't see why he lost the game. Looks drawish to me." After a moment Arnesson referred to the score sheet. "We'll run through the plays and find out where the trouble lay." He made half a dozen moves; then, after several minutes' study, gave a grunt. "Ha! This is rather deep stuff of Rubinstein's. Amazing combination he began working here. Subtle, by gad! As I know Rubinstein, it took him a long time to figure out. Slow, plodding chap."

"It's possible, isn't it," suggested Vance, "that the working out of that combination explains the discrepancy in time between Black and White?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. Rubinstein must have been in good form not to have made the discrepancy greater. Planning that combination took him all of forty minutes—or I'm a duffer."

"At what hour, would you say," asked Vance carelessly, "did Rubinstein take that forty-five minutes?"

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"Well, let's see. The play began at eleven: six moves before the combination started. . . . Oh, say, somewhere between half past eleven and half past twelve. . . . Yes, just about. Thirty moves before the adjournment; six moves beginning at eleven—that makes thirty-six: then on the forty-fourth move Rubinstein moved his pawn to Bishop-7-check, and Pardee resigned. . . . Yes—the working out of the combination was between eleven-thirty and twelve-thirty."

VANCE regarded the men on the board, which were now in the position they had occupied at the time of Pardee's resignation.*

"Out of curiosity," he said quietly, "I played the game through to the checkmate the other night.—I say, Mr. Arnesson, would you mind doin' the same? I could bear to hear your comment on it."

Arnesson studied the position closely for a few minutes. Then he turned his head slowly and lifted his eyes to Vance. A sardonic grin overspread his face.

"I grasp the point. Gad! What a situation! Five moves for Black to win through. And an almost unheard-of finale in chess. Can't recall a similar instance. The last move would be Bishop to Knight-7, mating. In other words, Pardee was beaten by the black bishop! Incredible!"†

Professor Dillard put down his book.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, joining us at the chess table. "Pardee was defeated by the bishop?" He gave Vance a shrewd, admiring look. "You evidently had good reason, sir, for investigating that chess game. Pray overlook an old man's temper." He stood gazing down at the board with a sad, puzzled expression.

Markham was frowning with deep perplexity.

"You say it's unusual for a bishop alone to mate?" he asked Arnesson.

"Never happens—almost unique situation. And that it should happen to Pardee of all people! Incomprehensible!" He gave a short, ironic laugh. "Inclines one to believe in a nemesis. You know, the bishop has been Pardee's *bête noir* for twenty years—it's ruined his life. Poor beggar! The black bishop is the symbol of his sorrow. Fate, by gad! It's the one chessman that defeated the Pardee gambit. Bishop-to-Knight-5 always broke up his calculations—disqualified his pet theory—made a hissing and a mocking of his life's work. And now, with a chance to break even with the great Rubinstein, the bishop crops up again and drives him back into obscurity."

A FEW minutes later we took our departure and walked to West End Avenue, where we hailed a taxicab.

"It's no wonder, Vance," commented Markham, as we rode downtown, "that Pardee went white the other afternoon when you mentioned the black bishop's being at large at midnight. He probably thought you were deliberately insulting him—throwing his life's failure in face."

"Perhaps. . . ." Vance gazed drea ily out into the gathering shado "Dashed queer about the bishop being incubus all these years. Such recurr discouragements affect the strong minds sometimes; create a desire for venge on the world, with the cause of o failure exalted to an Astræan symb

"It's difficult to picture Pardee in a v dictive rôle," objected Markham. Th after a moment: "What was your po about the discrepancy in time betw Pardee's and Rubinstein's playing? S pose Rubinstein did take forty-five m utes or so to work out his combinati The game wasn't over until after one. don't see that your visit to Arnesson us ahead in any way."

"That's because you're unacquain with the habits of chess players. I clock game of that kind no player sit the table all the time his opponent is fig ing out moves. He walks about, stretc his muscles, takes the air, ogles the lad imbibes ice water, and even indulge food. At the Manhattan Square Mas Tournament last year there were tables, and it was a common sight to se many as three empty chairs at one t Pardee's a nervous type. He wouldn through Rubinstein's protracted me speculations."

Vance lighted a cigarette slowly.

"Markham, Arnesson's analysis of game reveals the fact that Pardee three-quarters of an hour to hi around midnight."

XXI

MATHEMATICS AND MURD

(*Saturday, April 16th; 8:30 p. m*

LITTLE was said about the case dinner, but when we had ourselves in a secluded co the club lounge-room Markham broached the subject.

"I can't see," he said, "that fi loophole in Pardee's alibi helps much. It merely complicates an intolerable situation."

"Yes," sighed Vance. "A sad pressin' world. Each step app tangle us a little more. And the part of it is, the truth is staring u face; only, we can't see it."

"There's no evidence pointing one. There's not even a suspect whose possible culpability reason revolt."

"I wouldn't say that, don't y It's a mathematician's crime; landscape has been fairly clutte mathematicians," replied Vance.

Throughout the entire investig one had been indicated by nam possible murderer. Yet each of u in his own heart that one of th with whom we had talked was gu so hideous was this knowledge instinctively shrank from adm From the first we had cloaked thoughts and fears with general

"A mathematician's crime!" Markham. "The case strikes series of senseless acts commi maniac running amuck."

Vance shook his head.

"Our criminal is supersane,

*For the benefit of the expert chess-player who may be academically interested I append the exact position of the game when Pardee resigned: WHITE: King at QKtsq; Rook at QB8; Pawns at QR2 and Q2. BLACK: King at Q5; Knight at QKt5; Bishop at QR6; Pawns at QKt7 and QB7.

†The final five unplayed moves for Black to mate, as I later obtained them from Vance, were: *45.* RxP; KtxR. *46.* KxKt; P—Kt8 (queen). *47.* KxQ; K—Q6. *48.* K—Rsq.; K—B7. *49.* P—Q3; B—Kt7 mate.

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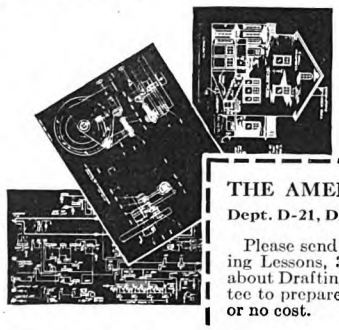

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And his acts are not senseless: they're hideously logical and precise. True, they have been conceived with a grim and terrible humor, with a tremendously cynical attitude; but within themselves they are exact and rational."

Markham regarded Vance thoughtfully.

"How can you reconcile these Mother-Goose crimes with the mathematical mind?" he asked. "In what way can they be regarded as logical? To me they're nightmares, unrelated to sanity."

VANCE settled himself deeper in his chair, and smoked for several minutes. Then he began an analysis of the case, which not only clarified the seeming madness of the crimes themselves, but brought all the events and the characters into a uniform focus. The accuracy of this analysis was brought home to us with tragic and overwhelming force before many days had passed.*

"In order to understand these crimes," he began, "we must consider the stock-in-trade of the mathematician, for all his speculations and computations tend to emphasize the relative insignificance of this planet and the unimportance of human life.—Regard, first, the mere scope of the mathematician's field. On the one hand, he attempts to measure infinite space in terms of parsecs and light-years, and on the other, to measure the electron, which is so infinitely small that he has to invent the Rutherford unit—a millionth of a millimicron. His vision is one of transcendental perspectives, in which this earth and its people sink almost to the vanishing point. Some of the stars—such as Arcturus, Canopus and Betelgeuse—which he regards merely as minute and insignificant units, are many times more massive than our entire solar system. Shapleigh's estimate of the diameter of the Milky Way is 300,000 light-years; yet we must place 10,000 Milky Ways together to get the diameter of the universe—which gives us a cubical content a thousand milliard times greater than the scope of astronomical observation. Or, to put it relatively in terms of mass:—the sun's weight is 324,000 times greater than the weight of the earth and the weight of the universe is postulated as that of a trillion†—a milliard times a milliard—suns. . . . Is it any wonder that workers in such stupendous magnitudes should sometimes lose all sense of earthly proportions?"

Vance made an insignificant gesture.

"But these are element'ry figures—the everyday facts of journeyman calculators. The higher mathematician goes vastly farther. He deals in abstruse and apparently contradict'ry speculations which the average mind cannot even grasp. He lives in a realm where time, as we know it, is without meaning save as a fiction of the brain, and becomes a fourth coördinate of three-dimensional space; where distance also is meaningless except for neighboring points, since there are an infinite number of shortest routes between any two given points; where the language of cause and effect becomes merely a convenient shorthand for explanat'ry purposes; where straight lines are non-existent and insusceptible of definition; where mass grows infinitely great when it reaches the velocity of light; where space itself is characterized by curvatures; where there are lower and higher orders of infinities; where the law of gravitation is abolished as an acting force and replaced by a characteristic of space—a conception that says, in effect, that the apple does not fall because it is attracted by the earth, but because it follows a geodesic, or world-line. . . .

"In this realm of the modern mathematician curves exist without tangents. Neither Newton nor Leibnitz nor Bernoulli even dreamed of a continuous curve without a tangent—that is, a continuous function without a differential coëfficient. Indeed, no one is able to picture such a contradiction,—it lies beyond the power of imagination. And yet it is a commonplace of modern mathematics to work with curves that have no tangents.—Moreover, *pi*—that old friend of our school days, which we regarded as immutable—is no longer a constant; and the ratio between diameter and circumference now varies according to whether one is measuring a circle at rest or a rotating circle. . . . Do I bore you?"

"Unquestionably," retorted Markham. "But pray continue, provided your observations have an earthly direction."

Vance sighed and shook his head hopelessly, but at once became serious again.

"THE concepts of modern mathematics project the individual out of the world of reality into a pure fiction of thought, and lead to what Einstein calls the most degenerate form of imagination—pathological individualism. Silberstein, for instance, argues the possibility of five- and six-dimensional space, and speculates on one's ability to see an event before it happens. The conclusions contingent on the conception of Flammarion's Lumen—a fictive person who travels faster than the velocity of light and is therefore able to experience time extending in a reverse direction—are in themselves enough to distort any natural and sane point of view.* But there is another conceptual homunculus even weirder than Lumen from the standpoint of rational thinking. This hypothetical creature can traverse all worlds at once with infinite velocity, so that he is able to behold all human history at a glance. From Alpha Centauri he can see the earth as it was four years ago; from the Milky Way he can see it as it was 4,000 years ago; and he can also choose a point in space where he can witness the ice age and the present day simultaneously! . . ."

Vance settled himself more deeply in his chair.

"Toying with the simple idea of infinity is enough to unhinge the average man's mind. But what of the well-known proposition of modern physics that we cannot take a straight and ever-advancing path into space without returning to our point of departure? This proposition holds, in brief, that we may go straight to Sirius and a million times farther without changing direction, but we can never leave the universe: we at last return to our starting point *from the opposite direction!* Would you say, Markham, that this idea is conducive to what we quaintly call normal thinking? But, however paradoxical and incomprehensible it may seem, it is almost rudiment'ry when compared with other theorems advanced by mathematical physics. Consider, for example, what is called the problem of the twins. One of two twins starts to Arcturus at birth—that is, with accelerated motion in a gravitational field—and, on returning, discovers that he is much younger than his brother. If, on the other hand, we assume that the motion of the twins is Galilean and that they are therefore traveling with uniform motion relative to each other then each twin will find that his brothe is younger than himself! . . .

"THESE are not paradoxes of logic Markham; they're only paradoxes c feeling. Mathematics accounts for the logically and scientifically.* The point I'm trying to make is that things which see inconsistent and even absurd to the la mind are commonplaces to the math matical intelligence. A mathematic physicist like Einstein announces that t diameter of space—of *space*, mind you is 100,000,000 light-years, or 700 trilli miles; and considers the calculation abe darian. When we ask what is beyond t diameter, the answer is: 'There is no l yond: these limitations include eve thing.' To wit, infinity is finite! Or, as t scientist would say, space is unbound but finite.—Let your mind meditate this idea for half an hour, Markham; you'll have a sensation that you're go mad."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"Space and matter—that's the ma matician's speculative territ'ry. Edd ton conceives matter as a characterist space—a bump in nothingness; whe Weil conceives space as a charact tic of matter—to him empty spac meaningless. Thus Kant's noumenon phenomenon become interchangeable, even philosophy loses all significa But when we come to the mathema conceptions of finite space all rat laws are abrogated. De Sitter's co tion of the shape of space is globul spherical. Einstein's space is cylind and matter approaches zero at th riphery, or 'border condition.' W space, based on Mach's mechani saddle-shaped. . . . Now, what beco nature, of the world we live in, of h existence, when we weigh them a such conceptions? Eddington sugge conclusion that there are no natura —namely, that nature is not amena

*I am obviously unable to set down Vance's exact words, despite the completeness of my notes; but I sent him a proof of the following passages with a request that he revise and edit them; so that, as they now stand, they represent an accurate paraphrase of his analysis of the psychological factors of the Bishop murders.

†Vance was here using the English connotation of "trillion," which is the third power of a million, as opposed to the American and French system of numeration, which regards a trillion as a mere million millions.

*Lumen was invented by the French astronomer to prove the possibility of the reversal of time. With a speed of 250,000 miles per second, he was conceived as soaring into space at the end of the battle of Waterloo, and catching up all the light-rays that had left the battlefield. He attained a gradually increasing lead, until at the end of two days he was witnessing, not the end, but the beginning of the battle; and in the meantime he had been viewing events in reverse order. He had seen projectiles leaving the objects they had penetrated and returning to the cannon; dead men coming to life and arranging themselves in battle formation. Another hypothetical adventure of Lumen was jumping to the moon, turning about instantaneously, and seeing himself leaping from the moon to the earth backward.

*Vance requested me to mention I d'Abro's recent scholarly work, "The Ev of Scientific Thought," in which there i cellent discussion of the paradoxes as with space-time.

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* * *

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the law of sufficient reason. Alas, poor Schopenhauer!* And Bertrand Russell sums up the inevitable results of modern physics by suggesting that matter is to be interpreted merely as a group of occurrences, and that matter itself need not be existent! . . . Do you see what it all leads to? If the world is non-causative and non-existent, what is a mere human life?—or the life of a nation?—or, for that matter, existence itself? . . ."

Vance looked up, and Markham nodded dubiously.

"So far I follow you, of course," he said. "But your point seems vague—not to say esoteric."

"IS IT surprising," asked Vance, "that a man dealing in such colossal, incommensurable concepts, wherein the individuals of human society are infinitesimal, might in time lose all sense of relative values on earth, and come to have an enormous contempt for human life? The comparatively insignificant affairs of this world would then become mere petty intrusions on the macrocosmos of his mental consciousness. Inevitably, such a man's attitude would become cynical. In his heart he would scoff at all human values and sneer at the littleness of the visual things about him. Perhaps there would be a sadistic element in his attitude; for cynicism is a form of sadism. . ."

"But deliberate, planned murder!" objected Markham.

"Consider the psychological aspects of the case. With the normal person, who takes his recreations daily, a balance is maintained between the conscious and the unconscious activities: the emotions, being constantly dispersed, are not allowed to accumulate. But with the abnormal person, who spends his entire time in intense mental concentration and who rigorously suppresses all his emotions, the loosening of the subconscious is apt to result in a violent manifestation. This long inhibition and protracted mental application, without recreation or outlet of any kind, causes an explosion which often assumes the form of deeds of unspeakable horror. No human being, however intellectual, can escape the results. The mathematician who repudiates nature's laws is nevertheless amenable to those laws. Indeed, his rapt absorption in hyperphysical problems merely increases the pressure of his denied emotions. And outraged Nature, in order to maintain her balance, produces the most grotesque fulminations—reactions which, in their terrible humor and perverted gayety, are the exact reverse of the grim seriousness of abstruse mathematical theories. The fact that Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge—both great mathematical physicists—became confirmed spiritists, constitutes a similar psychological phenomenon."

Vance took several deep inhalations on his cigarette.

"Markham, there's no escaping the fact: these fantastic and seemingly incredible murders were planned by a mathematician as forced outlets to a life of tense abstract speculation and emotional repression. They fulfill all the indicated requirements: they are neat and precise, beautifully worked out, with every minute factor fitting snugly in place. No loose ends, no remainders, apparently no motive. And aside from their highly imaginative precision, all their indications point unmistakably to an abstrusely conceptive intelligence on the loose—a devotee of pure science having his fling."

"But why their grisly humor?" asked Markham. "How do you reconcile the Mother-Goose phase of them with your theory?"

"The existence of inhibited impulses," explained Vance, "always produces a state favorable to humor. Dugas designates humor as a '*détente*'—a release from tension; and Bain, following Spencer, calls humor a relief from restraint. The most fertile field for a manifestation of humor lies in accumulated potential energy—what Freud calls *Besetzungsenergie*—which in time demands a free discharge. In these Mother-Goose crimes we have the mathematician reacting to the most fantastic of frivolous acts in order to balance his superserious logical speculations. It's as if he were saying cynically: 'Behold! This is the world that you take so seriously because you know nothing of the infinitely larger abstract world. Life on earth is a children's game—hardly important enough to make a joke about.' . . . And such an attitude would be wholly consistent with psychology; for after any great, prolonged mental strain one's reactions will take the form of reversals—that is to say, the most serious and dignified will seek an outlet in the most childish games. Here, incidentally, you have the explanation for the practical joker with his sadistic instincts. . . .

"Moreover, all sadists have an infantile complex. And the child is totally amoral. A man, therefore, who experiences these infantile psychological reversals is beyond good and evil. Many modern mathematicians even hold that all convention, duty, morality, good, and the like, could not exist except for the fiction of free will. To them the science of ethics is a field haunted by conceptual ghosts; and they even arrive at the disintegratin' doubt as to whether truth itself is not merely a figment of the imagination. . . . Add to these considerations the sense of earthly distortion and the contempt for human life which might easily result from the speculations of higher mathematics, and you have a perfect set of conditions for the type of crimes with which we are dealing."

WHEN Vance had finished speaking Markham sat silent for a long time. Finally he moved restively.

"I can understand," he said, "how these crimes might fit almost any of the persons involved. But, on the basis of your argument, how do you account for the notes to the press?"

"Humor must be imparted," returned Vance. "'A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it.' Also, the impulse toward exhibitionism enters into the present case."

"But the Bishop alias?"

"Ah! That's a most vital point. The *raison d'être* of this terrible orgy of humor lies in that cryptic signature."

Markham turned slowly.

"Do the chess player and the astronomer fulfill the conditions of your theory as well as the mathematical physicist?"

"Yes," Vance replied. "Since th days of Philidor, Staunton, and Kieser itzki, when chess was something of a fin art, the game has degenerated almost int an exact science; and during Capablanca' régime it has become largely a matter o abstract mathematical speculation. In deed, Maroczy, Doctor Lasker, and Vid mar are all well-known mathematicians . . . And the astronomer, who actuall views the universe, may get an even mor intense impression of the unimportanc of this earth than the speculative physi cist. Imagination runs riot through a tele scope. The mere theory of existing life o distant planets tends to reduce earthl life to second'ry consideration. For hou after one has looked at Mars, for instanc and dallied with the notion that its i habitants outnumber and surpass in i telligence our own population, one ha difficulty in readjusting one's self to th petty affairs of life here on earth. Eve a reading of Percival Lowell's romant book* temporarily takes away from th imaginative person all consciousness of th significance of any single planet'ry exis ence."

There was a long silence. Then Mar ham asked:

"WHY should Pardee have taken A nesson's black bishop that nig instead of one from the club, where would not have been missed?"

"We don't know enough of the moti to say. He may have taken it with so deliberate purpose in view.—But wh evidence have you of his guilt? All suspicions in the world would not per you to take any step against him. Eve we knew indubitably who the murde was, we'd be helpless. . . . I tell y Markham, we're facing a shrewd brai one that figures out every move and culates all the possibilities. Our only h is to create our own evidence, by find a weakness in the murderer's combi tion."

"The first thing in the morning," clared Markham grimly, "I'm going put Heath to work on Pardee's alibi night. There'll be twenty men chec it up by noon, questioning every spe tor at that chess game, and making a d to-door canvass between the Manha Chess Club and the Drukker house. can find someone who actually saw dee in the vicinity of the Druk around midnight, then we'll have a suspicious piece of circumstantial dence against him."

"Yes," agreed Vance; "that w give us a definite starting point. P would have considerable difficulty i plaining why he was six blocks away the club during his set-to with Rubin at the exact hour that a black bisho being left at Mrs. Drukker's door. Yes, yes. By all means have Heat his minions tackle the problem. It lead us forward."

But the Sergeant was never called to check the alibi. Before nine o'cl the following morning Markham ca Vance's house to inform him that had committed suicide.

(*To be continued*)

*Vance's M. A. thesis, I recall, dealt with Schopenhauer's "Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde."

*I do not know whether Vance was he ring to "Mars and Its Canals" or "Mar Abode of Life."

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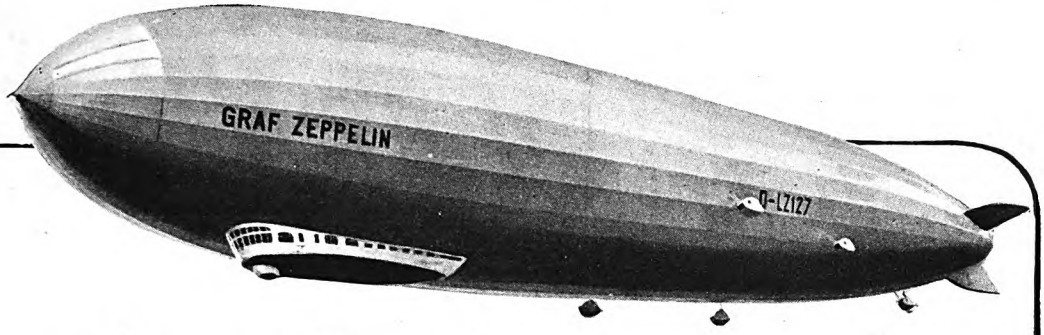

"I smoke a Lucky instead of eating sweets."

Grace M. Hay Drummond Hay

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only female passenger on the Graf Zeppelin.

Lady Grace Drummond Hay,
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INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

We Are Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

DICK and I have been married three years. This year, we had planned to have a baby, but when we added up, we found that we couldn't swing it. In a big city like Philadelphia, babies like most other things, come high. Still, if we had all of Dick's salary for ourselves, we could manage it. But right there is the rub!

We don't have all of Dick's salary. Every month, twenty-five of his one hundred and fifty dollars go to his parents to pay back what they spent on his college education. It is a sort of sacred tradition in Dick's family that the children must look upon the money put into their college training as a loan to be repaid just as scrupulously as if they had borrowed it from a bank.

As a general principle, this may all be very fine. But surely circumstances alter cases. The plan worked no hardship on the two older boys, because they were out of debt and well established in life before they got married. But it's different in Dick's case. We were married in less than a year after he was graduated. Of course, when he told me how things were, I agreed that we must pay back as the others had. So we settled on a definite sum, increasing it a little every time Dick got a raise. At first, I was gay and cheerful about it. But that was before I realized how horribly pinched we were going to be.

Now, I must frankly confess, I am rebellious.

It's not as if his folks really needed the money. They don't need it half as much as we do. We have to go home on our vacation because we can't afford to go anywhere else; and on every trip I grow more resentful because it is rubbed in afresh how comfortable they are and how care-free financially as compared to us.

DICK'S folks live on a big farm in Pennsylvania. They raise practically everything they eat, and Mother has just as many conveniences in her house as I have in my little city apartment. She has more, for she owns an electric refrigerator and we can't afford one. They have a car. We ride in the subway instead of the bus so as to save the extra fare. They have meat twice a day; we have it twice a week.

It's true that Mother makes her coat last two winters for best and two more for second-best. I don't know how long mine will have to last. This is its third winter and, as yet, I have not had the courage to consider a possible successor. Mother orders her best things from a big mail-order house in Philadelphia. I shop for mine at the remnants counters among the basement bargains and do my own sewing.

It is also true that there are still two young daughters at home to educate. But I'm sure they could be put through college without levying blood money on Dick and me. That's a mean thing to say, and perhaps I ought to be ashamed of it. I know perfectly well that Dick's parents feel that the family rule is a fair one, and that they see no reason for making an exception to it in favor of Dick and me. Their idea is that it will all come back to us some day. They reason that they are helping us to save for our old age.

Maybe they are. But, personally, I can't get a kick out of the prospect of a well-fed and well-cushioned old age if all I have to look back on is a starved and colorless youth. I honestly believe I'd rather spend my declining days in a Home for the Aged and Indigent than spend all of my young married life doing without every scrap of beauty and fullness that makes living worth while.

I want my heart to have a chance to sing *now*.

OF COURSE, to do them justice, Dick's father and mother don't realize how serious this pinching business is with us. Nor do they dream how bitter we sometimes feel about it. They can't help knowing that we have to cut corners, but with their thrifty Dutch ways, they think that is good for us. To them, a hundred and fifty dollars a month seems like a lot of money for two young people to run through with. Unconsciously, they picture us as gay city people living in an atmosphere of bright lights and brighter doings.

Well, I've come to the conclusion that it's high time the family knows the truth. I just don't think it's fair to me—or to Dick—for us to go on scrimping and scraping for three more years to pay back that miserable debt which was wished on him when he was too young and inexperienced to know what it would cost him. Especially, when the people who wished the debt on him would never miss the money, and we do—terribly.

But then, it's not so easy as it sounds. Dick can't bear the idea of failing to do as much as the other boys have done. To him he is afraid that his parents will be hurt if we come out and tell them just how we feel about it. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings any more than Dick does. Above all, I don't want to hurt his pride.

So—I find myself between the devil and the deep blue sea. Frankly, I don't know which way to jump. Either way, I'm likely to rock the boat. I can't go on much longer the way I am going. I want babies while I'm young enough to enjoy them! What is the way out? A. M. K.

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March, 1929

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

Seven Minutes in Eternity—the Amazing Experience that Made Me Over

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

NOT long ago William Dudley Pelley came into the office of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, after an absence of more than a year.

"Man, what's happened to you?" asked the editor. "You're looking incredibly better than you did the last time I saw you."

"You've never seen *me* before," replied Mr. Pelley.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the fellow who is standing before you now is a new Bill Pelley—so new that he's only about one year old. I've had an experience. . . ."

On the strength of that conversation Mr. Pelley was asked to write about his great adventure. Neither the editor nor any members of the staff knew what transforming experience the author had been through, but it was evident to all that he had greatly changed, both in appearance and in manner. The accompanying article is the intimate account of his "re-birth." It will surprise and interest you as much as it surprised and interested the staff of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. *The Editor.*

N THE Sierra Madre Mountains, near Pasadena, California, I own a bungalow. When I want seclusion in order to complete a knotty job writing, I lay in a stock of pro-ions, bid adieu to acquaintances, ıtor up to this hide-away, and rk there undisturbed. My only npanion is Laska, a tawny police g.

In the month of April, 1928, I s living in this bungalow while iting a novel. The work had gone ll and was nearing completion. vas untroubled mentally, feeling ysically fit, writing six to eight ırs a day, with plenty of eve-g recreation.

ne night toward the last of the nth I returned around ten o'clock I lay reading in bed till midnight. e book had nothing to do, I am vinced, with what subsequently ıpened. It was a ponderous vol-e on ethnology, a subject that is ıething of a hobby with me. I drowsy around midnight, laid volume aside, pulled off my ses, and extinguished the bed-p. I had gone through a similar ıne on a hundred other eve-ıs; the day had been no different ı a hundred other writing days ıt in the bungalow.

ly sleeping chamber was located he back of the house and was ectly ventilated, with two case-t windows opening toward the ntains. Laska curled on the at the foot of my bed—her stomed sleeping place—and she did not externally motivate ıhenomena in any way, I am ive. When it ended, and I was in my body, I stumbled from the bed and my voice awoke her, bringing her over beside me, where she thumped her tail on the rug and sought to lick my wrist. . . .

I do not recall having any specific dreams the first half of the night, no physical distress, certainly no insomnia. Ordinarily, I do not use liquor and I had none on the premises or in my system on this night in question. For twenty years I had consumed from a dozen to twenty cigars daily and smoked my pipe constantly over the typewriter. But I had never observed any derogatory effects from such indulgence and was no more distressed than usual from this particular day's consumption of nicotine.

BUT between three and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through my somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself:

"*I'm dying! I'm dying!*"

What told me, I don't know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and apprise me. Certainly something was happening to me—something that had never happened down all my days—a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

Mind you, I say *physical* sensation. This was not a dream. I was fully awake, and yet I was not. I knew that something had happened either to my heart or head—or both—and that my conscious identity was at the play of forces over which it had no control. I was awake, mind you, and whereas I had been

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on a bed in the shadowy dark of a California bungalow when the phenomenon started, the next moment I was plunging down a mystic depth of cool, blue space, with a sinking sensation like that which attends the taking of ether as an anesthetic. Queer noises were singing in my ears. Over and over in a curiously tumbled brain the thought was preëminent:

"*So this is death?*"

I AVER that in the interval between my seizure and the end of my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to think: "My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days before anyone discovers it—unless Laska breaks out and brings aid."

Why I should think that, I don't know—or what difference it would have made to *me*, being the lifeless "remains"—but I remember thinking the thought as distinctly as any thought I ever originated consciously and put on paper in the practice of my vocation.

Next, I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco an airplane in which I was passenger went into a tail spin and we almost fell into the Golden Gate. *That* feeling! Someone reached out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly voice said, close to my ear:

"Take it easy, old man. Don't be alarmed. You're all right. We're here to help you."

Someone had hold of me, I said—two persons in fact—one with a hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the other with arm run under my knees. I was physically flaccid from my "tumble" and unable to open my eyes as yet because of the sting of queer, opal light that diffused the place into which I had come.

When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been borne to a beautiful marble-slab pallet and laid nude upon it by two strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white uniforms not unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly amused at my confusion and chagrin.

"Feeling better?" the taller of the two asked considerately, as physical strength to sit up unaided came to me and I took note of my surroundings.

"Yes," I stammered. "Where am I?"

They exchanged good-humored glances.

They never answered my question.

They did not need to answer my question. It was superfluous. I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body on a bungalow bed in the California mountains. *I had gone through all the sensations of dying*, and whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphatically I had reached a place and state which had never been duplicated in all my experience.

I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy of my new state, both mental and physical.

For I had carried some sort of body into that new environment with me. I knew that it was nude. It had been capable of feeling the cool, steadying pressure of my friends' hands before my eyes opened. And now that I had reawakened without the slightest distress or harm, I was conscious of a beauty and loveliness of environment that surpasses chronicling on printed paper.

A sort of marble-tiled-and-furnished portico the place was, lighted by that soft, unseen, opal illumination, with a clear-as-crystal Roman pool diagonally across from the bench on which I remained for a time, striving to credit that all this was *real*. Out beyond the portico everything appeared to exist in a sort of turquoise haze. . . .

I looked from this vista back to the two friends who had received me. There were no other persons anywhere in evidence in the first half of my experience.

Somehow I knew those two men—knew them as intimately as I knew the reflection of my own features in a mirror. And yet something about them, their virility, their physical "glow," their strong and friendly personality sublimated, as it were, kept me from instant identification.

And they knew a good joke about me. They continued to watch me, with a smile in their eyes, when I got down from my marble bench and moved about the portico till I came to the edge of the pool.

"Bathe in it," came the instruction. "You'll find you'll enjoy it."

I went down the steps into delightful water. And here is one of the strangest incidents of the whole "adventure" . . . when I came up from that bath I was no longer conscious that I was nude. On the other hand, neither was I conscious of having donned clothes. The bath did something to me in the way of clothing me. What, I don't know.

But immediately I came up garbed, somehow, by the magic contact of the water, people began coming into the patio, crossing over it and going down the southern steps and off into the inexpressible turquoise. As they passed me, they cast curiously amused glances at me. *And everybody nodded and spoke to me.* They had a kindness, a courtesy, a friendliness, in their faces and addresses that quite overwhelmed me. Think of all the saintly, attractive, magnetic folk you know, imagine them constituting the whole social world—no misfits, no tense countenances, no sour leers, no preoccupied brusqueness or physical handicap—and the whole environment of life permeated with an ecstatic harmony as universal as air, and you get an idea of my reflexes in those moments. I recall exclaiming to myself:

"How happy everybody seems!—how jolly! Every individual here conveys something that makes me want to know him personally." Then, with a sense of shock, it dawned upon me: "*I have known every one of these people at some time or other, personally, intimately!* But they are sublimated now—physically glorified—not as I knew them in life at all."

I CANNOT make anyone understand how natural it all seemed that I should be there. After that first presentment of dying—which experience had ended in the most kindly ministration—all terror and strangeness left me and I had never felt more alive. It never occurred to me that I was in "heaven," or, if it did, it occasioned me no more astonishment that I should be there than when, at some period of my mundane consciousness, it had occurred to me that I was on "earth." . . . After all, do we know much more about the one than the other?

I had simply ended a queer voyage through bluish void and found myself in a charming place among jolly, worthwhile people who saw in me something that amused them to the point of quiet laughter. Yet not a laughter that I could resent. I had no mad obsession to go off at once in search of Deity or look up Abraham Lincoln or Julius Cæsar. I was quite content to stroll timidly in the vicinity of the portico by which I had entered this harmonious place and be greeted with pleasant nods by persons whose individualities were uncannily familiar.

They were conventionally garbed, these persons, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that the latter wore hats I can see with perfect clarity in my mind's eye the outline of the millinery worn by a dignified elderly lady *at whose deathbed I had been present in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1923*. The big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow in white duck who had first received me, with his hand beneath the nape of my neck, always hovered in my vicinity, I recall, and kept an eye on my whereabouts and deportment. . . .

I PLEDGE my reputation that I talked with these people, identified many of them, called the others by their wrong names and was corrected, saw and did things that night almost a year ago that is *verboten* for me to narrate in a magazine article, but which I recall with a minuteness of detail as graphic to me as the keys of my typewriter are now, under my fingers. Regardless of the fact that imagination is the chief asset in one of my vocation, I am not given to particularly graphic dreams. Certainly, we never dream by the process of coming awake first knowing that we are suffering some kind of heart or head attack, swooning, and coming abruptly conscious again in the arms of two kindly persons who reassure us audibly that everything is quite right. Nor do the impressions of a dream so stay with us—at least they have never so stayed with me—that after a year such an experience is as vivid as many of my experiences in Siberia during the late World War.

I went somewhere, penetrated to a distinct place, and had an actual, concrete experience. I found myself an existing entity in a locality where persons had always called "dead" were not dead at all. They were very much alive.

The termination of this journey—exit so to speak—was as peculiar as the advent.

I was wandering alone about the place I have described, with most of my recognizable friends gone out of it for the moment, when I was caught in a swirl of bluish vapor that seemed to roll in from nowhere in particular. Instead of pitching prone I was lifted or levitated. Up, up I seemed to tumble, *feet first*, despite the ludicrousness of the description. A long, swift, swirling journey of it. And then something clicked—something in my body. The best analogy I can sound my repeating deer-rifle when I work the ejector mechanism—a flat, metallic, automatic sensation.

Next, I was sitting up in bed in my physical body again, as wide awake as I am at this moment, staring at the rectangle of window where the moon was shining down, with a reflex of physical exhaustion through my chest, diaphragm, and

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON, N. Y.

William Dudley Pelley

that lasted several moments. Not digestive distress, you understand; ly a great weariness in my torso as if I passed through a tremendous physi- rdeal and my heart must accelerate ake up the lost energy.

hat wasn't a dream!" I cried aloud. my voice awoke Laska, who straight- to her haunches.

ere was no more slumber for me that . I lay back finally with the whole ex- ce fresh in my senses but an awful tation in my heart that I was forced ne back at all—back into a world of gle and disappointment, turmoil and erpretation, to an existence of bill collectors, unfriendly bankers, capricious editors, and caustic critics—to all the mental and physical aches and pains which combine with the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to make of this Earth Plane a Vale of Tears.

It was tragedy, the coming back.

Call it the Hereafter, call it Heaven, call it Purgatory, call it the Astral Plane, call it the Fourth Dimension, call it What You Will. Whatever it is—and where—that human entities go after being released from physical limitations, I had gone there that night. And, like Lazarus of old, I had been called back—back to the anguish (in comparison) of physical existence to finish out my time in the conventional manner. Up to the moment of writing this article almost a year later, I have had not the slightest indication toward a repetition of the episode. Dreams I have had, and occasionally a fine, old-fashioned nightmare, but I have known them for such. Somehow or other, in sleep that night, I unhooked something in the strange mechanism that is Spirit in Matter, and for from seven to ten minutes my own conscious entity that is Bill Pelley, writing-man, slipped over to the Other Side.

There is a survival of human entity after death of the body, (*Continued on page 139*)

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Down the road dashed the bull, on his u

Any age is the age of Chivalry if there is a

By Albert Payson Terhune

THERE was one car for hire in all Hampton; a wheezy and dingy and uncertain-tempered machine of ancient vintage. It contrasted with the village's other cars as might a tramp with the winners of a Fashion Parade. It belonged to Axel Thorje. If Axel drove the alleged car for a passenger, the rates were two dollars and fifty cents an hour. If the temporary lessee drove it himself, the toll was a dollar an hour, plus oil and gas.

When Roy Thacker used the antique car, he drove it himself.

When he drove it, he took Maida Barham along—at such times as he could induce her to go, and when some swain in a self-owned and shinier and newer car had not preëmpted her companionship.

With the coming of the automobile, a new Aristocracy of Locomotion had been born, not only in Hampton but everywhere else. Of old, not one low-salaried man in twelve had been able to afford a horse and buggy, or even a saddle horse. Now, it seemed, the huge majority of mankind bought and drove cars whose price and upkeep were more than treble those of the finest old-time horse equipage.

To Roy Thacker this did not make sense. Nor, in his morbid moments, did it make sense that the average girl of his acquaintance seemed to judge men by the quality of their cars rather than by inherent traits.

For instance, Maida Barham was the One Girl in all the world. When he should be able to afford a wife, Roy meant to tell her so, whatever her answer might be. Yet he had a queer feeling that a loyalty to their long friendship, rather than any real pleasure, made her accept his invitations for drives through the back co try dusk in Axel's clankingly disreput car; and that she sat with a certain scious, happy pride in McGrath's th thousand-dollar machine, or in G Pryce's trig racer—a pride that was l ing when she drove with Roy.

On his low salary at the local crean Thacker could not see the wisdom of ing with a goodly slice of his hard-hoa savings-bank account for the purcha a new car. Nor could he see the econ soundness of buying one on installm and thus putting the bulk of his a week by week, into an investment w value decreased so steadily that b time it should be paid for in full it be all but worthless.

AS a compromise, two years earli had begun to lay aside his ove pay toward the purchase of a roa During part of the year there w overtime at the creamery. But for rush months there was work at and a half" for any man who ch supplement his eight-hour day b hours of night toil.

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the slaughter of the offensive red hat's wearer

Galahad

Illustrated by

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Slowly the car's price accumulated; t so much more slowly than Thacker's bitions for it that he jumped eagerly a book-balancing night job during the nter and spring months at the Galvanized bber Works in the next town. True, s kept him away from Maida every ening except Sunday—and she devel- d a vexing way of having other callers these Sunday evenings. But it rolled his car fund with gratifying speed.

t last—a long and tiring last—the s price was laid by. This without udice to the share of his weekly sal- which must go to fatten his savings- k account. True, the night-and-day k left him oddly dull and tired by the e Sunday came around. But he had th to draw on, with all its glorious rves of energy. So he came through ordeal with only a little loss of flesh a brace of dark hollows under his

nd he could now say farewell to Axel rje's hideous and antediluvian per- ulatory ark. He could take Maida rive through the fragrant summer in a car she need not be ashamed to be seen in. It was the Big Moment of Roy Thacker's life when he made that complete payment and drove the wonder-car out of the Paterson dealer's garage and toward Hampton.

He was minded to make an Occasion of it. Wherefore, he had taken the whole Saturday afternoon off from the creamery and had gained Maida's consent to go driving with him for an hour or two before sunset.

THE new roadster gleamed like the armor of some medieval knight as it sped smoothly over the nine-mile stretch of concrete road from Paterson to Hampton. Its strong new engine sang softly to itself, a song of conscious power.

Into the mile of surfaced back road between the state highway and Maida Barham's home turned Thacker. This double work he had been doing had not pulled him down so very much after all. Perhaps he could keep it up indefinitely. If so, he would be drawing weekly pay on which any lad of his age could afford to marry. If only he could make Maida see it that way.

Roy's ideas on marriage were on a par with his notions as to car-buying. He could not bring himself to the point of going to his sweetheart and saying to her: "I'm not making a marrying salary. I love you. Will you be engaged to me, for perhaps two or three years, and give up better chances, on the bare possibility that some day I'll make enough to marry on?" To him, the notion seemed as unsportsmanly and as unfair and as unsafe as to buy a brand-new car without the ready cash to pay for it. But now. . . !

Up the slope of a hill purred the roadster, ignoring the tug of the acclivity, rejoicing in its own sure strength. Then came the summit, and the half-mile level stretch at whose end he could see the Barham house. Bit by bit, Roy let out the speed. He was minded to arrive snappily and smartly at Maida's door even as he had seen more fortunate youths drive up to it in their installment cars.

A furlong ahead, a woman was trudging stolidly along the roadside ahead of him. Squat she was, and built for endurance rather than for speed. Her age was uncertain, despite the rakishly gay red

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Beginning NEXT month . . .

Zane Grey's

NEW NOVEL

The Drift Fence

LITTLE Molly Dunn of the Cibeque. . . . Surely Zane Grey has never given us a lovelier or more appealing heroine. And never a more enthralling story! Against the stirring background of Western ranch life is played out the grim drama which centers about "The Drift Fence"—and which carries with it the life and fortunes of Molly Dunn.

ON the one side all the "two-bit cattlemen" and rustlers led by Molly's brother, "Slinger Dunn," on the other the wealthy and progressive ranchmen typified by Jim Traft—with the hundred-mile fence he is building on the free range as the bone of contention.

THE situation was tense enough and dangerous enough already when Jim Traft brought on his "tenderfoot" nephew, young Jim, to take charge of the famous "Diamond D" outfit, and build the fence—no matter what happened. And Jim proceeded to fall head over heels in love with Molly, quite unaware that she was the sister of the notorious "Slinger Dunn."

IT is an exciting story—"The Drift Fence." And an appealing record of a lonely young girl's aspirations and struggle to rise above the sordid environment that is crushing all her hope of happiness.

THE story of Molly and Jim, and "The Drift Fence," begins in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for April, and it is a story you mustn't miss!

cloche hat which crowned her grayin hair. Her whole appearance had a hom made aspect bespeaking bad team-wor in the assembling of it. Her clothes wer lumpily dowdy.

Well did Thacker know old Miss Vande cook by sight. Often he had passed h thus on the road, as she returned to h summer bungalow from one of her afte noon walks. Twice, she had been to th creamery, too; complaining of late deliver of her daily two quarts of milk and hal pint of cream. She was an artist or writer or some such freak, summering Hampton, encouraging no acquaintanc ships, and wearing rough-and-ready ga ments which Hampton women woul have scorned to be seen in.

Well, for once the old dame should b hold him in a car worth anyone's notic not trudging dustily along on foot or pr pelling Thorje's abhorrent antique. T thought gave Thacker a mild thrill pleasure. He stepped lightly on the ga Obedient, the new roadster quickened smooth pace.

Miss Vandercook was the first perso he knew whom Roy had happened up during that triumph drive of his. Thoug his acquaintance with her was less tha casual, still, she was not a total strange

Yes, and another acquaintance w coming into sight. Someone Roy kne far better, if even less pleasantly. Fro out an opening in bush-bordered pastu bars, a man was emerging at the heels a drove of cattle. He was Lem Hannoth, lifelong neighbor of Roy's; a rich and par monious farmer who vied with one or tw others of his kind for the historic title "the meanest cuss in this county." was convoying his cattle from their da pasturage to his farmyard, a quarter-m beyond.

IT WAS a prettily sylvan scene— placid drove of cows debouching sedat from the let-down bars among the bush and heading with tinkle of bell tow their milking place. Even the uncout rugged presence of Lem Hannoth at t heels could not spoil the effect.

Thacker slowed his machine. By perience he knew the erratic ways of tle on a back road and their blind pensity to swing across the right-of- directly in face of an approaching Safer it would be to wait, with wha tience he might be able to command, they should have passed by him. H not care to incur a possible damage from the litigation-loving Hannoth grazing one of the cow's flanks with mudguard. Especially while his car was uninsured. By this time Monday insurance papers for the new roa would be made out and the premium —the papers which would indemnify against property damage as wel against fire and theft. Until ther must move with some wariness.

As he drew almost to a standstill a road edge, one of the cattle lowed. sound was short and truculent, the ing of an angry bull. Roy Thacke too much of a country boy not to nize it.

From the plodding herd, the bull lu forward. He was a Holstein, som over a ton in weight, the basic wh his coat splotched with harlequin p of black. His horns were thick and

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Out of the patiently moving ruck of cows he trotted, in mid-road, snorting raucously as he emerged. It had been a trying day for the bull's murderous temper. The June flies had been intolerably torturing. An early drought had dried the pasture waterhole where he was wont to wallow and to drink. He was parched with thirst. Then, too, an hour earlier, a boy returning from school had pelted him stingingly with green apples, from the safety of the fence top. The Holstein was savage, raw of nerve, ripe for trouble.

As he came crankily out of the pasture, his nearsighted eyes focused on a splash of irritating scarlet—the rakish cloche hat of old Miss Vandercook at the roadside, a hundred yards ahead of him. The bull gave evidence of his fast-increasing fury by that first short roar and then by snorting. The offensive red hat did not vanish at his defiance. Indeed, as the sun's rays slanted athwart it, it flared with more and more maddening provocation.

WHOLLY unaware that she was the cause of the piebald giant's rage, Miss Vandercook continued to move slowly toward the advancing herd, giving them the whole byway to pass her in, but advancing steadily. She was not one of those humorous city women who are afraid of cows. Stolidly she maintained her pace, the fury hat nodding in deadly affront of the Holstein at every onward step she took. No self-respecting bull, with a homicidal complex, could have withstood the insult nor have conquered the wild surge of fury it evoked.

The Holstein lowered his head, pawing the roadway. Lem Hannoth did not see the menacing gesture. He was busy driving back into formation a heifer which had tried to bolt through a fence gap into a wheat field on the far side of the ditch. But Thacker saw; and he understood.

He was perhaps a hundred yards away from the bull. Midway between them Miss Vandercook clumped along, her red hat bobbing. Roy shouted to her to climb the near-by fence. She heard the voice, but the fresh afternoon breeze drowned the words themselves. She turned and frowned slightly, in reproof, at the forward motorist who, presumably, was yelling and gesticulating to her to get out of his way. Then, primly, she turned back toward the unguessed peril and continued her stroll into the face of impending death.

Measuring his distance and shutting his bloodshot eyes, the great Holstein charged.

With express-train speed he thundered toward the on-moving woman. His dull brain was afire with the zest of tossing her high in air and then goring and trampling her collapsed body into a pulp. He tore furiously forward upon his murder-mission, with head down and tail aloft, his horrible horns all but raking the road. His hoofs drummed a deafening tattoo on the hard roadbed.

Miss Vandercook saw at last—saw and understood. With a birdlike screech she halted, paralyzed and gasping, midway in the on-thundering monster's path.

The new roadster had been crawling at snail-pace. Now, under the impact of Thacker's toe, it leaped forward like a living thing. Over the intervening rods of roadway it flew, at a speed to which no brand-new car should be forced. Straight at the charging bull it dashed.

At the wheel crouched Roy Thacker, his face bone-white and set in a mask. But his brain was strangely cool. In that second or two of premeditatedly suicidal flight, he found himself saying, wordlessly, with an entire calm:

"Certain smash. . . . Not insured. . . . All for an old hen in a flapper hat. . . . Why in blazes didn't I take the other road? . . . Car gone. . . . Overtime work gone for nothing. . . . But—Lord, there's nothing else to do!—Will the windshield glass blind me?"

Past the fear-palsied Miss Vandercook flashed the lightning-swift roadster, held true in the center of the byway and strained to every last atom of speed.

DOWN the road, unseeingly, to meet it, dashed the bull, on his way to the slaughter of the offensive red hat's wearer. Two flying bulks, weighing a ton or more, were headed for each other at top pace.

Miss Vandercook saw the roadster blur past her; and she caught a fractional glimpse of its driver's face. Then, through her trance of (*Continued on page 130*)

The girl barred his way. "I think," she remarked impersonally, "you're the very rudest man I ever knew, Roy Thacker"

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"THE FROMM BOYS"

are the biggest fox raisers in the world because of their

Staying Qualities

The story of a remarkable family that grew up and still lives in the Wisconsin woods

By CHARLES LANE CALLEN

"RAISE foxes!" Twenty years ago that cry swept through the northern farm districts like a shout heralding the finding of new gold.

Civilization was fast crowding the fox from the wilds, as it had already crowded out the wolf and the buffalo. Steadily since 1890 the supply of fox furs had been dwindling, while prices at the great fur auctions had doubled and then trebled.

The single pelt of a silver black fox had sold in London for $2,700, and half of that sum was an ordinary price for a silver fox pelt anywhere. Man, strange creature, always wants and will pay high for that which is out of the ordinary or difficult to get; and the silver black fox is the Koh-i-noor of foxes, the rarest of its kind.

Then came an electrifying discovery.

The silver black fox, as every trapper knew, is a sport of the common red fox; that is, it is one of the rarest of several rare color phases of the parent red stock—a full black fox with a veiling of fur that resembles spun silver.

A red fox mother might have only one silver black puppy in a lifetime; she might never have one. Again, the silver black strain might be strong in a red fox parent, strong enough to be perpetuated through the offspring; and this is also true of the black fox and of the cross fox, other sports of the red fox.

Trappers long had pondered over these tricks which nature played with the fox. They had learned that foxes caught in warm weather could be kept alive in captivity until their furs became prime with the coming of cold weather. In Canada this was a common practice.

And on Prince Edward Island, in 1887, two shrewd Scots began to experiment with captives.

That winter they did not dispose of all of their foxes. Instead, they kept several precious pairs—their finest specimens—hidden away in a remote and almost inaccessible part of the woods. They believed that, in time, it would be possible to breed the silver fox domestically, just as farmers breed Ayrshire cows and Clydesdale horses.

They had their troubles, those Scots, and disappointment piled upon disappointment; but the upward swing of prices paid for fine fox furs had started and the Scots kept their lips sealed. It was a rich goal they saw ahead; and presently neighbors began to marvel at the rare and lustrous fox pelts that these inordinately "lucky trappers" sold at fabulous prices on the London fur market.

But one bleak winter night, the story goes, a fox escaped from the hidden inclosure in the woods. Like a silvery black shadow on the snow, it streaked away into more open country and toward the habitations of men. Next day hounds scented its trail and were off on it, while behind the hounds came eager hunters.

The fox doubled and feinted, but it was unable to shake off the hounds. Finally, it headed back for the safety of the inclosure, a fugitive worth its weight in gold. It made the inclosure, fortunately, ahead of the hounds; but before nightfall the secret of the world's first silver fox farm was out—at least to the extent that it was shared by the hunters.

HOWEVER, it was no more to the hunters' advantage to talk than it had been to the Scots'. They, too, went into the fox-breeding business and kept their mouths closed. Prince Edward Island is isolated, off the beaten ways of travel, and it is filled with canny Scots. It wasn't until 1909 that the world awoke to the fact that a new farm industry had been established wherein a single animal, no larger than a small dog, was worth the price of a farm.

And the cry, "Raise foxes!" went out. It swept furiously westward through Canada, down through the American border states, up into Alaska, and even leaped the Atlantic into Europe. Men who had never before heard of Prince Edward Island raced each other there to bu breeding stock.

Mature silver fox pairs brougl $5,000, then $10,000, and then $15 000; until a record price of $35,0 was paid for a single pair of breede of proven fecundity. Silver fox became too valuable to kill, and f prices went still higher. A silv fox boom was on!

Now jump back to America.

Out in the woods of Wisconsir little group of farm boys, five bro ers, heard the fox cry, and hea it wistfully. Of these brothe "Herb" was twenty-four, a the youngest, "Hank," was o thirteen. "Walt," "Ed," and Jo ("Nick") were twenty-one, ni teen, and sixteen respectively. Fo around Hamburg—which is me a name at a crossroads—knew them "the Fromm boys," sons of that stalw pioneer farmer, Fred Fromm.

"Raise foxes? Bah!" said Fred Fro "That talk is just a lot of foolishnes won't put a penny in a fox."

IN THAT staid, hard-working Ger farm community, where woods crow log barns and stumps still protruded many a field, the Fromm boys had a r tation for "foolishness." When sti knee trousers and bare feet, they ha gun to raise ginseng, a wild woods which nobody but the Chinese regard of any value. Now they talked of r foxes, more rank nonsense. What boys needed, said folks, was an old-ioned "birching."

But the five brothers, neverth talked foxes. They had trapped and h the mink, the skunk, the otter, an muskrat, and they knew something value of furs. Besides, there was a r tic ring to this fox business; It stirre blood. And a pair of red foxes was f over at the farm of John Wittko Athens.

Two of the boys walked the ten through the snow over to Wittkope's In their pockets they had just five d the five brothers' combined capital, trance into this new business in whi tunes were changing hands like m money. Wittkope asked forty doll his foxes.

"But they're only common red jected the boys, mindful of their sc sources.

"The pelts alone are worth fo

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lars," replied the farmer, and he wouldn't take a dollar off his price. "I want cash, too," he added; "paid on the spot."

The boys argued, pleaded, begged. They would pay five dollars down and five dollars a month for seven months. At last Wittkope capitulated, the "down" payment was made, and the two foxes were moved over to the Fromm farm at Hamburg, where they were as welcome as a pair of hungry cats in a bird shop.

Thus, contrary to all advice, and in the face of parental opposition, the five Fromm boys tossed their few and only dollars into a gamble wherein the failures of the near future were to outnumber the successes by ten to one.

THAT was in 1909.

The fox boom died, as all such furors do. War came in Europe, and prices on foxes, alive or dead, crashed down, down, down. On the newly stocked fox farms of America and Canada, disease swept off the captive animals by the thousands. Financial failure came hand in hand with disease; but in the welter of disaster the Fromms held on, though by adding foxes to ginseng they had tackled *two* of the toughest businesses in the world.

Then, following the 1928 winter fur auction, the New York Times published the following item as news:

"The largest check ever passed in the fur industry of this country, and of the world as far as is known, has been drawn to the order of Fromm Brothers, Hamburg, Wisconsin, by the New York Auction Company, Inc. It is for $1,021,071.24, and represents the net return to the Fromm firm on the silver fox consigned to the company's fur auction here a few weeks ago.

"Fromm Brothers are generally regarded as the largest silver fox farm operators in the world. Originally raisers of ginseng, which they continue to raise, they began farming silver fox about fifteen years ago. They now operate six farms in Wisconsin, five at Thiensville and Cedarburg, and the sixth at Hamburg."

The correct name of the Fromm enterprise is now the Fromm Brothers Nieman Company—John F. Nieman, an uncle, and Edwin Nieman, a cousin, having joined their interests with those of the Fromms.

And the Times might have added several other pertinent details. In addition to the single check received in New York, the brothers received a total of $267,203 for fox furs sold at other fur auctions, and they received approximately $225,000 for ginseng. Receipts in 1928 for both fox furs and ginseng totaled almost one and a half million dollars, exclusive of sales expenses and commissions paid.

Their six farms cover 2,000 acres, and they have on them approximately 16,000 silver black foxes. It is estimated that in all the world there are only 700 acres of ginseng in cultivation, mostly in small lots of less than an acre each. At Hamburg, the Fromms have 100 acres planted in ginseng, which makes them by far the world's largest ginseng growers, as well as the world's largest breeders of foxes.

Hamburg is thirteen miles from a railroad station. Fred Fromm settled there forty-four years ago, a tall, straight, powerful pioneer then at the age of thirty-two. With his own hands he built the log house that until recent years was the Fromm homestead, and he built a log barn and cleared away the forest at his door to make way for fields.

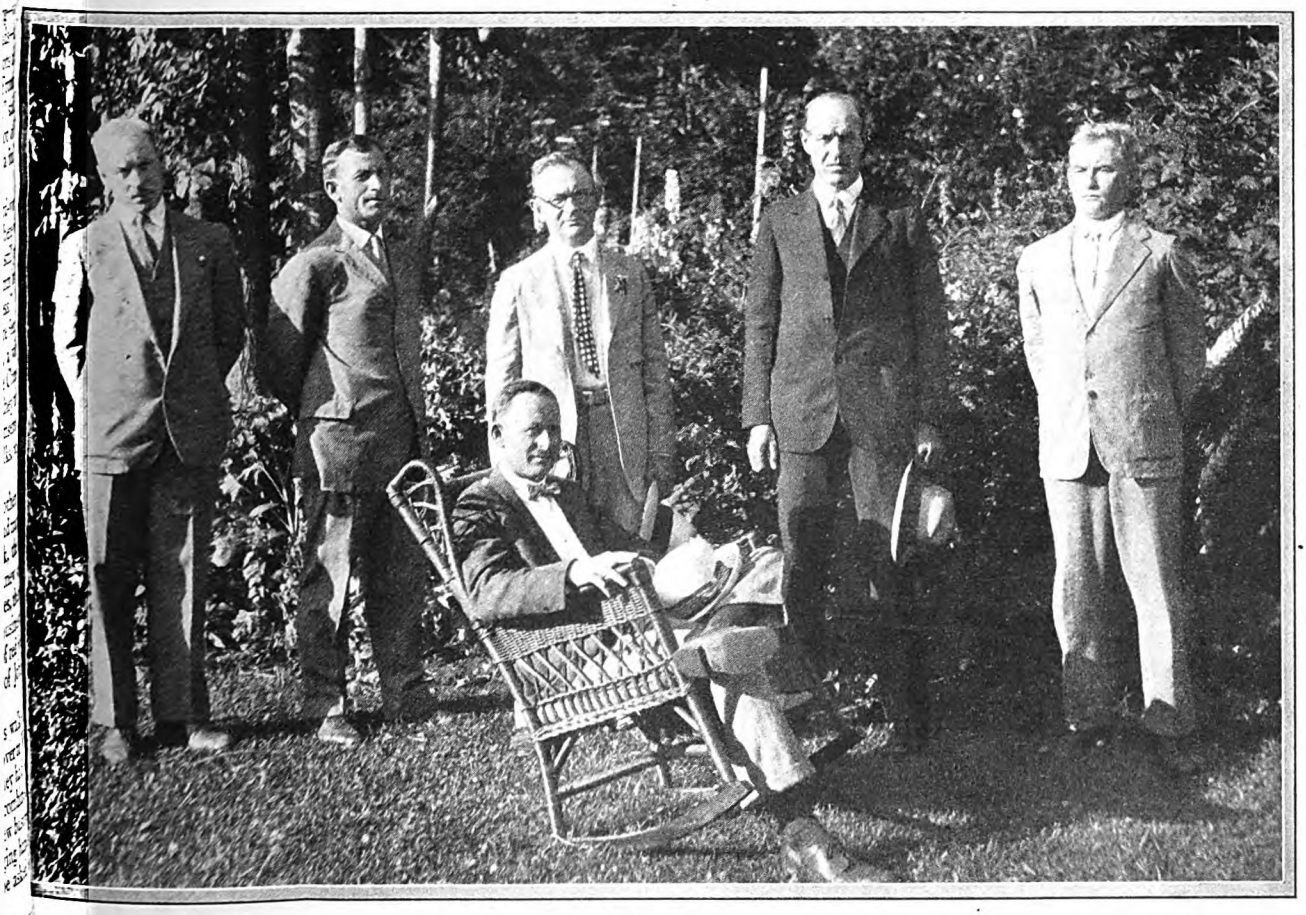
And children came, nine of them—Arthur, Herbert, Walter, Edward, John, and Henry; and Erna, Clara, and Nora.

"For twenty years my wife and I rocked a cradle," sturdy old Fred Fromm told me. "We had a big family but we tried to educate them all. I wanted the girls to marry good men, and I wanted the boys to become school-teachers."

THE school-teacher was an honored figure in the community, ranking even the minister in local distinction. It was considered a big thing for a young man to teach, so that it was no small ambition that the father held for the boys.

The old man loved music, and every son of his learned to play some musical instrument and to sing. Though the house was of hand-hewn logs, the piano therein bore the name of a famous maker. The father's prized Magini violin hung in the rafters beyond the reach of hands that might damage it. Here was a guitar, there an accordion belonging to Herb, there a violin of Ed's. Neighbors passing on winter nights often heard music from the operas of Wagner swelling in majestic dignity above the jingling of their sleigh-bells. Again, it might be Bach they heard—or a rollicking old-country jig.

It was a man's world. Chairs and tables were sturdy, homemade things of oak that it took strong arms to lift. Bearskins formed the floor coverings, and the heads of bears and the spreading antlers of deer were displayed on the walls. Guns and axes, traps and (*Continued on page 126*)



Here are the Fromm boys, fifteen years older than they were when they heard the call, "Raise foxes!" Today more than 16,000 silver foxes roam over their six farms in Wisconsin, and they are regarded as the largest silver fox operators in the world

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"Mr. Chairman

Those are familiar words to Fanny Sweeney, skilled convention reporter who has recorded the speeches of five Presidents of the United States and of thousands of lesser speakers

The chairman of the Research Committee reports that "said committee visited 711 homes, finding that two and seven-eighths children in each home were undernourished. . . ."

"ORDER!" thunders the chairman, pounding his gavel in an endeavor to quell the loud buzzing produced by a thousand men talking at once. The buzz becomes a murmur. The murmur dwindles to silence.

"Gentlemen, the fifth annual convention of the association will please come to order," he bellows. Then, assuming a more conversational tone, he continues:

"Fellows, we're already half an hour late in getting started; so we'll have to make our remarks short and snappy if we're going to get through today. The first item of business is the reading of last year's minutes. The secretary will . . ."

"I move we dispense with the reading of the minutes," one man pipes up.

"Second the motion," chorus half a dozen voices from scattered regions of the hall.

"Will you please give your name and city when you rise, so the stenographer can get a complete record," exhorts the chairman.

The convention is under way!

"Our first speaker, who needs no introduction, will outline the aims and ideals of our organization," announces the chairman.

The audience, as a man, sinks back complacently. It has heard the same speech for five successive years, so why listen? Lulled by the sonorous tones, one or two who haven't had their regulation eight hours, frankly doze.

"Time's up!" The relentless gavel cuts short the speaker's eloquence in the middle of a sentence. He concludes with a lame "I thank you," and disappears into the human mass before him.

A timid little man gives a nervous and inaudible account of the work of the Research Committee.

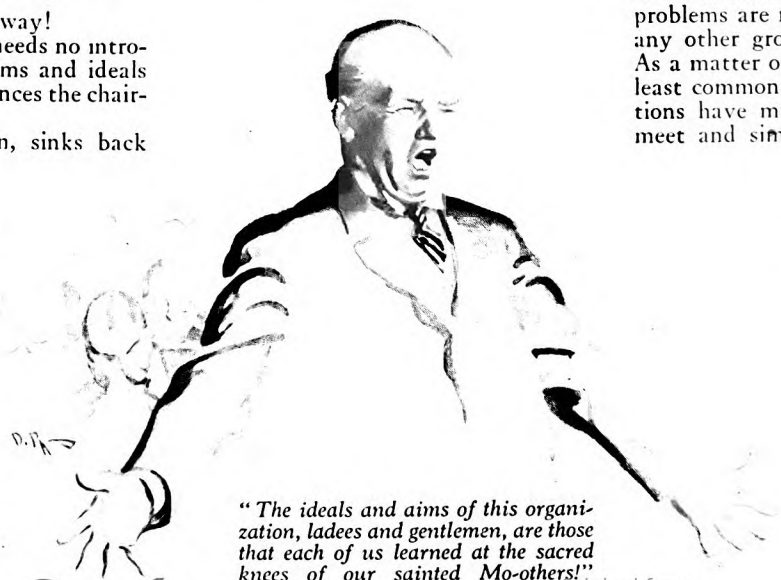
"Louder, please!" insists a member from the back of the room.

With an effort he raises his voice for a few paragraphs and then subsides to his former pitch.

Speaker succeeds speaker. Two hours have passed and still the talking goes on, full blast. Officers are elected, committees appointed, resolutions adopted. The air is heavy with tobacco smoke. One or two members who are close to exits sneak out. A committee chairman drones through the final report. The program is concluded.

"Adjourned!" shouts the chairman. The devitalized mass becomes animated. Men scramble to their feet, to make a mad dash for a train or to gather in knots about the lobby to hash over the meeting. Another convention is done.

But it has really only just begun for Fanny S. Sweeney, the official reporter.



"The ideals and aims of this organization, ladees and gentlemen, are those that each of us learned at the sacred knees of our sainted Mo-others!"

She has recorded on her shorthand machine every syllable that has been spoken in session. Now she crams into her portfolio a mass of notes to be transcribed when she returns to headquarters in New York City.

As she leaves the assembly hall, one man corrals her:

"For goodness' sake, tone down those last remarks of mine, where I . . ."

"Yes, I'll remember," nods Mrs. Sweeney.

"In spots I was more emphatic that grammatical," says another. "You know what I mean. Fix it up so it sounds half-way decent," he pleads.

"I will," indulgently promises Mrs. Sweeney, as she departs.

REQUESTS like these are made at every convention she attends. By the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker—by doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. And out of her wide experience with men and women of all classes and professions, Mrs. Sweeney pretty much knows what to do about each request.

To the relief of the harassed speaker she unsplits infinitives and undangles participles.

"This business of going from one convention to another has its amusing side," said Mrs. Sweeney. "People take themselves so seriously. Each group thinks its problems are more difficult than those of any other group, and peculiar to its. As a matter of fact, when reduced to the least common denominator, all organizations have much the same problems to meet and similar conditions to contend with.

"No convention is complete without a call for coöperation. We reporters hear the word 'coöperation' almost as often as 'and' or 'the.' It is used so much that we have reduced it to an abbreviation I can write in one stroke.

"At business meetings, they love to talk about 'service,' 'organization,' and 'education.' In religious and international gatherings, most commonly

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Ladies *and* Gentlemen"

By
GERTRUDE
ADELT

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

The secretary of the "Society for the Preservation of Things as They Are" suffers somewhat from stage fright. Women, says the convention reporter, are more given to this form of torture than men

erms are 'challenge,' 'completeness,' and fullness of life.'

"Pronunciation isn't always standard. Municipal' is more frequently mis-ronounced than any other word, ap-arently because 'mu-ni-*cip*-al' requires ss vocal effort than 'mu-*nic*-i-pal.' ven statisticians and bankers err on tatistics.' Most often it is 'stastistics,' r else the speaker stumbles through it nd finally has to repeat it painstakingly. ement' is usually 'sment,' or '*cee*-ment,' articularly in the South. 'Con-*fis*-cate' commonly used. Physicians say 'ab-do-en' as frequently as laymen.

LAWYERS have a great habit of using legal expressions, even in ordinary eech; such as 'thereto,' 'therefrom,' eretofore,' 'theretofore,' 'thus,' and so on. stead of saying 'I think' or 'I believe,' ey use 'in my opinion,' 'to my mind.' I e to report lawyers better than anyone e, because they are so fluent and their tences follow in logical sequence.

"Oratory is dying out, but there are ne old men of the by-gone flag-waving ool still left. During the War, how-r, oratory was common. With four-nute speakers it was quite the thing. And the good old stand-by jokes are l going strong. Chairmen en use that one about the g-winded banquet speaker trying to cut short persist-talkers:

"After the speaker had ted so long that his audience ld no longer suppress their ns, the toastmaster got im-ent with the garrulous one rapped with the gavel to that his time was up. By ake he hit a near-by bald-led man who had stooped ick up something. The fell unconscious. Restora-s were applied.

When the victim regained ciousness he was asked, you feel better?"

"Hit me again," he begged. n hear him yet."'

ne joke may be repeated ty different conventions. story will go the rounds, then another will bob up ke its place. The mother-in-law joke has now given way to Scotch jokes and prohibition jokes.

"A Scotch Presbyterian, who spoke with a delightful burr, told the best jokes on his countrymen I ever heard. He reeled off a whole bunch of stories and solemnly assured his audience that Scotch jokes were manufactured in Scotland for foreign consumption.

"I wish I could imitate the way he told about Jock, who met Sandy on the street and casually announced that he was going to send over a hen for his friend's Sunday dinner. A long time passed and the hen was not forthcoming. Finally the friend said: 'See here, Jock, what about that chuckie?'

"Jock looked at Sandy in astonishment and said, 'Chuckie? What chuckie was that? Oh, I mind. It got better!'

"A rather new one is about the Scotchman who got married in his back yard so his chickens could eat the rice.

"Jokes are harder to take down than anything else—often because of the way they are told, and sometimes because of interruptions from the audience. There are only a few basic jokes in the world and all the rest are merely elaborations. Learn those few and you won't have any trouble with funny stories at conventions.

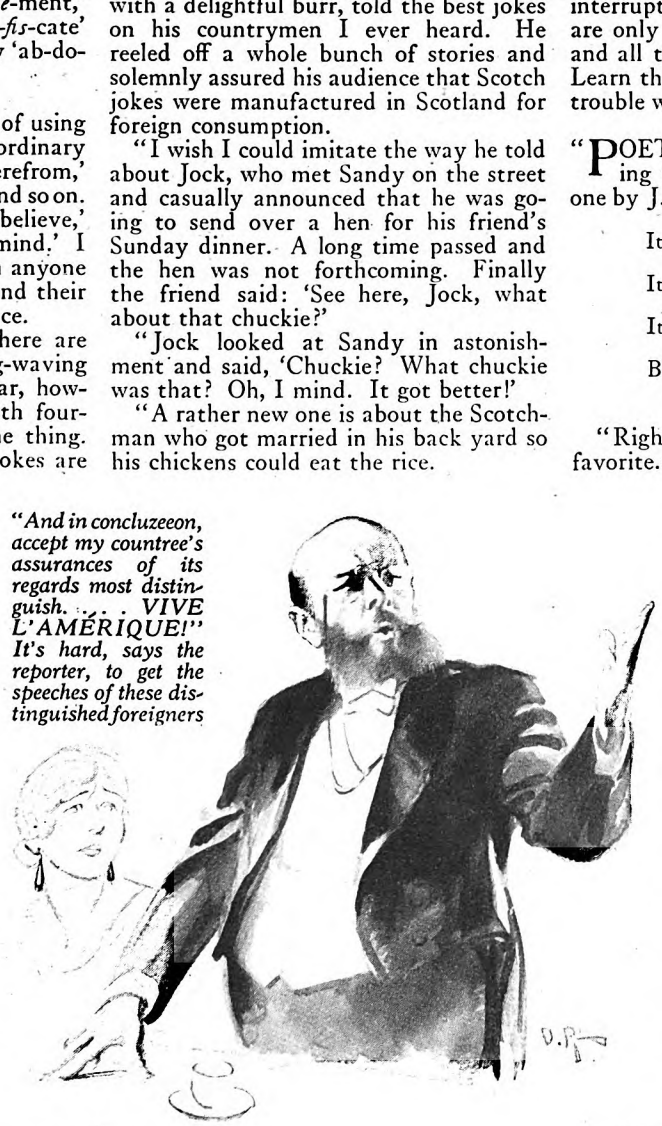
"POETRY seems to run in cycles. During the War, the favorite poem was one by J. Mason Knox:

> It is not the guns or armament
> Or the money they can pay;
> It's the close coöperation
> That makes them win the day.
> It is not the individual
> Or the army as a whole,
> But the everlastin' teamwork
> Of every bloomin' soul.

"Right now, Edgar Guest is a reigning favorite. He just about ties with Shakespeare, who continues to hold his own. The Bible is quoted more frequently than any other book.

"It is necessary to hear well in order to take accurate notes," Mrs. Sweeney went on. "Sometimes when a discussion gets hot, four or five speakers will jump to their feet and talk at once. I then beseech the chairman to ask them to come forward, one at a time, to the front of the room. When they talk indistinctly I must interrupt the proceedings and call out, 'Louder, please!' But I don't like to do this unless I really have to, for it is likely to embarrass the speaker.

"On one occasion, I had more than the usual trouble in getting speakers to talk loud. I asked one man who arose to come forward. He protested. The chairman came to my aid and (*Continued on page 154*)



"And in concluzeeon, accept my countree's assurances of its regards most distinguish. . . . VIVE L'AMÉRIQUE!" It's hard, says the reporter, to get the speeches of these distinguished foreigners

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SIDE-TRACKED

A Love Story in which a boy searches for the road that leads to living

By MARY SINGER

Illustrated by

JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

WHEN Boyd McKim was six years old, a portentous thing happened. His uncle Max came to visit. He walked up the porch steps, of a mellow evening in May, and straightway was life turned into a breathless, colorful, exciting adventure. He wore a soft, black, crushy-looking velours hat, and his tie was knotted in a bow just like Boyd's.

He said to Boyd, in a voice rich and charming, "Sonny, does John McKim live here?"

Boyd looked at him, and fled gasping into the house, calling at the top of his voice:

"Pop! *Oh*, Pop! There's a man. Outside. He said—he said—"

"Wait a minute. Wait . . . a . . . minute," said his father, trying to calm him. "Who does he want?"

"You. He said—he said—"

"What does he look like?"

"Like the picture on Aunt Fannie's table."

His father rose quickly. "It can't be," he said. And went out to the front door.

But it was! All in an instant a great shouting filled the house. His father cried, "Max! You old son-of-a-gun! Where've you been all these years? Where've you been?" And went running to the stairs to call to Boyd's mother "Mar'gret! Come down! Guess who's here? Where's Fannie? Where's Fannie?"

"Here," said Aunt Fannie, and came scuttling down the steps. "Who's—What's all the—*Max!*" In a cry like a song. "Max!" Uncle Max was her brother. "Max!" As if she couldn't say his name enough. She patted him all over. "Oh! It's good to see you! I can't tell you how good it is!" And unaccountably she began to sniff.

Uncle Max said warningly, "Now, Fan. If you're going to become hysterical—"

And Boyd's mother clicked down the stairs. She had been catching a nap. Her hair was all crinkly golden, and little curls of it lay on her forehead. She put out her lovely pink hands, and Uncle Max came toward her as if she were the only one that counted.

She said, "Max! Is it really you, old rover?"

And he said, "It's really me. Same old scapegrace."

Aunt Fannie chattered, "Did you hav dinner, Max? Did you have—"

"What a question, Fan!" said Boyd' mother. "Dinner!" And she and Unc Max laughed as if they were enjoying good joke.

AUNT FANNIE, however, scuttled in the kitchen, where she conversed wi Lena, the maid, in quick, whispered se tences. "Eggs. With that Spanish filli you know. Tomatoes, and onions, and gre peppers. He's crazy about that. A lyonnaise potatoes. And—and—cal That strawberry shortcake, Lena. any of it left?"

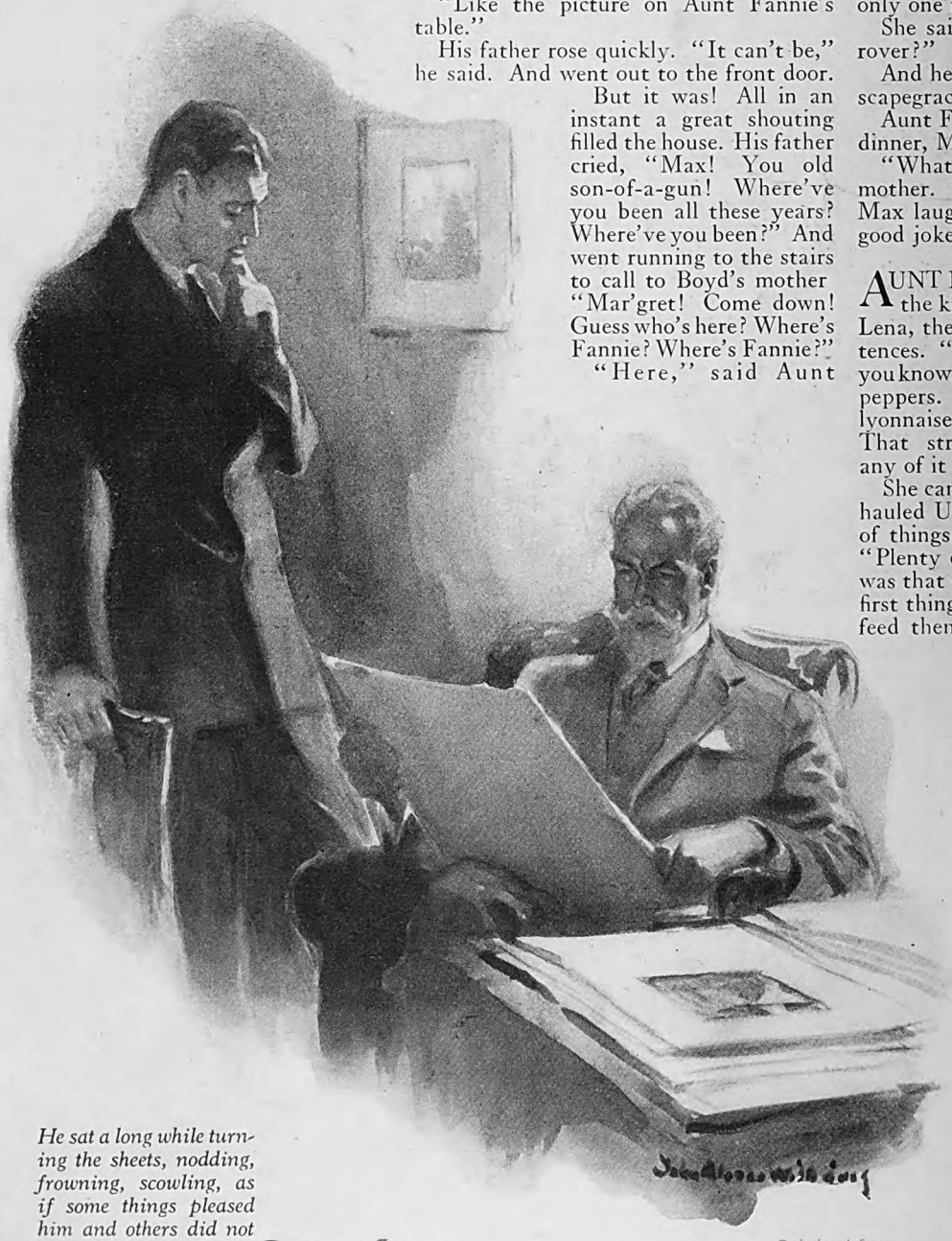
She came back into the living-room a hauled Uncle Max right out of the mi of things. "You'll talk later," she sa "Plenty of time for that." Aunt Fan was that way. She believed that the v first thing you did when people came feed them. That was the difference tween her and Boyd's mot *She* talked. And smiled. made you laugh. And all time she talked, Boyd's fa looked at her with a spr sort of watchfulness in eyes.

Finally, though, Uncle came back to the living-r and Boyd's father said, "W Max? Tell us. Where you been all these years

"Oh!" Uncle Max w a graceful hand. "E where! Trinidad. Zan Singapore. Algiers. C Ask me where I *haven't* John. It'll be easier."

Boyd's mother clappe hands together. A smile and lit up her face an eyes and her hair like a

"Oh, tell us!" she "I've always wanted to Where's Trinidad? Wh like? Are there any be



He sat a long while turning the sheets, nodding, frowning, scowling, as if some things pleased him and others did not

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"Why, Boyd," she said, "I wouldn't want you to marry me if you feel that marriage is the end of things . . . that because of me your career was ruined"

men in Trinidad, Max? Please tell us!"

'Not many, I regret to say. The only utiful women I've ever seen are right e in New York."

Oh, Max!" said Boyd's mother.

Same old ladies' man, eh, Max?" Boyd's father.

hey stayed up till two o'clock that t. Even Boyd. And the tales Uncle t told! What he had seen! Such gs as no storybooks told about. n they rose to go to bed, Boyd's her said suddenly, "Play something, . Just a little thing?"

Tomorrow, Margaret."

No. Tonight. I insist. A tiny bit. Please? You couldn't refuse that, Max!"

"Oh, well!" He went to the great piano that stood in the corner. He ran his fingers, like spattering raindrops, over the keys. Up and down. As if he were trying the notes out. Then he began to play, softly, with his eyes closed. His nostrils quivered, and his mouth was set in a funny little smile. Over one of his eyebrows a little wrinkle came and went.

Strange things, he played. He seemed to be smelling the music, as it came from the keys. You'd have thought what he brought out was like the smell of a rose. Sweet. And velvety. And sad. But nice to listen to. Until Aunt Fannie began to cry, softly, as she sat far back in the morris chair. Then Uncle Max stopped. And everyone went to bed.

Things changed, with Uncle Max in the house. There was music, 'most any time of the day, from the great piano in the corner of the living-room. People came. Relatives whom Boyd had never seen. They all wanted to see Uncle Max. They hung about him, listening to him hungrily.

Uncle Max liked to lie a great deal in the swinging hammock on the porch, with a cigarette drooping between his lips, and his eyes far off somewhere beyond the clouds. And once, when Boyd was playing near him, he said suddenly:

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"Well, Boyd? And what are *you* going to be when you grow up?"

"A doctor," said Boyd promptly.

A pained look came into Uncle Max's eyes.

"Ugh!" he said. And then, "Why?"

"'Cause. My pop says they make oodles of money."

"Oh! So you're going to live the life your father cuts out for you?" He blew round rings of smoke into the air. Then he sat up and swung his feet over the side of the hammock. "Come here, son," he said.

Boyd came and stood before him. Uncle Max looked at him a long time. He put his big, slender hands on his shoulders.

"Don't," he said. "Don't be anything you haven't a mind to be. See? Don't learn a trade or a profession, and then stick in it all the years. That's not life. Travel! That's the big thing! Getting out in the world. Seeing things. New people. New places. New customs. Sunsets. Storms. Heat. Cold. Having clothes and food. Not having them. Moving. Being in the middle of things wherever they're happening. *That's* life! See?"

Boyd said, "Yessir."

TWO days later, when the family was gathered in the living-room after dinner, Uncle Max rose casually and said, "Think I'll take a little walk down the block."

He went down the porch steps. Ten years passed before he walked up them again.

But, though only half-comprehending, Boyd McKim never forgot the little sermon Uncle Max had preached him.

His mind harked back to the episode with a strange insistence. In a lull in his play, when he lay at night composing himself for sleep, or on a rainy day, when he was forced to pressing his nose against the window panes and staring out into the wet street, he mouthed the words over and over again, as nearly exact as he could remember them.

By virtue of them, as the more active years sped upon him and he began to run with a bunch, he became the leading spirit of that bunch. Ten years old, twelve years old, fourteen. He sat among them and sang his little credo. This one would be a lawyer; that one an architect; a third would build bridges. Boyd would shake his head.

"None o' that for me!" His voice high and immature. "I wanna *live*, I do! No stickin' in one place for *me!* I'm gonna travel! See the world! Everything in it! All kinds o' people! All kinds o' places! Singapore! Trinidad! Cairo! Calcutta! Bombay! Uh—uh—Bang—Bangkok! All those places! Seein' things happening. Knowin' things. *That's* life, that is!"

He wrote a composition on the theme when he was in the high school. He wrote it furiously, passionately, like a cry. The teacher, a soft, wistful person with compassionate eyes and a voice like a bell, read it aloud to the class, without comment. But when she returned the paper to Boyd it had a few lines in blue pencil across the top: "This is one kind of living. But where does it lead to? Let's talk it over, the two of us, one of these afternoons."

He didn't talk it over. But that question bothered him. Where *did* it lead to? Uncle Max had neglected to say.

He was sixteen when Uncle Max appeared again and he was able to put the query to him.

"Lead to?" echoed Uncle Max. "Does living have to *lead* to anything? Isn't it enough just to *be*—to be free, to be happy, to go where you want, do what you want? When living has to *lead* to something, then it isn't living, it's being in prison, it's being tied, under orders! Lead to!" He sniffed. "Lead to!" He went in to the piano and played something like wild waves beating on a harsh shore.

He was just as charming as ever, Uncle Max. He hadn't changed a bit. His face had the soft contours of a woman's and his hair was just as thick and black as before. Boyd's father pointed that fact out one Sunday afternoon.

"The years don't seem to leave a mark upon you at all, Max," he said, complaint in his voice. "Here you are, a good five years older than I, and you haven't grayed, or lost a hair, or got fat, or anything. Look at me, now. I'm aging like the dickens!"

Uncle Max laughed. "What would you?" he said. "A wife, a family, a house, a position in the community, and still keep your looks and your health? It doesn't go that way, old man. No, siree!"

It was during this second visit that Boyd discovered why his mother was always so sprightly when Uncle Max was about. And why Uncle Max always looked at his mother as if she were the only person in the room. His aunt Fannie told him. She told him a good many things. They were more like playfellows than aunt and nephew.

"Your uncle Max and your mother were sweethearts. Everyone thought they would marry. But he ran off. Suddenly. The way he always does. And your mother married your father. They've been happy; but I think, in the bottom of her heart, your mother still loves your uncle Max."

"*I* don't," said Boyd, stanchly defending his father. "She's crazy about Pop. And he's just as crazy about her."

"Well . . . maybe you see things clearer than I do." She never referred to the subject again.

BOYD thought Uncle Max had forgotten the little talk that afternoon on the front porch. But one afternoon, when he was doing his lessons up in his own attic bedroom, Uncle Max walked in and then seated himself on the bed.

"Well?" he said. "Still intent on being a doctor and making oodles of money?"

"No," said Boyd. "I'm going to be an artist. Sketch. Do portraits." A wild exultation filled him as he made the confession. He was trembly all over. He had told no one else of this ambition.

"An artist. M'mm." Uncle Max searched for a cigarette, lit it, clasped his hands behind his head. "An artist. Why?"

Boyd stood up straight before him.

"I've got it in me," he said. "I know." Suddenly he held out his hands. "They're like yours," he announced. "Long. Slim. Strong."

Uncle Max produced his own hands. Studied them.

"Well . . . if it's an artist you're going to be . . ." He got up from the bed, came close to Boyd, dropped his hands upon his shoulders. "If it's an artist you're going to be, I've got a tip for you. Steer clear of women! Stay away from them! If you don't, they'll side-track you. The best of them.

"Women are a snare, a delusion to themselves and to men. They seem to hold out a promise of beautiful things. We men think we possess them. But they possess *us*. And after they have us, the promise they seemed to hold out of beautiful things, turns out to be a bondage—worse, abject slavery. They turn us into scavengers, ceaseless scouts for food, clothing, shelter for themselves and their young. Not," and he stopped impressively, "that they want to. But life is hard on women. They are the agents of a great force, peopling the earth. And the children they bring forth always come first. We—men—are just grist that comes to their mill." He paused to gather his thoughts.

And, "Yes!" said Boyd breathlessly.

His uncle went on as if he had not heard him:

"An artist, my boy, must first of all live! *Live!* See things. Travel. Get impressions. Wide vistas, limitless horizons. freedom! Those are the things. Freedom to do the things you want to do. No skirts to hold you to a placid hearth. No little hands to clip your wings. You get mixed up with women, marry, and you're done for. You won't live. You'll suffer!"

And, "I *want* to live!" said Boyd McKim.

UNCLE MAX went away, suddenly just as they had known he would. A card came to them from Port Said, and another some years later from Mombasa. He was here; he was there; he was somewhere else.

Boyd grew into a handsome youth. At twenty he had fine, wide-set eyes under level brows, a clean sweep of lustrous hair, a promising jaw, and a mouth firm and eager. At twenty-three, the promising jaw was a beautiful thing to behold, a line of sheer strength and dominance from ear to chin. When twenty-five, he met Sally.

She was small, and soft, and fluffy like a kitten. She looked a good deal as Boyd's mother may have looked when she was a girl. She had the same kind of crinkliness about her; her hair, and her eyes when she laughed. Her hands were the absurdest things. You were surprised that they could do anything at all.

But indeed they could! All sorts of things, with paper, and paste, and scissors, and paints. Bunnies, and dolls, and baskets, and parasols. She sold these in the stores as party favors. She wrote catchy, sing-song, crazy little rhymes for children, and she illustrated them with ridiculous figures. Whenever you saw her she was laughing, and she never had to go outside of herself for entertainment.

Boyd was delirious about her—delirious and miserable.

Delirious, because he loved her; because the feel of her absurd little hand in his was as no other sensation; because the base of her throat was a little, pink-and-white, satiny hollow where he ached to press his lips. And miserable, because he didn't. Couldn't dare to. There

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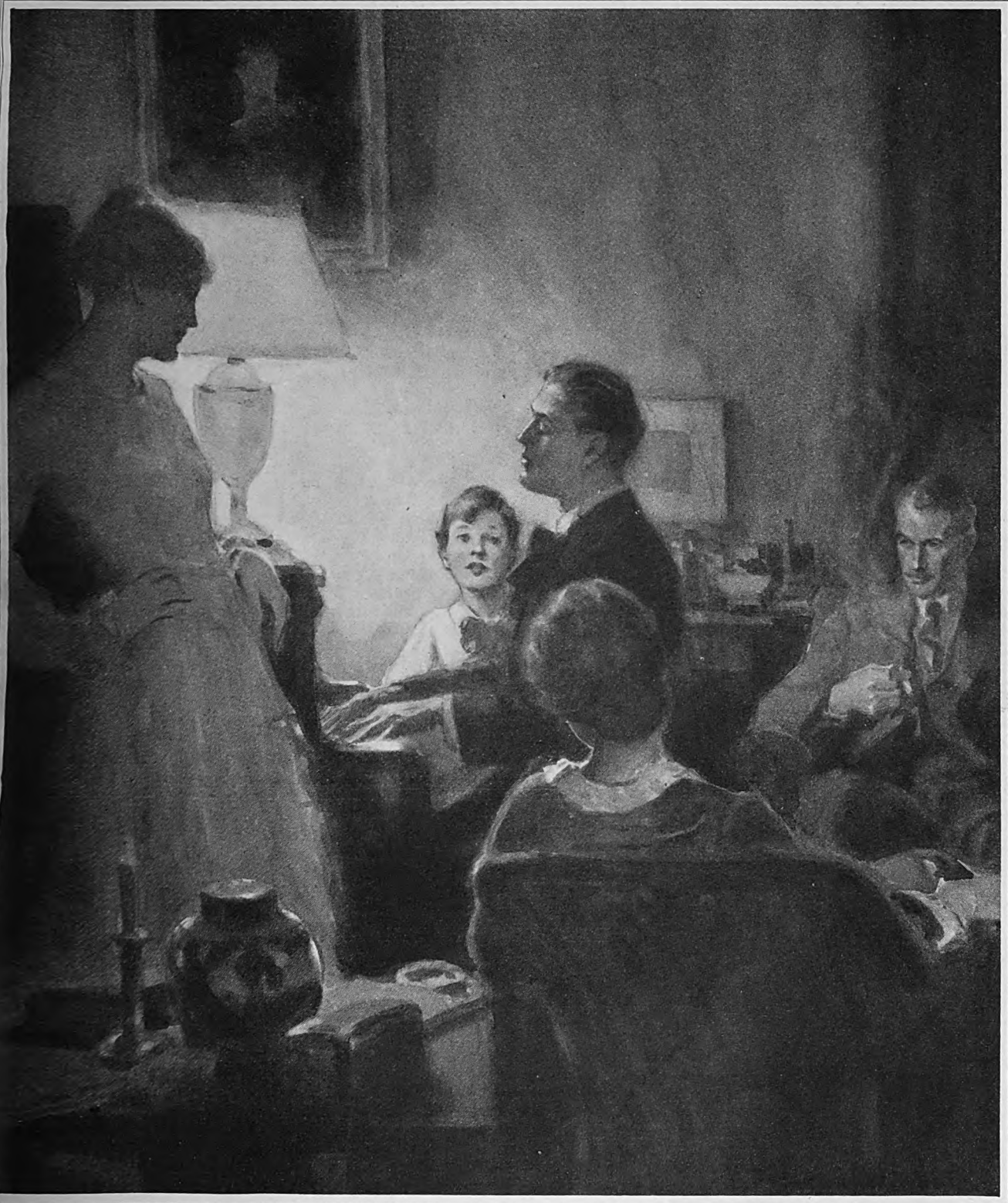

Strange things he played. You'd have thought what he brought out was like the smell of a rose—sweet—and velvety

at thing Uncle Max had said. It rang his brain warningly every time he felt nself slipping.

"You get mixed up with a woman, rty, and you're done for! You won't You'll suffer!"

nd he wanted to *live!* He was begin- g to do things with his art work. To get newhere. In the agency where he made y, slouchy, informal figures of men and men in the loose, present-day fashions, y were letting him sign his work. He had a technique. Critics said he knew his anatomy. Under all the ease and seeming slap-dash of his line work there were muscles of blood and flesh.

"You'll go far," they told him. "As you live a little more, become wiser, maturer, it'll show in your stuff. First thing you know, you'll be painting in oils. That's the real medium."

As he "lived" a little more. Lived. The thing Uncle Max was always talking about. *Living.* That meant traveling, seeing things, people, having adventures, *being free to have them!* And how could you be free to travel, to see things, to have adventures, when, while your brain said one thing, your body pulled you toward the satiny hollow at the base of Sallie's throat?

Boyd grew moody, irritable, irrational. The only time he was happy and at peace was when he was at his drawing table. But he couldn't be working all the time. He went to see Sallie, and (*Continued on page 100*)

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I Haven't *Cluttered* My Head *with* Things *not in my* Line

says ANDREW MALONEY,

President of The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company,

in this remarkable interview with

SHERMAN GWINN

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago "Andy" Maloney put away his dinner pail for the last time, packed his few belongings, and quit the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania for what he said, grimly, would be forever.

He had been born in those coal fields. His father, and his father's father, and his mother's father, were coal miners. For more than five years, since he was eleven years old, Maloney likewise had been a worker in the mines. That was his only training except for a smattering of stenography picked up in a night school.

"I'm not coming back; I'm done with the mines," he told his friends. And he added that a job was awaiting him in Philadelphia.

"You know, Andy, that chickens always come home to roost," warned his friends good-naturedly, as they bade him Godspeed.

"This one won't!" laughed Andy, and waved good-by.

A week later, in Philadelphia, he lost the job which he had so confidently left home to take. After days of walking the streets, he found other work; whereupon the firm which employed him failed. Again he got work, but it paid him only a little more than a third of what he had earned at the mines. Finally, his old friends heard that he had gone to Chicago. The years sped on; a quarter-century passed—and in the region of culm heaps, of looming breakers, and of the mines where he had toiled and hoped as a boy, Andrew Maloney was all but forgotten.

Then, one year ago, Maloney came home. He came back to the mines, just as they had said he would. He came back to the employer of his boyhood, to have his name restored to the same payroll in company with old friends who had stayed. He had "come home to roost."

But whereas Maloney had left at the bottom of the payroll, he came back to put his name at the very top. He had left in overalls, and he returned as president of the company! And that company—The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company—operates forty-seven coal mines and thirty-two collieries; it employs an army of twenty-six thousand workers and has assets of $130,000,000. It is one of the greatest coal companies in the world.

Some of the shrewdest judges of men in big business today are in control of the company. A year or more ago these men got together. Inroads had been made into the coal company's business by competitors both inside and outside the coal industry. For the first time a competitor, smaller in holdings, had exceeded the company's sales. A new president was needed, and he had to be the best available man in the country. They picked Andrew Maloney as that man.

And it was a startling choice when you consider the facts. There are two great general divisions of coal: anthracite and bituminous, or "hard" coal and "soft" coal. The former is used mainly for domestic purposes, in homes; the latter mainly for industrial purposes, in factories. Each division follows its own mining processes, has its own sales methods, and commands its own market distinctly apart from the other.

All of the coal company's mines, with a single exception, are anthracite mines located in Pennsylvania. It is a "hard" coal company operating almost exclusively in the "hard" coal market. Therefore, the very natural supposition was that for the new president it would select a "hard" coal man, experienced in the Pennsylvania fields. Nobody dreamed that it would pick a "soft" coal man; but that is exactly what the company did when it picked Maloney.

True, Maloney had been born in the "hard" coal fields. He had worked about an anthracite colliery, but this had occurred during his boyhood. Upon leaving Philadelphia for Chicago, at the age of twenty-two, he had gone into the bituminous fields of Illinois and remained there. His reputation had been built and his real experience gained solely as a "soft" coal man.

IN OTHER words, when the company for which he had worked as a breaker boy brought Andy Maloney home to be its president, it paid him more than usual honor. It had reached over its own great anthracite fields of Pennsylvania all the way to the "soft" coal fields of Illinois in order to get him. It had put the *man* above his experience and above his market—that it might employ the man!

The man?

I had two talks with Mr. Maloney. The first was during the hours of business, and he broke it off abruptly.

"Let's be frank," he said. "I am grudging you every minute that you are getting from me. These minutes don't belong to me, but to this company, and this interview is not company business. I can't sit here and steal time that isn't mine."

I went back that evening at six o'clock. The offices of the big corporation were emptying out their clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers and executives. A (*Continued on page*

Old Man Trouble *can* be Worn Out

"WHEN the situation gets so tough that it can't get any tougher, there is bound to be a break," says Mr. Maloney. "Things may be bad, but hold on. Don't be surprised or frightened if they grow worse, for that is possible and not unlikely; and when they have reached their worst, hold on by all means, for that is the limit of trouble. You'll find no word in the dictionary beyond *worst*. The only change from it must be for the better."

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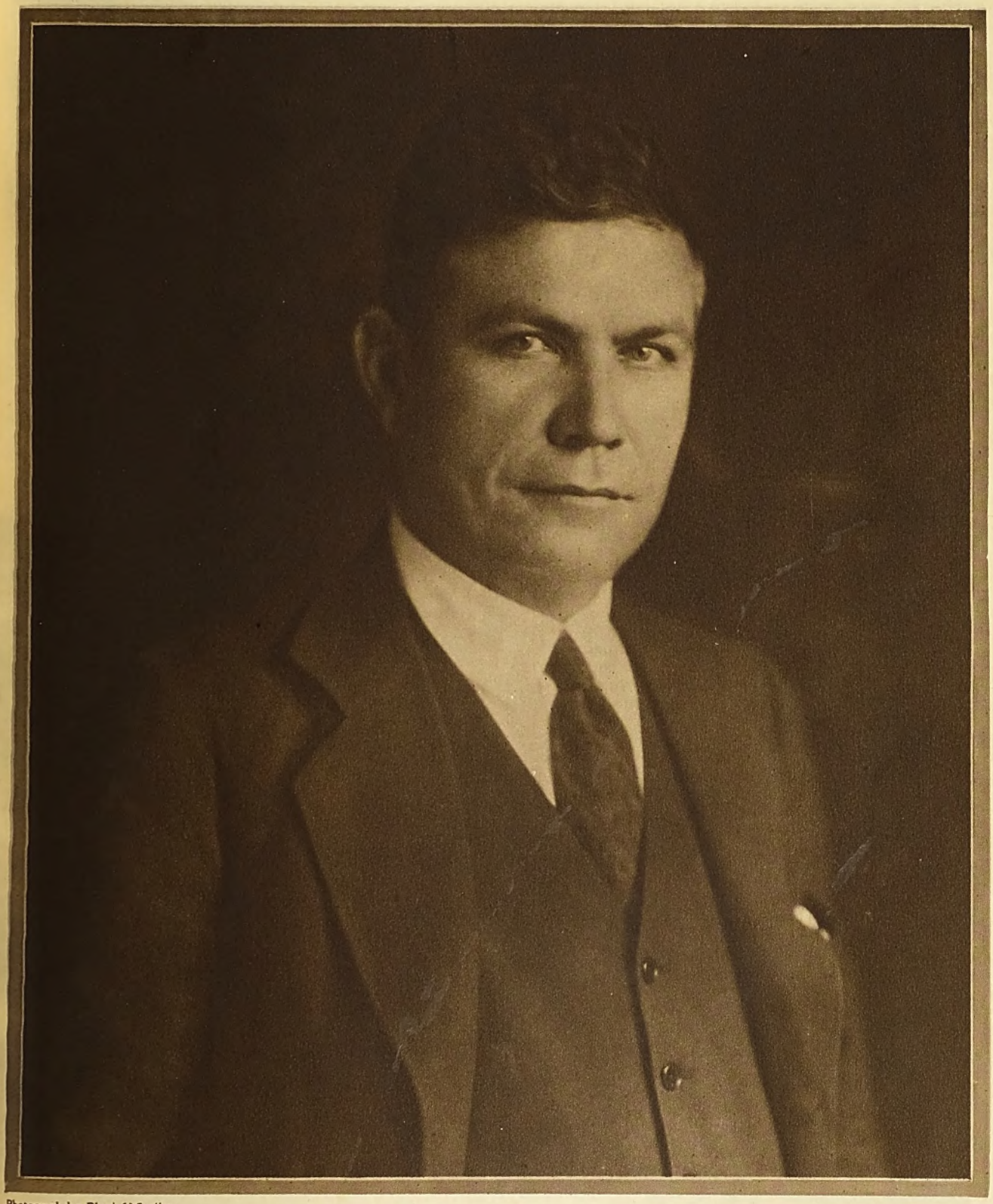

Photograph by Blank & Stoller

Andrew Maloney

NEAR the coal fields of Pennsylvania, "Andy" Maloney was born. At the age of sixteen, equipped with a meager knowledge of stenography and a consuming ambition, he set out for Philadelphia. Here, he landed a stenographic job with a cement firm owned by a group of men who also had large mine holdings. A few years later, when an Illinois mine owned by his company went on the rocks, he had so entrenched himself in the confidence of his employers that he was sent to Chicago to take charge. In a remarkably short time, he was an outstanding figure in the coal industry. A year ago, when The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company needed a president, Maloney was picked for the job.

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Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer

Shorty Caraway

SHORTY is a real cow-puncher. "I started out to be a cow-puncher, and I'm proud that's what I am," he says. "Of course, I cuss my job sometimes, and wish it was somethin' else, but if I had it all to do over I reckon I'd do it again." Shorty was born on a farm in Texas, but kept running away with cattle drivers. Finally he got away for good. "I don't guess there's been a Christmas yet since I left home, but what I planned to go back," he says. "A dozen times I've had the money saved but somehow, when I hit town, the money slips away—and I couldn't go home broke. But I did send some of my own pictures once, and my sister who I've never seen wrote how interesting they were, and that Mother wished I'd send some of myself!"

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The ranches were few and far between—the water holes were scarce

SHORTY CARAWAY Cowboy

(*He couldn't be anything else*)

By ROSS SANTEE

HORTY CARAWAY was thirty-four years old when I met him, and foreman of the Cross S outfit in Arizona. That was ten years ago. A little runt with steel-blue s an' a mop of hair as black an' coarse an Apache's. He wasn't much when it ne to looks. But of all the cow-punch- I have ever known Shorty is to me the st interesting. For he couldn't have n anything but a cow-puncher. Most boys I know were raised on a ranch an' e never known anything else. But it a matter of choice with Shorty.

om on a little farm in East Texas, he owed his first bunch of cattle off when was just six years old. That was all ning country even then, but occasion- someone drove a bunch of cattle by place. It made no difference to ty that he was the only one afoot. ad a long stick an' he was busier than on dog driving drags, when an uncle lived four miles down the road hap- d to see him pass the house. "What- doin', kid?" he yelled. "A-punchin' ," said Shorty. By promising to let ty ride a pony that he owned he y talked him into going on back with him.

e next time Shorty started out he ust fourteen. He got a little farther this trip but they brought him back ond time. A cousin who was just his n' he had always ed to go out West n as they got big h an' go to punch- ws. When these were alone they l of nothing else, hey spent their in riding all the en calves an' rop- t everything in

was one Sunday on when they d it was time to They saddled up their horses as if to take a little ride. An' that night when it got dark they were twenty miles from home. His cousin had brought two six-shooters of his Dad's to take with them on the trip. For, of course, they'd both need guns out West.

The first night out they camped in a thicket just out of sight of the road, an' using their guns as pillows, they slept on their saddle blankets. The boys had only four dollars but by stopping at each orchard they passed they made out all right until the third day. By this time they were burnt out on apples, so they stopped at a little store.

There were several people in the store but the boys were too busy with their lunch to notice anyone. But, just as they were leaving, an hombre with a white mustache an' broad-brimmed hat asked them where they were from. Shorty got full of panic when he noticed he wore a star. But his cousin was quick on the trigger an' gave him the name of a town just a little piece down the road an' told him they were goin' down the road a ways to visit folks of theirs. But the sheriff didn't seem satisfied. For he asked him the name of his folks an' he asked just where they lived. This had his cousin up a stump, for he hemmed an' hawed around. Finally the sheriff said, "I think you boys have run off." With that, his cousin dove right thru the door with Shorty at his heels, an' no movie cowboy in all his stunts ever mounted as quick as those kids. As they went out of town they both looked back but they could see nothing but dust. They finally pulled their horses up, thinking they'd lost this bird, when Shorty happened to see the sheriff coming after them riding a big bay horse. At sight of him they were off again as if the devil himself was after them.

HIS cousin was riding a good pony. But Shorty was riding an old buggy horse an' that first heat had finished him. The sheriff was gaining all the while. When he yelled at them to halt, his cousin passed Shorty like a shot an' went on down the road. Shorty flattened out on his horse, for he expected the sheriff to shoot. But he was still beating a tattoo against his horse's ribs when the sheriff drew up 'long-side an' got his horse by the bits. Shorty says he wouldn't have been surprised if the sheriff had shot him then, but instead the sheriff laughed.

As soon as he saw that Shorty was caught, his cousin came on back an' the sheriff took the boys back to town. After putting their horses up at the

This time the punchers hazed him away from the fence an' Shorty kept his seat

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It rained all that week before Christmas

livery barn he took the boys over to the jail, an' after showing them all through the place without a word he took them home to supper with him. For Shorty's Dad had wired him to be on the lookout for two stray boys.

That night when the sheriff went uptown to wire Shorty's Dad, he took both boys along. Everyone they met was curious, for the way they had left town that day had stirred the whole place up. Each time someone asked who they were, the sheriff would look real serious. "I'm not real shore," he'd say, "but from the looks of them guns they was packin' I think it's Frank an' Jesse James."

THAT one trip cured his cousin of all his interest in the West but Shorty had nothing else upon his mind, so his father finally told him he could go. Thinking that when he found out what he was up against he would be glad to come back home. But it was just twenty years from the time that Shorty rode away till he came home again.

A neighbor boy had an uncle living on the edge of the cow country an' Shorty planned to ride that far with him. It took six weeks to make the trip. His pardner was two years older than Shorty an' taller by a head, but he got his belly full of cow-punchers after spending one night at a ranch.

The first real cow outfit they struck was across the line in New Mexico. The wagon had just come in that day an' the place was full of punchers. The boys didn't get a job but the foreman told them they were welcome to stay an' rest their ponies up. That night the boys set around pop-eyed an' listened to the talk. No cowboys have ever been known to miss a bet like that, an' the boys heard plenty that night.

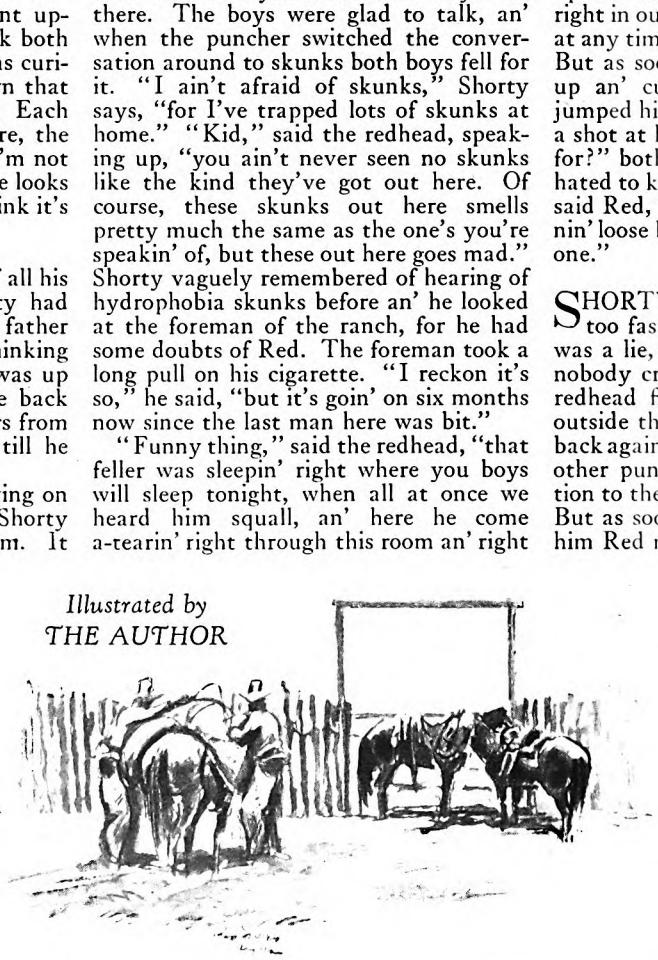
A red-haired puncher finally spoke to them as if he'd just discovered they were there. The boys were glad to talk, an' when the puncher switched the conversation around to skunks both boys fell for it. "I ain't afraid of skunks," Shorty says, "for I've trapped lots of skunks at home." "Kid," said the redhead, speaking up, "you ain't never seen no skunks like the kind they've got out here. Of course, these skunks out here smells pretty much the same as the one's you're speakin' of, but these out here goes mad." Shorty vaguely remembered of hearing of hydrophobia skunks before an' he looked at the foreman of the ranch, for he had some doubts of Red. The foreman took a long pull on his cigarette. "I reckon it's so," he said, "but it's goin' on six months now since the last man here was bit."

"Funny thing," said the redhead, "that feller was sleepin' right where you boys will sleep tonight, when all at once we heard him squall, an' here he come a-tearin' right through this room an' right on out the door a-slobberin' at the mout We was shore scairt." "I'll say we was said the foreman. "What did you do asked Shorty. "Well, there wasn't mu that we could do," Red said, "but we up the rest of the night with our gı right in our hands, for he might come b at any time an' mebbe bite some one of But as soon as it broke light we sadd up an' cut for sign. When we fin jumped him out I was lucky enough to a shot at him." "What did ya shoot for?" both boys asked at once. "I n hated to kill a man as much as I did hi said Red, "but we couldn't have him nin' loose like that, for he might bite sc one."

SHORTY says that things were co too fast for him. At first he figur was a lie, then again he didn't know nobody cracked a smile. As soon a redhead finished with his yarn he outside the house, but shortly he back again an' began playing stud wit other puncher. No one paid any a tion to them till they started talking But as soon as his pardner began cu him Red made a grab for his gun, a pardner dropped the car the floor an' ran right t the boys. One look at gun was enough for An' they both made a for the door. As they re the door they heard a but they never did look for just then they hit th Red had stretched c an' both boys fell over

It was only a split till Shorty was up ag on his way, but in th second his pardner ra off from him. They w shooting from the d

Illustrated by
THE AUTHOR



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Shorty laid down and flattened out as flat as he could get. As he lay there wondering how many had been killed, he heard a cowboy laugh. At first he didn't get it, for shooting a man in a card game was no laughing thing to him. But just then he heard a puncher say, "Didn't the skinny one run." "The little one never throwed off," another said, an' then the whole bunch laughed. As soon as he saw that it was all a joke, Shorty came on back an' tried to laugh it off. But they had to hunt his pardner up.

He liked the life they led

In that one night his pardner saw enough cowboys to do him the rest of his life. He started back home next day. But Shorty drifted from ranch to ranch for the next six months looking for a job. Shorty says it never occurred to him to go back home once he had started out. He never gave it a thought. He only had one thing upon his mind, an' that was to land a job. For the punchers he met just suited him an' he liked the life they led, an' from the very beginning he liked the lonesome flats an' the coyotes that howled at night.

EACH place that Shorty stopped they usually told him if he'd only come a few days earlier they might have put him on. Until Shorty began to think that he was jinxed. Not realizing that there was nothing around a cow outfit he could do and the punchers were only trying to spare his feelings with their talk. He was always welcome to stay an' rest his pony up. But he couldn't land a job. Occasionally some cowboy tried to talk him into going on back home. For after a few months he had come to the place where he was wearing cast-off clothes that cowboys had taked him to. But there was only one thing on Shorty's mind, and that was to land a job.

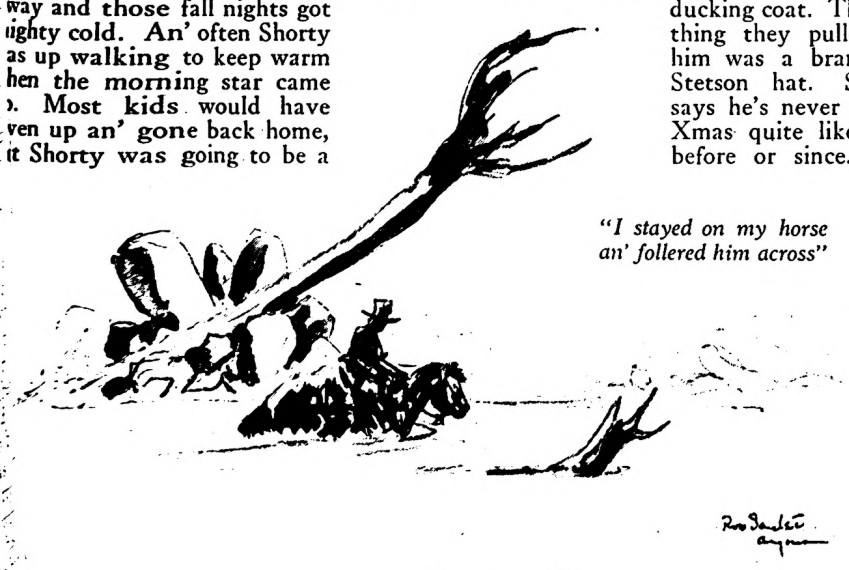
When he missed the ranch he was headed for, Shorty laid out at night. He'd pull the saddle off his horse and turn him loose, then sleep till it broke light. At first he didn't mind it, for he liked the lonesome flats. But summer soon slipped away and those fall nights got mighty cold. An' often Shorty was up walking to keep warm when the morning star came up. Most kids would have given up an' gone back home, but Shorty was going to be a cowboy no matter what else came along.

The week before Xmas he stopped at a ranch an' the punchers were mighty proud he came. For they were just ready to cut the cards an' see who stayed at the ranch an' fed the ponies while the rest went in to town to celebrate. Shorty stayed alone at the ranch. It rained all through the week. But Xmas Eve it started in to snow. It was the first Xmas he had ever been away from home. An' Shorty says that Xmas Day was the longest he ever spent.

In due time it was New Year's and then the day after. Shorty was still alone, when he heard a drunken puncher squall outside as the outfit came riding in. Shorty ran outside to watch them all unsaddle. The whole outfit was still drunk, an' two punchers had passed out an' were sound asleep still sitting in the saddle.

"Here's somethin' for ya, kid," a drunken puncher said, untying a package from behind his saddle. An' when the rest of the outfit laughed, Shorty took it in the house where he could open it alone, for he was afraid they were teasing him. But it was a bran'-new pair of boots. It was no time before he had his hobnails off, an' as he walked around in these high heels there was no one living he'd have traded places with right then. But the boots were less'n half of it.

Each cowboy had brought him something. They gave him one package at a time. An' they had thought of everything from underwear to socks an' a heavy ducking coat. The last thing they pulled on him was a bran'-new Stetson hat. Shorty says he's never had a Xmas quite like that before or since. For each cow-puncher had remembered him no matter how drunk he was.



"I stayed on my horse an' follered him across"

It was in February that Shorty landed his first job, tending the ranch at a horse outfit at fifteen dollars a month. There were two cows to milk, some chickens to feed, an' he was supposed to keep the ranch house clean. The rest of the time he waited on the peelers who were breaking horses there. For it was a straight horse outfit. They didn't run any cows.

The old man who owned the place was seldom there. But he gave Shorty particular instructions to keep off all the broncs for fear that he'd get hurt. But Shorty had waited too long to miss a chance to learn to ride. And the only time the old man's orders went with him was when the old man was around. For the bronc peelers were willing, an' there was hardly a day but what Shorty was on some bucking horse. For as soon as they let the hammer down on some new bronc, the peelers let Shorty try him. "Want to try this one, kid?" they'd say, an' Shorty would pile on. He couldn't reach their stirrups by a foot an' he got plenty of falls. But in six months he rode so well the old man raised him to twenty a month an' Shorty was breaking horses.

Shorty often laughs about that raise an' how it came about. One night in the ranch house he happened to hear the old man tell the head bronc rider if some light rider came along to put him on, as he wanted some young colts broke. Shorty was in the other room but he happened to hear it all, an' Shorty says his heart skipped several beats when he heard the head bronc fighter say, "Why don't you put Button on?" "They'd kill that kid," the old man says; "he's nothing but a boy." "Like hell they would," the bronc peeler says. "He's been ridin' broncs from the day he landed here, an' ridin' tough ones too."

SHORTY eased outside an' spent the next half-hour just talking to himself. But it wasn't until next morning that the old man spoke to him. Shorty was feeding the chickens and the old man looked at him a good five minutes before he cleared his throat. And when the old man spoke to him Shorty got full of panic, for what the old man said to him wasn't what he expected.

"Thought I told you to stay off them broncs," the old man finally said. "You did," said Shorty, weakly, "but if you'll just let me stay an' tend the ranch I won't do it again." At that the old man grunted and cleared his throat again. "Well, as long as you've gone an' learned to ride I'll tell you what I'll do. I want some young colts broke; the foreman will show you the ones. An' I'll raise you to twenty dollars a month an' see how you make out. Another thing," the old man said, "next time I go to town I'll bring you a new saddle, for that one of yours is no good."

At that the old man walked away an' Shorty says he (*Continued on page 84*)

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Gypsy

By KONRAD

SOME years ago, while traveling with gypsies, I had occasion to explain to the chief of the tribe that no two things were ever exactly alike; that no two people were exactly alike; that no two leaves, no two drops of water, were exactly alike. Chief Murdo answered: "Yes, but what fool wants to look so close as to see the difference? What thing, or person, is ever worth so much trouble?"

Because of their nomadic conditions of life, the gypsies have never had to look at things so closely and have been satisfied with the general outlines that present themselves as one passes by. Gypsies' eyes have acquired a technique of seeing more at a glance, and more rapidly, than the eyes of any other men can see. A glimpse of a person and the gypsy can tell more about the newcomer than he is willing to admit, and can tell more of the other man's character than years of close study might reveal. The quickness of eye of the gypsy is the most astounding mystery.

While traveling in horse-drawn wagon or automobile, any gypsy can tell at a glance whether another gypsy caravan has passed by that same road and whether it has gone right or left. Frequently also he knows the name of the tribe and whether anything untoward had happened on that very road: disagreeable encounters with the police, or unfriendly attitudes in the people. All this and a good deal more is read from the *patteran*, the sign, that the gypsies leave on every road they pass. And they don't neglect leaving a more detailed account of the trip at a crossroad. Even after one has been with the gypsies a long time and has been shown the signs that were left on the road, and has looked on at the making of patterans, a white man not only does not know how to leave these signs on the road, but he cannot even find them. And yet the gypsy sees them and reads them without getting up from the seat of his cart or without taking his hand off the steering-wheel of his automobile.

A patteran is usually composed of two small sticks, seldom longer than six inches apiece, placed crosswise, one on top of the other. The four open triangles which these sticks form tell the tale which the gypsy wants to leave behind. There are infinite possibilities in the placing of these two sticks. Only on very rare occasions does the gypsy find it necessary to leave more than one patteran. When a gypsy caravan comes upon two pairs of sticks laid one upon the other, the whole tribe stops to read them accurately.

A ship's log written closely on four pages could not have more detail than that left upon four little sticks or twigs from broken branches. When a gypsy finds somewhere, in the most unlikely places, where neither man nor beast will derange it, a patteran left in the form of a "T," he will speed up his horses or his automobile. No power on earth can stop him. The "T" sign means: "Run, as fast as you can!" The caravan will not stop until another patteran is found telling that the danger is over. Perhaps it means that the population on that road is extremely unfriendly. It may also mean that the gypsies who had left the patteran have *dukkered*, swindled, robbed, some woman of all she has. A gypsy never stops to question such things. When a patteran tells him to run, he runs.

At another time a gypsy caravan will meet two sticks placed so as to form the letter "V." At once the caravan will slow up of its own accord, and everybody will be looking right and left for other signs indicating where they should camp for the night. In a few minutes the children will discover where the previous gypsies have nighted. Even if the previous camp had been there a year or two before, the caravan children will discover the exact spot and will frequently be able to tell the name of the tribe that had been there, how long they had remained, and which they had gone. Mothers instruct their children in the reading of patterans. At the age of six, children of nomadic gypsies are past masters in that form of literature.

No caravan will leave camp, no caravan will pass a crossroad, without leaving a patteran behind. And the thing is done so rapidly, so accurately, that an outsider, though living with the gypsies for months, will seldom catch them at the act.

IN SPAIN, Roumania, and England there are scholars who have succeeded in learning the secret language of the gypsies, the *Calo*. I have met white men who spoke a deeper *Calo* than many of the younger gypsies themselves. Yet no white man was ever able to read more than one or two patterans. Chi Panaiti, a celebrated Greek gypsy scholar, admitted to me that his learning, his knowledge of gypsy lore, was incomplete because he could not read patterans. I have heard gypsies

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Illustrated by HOWARD McCORMICK

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m at the sight of a patteran: "Poor Yorgas, they have lost orse." At other times: "Stan's older daughter was married e crossroads to the left." And at still other times: "Don't to ask for work here." And even while these things were , the very same patterans they had found were rearranged kly so as to give further information to gypsies who would e tomorrow, next month, five months, or five years from .

ATTERANS are not made of sticks only. Occasionally they re formed out of stones. The uninitiated one passes them at his own door and at his own gate, without knowing it. gypsy laughs at the inability of the white world to read ecret writing; laughs at telegraph and telephone and letter ing and book writing. If one could read all the patterans, would come into possession of the exactly recorded chronicle erything that has happened to the gypsies in the country g the year.

once found a patteran made of twisted hay on the hinge of gate leading to my barn. Hurriedly I put heavy locks on door. The patteran read: "These barn doors are left at night. We have not been able to take advantage of "

emoving the patteran alone wasn't sufficient precaution, earch as I would for days and days for further information I knew was left by the gypsies who had passed, I could etect anything. Yet I am absolutely certain that another tribe on passing by will find the information, much to my mfiture and loss.

his secret, detailed, and exact language of the road was de- ed by the gypsies in the thousands of years since they left to come westward toward Oriental Europe. Like all tive people and like soldiers today in the face of danger, the es traveled in single file. Families and tribes frequently split up temporarily, and those ahead felt it was necessary to leave signs for their people behind them. The infinite variety of angles possible to obtain with two sticks was seized upon and the reading of it became an inherited instinct possessed by those of the blood alone. It took several hundreds of years to come from the Ganges to the Black Sea, and on this trip the successive waves of the gypsies who had migrated from India met very frequently and must have adjusted between themselves the interpretation of patterans. As new conditions arose on the way and troubles multiplied, the making of the patterans became more complex in the measure that the information to be left was more complicated. I fancy the language of the patteran developed very much as grows the language of a child. The first words are those of primary necessity. Primitive people seldom use more than two hundred words. Uneducated classes the world over seldom use more than three hundred words. The number of words used represents the degree of sensibility, the mental complexity, the struggle toward civilization, and the striving to express newly discovered or developed sensations.

The gypsies' necessities and complexities were those of people on the road; the language of the patteran that they had developed, and continue to develop from year to year, was expressing and satisfying those needs. Gypsies living in America have added many new words and meanings to the patteran language which baffle newly arrived gypsies. I once listened to a gypsy reading a patteran which told him that his predecessor had exchanged two worthless automobiles for one good one, and at another time I was told to keep a sharp lookout for the constables. A newly arrived European gypsy would have been baffled looking at the patteran speaking of automobiles and constables.

I HAVE even seen gypsies obtaining bootleg information from a few stones on the road; there were two chips of broken glass imbedded in that patteran. I have seen youngsters, not older than four, as able to read the patterans as the grown-ups. What is even more remarkable than the reading and the writing of these sticks is the finding of the patterans. I have seen them marked on the wooden posts of the country letter boxes in front of the gates. I have seen them hung up on the trees along the road. I have seen them on the thatched roofs of the low houses of Roumania and under the broad stairways of palaces; and in thousands and thousands of places where their ingenuity baffled mine. There are any number of patterans at

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every railroad station in the United States. No white person knows anything about them, yet the smallest gypsy child can discover and read them.

One day Chief Petru, whose tribe I had followed to Cleveland from New York, told me suddenly they were in a hurry to reach a certain place near a lake in Toledo before the end of the third moon quarter. They were invited to the wedding of Tudor's daughter.

"When were you invited?" I asked.

"We read all about it while we were in Kansas City," he said. "And since we are friends of Tudor's, we are going there."

Astonished at the word "read," I asked: "What do you mean?" Petru laughed broadly.

"The *patteran*, brother."

Twenty tribes gathered at exactly the third quarter of the moon, ten on one side of the lake and ten on the other. The bride's friends and relatives clustered together, while the groom's friends and relatives formed a square camp on the other side. The invitation to that wedding had been signaled through patterans for four months over the roads of the Middle West. Those willing and able to come, those who had recognized the moniker of the host, gathered at the exact place indicated by the sticks. The patteran had also told them there would be plenty of things to drink.

We danced, sang, and drank the whole night. The *daro* of the *pireme*, the bride, was rich and generous, and the father of the *piramlo*, the groom, was not to be left behind. The bride's tribe had been waiting for the family of the groom three days and had prepared the feast. Lucullus could not have prepared a finer banquet. And when the *barossan*, the oldest of the tribe, rose to his feet at midnight and asked the father of the *pireme*: "*Des amindi i tchai?* Will you give us the girl?" and the father answered: "*Amen dasa.* Take her," twenty pistol shots were fired in the air.

IT IS absolutely necessary for people who travel together to have a community of interests; not only must they want to go to the same place, but they must also want to be together while on the road. "Misery likes company" is an old saying, but a gypsy likes to be alone only when he is very sick and unhappy or before dying. When a sick or an old gypsy begins to retire from the circle around the camp fire, or attempts to remain behind when the others are leaving, his friends and relatives know that he is either so unhappy that he wants to die or so sick that he expects to die. And they leave him, or her, alone. Should this gypsy not appear in the midst of his friends before the following moon has set, they will retrace their steps to find him alive or to dig a grave if he has died.

Sick and unhappy people are a hindrance to travel; therefore, next to the chief, the man or the woman of greatest importance in the caravan is the one best able to entertain the rest: to sing, to play, or to tell tales. The first thing a gypsy mother teaches her child is to be happy and to entertain others under all circumstances. I once saw a little boy, not older than four, laugh with amusement because his big toe was frozen. He had walked barefoot in the snow with the temperature at thirty degrees below zero.

Gypsy children can walk unaided long before they are ten months old. By the time they are a year old they have been taught many gymnastic tricks, can do tumblesets, take the most grotesque postures, sing, and dance. A gypsy boy is considered a backward specimen if he cannot turn a perfect somersault at the age of four. Girl children are taught to dance long before they are able to stand on their feet. The child is taught to sway the bust to the rhythm of the mother's song, to the snapping of her fingers, and, when the father comes home, to the song of the violin or the cymbalon.

NOT only is the child made to follow the rhythm with her body, but the eyes and the tongue and the little fingers are trained to follow the rhythm. I have never seen a more comical performance than one in which a dozen little gypsy girls between the ages of one and two are trained to wiggle their ears in rhythm to the music. Later on, when the girl children have reached the mature age of five, they are trained to dance the ritual dances. By the time they are ten years old, they know the intricate movements of the *tanana*, the sacred dance.

The teaching and instructing is done without solemnity, in the spirit of great fun and joy, and the children are recompensed for their abilities, as well as for their clumsiness, by passionate hugs and kisses and by the gifts of small pieces of jewelry and sweetmeats and ribbons. The attitude of the parents toward the children is that of civilized man toward actors, concertists, and circus performers: an attitude of admiration and gratefulness, for children entertain. The gypsy is grateful to whomsoever makes him laugh and be happy.

The third day after the burial of one of the members of a family, the oldest of the tribe calls out to the bereft: "Stop crying, it makes the children sad." The youngsters are called upon to entertain; and the woman who has lost her husband or her child finally laughs and sings with the youngest one. The whole tribe will remain in one place until the "sad one," the *locorom*, has been made to laugh.

The gypsy is convinced there is no more dangerous sickness than sadness. As a matter of fact, he has no word for "sick." Instead of saying, "He is sick unto death," he says, "He is sad unto death." Happiness means health. A gypsy is never so hungry, so cold, that he will refuse to dance or to sing.

It is only recently that science has discovered that the gastric juices are influenced by the mental condition of the individual, and that food wetted with tears is like poison to the body; that the quality of the food is not half so important as the mental condition of the eater. The gypsy has known this for thousands of years. I have known many of them to eat tainted flesh without any bad consequences. It is a well-known fact that gypsies eat foods that would kill any white man, yet when a gypsy is not hungry he cannot be made to eat even a morsel. No gypsies will be urged twice to the table. We wonder that the gypsies can eat such food as would kill us; that they will eagerly throw into the pot chunks of meat of pigs and cows dead of disease. The gypsy wonders that we can eat eve a morsel when we are not hungry; drin when we are not thirsty; and wonde that we should remain alive after doin so.

"The poison," says the gypsy, "is n in the food; it is in the mouth of the eater

I am not prepared to tell whether gypsies do away with physically defecti children immediately after birth or so thereafter, but I do know that Balk gypsies, Russian gypsies, and Spani gypsies have for centuries practiced t elimination of unhealthy children. It quite possible that this practice is sponsible for the healthy condition of t gypsies. Unhealthy children are a h drance and an encumbrance on the ro One must not forget that only what able to move of its own accord, and v little more, is worthy of being tak along. Gypsies don't have to pack a unpack when they make or break can Within fifteen minutes after they ha unhitched their horses or stopped th automobiles, the kettles are over a bu ing fire and the beds are made. The ca looks as if it had been there for wee Defective children and cripples are great an impediment as sad people. S people are perpetually sick. A sad gy tale always begins: "There had b neither song nor dance for two nights Toro's house."

George Borrow, as well as other writ remarked that gypsies will never ente house in which a gypsy has died. Li wise, a gypsy will walk miles aroun churchyard rather than pass it. gypsies consider it a benevolent actio jump three times over the grave o gypsy who died in the open. Some thorities have even maintained that reason gypsies avoid living in house that they fear to die in them, and there is a tradition amongst gypsies the man of their people who died house would return to life as a pig or s other domestic animal in the service white man. But this is not so. The g refuses to enter a house in which anc gypsy has died because he considers gypsy who had lived in it a renegade. renegade gypsies live in houses.

"What is the great enemy of m asks an old gypsy riddle.

"Four walls," is the answer.

"What is an even greater enemy four walls?"

"A roof upon walls."

"And a still greater enemy?"

"A door that closes."

That the door also opens does not cern the gypsy.

ACCORDING to an old gypsy cu when a gypsy dies, his personal be ings are all burned or buried with In the Balkans the gypsies secretly their dead after giving them official I If it happens that the dead gypsy ha his own personal horse, one th had ridden exclusively the last thre of his life, the horse will also be b Why should the belongings of a ma ter up the tent when he is no longe and they are of no more use to him? should the memories of the dead n kept alive in the minds of other when he is no longer there to dan sing? Man is born with nothing should leave nothing behind him.

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Gypsies never kill animals for food. They prefer to eat the meat of those naturally dead. They prefer to eat old, buried meat that they dig up, rather than buy the meat of animals killed by the hand of man. Before eating such meat, they first ascertain whether it is eatable. They dip a white onion into the water in which they first rinse the meat. If the onion remains white, the carrion is eaten. If the onion becomes tinged with black, the carrion is thrown away as uneatable.

IN THE eyes of the gypsy there is no greater iniquity than to tell a lie to one's own people. To varnish truth or not to give absolutely exact information is considered so heinous a crime that the guilty gypsy is expelled from his tribe and then branded for shame so that he will be excluded from all the other tribes. The mark of Cain rests eternally upon such a one.

Nothing is more dangerous to traveling people than misinformation. Nothing is more dangerous on the road than to give people about upon whom one cannot rely. And yet the gypsies tell the most fantastic lies to the *gajo*, the white man, and are not in the least abashed when caught and faced with their lies.

It is taken for granted that all gypsies have fortune-telling abilities; that they have what is commonly known as second sight. For some reason or other the world has decided that this mysterious people has also mysterious powers. Gypsy women have forever encouraged this belief and frequently taken shameless advantage of the credibility of people. Past masters of psychology, the gypsy women know that anyone who wants his or her fortune told is either hoping for better times or doubting whether the happy condition will continue. A single expert glance at the face of the client tells the gypsy fortune teller to which class he or she belongs. Apparently, the gypsy reads the hand or the cards. In reality, the sharp eyes fixed upon the face of the client and the sensitive fingers upon the pulse of the emotional woman, tell her the reaction to every word, to every insinuation. The face of an emotional individual is easier to read than a *patteran*. The pulse of an emotional woman is more sensitive than a mirror.

If it is a blond young girl and the pulse has begun to beat faster when the gypsy has mentioned a dark-eyed, tall man, she will continue to tell of the enemy that stands between the two; and the enemy is always of a complexion different from that of the client. The sharp eyes of the gypsy can always detect the trace of tears or of sadness upon the face of a man or woman, and forthwith she speaks of the great sorrows of the past which are going to dissolve into the happiness of the future.

"There has been a great sorrow in your family," and if the pulse responds she continues: "Someone you loved very dearly died"; and so fine are the receptive sensibilities of the gypsy woman that she knows exactly when to say: "Someone has gone on a long voyage; someone you love very much. But he will come back." She talks rapidly, knowing that of the many things she says only those that approach the truth will be remembered, while the other things will be forgotten.

How many great events can be read from a pack of well-shuffled cards? How many things can be seen in the changing shadows of the moon? And if the subject seems anxious to hear many more things, the gypsy says it can only be done privately and under certain conditions, after prayers to the moon or to Beelzebub.

An expert gypsy fortune teller can get away with the gold and jewels of a widow long before the woman realizes that she has been "gypped."

THEN there is the fetish worker: the gypsy woman who demands a few hairs or the handkerchief of the woman who has come to see her. For this kind of *dukkering* special talents are required; special talents and special appearance; a face such as has been portrayed and become fixed in the minds of people by hundreds of years of imagery in books and magazines and newspapers.

Many are the popular beliefs which the gypsy has fostered, as that of the second-sight abilities of the seventh son of a mother who has no daughters; of the effect upon love of the wane of the moon; the terrible consequences following the breaking of a mirror. Yet no gypsy believes any of these things. Should it happen, however, that a gypsy woman should delve so long into that pseudo-witchcraft that she should begin actually to believe in her own supernatural powers, the tribe will lose no time in excluding her, or in marking her as a *polyipi*, as insane, impure. Woe to the gypsy woman who has recourse to the polyipi to obtain a love potion or a prophecy of the future.

Among the gypsies in the Balkans the elders of the tribe sit in judgment to find out whether the woman is a liar or a polyipi. Should she be pronounced a liar, she is driven from the tribe. Should she be found polyipi, insane or sick, she is made to tent forty feet away from the tribe and to cook (*Continued on page 116*)

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The Trail Eater

A Story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

NOME—gay, reckless, fascinating Nome—was seething with excitement. The time for the running of the Sweepstakes Trail was at hand—and all the rest of the year Nome lived in anticipation of this greatest of all sporting events.

The winter before, Kerry Wayne had been the only member of the Malamute Racing Club to run his own team—and he had checked in three weeks after the race was over! Nome had laughed and named him the "Trail Eater," even while it loved his nerve in making the great race with a team from the refuge he had set up for outcast dogs. Kerry had had to seek health in the Alaska wilds, while his friend, Rance Herrington, was finding the richest mine in all that country. And now Kerry had returned from a summer's prospecting, to fall in love with little Barbee Neilan, just home from her education in the States—and engaged to Rance Herrington. But Kerry found more even than this to trouble him. Rance was flirting openly with Kitty, Dr. Kramer's wife; he was showing the effects of drink and high living; and he had taken in Luce Barton, the trickiest lawyer in Nome, to help him form a Racing Syndicate that was to buy up the best dogs and control the betting.

Stung by Kerry's refusal to go in with them, Rance swore he would drive one of the teams himself, using as leader Tokon, the greatest husky in Alaska and the wildest.

In a towering rage, after a fight with Tokon, he challenged Kerry to drive the dog, Kerry to own him if he succeeded. That was the greatest fight Nome had ever seen between man and dog, but Kerry won and Tokon became a part of his team. With the help of "Doorknob" Balsh and "Tolovana Belle," Kerry settled down to training, with Rance's spies watching his every move and Kitty Kramer unsuccessfully using all her wits to involve him in a flirtation with her.

And then—six weeks before the race—disaster! Kerry's younger dogs sick with distemper, and neither time nor money to get more. But he did have friends. Tolovana Belle offered him the best of the team with which Wally, her husband, was on his way back to Nome from the States, and they decided to intercept Wally ten days later at Solomon Roadhouse, so that no one in Nome would know their plan.

But Lim Phayden, carrier of water and gossip for Nome, had overheard. In loyalty to Kerry, who had befriended him, he pledged himself to secrecy—but his good intentions failed under Kitty Kramer's persistence. She knew his weakness for liquor and plied him with it until she wormed the secret out of him—and then she tipped off the Syndicate.

So it came about that Wally was lured off the road before he reached Solomon Roadhouse, where Kerry and Belle waited; and Rance and Luce met him at the Golden Sands saloon with a bill of sale already drawn up for his team. But in the meantime, Lim, realizing his betrayal of his best friend, had gone on a remorseful spree. At the moment when Wally was about to sign the contract—which would mean that Kerry was out of the race—a commotion in the main saloon brought them all to the door in time to see Lim dancing in front of the stove, with a stick of dynamite in each hand and screaming that he would blow the whole place up.

He made a swift movement, as if to toss one of his sticks into the roaring stove. People scattered through windows as well as doors. Wally and his two companions leaped across the empty saloon and sprinted for the front door, the bill of sale blotted out of their minds and Lim's war cry ringing in their ears: "Siwash me, will you? Siwash me. . . ."

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

PART IV

THAN being siwashed no more humiliating disgrace could befall an Alaskan in pre-prohibition days. It meant placing a white man on the level of an Indian in the matter of obtaining liquor. Doorknob, true to his word, had rushed off in a fervor of disgust at Lim's irresponsible condition, and brought about Lim's siwashing.

On Saturday morning, behind every bar in town, was posted a notice in which the Court warned all individuals that anyone furnishing Phelim Phayden with intoxicants would be liable to fine and imprisonment, and in case of saloon keepers the cancellation of liquor licenses.

Lim, unconscious of his disgrace, had awakened at noon in Hogan's Alley in the cabin of a friend who had taken him home the night before. He was alone, except for Crooger. A careful search of his pockets revealed less than five dollars—all that remained of his savings during four months of sobriety. He held the coins in his hand and eyed them, with shaking head. Then, summoning his dog, he wavered forth to the Golden Sands.

He arrived during a slack hour. Kelly, the bartender, stood behind the bar polishing glasses.

"Sure, Kelly dear," Lim groaned, "I'm as jumpy as a hen after her first egg, this mornin'. Give me a jolt of your rotgut, like a good lad."

Mr. Kelly raked him with a disapproving eye, and continued polishing. "

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un I will! You're siwashed, you stiff! 'an't you read?" He waggled an im-atient thumb at the notice pasted on he mirror back of the bar.

Lim squinted up, slowly spelling ut the words. "Siwashed!" he said, lmost under his breath. "Crooger—e're siwashed! Come on, Crooger!" His rounds of the other saloons met ith the same result. There wasn't a ul in town who dared give him a rink. When the full import of this ruck Lim, he paused in Barracks quare and, leaning against a tele-aph pole, began to brood on his rongs. They'd kicked him out like *siwash* . . . made him an outcast . . an outlaw . . . a criminal, by e powers! By the beard of St. ichael, he'd go and get Kerry's .45 d fill 'em full of holes. He'd blow n sky-high, that's what he'd do. Lim started down the snow-covered eet in quest of the revolver. "Blow n sky-high, Crooger!" he kept re-ating.

ASSING the North Pole Meat Market, he turned, his eye caught a window display of meats newly ivéd from the States by dog-team ight—salami, summer sausage, rwurst. The latter was cut into rt, frozen lengths. Lim paused. e *slim*, grayish cylinders reminded of something—ah, now he had it, n the days of his hard-rock mining! tamite! If he only had some dyna-e now, he could command a drink *ny bar in* town. He started to k away, then turned and looked he window again.

alf an hour later he was seated re a table in the cabin in Hogan's y *busy with* a dozen lengths of wurst, some heavy wrapping paper, a wax candle. He carefully trimmed length, tossed the surplus to the gulp-Crooger, and then rolled the liverwurst e *waxed paper*. Into each cylinder he ted a short piece of fuse, splitting the uding end meticulously.

was shortly after Wally had been ted into the Dog Room that Lim ed *the Golden* Sands and edged his through the crowd toward the large that stood near the end of the bar. rew open the door, ostensibly to ob-nore heat on his shivering body.

elly, *for the love of hivin*, give me a !" he pleaded.

lothing doing!" snapped the busy nder. "Beat it, now. I've no time to r with you."

he hell ye haven't!" retorted Lim, ing from his pocket two fuse-tipped ers.

ly's yell focused every eye upon the Irishman brandishing his weapons the open door of the stove. "Hold!" nmanded. "If one of you moves a ll blow you all to kingdom come! and gints—I'm armed wid two of Number One Dynamite, each nine-inch fuse. Wan minute from e she lights, she explodes. When I *ne—two—three*,' I light one of thim. eans *go!* All of you beat it, except P. A. of a Kelly. He stays to serve last drink. Thin I take him wid me the gates of Purgatory! . . . . . *two* . . . THREE!" A swift

Kitty's voice broke in hysterical relief. "Kerry! Come and get me! I'm freezing! I'm dying!"

move toward the mouth of the stove, and the room shook to a wild stampede. "Mush! Or I'll blow you to—" Lim didn't stop yelling until the leaping figures of Luce and his two companions had disappeared in the wake of the speeding Kelly.

The saloon was empty now; but through the broken doors and windows the mob regarded him in fascinated horror. He went behind the bar, put out a bottle and glass, came around in front and solemnly poured himself a drink. Then, thrusting a bottle of cognac under his arm, he drew a mug of beer, took a handful of pretzels from the free lunch, and placing them with several fuse-tipped cylinders on a chair in front of the stove, he took his seat before them. Crooger, with his forepaws on his master's knee, wagged and licked his chops.

With immense leisure Lim drank his beer and ate his pretzels. Presently he unwrapped a fuse-tipped stick and began to eat with a great show of relish.

THUS it was that Kerry and Tolovana, driving into Barracks Square, were greeted with the news that the marshal was out of town and Lim Phayden had gone crazy and was eating dynamite in the Golden Sands. Kerry followed the crowd and halted his team on the edge of it, just as Doorknob came running from a back street in response to a telephoned message.

When the two worked their way into the saloon, Lim was sitting before the glowing fire stuffed to repletion, his head nodding, Crooger at his feet. He was snoring gently. Beside him stood the chair holding his empty mug, the empty cognac bottle, and some of the ammunition with which he had terrorized Nome. The crowd saw Kerry catch up a stick of this, tear off the paper, and smell it.

Then, as he and Doorknob bent together over the unwrapped cylinder, the gathering was horrified anew to see both men break into roars of laughter.

"Boys!" Doorknob yelled, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes, "it's one on us—Lim's held up the whole town with a mess of—frozen sausage!"

When Lim was awakened, he found himself for the first time in his life a person of importance. He had played on Nome the greatest joke in the history of the town, and the majority of the fun-loving populace rushed upon him, laughing, clapping him on the back, telling him what a clever fellow he was. They wanted to celebrate the occasion in an appropriate manner; but Kerry hustled the reluctant Lim to his sled. Wally and Tolovana, having met in the crowd, came teaming along behind in the dark.

Arrived at Lim's cabin, Kerry put the protesting old fellow into his bunk fully dressed, and tucked the fur robes about him. Almost before Crooger had settled himself in his accustomed place at his master's feet, the siwashed one was sunk in slumber. Convinced that he would sleep until morning, Kerry went back to the Kashim to talk dog with Wally and Tolovana, who awaited him there.

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Several hours later Lim woke and sat up in his bunk. Despite the fact that Crooger came snuggling against his chest, he was conscious of loneliness. He felt the need for joviality, for the glorious, intoxicating hours in the Golden Sands.

He got deliberately out of his bunk in the dark. Everything about him swam gently; he too swam, enveloped in that warming magic haze. "We'll go down to the Golden Sands, Crooger, an' show 'em. Me an' you'll show 'em, me lad!" he kept repeating as he fumbled for the door.

BUT Crooger didn't want to leave the cabin. He whined piteously and tugged at his master's mukluk, trying to hold him back. Lim found the door and lurched out into the darkness. With a roar the blizzard was upon him, slapping him against the side of the cabin, blowing the breath from his body.

"Hurroo!" Lim leaned against the wall and broke into the quavering wildness of an Irish song. In a lull he spread out his arms and, like some grotesque dancer, wavered forth, his liquor-warmed body numb, his spirits soaring with the shouting wind. Arrah, what a merry monster was the wind—catching him up in its arms, tossing him into immensity, calling to him like a playfellow, shoving him along through the thick-whirling snow, shoving him along over the tundra to the glow of the Golden Sands—the light and music and laughter of the Golden Sands! . . . But was he going in the right direction? For a moment a flicker of doubt stirred in his mind. Then—what matter? For Lim Phayden all ways must lead to the Golden Sands. . . . "Hurroo! Crooger, c'm on, li'l dog. . . ."

But—where was Crooger? Where was the wee fella? He must wait for him. He would wait for the little dog, here in the lee of a snowdrift. How warm it was against the drift; and how tired he was. . . . Drowsy . . . drowsy as he'd been in the Golden Sands. . . . He'd just sleep a bit till Crooger caught up with him. . . . "C'm on, Crooger. . . . C'm on . . . li'l . . . dog . . ."

Far behind came Crooger battling with the blizzard that beat him down, toppled him over, flung him into the drifts. Each time he'd paw his way out and struggle on.

When he came at last to where his master waited, sunk against the slope of a drift, he leaped upon him in a transport of gladness, licking his face, snuggling against his chest. But for once Lim had nothing to say to Crooger. He was asleep. His arms were flung out against the drift, stiff, like the arms of a cross. Crooger couldn't wake him.

He tugged frantically at his shirt . . . sat up and looked at him . . . whimpered . . . waited—a snowy little dog with frosted bangs over his eyes. Then he pointed his muzzle into the storm and in a fervor of anguish that shook a last forlorn tinkle from his collar bell, he sent his cries for help keening through the blizzard.

The next day when Kerry found them, far out on the bleak tundra, Crooger was asleep too, his gallant little body spread protectingly over his master's still heart. . . .

The next four weeks were the busiest of Kerry's winter. He had selected seven dogs from the Ballinger team, and had begun an intensive course of training to develop speed. In the short time left him before the race, this would have been an impossible task but for Duna. The bob-tailed husky, working as a loose leader, managed his recruits like a canine general. And when he ran free ahead of the team the new dogs were lured into a pace that made Wally Ballinger wonder if these were the same careless animals he had driven in from Valdez.

But there was one he had no trouble recognizing as his own. Cultas, faster than any other dog in the Ballinger team, was as quarrelsome and vindictive as a drunken siwash.

The first time Kerry tried him out, he hooked Duna on the end of the towline and placed Cultas directly behind. The team had hardly started when Cultas tried to pull out to the side. Duna looked back, his lips lifting in a warning growl.

"Line him up, Duna!" directed Kerry. "Make him be good!"

The husky leader whirled, grabbed the dog by the throat and gave him such a trouncing that a few moments later his yips for mercy pierced the air. It took two of these drubbings before Cultas realized he had met a leader that he couldn't bully. Then he jogged along well enough in the team; but the moment the dogs were turned loose in the Kashim yard, Cultas jumped Duna—and got the whipping of his life. After that, Duna had only to growl at Cultas over the partition between their stalls, to reduce him to instant order.

Kerry had troubles to contend with outside of his kennels. His opponents were trying in every possible way to get his time with his new dogs. But on all his workouts he used his weighted sled; and in order to throw his watchers off farther, he never trained two days in succession with the same dogs hitched at the head of the towline.

ABOUT the middle of March the Sweepstakes Carnival opened with a great fanfare of bugles, the music of the Fort band and of the Arctic Brotherhood orchestra, and the attendance of every man, woman, and child in the vicinity. The affair had been going for five lively days and nights before Kerry realized that the last night had come and he'd been too busy to go down to see the spectacle of the year. Accordingly, he got into his best parka, a light-weight garment of white fur trimmed with a border of black-and-white triangles, and, winding a gay-colored sash about his waist, he swung his skates over his shoulder and set out for the skating rink.

The carnival was in the full, noisy swing of its final night. Everyone was dressed in his finest furs and fluttering the racing colors of his favorite team. In that half of the rink roped off for skating, fur-clad couples, singing, swung to the rhythm of a popular song.

The crowd was thickest and loudest about the balloting booth. Voting for the Sweepstakes Queen had reached that crucial point where all other contestants had dropped out, leaving the race to Kitty Kramer and Nina Bernard. At intervals when there was an intermission in the music program, the ballyhoo man announced the numbers he kept changing on the small blackboard outside the booth.

"*Mrs. Nina Bernard* . . . . . *5,232!*"
"*Mrs. Kitty Kramer* . . . . . *4,538!*"

It was clearly Nina's night. Kitty, being no skater, was wise enough to realize her awkwardness. She mingled with the crowd about the voting booth, exercising her charms as best she might at close range. But Nina was at her best on skates. Tonight she was in white, a veritable frost creature in a short, full, velvet costume trimmed with white fox and crystal beads. Like a wind-blown snowflake she darted and swirled about the ice, calling and laughing to her cheering friends behind the ropes.

Rance Herrington was skating rather solemnly with Barbee, who looked like some vivid little girl of the woods. She had on ivory-toned buckskin, fringed and trimmed with bands of fine beadwork in crimson, gold, and dull blue. Her loosened dark hair was bound Indian fashion across her forehead with a band of the same colors.

Luce Barton claimed Barbee next. With evident reluctance she swung off with him. Kerry lost sight of her for a time, because a group of young girls, espying him leaning over the balcony, beckoned and called him so insistently that he was obliged to descend the narrow stairway to the ice-floor.

IT WAS after eleven o'clock, and Rance Herrington and Luce Barton had gone to a balcony box, from which they were looking down at the seething, colorful crowd. Nearly all the skaters had abandoned the rink for the voting booth; but among those who still circled the ice were Kerry and Barbee Neilan. Rance knew exactly how many times Kerry had skated with Barbee. His black eyes smoldered.

"Oh, Rance! . . . Rance!" It was Kitty's voice. The curtains at the back of the box were jerked aside, and she stumbled in. "Rance!" she wailed, "I can't stand it! I want to die—to die! Listen"—she caught his hands. "Hear them!"

"*Mrs. Nina Bernard* *8,2*
"*Mrs. Kitty Kramer* *5,7*

"Do you hear, Rance?" She raised a tearful face with its quivering red mouth. "She's ahead of me. She'll be Qu You mustn't let her! You've got to something, Rance! You've got to!" covered her face with her hands and into sobs.

"Good—heavens!" Herrington gl at her shaking shoulders. There were pity and annoyance in the look. "W your pride, Kitty?"

"Oh, Rance, I'll do anything—any for you, if you'll buy me enough vo beat her." Looking up through her she caught at his arms. "Oh, see fifteen minutes left before the ballot Rance—Rance—"

"Do you mean that, Kitty, about anything for Rance?" Luce Barto beside her, patting her arm.

Rance brought his fist down table. "Look here, Luce, you'll m bargains for me!"

"Sit still, old man. Let me handl
"*Bernard* . . . . . .
"*Kramer* . . . . . .

Kitty leaped to her feet and Barton's shoulders. "Oh, oh, oh! what you want me to do! Tell me

"Listen! We want Kerry V time. You can get it—Oh, no!" h brutally, as he saw her face light consciously. "No vamping goo member, I saw what happened th

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Barbee stared at him as if she could not believe his words

he Kashim—and that's not the way to him. I'll come to see you tomorrow tell you what you're to do. Is it a bar-? . . . All right." He released her, stepping quickly to the back of the parted the curtains. "Watch me," he . "In a quarter of an hour you'll be Queen, Kitty. But remember this, lady—I'm buying the votes tonight; you're paying for them later!" . . . s the day of the Sweepstakes drew er, excitement in the town increased. n up and down the coast men began ng in, filling the hotels, the saloons, streets. Everywhere was the buzz of dog talk—the "deep dog dope" of racing Nome.

Kerry, having studied a map of the Trail, had already selected his temporary resting and feed camps along the way, and Doorknob had prepared the dog feed to be cached at these stations. The other racers had sent their feed on; but Kerry, wishing to attend to this personally, had delayed in order that he might be present at the drawing for position, which meant so much to a driver. But for one reason or another, the officers of the Malamute Club had put off the drawing from day to day, until now he could wait no longer; Doorknob would have to take his place should the drawing be held during his absence.

A few days after the carnival, he loaded up his sled, the lithe racing model he had built so carefully, and the following morning, before Nome was awake, he and Wally Ballinger were swinging along the Sweepstakes Trail. This was the first time he had used the sled, and the first time he had taken his dogs out on the racing route.

The weather was perfect—clear, cold, invigorating—and the Trail itself under these conditions not difficult to travel. He cached his food in trees and in small tents, which he erected (*Continued on page 65*)

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From *the* Ground Up

By MARY B. MULLETT

Drawings by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

DAZZLING blue sky overhead. A few fat, lazy little clouds parked along the western horizon. And, winging their way through the sunlit air, half a dozen airplanes, their motors droning like gigantic bees.

It was a Saturday afternoon at Curtiss Field, half an hour's train ride out of New York. Below the little white clouds, along the edge of the field itself, was a broad, black curving band—the tops of hundreds of motor cars. Some of them had been there for hours. Many of their occupants had brought picnic lunches with them. For whole families, a day spent on the flying field was an almost weekly event. And on this Saturday easily fifteen thousand people were grubbing about the field, moving in and out of the dust spouts stirred up by industrious propellers, pausing at the refreshment stands, and always groping back to the mysterious flight activities at the starting line.

At intervals, a plane would descend and discharge its passengers. Climbing awkwardly out of the machine, they would pause to give the plane a long look of mingled relief and triumph! It was perfectly evident that they thought they had been risking their lives. Yet they had paid five dollars apiece for the chance to do it; and on the same afternoon, at other flying fields, hundreds of other people were paying their own good money for what seemed the same breathless chance.

How much of a chance were they really taking? How many people want to fly? How many people do fly? Where do they go? Why do they choose to go by air? How much does it cost them?

I was sitting on a bench at one end of the field with H. C. Ferguson, operations officer of the Curtiss Flying Service, and as we watched the scene, which, twenty years ago, would have seemed like a crazy dream, I asked him to give me some of the little-known facts about up-to-date air travel—not in regard to spectacular flights by famous aviators; but the things that you and I would like to know before we take a chance in the air.

Ferguson has several thousands of hours of flight prosaically recorded in his log book. He was a skilled flyer when Colonel Lindbergh was in short pants. But the terse sentences in his log hide a lifetime of thrills. A captain in the air service, he became, in France, instructor of American pilots assigned to combat service, a hero to war birds, the crack cavalrymen of the skies. The war over, he devoted himself to commercial aviation. He has flown hundreds of thousands of miles, carried hundreds of passengers under all sorts of conditions. So, when H. C. Ferguson talks, you listen to a man who knows his subject *from the ground up*.

"The Curtiss Flying Service," he explained, "is devoted entirely to commercial aviation. In return for regular fees, we either teach people to fly or fly them to given destinations. We make a business of flight.

"We take up thousands of people, for instance, for short hops—ten miles in the air at five dollars a passenger. We rent our machines, with our pilots, to customers. We serve the newspapers, the movies, the business man, and even the dowager. It is a straight business of selling air service of all kinds over-the-counter.

"During 1926 our planes turned in more than two thousand and sixty hours of paid flying. We taught ninety-five students and carried more than four thousand passengers. In 1928, our planes flew a total of forty-five thousand hours, equivalent to nearly five hundred thousand miles of flight, and carried more than twelve thousand passengers. This year we expect an even greater proportionate increase.

"AIR service is just what the name implies. You can hire a plane, or you can pay for a seat in one that carries other passengers. It is not a bit different from buying a seat in a bus or engaging a taxi.

"Last year we carried thousands of people on what are known as 'joy-hops'—a turn around the field, lasting about fifteen minutes—at a charge of five dollars a head. But the real thrills come under the head of 'cross-country' flying." Captain Ferguson thumbed the big log book. "In our report for 1927, for example, you will note this item:

"'Cross-Country—731 hours.'

"Doesn't sound very exciting, does it, and yet those seven hundred and thirty-one hours were simply packed with human interest.

"Let me tell you what happened, under that heading, in a single day of the previous year.

"Perhap you remember that in July, 1926, there was a terrific explosion in the Naval Arsenal at Dover, New Jersey. Practically the whole plant blew up, one building after another. Houses outside were shattered; the place was like a battlefield, with fire, death, and destruction on every side. Shells were exploding and slithering across the ground, and reporters couldn't get within three miles of the actual scene.

"Not on the ground! But the air above was free and clear! So the news agencies telephoned us; reporters and photographers hustled out here to the field, where planes and pilots were ready for them.

"WE WERE seventy-five miles from the scene of the explosion, but we made eight round trips that day. The reporters got their eye-witness stories, the camera-men got their pictures, and the public got the news!

"All this happened on a Sunday, and Sundays are our busiest days. It is the day that we carry most of our 'joy-hop' customers and do most of our instructing. But we always have a number of reserve pilots whom we can summon when we need additional crews; these men handle the regular Sunday business.

"Altogether, our planes flew thirty-five hundred miles that day; and every flight was completed on schedule, without any hitch whatever. It was simply a case of meeting an emergency, and that is where the airplane is peculiarly valuable.

"Here is another example of what is included under 'cross-country' flying: Remember when the Junkers transatlantic plane was forced down at Greenly Island off the coast of Labrador, early in the spring of 1928? Well, that was one of the most exciting cross-country enterprises that I know of.

"There were the two Germans and an Irishman, with one of the greatest newspaper stories of the year, marooned on one of the loneliest spots of the globe. True, they were only eight hundred miles from Quebec. But what miles! No trail

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oats, for the St. Lawrence was frozen and a dog-team journey over those ble mountains would take months. ors went crazy and grabbed the tele- e. Within five hours after word that the Bremen was down, every of our planes was chartered, and we have leased half a dozen more if we had them.

EVEN of these planes took off the next day, carrying reporters and photog- ers, for St. Agnes Lake, the little lake ng in the woods outside Quebec. took off from here in the sunshine, green grass under their wheels, and d amid a snowstorm on a frozen lake. of them carried sets of skis in the ge, to be exchanged for the regular ng wheels when they arrived at the

uring the seven exciting days before yers were carried out, our planes always on the job, keeping reporters hotographers abreast of the news. lane, piloted by Bill Winston, our pilot, pushed all the way through to ly Island, carrying a photographer, recorded the rescue operations.

Winston had only an old hydrographic map to guide him, but he hit the little island right on the nose! He and his passenger landed there, in freezing weather, with nothing more than rubbers and ordinary street clothing to protect them from the bitter cold.

"They actually flew the entire distance back to St. Agnes Lake non-stop, landing with less than half an hour's supply of gas left in the tanks. It took them just six hours, and the newspaper reporters would not believe their story. They had, however, been rushed along by a blustering tail-wind. On the next morning the photographer was so anxious to get back that Bill decided not to take time to change from skis to wheels. He hopped off and headed for Curtiss Field.

"You can imagine our surprise when we saw the monoplane circling over the field and observed the slender skis against the sky. Not a bit of snow on Curtiss Field! Well, it wasn't a happy thing to contemplate. Figure out for yourself the difference between rolling to a stop from fifty miles an hour on nicely greased wheels, and hitting the ground with a flat board!

"But Bill just throttled down a bit—just on the last thin edge of a stall—picked out a nice, soft, slippery stretch of grass and landed as nicely as you please. Still, not everyone can do that. After all, Lindbergh says that Bill Winston is the man who taught him how to fly.

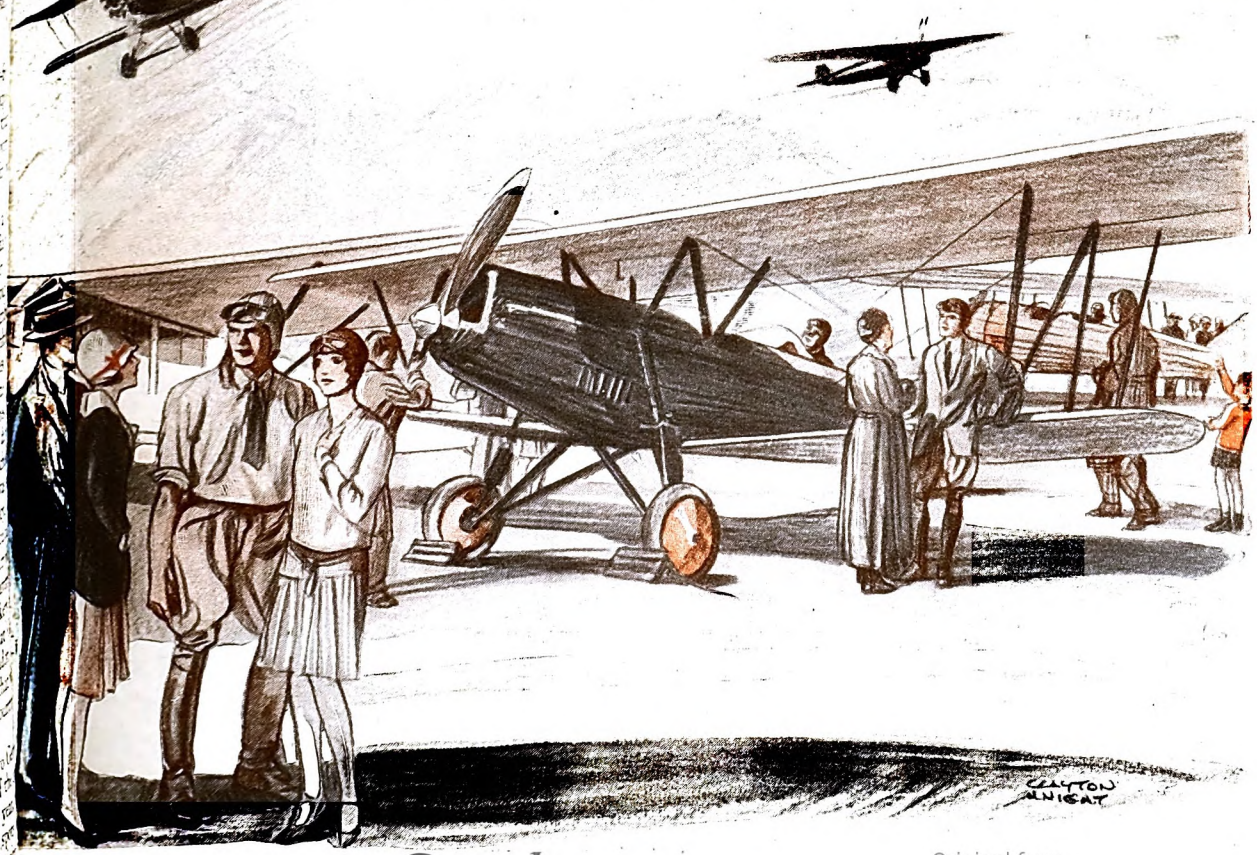
"At the time of the Florida hurricane several of our machines carried reporters and photographers from Curtiss Field to Miami and back. One pilot was back within twenty-six hours. During that time he was eighteen hours in the air, for a number of them flying 'blind' at night, with none of the beacons which now guide night pilots over regular airways, to help him. But he picked up the lights of cities here and there and hit his objective unerringly.

"Dozens of stories like these are hidden under the item 'Cross-Country.' Reporters always speak of 'covering' a story. They cover it, literally, when they go in an airplane. We took them to the spot where the S-51 was being raised. We flew them out to sea to observe Lindbergh start his flight to Paris, and we carried a dozen of them over New York, to photograph and observe the city's magnificent greeting to him on his return. A strange day that was. Two thousand feet above the skyscrapers, we ran into great clouds of ticker tape, confetti, and shredded telephone books rising in the air currents. For a time we were afraid they might cause damage to the propellers.

"But to get back. . . . Practically every great outdoor event is now reported and photographed from the air as well as from the ground. Reporters and photographers have flown with us to 'cover' boat races, horse races, football games, and prize fights.

"BUT there are other cross-country flights that have even greater human interest than these. There is, for example, the constantly growing list of people who have flown hundreds of miles, trying to win a race with death.

"A man telephoned us from Greenwich, Connecticut, that he wanted to fly at once to Atlantic City, where a member of his family was desperately ill. Greenwich lies just across Long Island Sound from Curtiss Field—a matter of twenty-five minutes by air, but at least three hours by train and automobile. So, to save time, we sent an amphibian—a plane that can land with equal facility on land and water—to Greenwich, picked up the man at a yacht club mooring, and brought



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him here. He transferred to a faster plane, and in a few minutes was on his way to Atlantic City. The whole job was completed within two hours."

But an incident of a different sort lies behind a single item in the log book, which tells only that on one summer's day a cabin plane carried a single passenger to Syracuse. It is the untold story of a chagrined Lochinvar, whose bride rode off without him and he, poor wretch, was compelled to fly into the West to overtake her, with just enough melodrama and wit to save his face and his bride.

They were married in New York City and he, witless youth, sent her to the Grand Central Station, with their railroad tickets, while he tarried a moment to be honored appropriately by his bachelor friends. The wines were excellent, and flowed more readily than his consciousness of time; for, when the train pulled out for the West it carried a bewildered bride—but no groom.

NOR did the horrid realization of what he had done break upon him until dawn. He paused neither to shave nor to repent. He grabbed a telephone and told us to have a plane ready—hang the cost! A plane was ready, motor idling, when he spun up to the operations office in a motor car. He overtook the train at Syracuse and, so far as the Curtiss records show, the honeymoon was saved, for the pilot came back alone.

"How much did his race cost him?" I asked.

"The regular fixed rates," declared Ferguson; "fifty cents a mile for one passenger and ten per cent additional for each passenger up to four. Generally, the cost of a special trip is figured on the basis of a dollar a mile, for a passenger is charged for the round trip, whether he flies both ways or not. This charge includes petrol and oil, the pilot's salary, and any other flying expenses. Even so, there is no hard and fast rule about this, and we are now planning to cut the cost in half.

"By this fall, we hope to have about thirty new flying schools operating in key cities in the United States, with operating headquarters at each. Suppose we get a rush call to fly a man to Miami, as happened recently. Well, we immediately wire our man at Miami and tell him to dig up a passenger for the return trip. The cost to each man, therefore, is halved. We intend to do this regularly.

"The salaries of pilots regularly employed by commercial operators average about five thousand dollars a year. Usually, they are paid a bonus for cross-country flights, although this is not the practice in the air mail, where cross-country flying is the job for which they are hired. Night flyers generally average double the usual rates because of the greater risk and skill required.

"When one of our pilots who does regular work here at the field is sent out on a long cross-country trip, he is allowed an expense account for hotels, meals, and incidentals such as tooth brushes, shaving cream, and the like. Bill Winston could you, a pilot never tell whether he'll here tonight or sleep on the window ledge an old lighthouse Labrador.

"If a passenger tends to keep a p for much more the actual flying the cost is calcul upon an hourly b as well as on the age covered. For stance, a salesman national house dec to make a coun wide tour, to last a two weeks. That m that the plane w be idle over cons able periods of So we distributed the costs, and he satisfied.

"Business men are using airplanes more and more frequency. About a ago, we had a customer who paid us a thousand dollars for a flight to Fl but to him the trip was worth much in actual cash profit, than it cost hi

"He called us up just before noon, New York, and asked us whethe could get him to Tampa, Florida, l four o'clock the next afternoon, so t could close a business deal which bring him a commission of eighteen sand dollars. We agreed to do it.

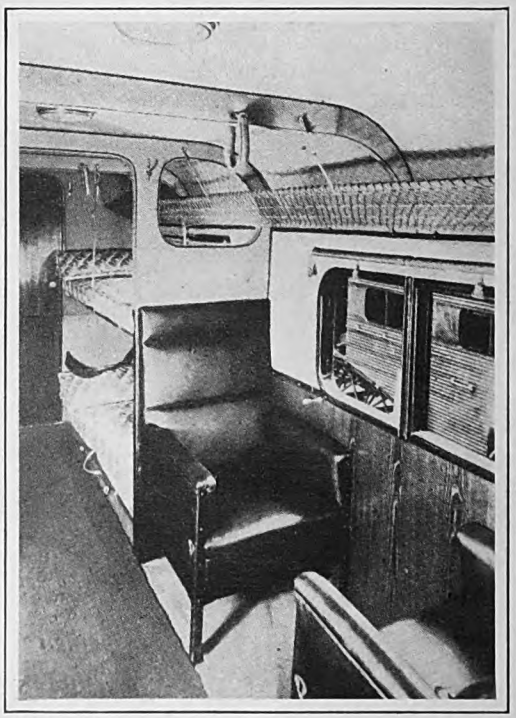
"WHILE he was on his way h automobile, we got the pla Curtiss Oriole—out of the hangar, it, and checked the motors. The was in the cockpit, with the engin ning, when the man arrived. H flung his brief case into the rear c hopped aboard, and they were c twenty minutes to four, th afternoon, the ship came to at the flying field in Tampa man made his commission.

"Often we're willing to r gamble—although we regard business, for the odds are wl our favor—with a customer. known New York banker fo about an arrangement he ha to address a convention at Sa cisco until thirty-three hour it was scheduled to open. Th running time for the regular eighty-one hours. His secret gested that he fly, and he calle

"'What time are you due we asked. (*Continued on p*

P. & A. PHOTO

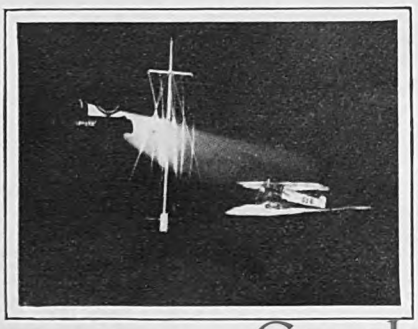
Inside a passenger airplane at lunch time



HERBERT PHOTOS

A view of the cabin of the new Junkers type plane

"The night express"



The Tempelhofer Airport in

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Lost Your Pep?

You May Be Anemic

By

WILLIAM S. SADLER

M. D.

PALE, pepless, easily tired, captious appetite, under weight, headaches, poor elimination?—Well, that sounds as if you might be suffering from anemia. It is a pretty common complaint, especially among people who do not get sufficient outdoor life and exercise. But, fortunately, it is a complaint which, halted in time, can be readily cured by very simple methods.

However, before going into the subject of anemia, its prevention, and its cure, it might be well to say a few words about the physiology of the blood, for in the blood, if it becomes impoverished, will be found the cause of anemia.

The blood, in addition to the chemicals and the digested foodstuffs which it may carry—not to mention waste material in the process of elimination—contains red and white cells, or corpuscles.

The white cells constitute our standing army (or swimming army) of the interior. They are important factors in defending the body against microbic invaders. But as the white cells are not concerned to any considerable extent with anemia, we shall have to leave them out of the picture. It is the red blood cells with which we have a deal.

These microscopic living creatures which in a normal person should be found in the ratio of 666 to every white cell, are saturated with an iron compound called hemoglobin. It is the presence of this compound that gives them their bright red color in contradistinction to their pale, white cousins.

Now, hemoglobin is mighty useful stuff to have around in the blood stream. It has the power, when blood is circulating through the lungs, to grab oxygen and carry it off to remote parts of the body. And then very kindly liberates this oxygen, thus enabling millions and millions of living cells to carry on their life work efficiently. But, not content with this vital function, it undertakes another: Immediately upon liberating the oxygen, the saturated red cells gather up the carbon dioxide—a product of our bodily combustion which needs to be promptly eliminated—and find their way back to the lungs, and, in the process of respiration, the gas is breathed out of the body.

Seeing what an important part the red cells play in keeping us fit, it is certainly up to us to look after them properly—give them the right kind of nourishment so that they can keep their hemoglobin content up near the hundred per cent mark. But, being what we are, frail human beings, we all allow ourselves to get into anemic state at some time or other. And, human like, knowing that ordinary or secondary anemia isn't, in itself, a condition to cause alarm, we neglect it. And that's where the first big mistake is made. Anemia isn't a condition to be neglected, unless you want to feel pepless and ailing for the rest of your life.

There are two classes of anemia, primary and secondary. Primary anemia signifies that there is something radically wrong with the blood-making mechanism of the body, and it is a very dangerous condition. A common example of this is pernicious anemia, which I shall discuss briefly toward the end of this article.

In the secondary anemias there is nothing radically wrong with the blood-making processes. The indication is that either blood has been lost, as in hemorrhage, or that the red cells are being eaten up in the liver, spleen, and other internal organs by, as some authorities on the subject suspect, certain cannibalistic white cell cousins. But the most common form of secondary anemia, and the one with which we are mostly concerned, has to do with the iron content of the red blood cells, and not the cell itself. In fact, it is possible to have the normal number of good, healthy red cells and to have insufficient hemoglobin.

If the hemoglobin in the red cells is around ninety-five, there is nothing to worry about, especially if the individual is above thirty years of age. But when it gets down to eighty-five, that's a warning. And when it falls to seventy-five—well, that is more than a warning. It is then that we begin to make a thorough search for the cause.

When the iron in the blood is low, you are bound to feel run-down and pepless. Your appetite will possibly be captious and your elimination poor. In short, as the old ladies used to say when I was a lad, you will be "enjoying poor health."

SOME time ago a mother brought her daughter to me—a sickly girl of nineteen, who had been ailing for two or three years. I had only to look at her to see that she was suffering from chlorosis, or "green sickness."

Fifteen or twenty years ago we used to see a great many more cases of this form of anemia than we do today. It comes soon after adolescence, particularly among young girls who work indoors. This girl—let's call her Mary—was listless and had a capricious appetite; she also had peculiar and abnormal cravings. She would eat a dozen sour pickles at a time and she craved chalk and magnesia. (I have heard of young people suffering from this form of anemia who will resort to the eating of clay and ordinary plaster.)

Mary's facial appearance was of that peculiar greenish or lemon tint which gives this disorder its common name of green sickness. She had poor circulation and a heart murmur. She was also nauseated at times and suffered from severe headaches.

Fortunately, Mary came to me in the midsummer, so that there were several months ahead favorable for an outdoor life. Outside of giving her a little iron temporarily, nothing was done for her in the medical way. But by planning her diet so that she ate generously of iron-containing foods, and seeing that she exercised moderately and was outdoors nearly all day long, taking in the air and sunshine, Mary was cured by Thanksgiving.

I am recounting this brief history of Mary so that you can see for yourselves how simple a matter it is to cure secondary anemia if you will only resort to natural methods.

POOR nutrition, failure to eat sufficient iron-containing food, chronic appendicitis, infectious diseases with their associated toxins, and hemorrhage are some of the common causes of anemia. But the commonest cause of all is the lack of sunshine and too much indoor living.

Naturally, I cannot diagnose the cause of *your* anemic condition. That is something for your own physician to do. I can only describe in a general way what my experience with anemia has taught me.

Outdoor life is the sheet anchor when it comes to curing anemia. Except in very cold weather, anemic people would do well to sleep out of doors, or on a modern sleeping porch. And, by the way, don't let anyone tell you that sitting in the sun, behind a window, is going to do you any good, unless the glass in the window is the type that allows the ultra-violet rays of the sun to come through.

Get out and get the real rays. Let them soak into you.

That's all right, you say, but what am I to do in the winter if I live in the city?

It is generally conceded by health departments of big cities that the health-giving ultra-violet rays are filtered out of the atmosphere to a great extent by smoke and fog. This, I admit, is a great handicap.

If you can afford it, I should advise you to resort to exposure to some form of the modern quartz light. If you cannot do this, then get out of doors all you can, and try to make occasional trips to the outskirts of your city—on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, for instance, and go in search of the sun. (*Continued on page 158*)

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How a Great Scholar Brings *up his* Child

A Confession By WILL DURANT

I WISH to write very frankly and intimately about that most ancient and arduous task, the bringing up of children—the transformation of baby animals and savages into ladies and gentlemen, philosophers and citizens. I ask permission to be personal in this essay, and to use the favorite pronoun freely, because the methods and conclusions which I would suggest are the result of a very limited experience, and I should like to present them for just what they are—the adventure of two parents with one child. I admit at the outset that I am intensely interested in these three persons, far beyond anything which a total perspective would allow. Nature fills us with egotism that we may consent to live; who could bear to see himself in the light of eternity?

I am absurdly enthusiastic about my one youngster, and find it difficult to conceive of any child surpassing her in health or intelligence, in rosy cheeks or abounding hair. When I walk with her to school, and after the last crossing bid her good-by, and see with what heavenly *élan* she dances off to join her class, I consider the worries and troubles of this world as trivial; this leaping girl explains all mysteries and heals all tribulation. As I march back to my study a strange parental ecstasy envelops me, and all things seem forgivable—pain and grief and death—in a Nature whose impartial cruelty and tenderness bring out of the most unreasonable suffering a perfect child.

It is clear, then, how prejudiced I am, and how unlikely it is that I shall be able to discuss the problems of parentage with objective calm or universal validity. This must be, not a treatise, but a confession; not a textbook of pedagogy, but an admission of conduct conceivably reprehensible and ridiculous; the things I shall say may merely reveal my own ineptitude. I am as uncertain about these matters as about the most abstruse problems of metaphysics. Nevertheless, deep down in my heart, I believe these ideas of mine to be very philosophical and profound, an *open sesame* to resplendent generations; and I dream, as I look over the top of my page, that others may find in these confessions some little light for their own homes and their own parental love.

I think that from the beginning we looked upon Ethel as a creature composed of body and soul. The body was born first, and the soul was born whe Ethel smiled. From that moment w realized that all this pink flesh, the dimpled arms and legs, these blu eyes, red lips, and yellow curls, we but the machinery and instrumen of an intangible Life that would soo begin to love and hate, to desire an dream, to wonder and grow. Som how that Life would be dependen upon this body; it would be a bright flame, we thought, if the body th expressed it should be made sour and strong. We resolved that t Ethel reached ten we would hold h flesh and blood as our supreme car relying on Nature to bring forth fro the perfect body the first flowers kindliness and intelligence. We su pected that behind most misconduc or slow wits some physical ailme lay; and instead of psychoanalyzin Ethel, or preaching morals to her, offered her fresh air and wholeson food.

Show me your Children and I will tell you what you are

"EXAMPLE is so powerful that if it is good, nothing else is necessary," says Dr. Durant. "The best home and the best school, other things equal, are those which govern least. It is remarkable how well-behaved a child can be without punishments and without commands. Where the libertarian method fails it is most often because we parents ourselves violate the rules we would have our children obey. We counsel temperance, and eat and drink to excess; we teach amiability, and quarrel publicly; we ask for gentleness loudly, and we rudely command courtesy; we advise modesty, and pose as infallible gods. But children learn by what they see us do, not by what we tell them. If they misbehave, we owe them an apology; it is very likely that they are imitating our past performances."

IN THE first three months we we guilty of a grave blunder, for we a lowed our child to be used as a lab ratory for a newfangled form of de sicated milk. It is a crime which ma years of parental solicitude cann quite clear from our memories. U deserved luck covered up our m take. Despite wrong food, Et bloomed and expanded marvelous and when we discovered the error our ways, we could only attrib this good fortune to the air wh she had breathed in that first quar of a year—the air of a quiet villag the hills, where just to breathe was be made whole. Ever since, it has b Rule No. 1 with us that air co first, even before that astound miracle, omnipotent milk. Ev night, whatever the season may open windows call in the wind to t the cheeks of Ethel Benvenuta called her Welcome) into roses flame.

Many a bribe of tender words plump arms about the neck has offered us for permission to "stay beyond the year's decreed reti time. But here we have been qu and inconspicuously resolute; would not condescend even to di so absurd a proposal, and we Ethel up to bed every evening a usual early hour. Now, thoug is a great lady of almost ten y she still disappears regularly at fifteen, wishes us "tight sleep pleasant (*Continued on pag*

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Photograph by Doris Ulmann

Will Durant and his daughter Ethel

"The secret of parentage is the ability to be young again," says Dr. Durant; "to throw off all dignity and degrees and play on an honest equality with the child." Which is one principle followed by this great scholar in rearing his daughter. Dr. Durant is author of "The Story of Philosophy," "Transition," and "The Mansions of Philosophy." Besides being a writer, he is a teacher and lecturer of note.

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Photograph by Vandamm, N. Y. C

When The American Magazine asked Katharine Cornell, one of our most distinguished young actresses, to put on her newest gown and pose for a photographer, she solemnly assured us that she "hadn't a thing to wear." And forthwith Miss Cornell went shopping while the photographer impatiently twiddled his thumbs. As you will gather from the article beginning on the opposite page, nobody can foretell who or what will start a fashion, but it is generally conceded that if a designer can persuade a popular actress to appear in his creations, the eternal gamble is decidedly in his favor. Katharine Cornell has been starring recently in "The Age of Innocence," a dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's novel of that name.

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The Greatest Guessing Game in the World

By
EDWARD F. ROBERTS

Editor of the
"Dry Goods Economist"

WHERE do fashions originate, and why? Who is the goddess who gets such abject devotion alike from queen and slavey, from Mrs. Van der Billions of Park Avenue and Mrs. Smith of Four Corners? Where is her temple and through what priests or priestesses does she issue her decrees?

To all of which questions the answer is: Nobody knows. Fashion is the name of the greatest guessing game on earth—a perennial gamble in which bigger fortunes are won and lost than over the green baize tables of Monte Carlo.

Of course, there are players with systems in which they ardently believe, just as each year optimists start for Monte Carlo with infallible schemes for breaking the bank. There are also events which inevitably will prove to be the parents of new fashions, but as the events are unpredictable, so are their offspring.

The discovery of the mummy of an ancient Pharaoh whose idea of style was a futuristic nightgown and a doormat beard, a World War or a child-sized war, transatlantic flyers, the fact that green particularly suited a famous demimondaine, such are a few of the causes—revealed after the effect was noted—which have brought us from bustles and hoops to knee skirts and bobbed hair, from curves to straight lines.

Fashions, of course, mean a variety of things. They mean those minute changes in line, in decoration, and in detail which are so important to the expert and so invisible to the mere man who knows only that styles have changed but bills have not. Fashions also mean those radical departures from the past which have sent dresses creeping up from ankle to knee, where, let us hope, they will halt; which have sent petticoats and whalebone corsets to in crinolines and transformations; and which, incidentally, have destroyed great industries and erected new ones in their places.

Who cut off Miladi's dress so that her legs are no longer a question of pleasing speculation, but of geometric calculation?

What made her throw away her garters and "roll her own"?

Why has she discarded the big, shady hat that helped to create the illusion of that schoolgirl complexion and, instead, imprisoned her shorn locks in an inverted saucepan?

Why does she wear a straight-line dress in her apparent efforts to look as much like Brother Bill as possible?

Why is it she "just simply must have" a new dress of peacock blue, when a few weeks ago she was happy in the purchase of a beige one?

© LUCIEN LELONG

The Paris Salon of Lucien Lelong, birthplace of many fashionable creations. The designers never know what the verdict of the buyers and the public will be

© LUCIEN LELONG

We can answer some of these questions now, but no seventh son of a seventh son could have predicted the changes before they occurred. Who could have foreseen that the murder of an Austrian archduke in a town, the name of which not one woman in a million had ever heard, would cut a foot or so off the dress of all the women in Christendom, wreck the ancient petticoat business, plunge the great textile industries into despair, and give the young men of twenty nations a knowledge of female anatomy which was, perhaps mercifully, withheld from their fathers until they were safely anchored in matrimony?

If you, like the writer, are unfortunate enough to have your courting days as far behind you as the dim, pre-war era and want to realize how great the change is, just dig up one of those snapshots you must have taken in the good old summertime of 1912 or thereabouts. In spite of derby and pegtop pants, you will have no trouble in recognizing

(*Continued on page 151*)

© KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PARIS

At the Grand Prix de Paris, internationally famous races, where Dame Fashion is queen

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The BISHOP Murder Case

S. S. VAN DINE'S NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

Illustrated by H. M. STOOPS

LAST INSTALLMENT

XXII—THE HOUSE OF CARDS

(Sunday, April 17th; 9 a. m.)

THE astounding news of Pardee's death had a curiously disturbing effect on Vance. He stared at Markham unbelievingly. Then he rang hastily for Currie and ordered his clothes and a cup of coffee. There was an eager impatience in his movements as he dressed.

"My word, Markham!" he exclaimed. "This is most extr'ordin'ry. . . . How did you hear of it?"

"Professor Dillard 'phoned me at my apartment less than half an hour ago. Pardee killed himself in the archery-room of the Dillard home sometime last night. Pyne discovered the body this morning, and informed the Professor. I relayed the news to Sergeant Heath, and then came here. In the circumstances, I thought we ought to be on hand." Markham paused to light his cigar. "It looks as if the Bishop case was over. . . . Not an entirely satisfactory ending, but perhaps the best for everyone concerned."

Vance made no immediate comment. He sipped his coffee abstractedly, and at length got up and took his hat and stick.

"Suicide . . ." he murmured, as we went down the stairs. "Yes, that would be wholly consistent. But, as you say, unsatisfact'ry—dashed unsatisfact'ry. . . ."

We rode to the Dillard house, and were admitted by Pyne.

Professor Dillard had no more than joined us in the drawing-room when the doorbell rang, and Heath, pugnacious and dynamic, bustled in.

"This'll clean things up, sir," he exulted to Markham, after the usual ritualistic handshake. "Those quiet birds . . . you never can tell. Yet, who'd've thought . . . ?"

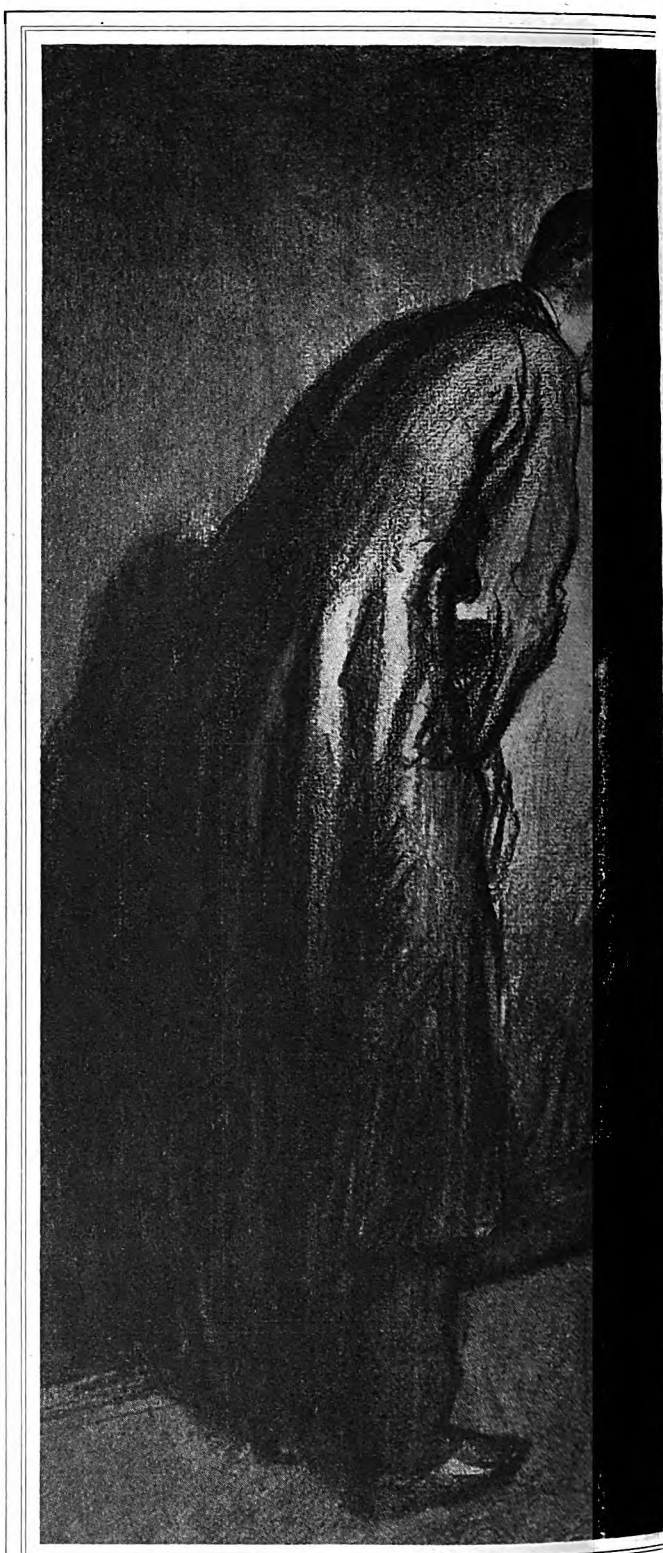
"Oh, I say, Sergeant," Vance drawled; "let's not think. Much too wearin'. An open mind—arid like a desert—is indicated."

Professor Dillard led the way to the archery-room. The shades at all the windows were drawn, and the electric lights were still burning. I noticed, too, that the windows were closed.

"I left everything exactly as it was," said the Professor.

Markham walked to the large wicker center-table. Pardee's body was slumped in a chair facing the range door. His head and shoulders had fallen forward over the table; and his rig arm hung at his side, the fingers still clutching an automat pistol. There was an ugly wound in his right temple; and the table beneath his head was a pool of coagulated bloo

Our eyes rested but a moment on the body, for a startli and incongruous thing diverted our attention. The magazin on the table had been pushed aside, leaving an open space front of the body; and in this cleared area rose a tall and beau fully constructed house of playing cards. Four arrows mark the boundaries of the yard, and matches had been laid side side to represent the garden walks. It was a reproduction t would have delighted a child's heart; and I recalled what Va had said about serious minds seeking recreation in childre games. There was something unutterably horrible in



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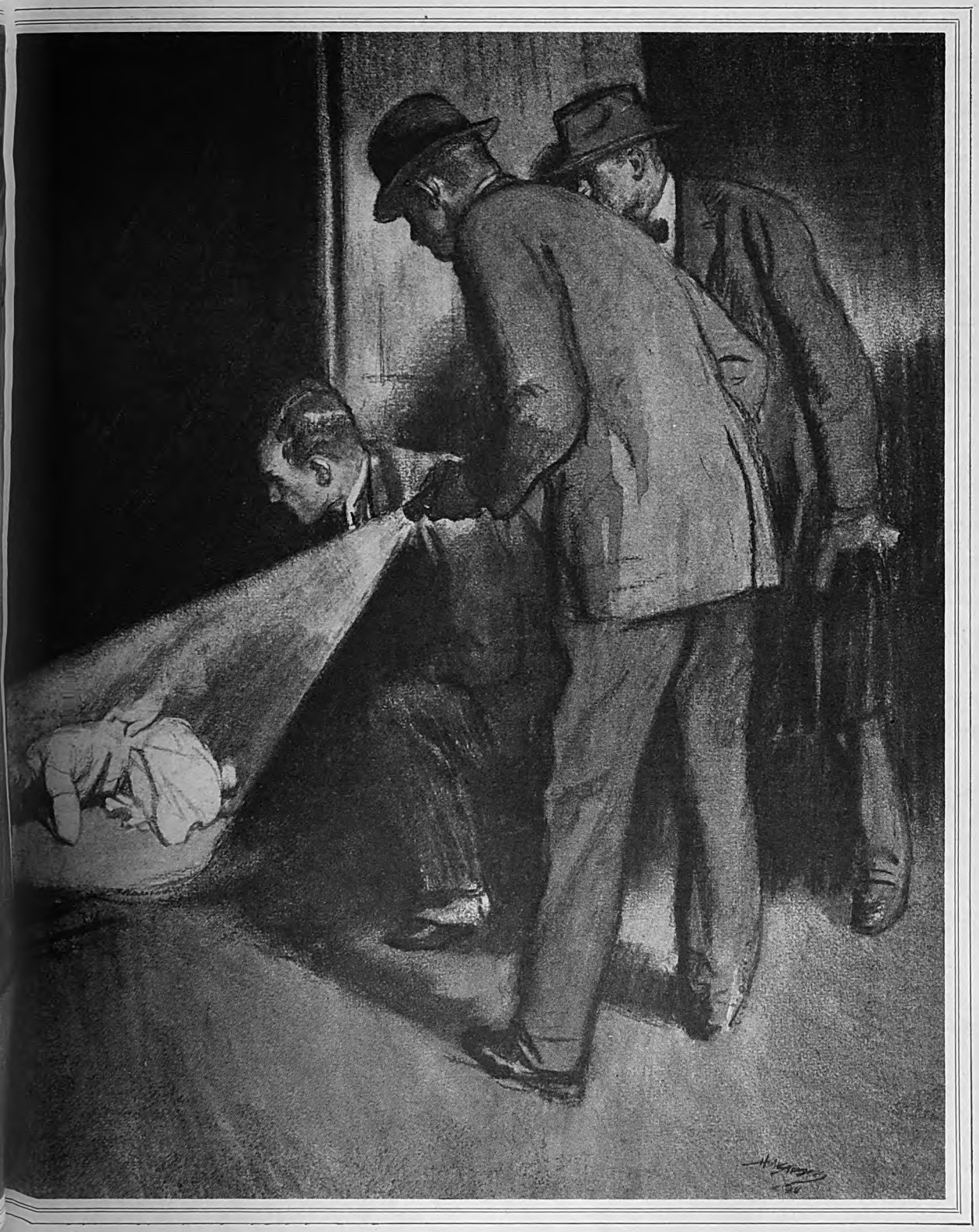

On the floor, in a limp, silent heap, lay the little girl

ctaposition of this juvenile card structure and violent death. Vance stood looking down at the scene with sad, troubled es.

"*Hic jacet* John Pardee," he murmured, with a sort of verence. "And this is the house that Jack built . . . a house cards. . . ."

He stepped forward as if to inspect it more closely; but as his dy struck the edge of the table there was a slight jar, and the nsy edifice of cards toppled over.

Markham drew himself up and turned to Heath.

"Have you notified the Medical Examiner?"

"Sure." The Sergeant seemed to find it difficult to take his s from the table. "And Burke's coming along, in case we d him." He went to the windows and threw up the shades, letting in the bright daylight. Then he returned to Pardee's body and stood regarding it appraisingly. Suddenly he knelt down and leaned over.

"That looks to me like the .38 that was in the tool chest," he remarked.

"Undoubtedly," nodded Vance, taking out his cigarette-case.

Heath rose and, going to the chest, inspected the contents of its drawer.

"I guess that's it, all right. We'll get Miss Dillard to identify it after the doc has been here."

At this moment Arnesson, clothed in a brilliant red-and-yellow dressing gown, burst excitedly into the room.

"By all the witches!" he exclaimed. "Pyne just told me the news." He came to the table and stared at Pardee's body.

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"Suicide, eh? . . . But why didn't he choose his own home for the performance? Damned inconsiderate of him to muss up someone else's house this way. Just like a chess-player." He lifted his eyes to Markham. "Hope this won't involve us in more unpleasantness. We've had enough notoriety. Distracts the mind. When'll you be able to take the beggar's remains away? Don't want Belle to see him."

"The body will be removed as soon as the Medical Examiner has seen it," Markham told him, in a tone of frosty rebuke. "And there will be no necessity to bring Miss Dillard here."

"Good." Arnesson still stood staring at the dead man. Slowly a look of cynical wistfulness came over his face. "Poor devil! Life was too much for him. Hypersensitive—no psychic stamina. Took things too seriously. Brooded over his fate ever since his gambit went up in smoke. Couldn't find any other diversion. The black bishop haunted him, probably tipped his mind from its axis. By gad! Wouldn't be surprised if the idea drove him to self-destruction. Might have imagined he was a chess bishop—trying to get back at the world in the guise of his nemesis."

"Clever idea," returned Vance. "By the bye, there was a house of cards on the table when we first saw the body."

"Ha! I wondered what the cards were doing there. Thought he might have sought solace in solitaire during his last moments. . . . A card house, eh? Sounds foolish. Do you know the answer?"

"Not all of it. 'The house that Jack built' might explain something."

"I see." Arnesson looked owlish. "Playing children's games to the end—even on himself. Queer notion." He yawned cavernously. "Guess I'll get some clothes on." And he went upstairs.

PROFESSOR DILLARD had stood watching Arnesson with a look at once distressed and paternal. Now he turned to Markham with a gesture of annoyance.

"Sigurd's always protecting himself against his emotions. He's ashamed of his feelings. Don't take his callous attitude too seriously."

Before Markham could make a reply, Pyne ushered Detective Burke into the room; and Vance took the opportunity of questioning the butler about his discovery of Pardee.

"How did it happen you entered the archery-room this morning?" he asked.

"It was a bit close in the pantry, sir," the man returned, "and I opened the door at the foot of the stairs to get a little more air. Then I noticed that the shades were down—"

"It's not custom'ry to draw the shades at night, then?"

"No, sir—not in this room."

"How about the windows?"

"I always leave them slightly open from the top at night."

"Were they left open last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good.—And after you opened the door this morning?"

"I started to put out the lights, thinking Miss Dillard had forgotten to turn the switch last night; but just then I saw the poor gentleman there at the table, and went straight up and informed Professor Dillard."

"Does Beedle know about the tragedy?"

"I told her of it right after you gentlemen arrived."

"What time did you and Beedle retire last night?"

"At ten o'clock, sir."

When Pyne had left us Markham addressed Professor Dillard.

"It might be well for you to give us what details you can while we're waiting for Doctor Doremus.—Shall we go upstairs?"

BURKE remained in the archery-room, and the rest of us went to the library.

"I'm afraid there's little I can tell you," the Professor began, settling himself and taking out his pipe. There was a noticeable reserve in his manner—a kind of detached reluctance. "Pardee came here last night after dinner, ostensibly to chat with Arnesson, but actually, I imagine, to see Belle. Belle, however, excused herself early and went to bed—the child had a bad headache—and Pardee remained until about half past eleven. Then he went out; and that was the last I saw of him until Pyne brought me the terrible news this morning. . . ."

"But if," put in Vance, "Mr. Pardee came to see your niece, how do you account for his staying so late after she had retired?"

"I don't account for it." The old man exhibited perplexity. "He gave the impression, though, that there was something on his mind and that he desired a sense of human contact. The fact is, I had to hint rather broadly about being tired before he finally got up to go."

"Where was Mr. Arnesson during the evening?"

"Sigurd remained here talking with us for an hour or so after Belle had retired, and then went to bed. He'd been busy with Drukker's affairs all afternoon, and was played out."

"What time would that have been?"

"About half past ten."

"And you say," continued Vance, "that Mr. Pardee impressed you as being under a mental strain?"

"Not a strain exactly." The Professor drew on his pipe, frowning. "He appeared depressed, almost melancholy."

"Did it strike you that he was in fear of something?"

"No; not in the least. He was more like a man who had suffered a great sorrow and couldn't shake off the effects of it."

"When he went out did you go with him into the hall—that is, did you note which direction he took?"

"No. We alway treated Pardee very in formally here. He sai good-night and left th room. I took it fo granted he went to th front door and let him self out."

"Did you go to you own room at once?"

"In about ten min utes. I stayed up onl long enough to arrang some papers I'd bee working on."

Vance lapsed int silence—he was ol viously puzzled ov some phase of the ep sode; and Markham too up the interrogation.

"I suppose," he sai "that it is useless to a if you heard any sou last night that mig have been a shot."

"Everything in t house was quiet," Pr fessor Dillard replie "And, anyway, no sou of a shot would car from the archery-roo to this floor. There a two flights of stairs, t entire length of the low hall and a passagew and three heavy do between. Moreover, t walls of this old ho are very thick and soli

"And no one," si plemented Vance, "co

With the child clasped closely to his breast, he started diagonally across Seventy-sixth Street

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"Hope this won't involve us in more unpleasantness," exclaimed Arnesson. "We've had enough notoriety"

ave heard the shot from the street, for the archery-room windows were carefully closed."

The Professor nodded, and gave him a searching look.

"That is true. I see you, too, noticed that peculiar circumstance. I don't quite understand why Pardee should have shut the windows."

"The idiosyncrasies of suicides have never been satisfactorily explained," returned Vance casually. Then, after a short pause, he asked: "What were you and Mr. Pardee talking about during the hour preceding his departure?"

"We talked very little. I was more or less engaged with a new paper of Millikan's in the Physics Review on alkali doublets, and I tried to interest him in it; but his mind, as I've said, was noticeably preoccupied, and he amused himself at the chessboard for the best part of the hour."

"Ah! Did he, now? That's most interestin'."

Vance glanced at the board. A number of pieces were still standing on the squares; and he rose quickly and crossed the room to the little table. After a moment he came back and resumed himself.

"Most curious," he murmured, and deliberately lighted a cigarette. "He was evidently pondering over the end of his game with Rubinstein just before he went downstairs last night. The pieces are set up exactly as they were at the time he resigned the contest—with the inevitable black-bishop-mate only three moves off."

Professor Dillard's gaze moved to the chess table wonderingly.

"The black bishop," he repeated in a low tone. "Could that have been what was preying on his mind last night? It seems incredible that so trivial a thing could affect him so disastrously."

"Don't forget, sir," Vance reminded him, "that the black bishop was the symbol of his failure. It represented the wreckage of his hopes. Less potent factors have driven men to take their own lives."

A FEW minutes later Burke informed us that the Medical Examiner had arrived. Taking leave of the Professor, we descended again to the archery-room, where Doctor Doremus was busy with his examination of Pardee's body.

He looked up as we entered and waved one hand perfunctorily. His usual jovial manner was gone.

"When's this business going to stop?" he grumbled. "I don't like the atmosphere round here. Murders—death from shock—suicides. Enough to give anyone the creeps. I'm going to get a nice uneventful job in a slaughter-house."

"We believe," said Markham, "that this is the end."

Doremus blinked. "So! That's it, is it?—the Bishop suicides after running the town ragged. Sounds reasonable. Hope you're right." He again bent over the body and, unflexing the fingers, tossed the revolver to the table.

"For your armory, Sergeant."

Heath dropped the weapon into his pocket.

"How long's he been dead, Doc?"

"Oh, since midnight, or thereabouts. Maybe earlier, maybe later.—Any other fool questions?"

Heath grinned. "Is there any doubt about it being suicide?"

Doremus glared passionately at the Sergeant.

"What does it look like? A black-hand bombing?" Then he became professional: "The weapon was in his hand. Powder marks on the temple. Hole the right size for the gun, and in the right place. Position of the body natural. Can't see anything suspicious.—Why? Got any doubts?"

It was Markham who answered:

"To the contrary, Doctor. Everything from our angle of the case points to suicide."

"It's suicide all right, then. I'll check up a little further, though.—Here, Sergeant, give me a hand."

WHEN Heath had helped to lift Pardee's body to the divan for a more detailed examination, we went to the drawing-room, where we were joined shortly by Arnesson.

"What's the verdict?" he asked, dropping into the nearest chair. "I suppose there's no question that the chap committed the act himself."

"Why should you raise the point, Mr. Arnesson?" Vance parried.

"No reason. An idle comment. Lots of queer things going on hereabouts."

"Oh, obviously." Vance blew a wreath of smoke upward. "No; the Medical Examiner seems to think there's no doubt in the matter. Did Pardee, by the bye, impress you as bent on self-destruction last night?"

Arnesson considered. "Hard to say," he concluded. "He was never a gay soul. But suicide? . . . I don't know. However, you say there's no question about it; so there you are."

"Quite, quite. And how does this new situation fit into your formula?"

"Dissipates the whole equation, of course. No more need

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for speculation." Despite his words, he appeared uncertain. "What I can't understand," he added, "is why he should choose the archery-room. Lot of space in his own house for a *felo-de-se*."

"There was a convenient gun in the archery-room," suggested Vance. "And that reminds me: Sergeant Heath would like to have Miss Dillard identify the weapon, as a matter of form."

"That's easy. Where is it?"

Heath handed it to him, and he started from the room.

"Also"—Vance halted him—"you might ask Miss Dillard if she kept playing cards in the archery-room."

Arnesson returned in a few minutes and informed us that the gun was the one which had been in the tool-chest drawer, and that not only were playing cards kept in the table drawer of the archery-room but that Pardee knew of their presence there.

Doctor Doremus appeared soon afterward and iterated his conclusion that Pardee had shot himself.

"That'll be my report," he said. "Can't see any way out of it. To be sure, lots of suicides are fakes—but that's *your* province. Nothing in the least suspicious here."

Markham nodded with undisguised satisfaction.

"We've no reason to question your findings, Doctor. In fact, suicide fits perfectly with what we already know. It brings this whole Bishop orgy to a logical conclusion." He got up like a man from whose shoulders a great burden had been lifted. "Sergeant, I'll leave you to arrange for the removal of the body for the autopsy; but you'd better drop in at the Stuyvesant Club later. Thank Heaven, today is Sunday! It gives us time to turn round."

THAT night at the club Vance and Markham and I sat alone in the lounge-room. Heath had come and gone, and a careful statement had been drawn up for the press announcing Pardee's suicide and intimating that the Bishop case was thereby closed. Vance had said little all day. He had refused to offer any suggestion as to the wording of the official statement, and had appeared reluctant even to discuss the new phase of the case. But now he gave voice to the doubts that had evidently been occupying his mind.

"It's too easy, Markham—much too easy. There's an aroma of speciousness about it. It's perfectly logical, d' ye see, but it's not satisfyin'. I can't exactly picture our Bishop terminating his debauch of humor in any such banal fashion. There's nothing witty in blowin' one's brains out—it's rather commonplace, don't y' know. Shows a woeful lack of originality. It's not worthy of the artificer of the Mother-Goose murders."

Markham was disgruntled.

"You yourself explained how the crimes accorded with the psychological possibilities of Pardee's mentality; and to me it appears highly reasonable that, having perpetrated his gruesome jokes and come to the end of his rope, he should have done away with himself."

"You're probably right," sighed Vance. "I haven't any coruscatin' arguments to combat you with. Only, I'm disappointed. I don't like anti-climaxes, especially when they don't jibe with my idea of the dramatist's talent. Pardee's death at this moment is too deuced neat—it clears things up too tidily. There's too much utility in it, and too little imagination."

Markham felt that he could afford to be tolerant.

"Perhaps his imagination was exhausted on the murders. His suicide might be regarded merely as a lowering of the curtain when the play was over. In any event, it was by no means an incredible act. Defeat and disappointment and discouragement—a thwarting of all one's ambitions—have constituted cause for suicide since time immemorial."

"Exactly. We have a reasonable motive, or explanation, for his suicide, but no motive for the murders."

"Pardee was in love with Belle Dillard," argued Markham, "and he probably knew that Robin was a suitor for her hand. Also, he was intensely jealous of Drukker."

"And Sprigg's murder?"

"We have no data on that point."

Vance shook his head.

"We can't separate the crimes as to motive. They all sprang from one underlying impulse; they were actuated by a single urgent passion."

Markham sighed impatiently.

"Even if Pardee's suicide is unrelated to the murders, we're at a dead end, figuratively and literally."

"Yes, yes. A dead end. Very distressin'. Consolin' for the police, though. It lets them out—for a while, anyway. But don't misinterpret my vagaries. Pardee's death is unquestionably related to the murders. Rather intimate relationship too, I'd say."

Markham took his cigar slowly from his mouth and scrutinized Vance for several moments.

"Is there any doubt in your mind," he asked, "that Pardee committed suicide?"

Vance hesitated before answering.

"I could bear to know," he drawled, "why that house of cards collapsed so readily when I deliberately leaned against the table—"

"Yes?"

"—and why it didn't topple over when Pardee's head and shoulders fell forward on the table after he'd shot himself."

"Nothing to that," said Markham. "The first jar may have loosened the cards—" Suddenly his eyes narrowed. "Are you implying that the card house was built *after* Pardee was dead?"

"Oh, my dear fellow! I'm not indulgin' in implications. I'm merely givin' tongue to my youthful curiosity, don't y' know."

XXIII

A STARTLING DISCOVERY

(*Monday, April 25th; 8:30 p. m.*)

EIGHT days went by. The Drukker funeral was held in th little house on Seventy-sixth Street, attended only by th Dillards and Arnesson and a few men from the universit who came to pay a last tribute of respect to a scientist for whos work they had a very genuine admiration.

Vance and I were at the house on the morning of the funer when a little girl brought a small cluster of spring flowers sh had picked herself, and asked Arnesson to give them to Drukke I almost expected a cynical response from him, and was su prised when he took the flowers gravely, and said in a tone a most tender:

"I'll give them to him at once, Madeleine. And Humpt Dumpty thanks you for remembering him." When the chi had been led away by her governess, he turned to us. "She w Drukker's favorite. . . . Fun fellow. Never went to t theatre. Detested travel. H only recreation was enterta ing youngsters."

I mention this episode cause, in spite of its seem unimportance, it was to pro one of the most vital links the chain of evidence t eventually cleared up, beyo all question of doubt, the pr lem of the Bishop murders.

The death of Pardee created a situation alm unique in the annals of mod crime. The statement gi out by the District Attorn office had only intimated t there was a possibility of P dee's being guilty of the m ders. Whatever Markham m have personally believed, was far too honorable and to cast any direct doubt another's character with overwhelming proofs. But wave (*Continued on page*

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The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

Make Travel Trails and Win Vacation Money

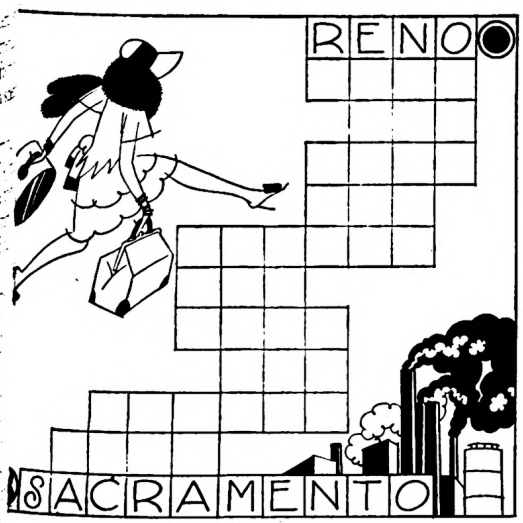
GET comfortable for the evening and go to places, or, if you are on a train or boat, see how much faster you can go via the "Travel Trail."

How to Follow a "Travel Trail"

Each word must have the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must carry down vertically at least three (more where possible) consecutive letters from the word above, as illustrated by this sample voyage solved:

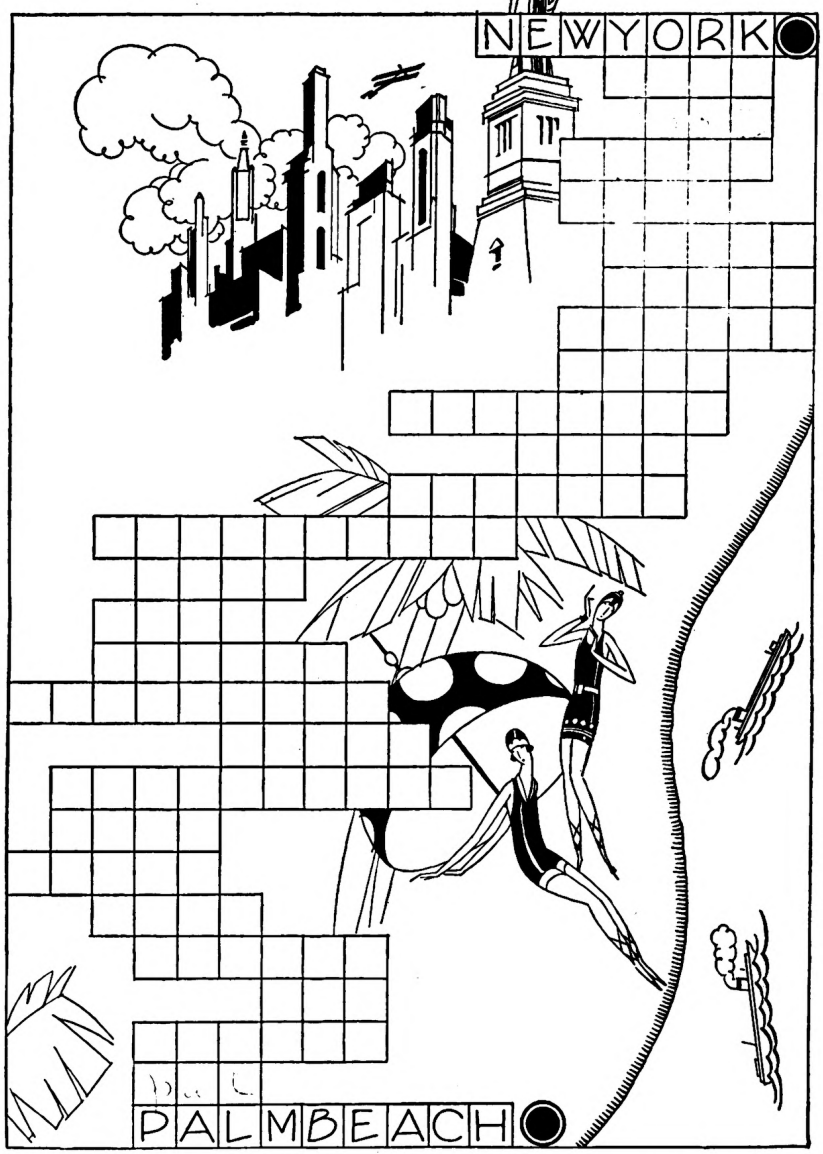
CANTON	TONNAGE carries down *TON* from CANTON.
TONNAGE	UMBRAGE carries down *AGE* from TONNAGE.
UMBRAGE	COLUMBUS, the destination, carries down *UMB* from UMBRAGE.
COLUMBUS	

The clue sentence beneath or beside each trail shown on this page contains some of the words for the solution of the trail. Use as many words of the clue sentence as possible. Otherwise, use any word from a standard dictionary. Proper names are not allowed unless included in the clue sentence. The solution of these trails will be published in next month's issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

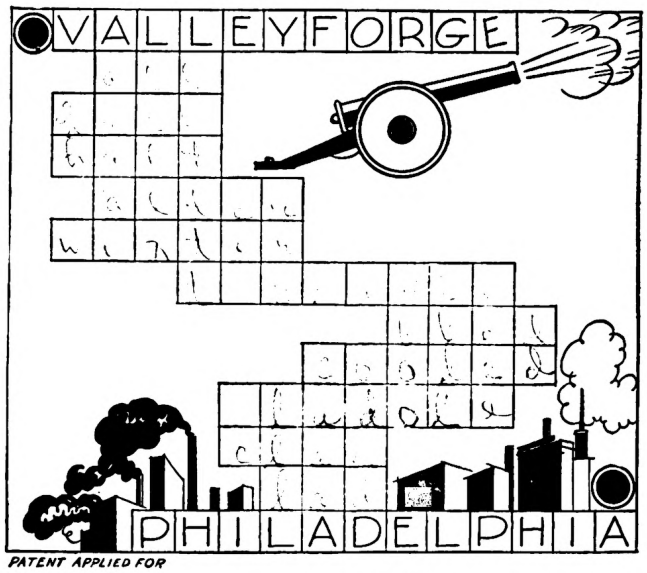


Reno to Sacramento: *"The fat man's romance came to an end"*

Prizes THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every "Travel Trail" accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. "Travel Trails," to be eligible for the contest, must not be shorter than seven words nor longer than twenty-five, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home town of the contestant as its starting point or destination. Send your contribution to "Travel Trails," Editor, American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.



New York to Palm Beach: *"In the land of shore umbrellas and everglades, in a wheelchair she enjoyed the winter sunshine, and the breeze in an airship"*



(Right) Valley Forge to Philadelphia: *"When the feet of his poorly clad soldiers bled, Washington called a halt until the terrible winter was over."*

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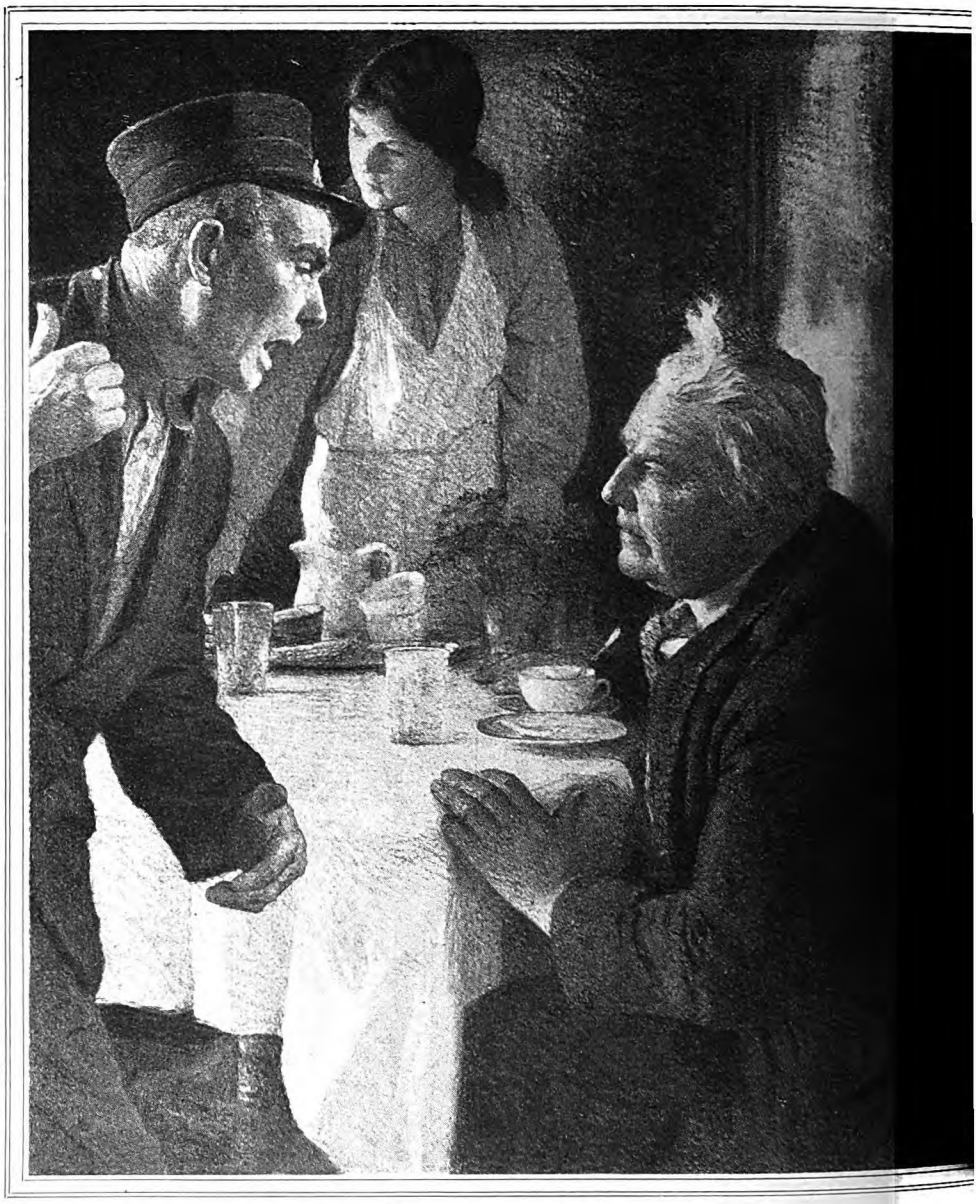
A confidence man tries his game on the "mossbacks"



"Every Silver Its Cloud

By CLARENCE BU

THE newcomer in Coldriver was by no means what the inhabitants would describe as *slick*. As a matter of fact, he presented a rough, sunburned, hard-bitten personality for their inspection; and his clothes were made by no tailor of note.

He was a chunky person with gray eyes and a big mouth and knobby hands, and he wore laced boots and corduroy pants. Sometimes he omitted the rite of shaving for days at a time, and then he was a hard-looking son of toil indeed. His name was Hank Beemis, and he seemed to know why he was stopping in Coldriver as little as did anybody else. He "kind of took a shine to the place" while he was passing through—that was his explanation; and it was as good as any.

He had been born in the state, he added, and when he caught a breathing spell he ran up to rest and breathe the atmosphere of his childhood. One gathered he had been breathing a different sort of air all his life, many different sorts of air—though he talked very little about it. Indeed, Hank was reticent, though now and then he dropped some slight word which informed the watchful that he was acquainted with Singapore and Assouan and Chihuahua and Rhodesia and the Gobi Desert. All of which made him an interesting personage.

He lived at the hotel, and spent his time sitting on the piazza or tramping alone about the hills smoking a caked corncob pipe. His manner was genial, but not expansive. He responded to advances cordially, but made none himself; and there you were. You might take him or leave him. On the whole, he seemed a substantial citizen who was a better listener than talker, and one who had no fish to fry.

"I hate to get back to the heat," he said one night to Lafe Atwell, of the clothing store. "Seems like nothing is so pleasant as a cool place."

"Goin' back to one of them furrin countries?" Lafe asked, with that everlasting curiosity which was natural to him.

"Uh-huh," said Hank. "Mexico."

"Shootin' and killin' goin' on there, hain't the'?" Lafe inquired.

"Not so much so as a while back," Hank said nonchalantly. He waggled his head. "That Zapata now, he was a hard citizen."

"Ever see him?"

Hank grinned amiably. "I've seen most of them," he said, "more'n I wanted to."

"Kind of an engineer or suthin', wa'n't you?"

"Minin'," said Hank.

That ended his disclosures for that and to that person. But on another ning, in casual conversation with Kittleman—a rainy day when the threatened high water—he spoke on subject briefly.

"Me'n too much water ain't friends," he said.

"For drinkin' purposes?"

"No, minin'."

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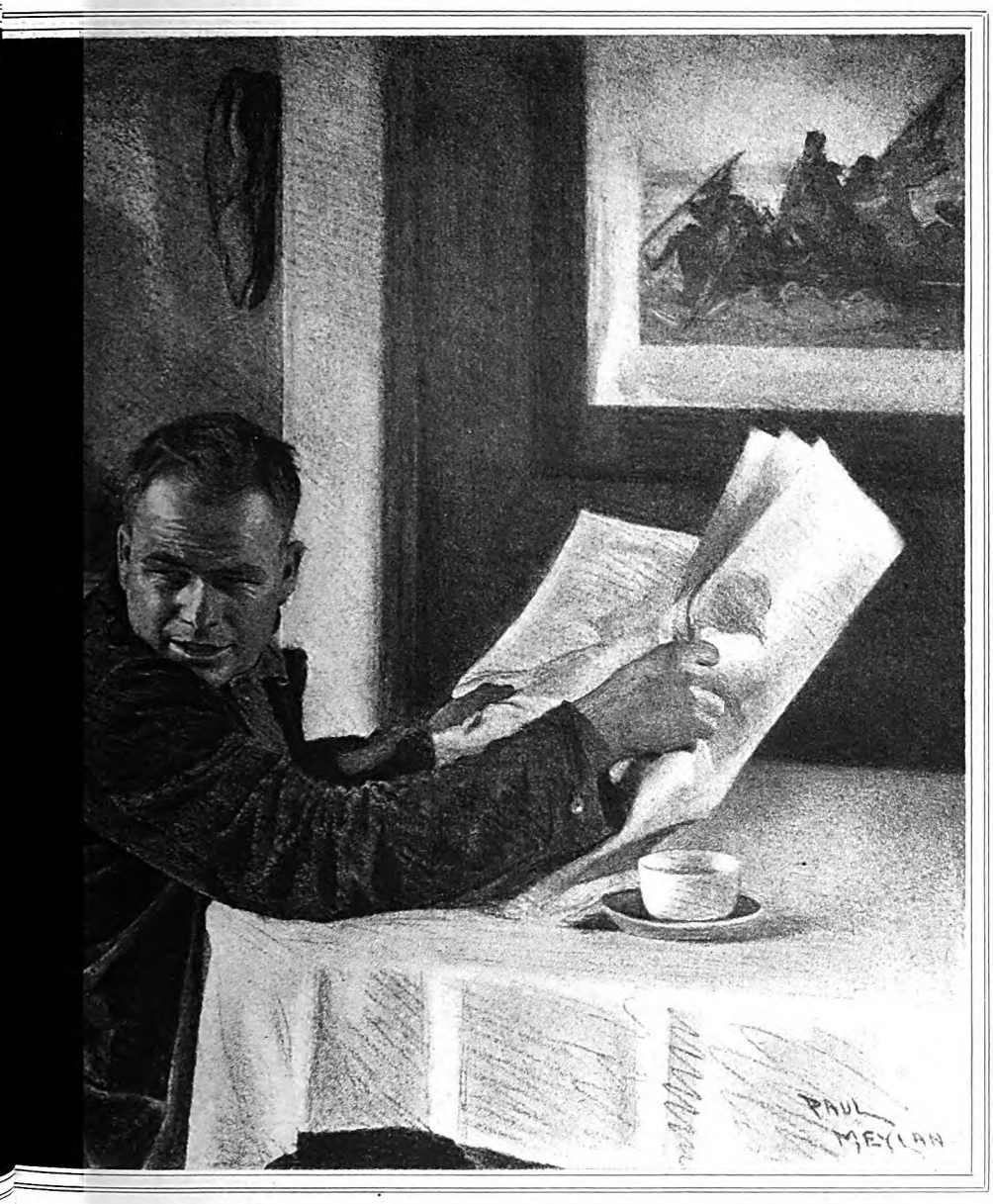

"He come up on the train tonight," Pliny said. "I calc'lated you'd ought to know right off"

Illustrated by
PAUL MEYLAN

Mine *Has Got* Linin'—"

GTON KELLAND

ow minin'?" asked Sam after a barren ot flooded out. Zapata. Silver ew tell," said Sam with eager inter-

unnin' a mine, I was, down Chihua-way. Zapata rampagin' around, and borrowin'. Upshot was, he d the works, stole all the copper drove off the crew that he didn't shoot up, and let her flood." He broke off.

"Must 'a' been discouragin'," Sam ventured.

"For the owners," Hank nodded. "Settled their hash. Me, I didn't mind so much. Jobs is plentiful."

It was another day, when he sat on the lawn in front of the post office with Wade Lumley, that he idly jingled in his hand some pieces of money, among which gleamed two gold pieces.

"Funny," he said reflectively, "how gold and silver hangs out together sometimes. Worked in a mine in Mexico once where we got out enough gold, extry-like, to pay runnin' expenses."

"What kind of a mine?"

"Silver."

"And the' was gold mixed in? Must 'a' been rich."

"Was, till Zapata got through with it."

"Steal out the mineral?"

HANK laughed. "Not him. Ore's there yet, tons of it. Zapata let her flood." He leaned back on his elbow. "Good proposition, too. We was gittin' our silver and shippin' it for fifty cents an ounce, and just extry we took out enough gold to pay for that. Kind of made the silver cost nothin' a-tall."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Wade.

"Paid the owners eight hundred thousand one year."

"Jiminy!" Wade said admiringly.

"E-yah! . . . But she's full up with water now."

"Ruin it?"

"Some thinks so. Much obliged to 'em."

"How so?"

"I bought her cheap," Hank said, and there the matter ended, for no more was to be got out of him on that subject.

These conversations, passed around, became common property and, bit by bit, a story was pieced together. Lafe Atwell was able to add to it presently, the subject coming up naturally upon the mention of a railroad tunnel then building down-state.

"Tunnelin' ain't such a chore," said Hank. "I figger on runnin' about two hundred yards when I git to it."

"Railroad?"

"Naw—drainage. Clean out the water from a mine with it."

"That silver mine you was speakin' about?"

"Same one. E-yah. I own her. Figgered this scheme, and bought her for about a cent on the dollar of what she was worth."

"You own it?"

"Uh-huh," said Hank, without visible interest. "When I git through restin' up, I'm goin' down there and git to work again. Country's quiet now, and a feller can go at it without havin' his hat shot off."

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"How'll you do it?"

"Run a tunnel through to the lower workin's, and let her drain."

"But didn't them other owners think of that?"

"New York folks," said Hank, as if that were adequate explanation. He chuckled. "I bought her for fifty thousand. They thought I was crazy. . . . W-al, mebbe I be."

"Hain't diggin' a tunnel awful costly?"

"Kind of," said Hank. "But I can lay hands onto the money any time. Figgerin' cost of everythin', we'll git that mine for along about a twentieth of what it's wuth. Fust year'll more'n pay for it all."

"Dog-gone!" said Lafe.

"I figger on takin' out a hundred dollars for every one I put in," Hank said. "That's the least. I kin swear to that much."

"Dad burn it!" Lafe said, afire with admiration.

Hank became interested in a cloud shadow moving along the mountainside, and his mind could not be transported again to Mexico, nor made to interest itself in silver mines or tunnels or millions.

IT WAS that night that Lafe stopped, on his way home, to pass the time of day with Scattergood Baines. The old hardware merchant sat in his specially reinforced armchair before the door of his store, amiably waiting for trade to develop, or, if none came of itself, to develop it.

"Evenin', Scattergood," said Lafe.

"How be ye?" Scattergood rejoined. "Clothin' business good? Folks gittin' equipped with Sunday pants?"

"Middlin'. Can't complain. Gittin' my share. . . . Know anythin' about silver, Scattergood?"

"They make dollars of it," said Mr. Baines, "which some folks saves and some folks spends."

"I mean minin'," said Lafe.

"Never give it no consideration. Got any special reason for askin'?"

"Know Hank Beemis?"

"Dark-complected feller with laced boots?"

"That's him. He's a minin' engineer, and he owns a silver mine."

"Um. . . . Kind of wondered about him some. Tryin' to sell it to you?"

"Gosh, no. Owns it himself."

"Talk about it some?"

"'Tain't easy to git him talkin' a-tall. He's goin' to git out a hundred dollars for one."

"Dew tell!" Scattergood scratched his fat cheek reflectively. "I been ponderin' that feller. Couldn't contrive any reason for him bein' here. Um. . . ."

"W-al, I got to be sashayin' along. G'-by, Scattergood."

"G'-by, Lafe. . . . Silver mine, eh?"

He sat silently reflecting, now and then squinting his eyes to cast sidewise glances toward the hotel. One half expected him to reach downward to untie his shoe laces, but his thinking had not reached the point of importance where freedom of the toes was imperative. Without moving he sat until Pliny Pickett, conductor of Scattergood's train, came along with his nightly report. This was made briefly, and to Scattergood's satisfaction.

"Pliny," he asked presently, "acquainted with a feller by the name of Hank Beemis?"

"Seen him around."

"Ever have a brother, Pliny?"

"Nary."

"Then it won't do no harm for him to be dead."

Pliny had formed the habit of keeping his mouth closed tightly when no cue came from Scattergood as to his desires.

"And left you eight thousand dollars," Scattergood went on.

"Sufferin' mackerel!" said Pliny.

"This here Hank Beemis might be an interestin' feller," Scattergood said.

"Mebbe so."

"Um. . . . If you was to meet him tonight what d'ye calc'late you'd do?"

"Talk to him," Pliny said promptly.

"Um. . . . What about? Eh? Wouldn't kind of mention your poor brother that's dead 'n' gone?"

"I might."

"Uh-huh. And the eight thousand dollars?"

"Calc'late I'd mebbe speak about it some."

"Folks does in sich circ'mstances. . . . Now, there's me. Talk about me once in a while, don't ye?"

"Cautious-like," said Pliny.

"To be sure. Allus wondered what's your real opinion of me, Pliny."

"I allus held to the notion you was dog-gone contrivin'."

"Um. . . . Ever hear I was a mite unscrupulous?"

"Folks has hinted it."

"Ever hear I was mixed up in politics for the money the' was into it?"

"More'n once."

Scattergood wriggled his shoulders. "Would you mention me if you met this Hank Beemis?"

"I could."

"Wouldn't find any excuse to kind of go over them evil characteristics of mine?"

"I could."

"Me bein' friendly with Senator Johnny Bones, down to Washin'ton, and all?"

"Everybody knows that."

"Um. . . . G'-by, Pliny."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

So it was that Mr. Beemis acquired a fund of information with respect to Scattergood Baines; saw the old gentleman in a light which prepared his mind to accept devious action and underhanded political scheming as characteristic and in tune with his code of ethics. Pliny Pickett, as Scattergood often said, was a plausible old skeezicks.

IT WAS only a day or two after this that Hank Beemis announced casually to Sam Kittleman that he was taking his departure in a week or two.

"Mexico?" asked Sam.

"New York," said Hank. "Got to pick up a little money."

"For the mine?"

"E-yah. Couple friends of mine stand ready to give me what I need. And it won't do them no harm, neither. Hundred for one, that's what they'll git back."

"Smilax!" said Sam, making use of his favorite expletive. "A hundred thousand for every thousand put in. That's somethin', hain't it?"

"So-so," said Hank negligently.

Sam cleared his throat and worked his mouth. "Er—now, say," he began, finally, "why don't you git some of that money right here? The's money around."

"All arranged with these here friends of mine."

"Seems kind of too bad to hear about sich money bein' made, and not git in on it," Sam said despairingly.

"Can't be done," said Hank.

"But, now, listen; can't you do with a leetle more, or won't them other fellers do with some less?"

Hank considered. "I'll think it over," he said finally, and Kittleman had to content himself with that.

Apparently he thought hard and favorably, for Scattergood Baines, always alert to watch the financial affairs of his neighbors, perceived signs and portents at the bank. He noted that Sam Kittleman withdrew seven thousand dollars from his account, and Wade Lumley, and Penny, and Lafe Atwell, and Deacon Pettybone, and Elder Hooper, and others divested themselves of considerable amounts. Scattergood placed the total at something like seventy-five thousand dollars.

Then he sent a message for Sheriff Ulysses Watts, not in the sheriff's official capacity but in that of an investor.

"Ulysses," he said, "'tain't right you sh'ud keep twenty-five thousand dollars a-lyin' idle."

"I hain't got twenty-five thousand cents."

"There's a feller I want should keep contented here a few days. Name of Hank Beemis. More'n likely the chance of that much money'll tie him to a post. Silver mine. Guess I don't need to go into it further."

"'Tain't necessary," said Ulysses, with a grin.

IN THE midst of these events Johnny Bones, now a senator with a silk hat and a frock coat, returned from Washington big with news, but not changed by his elevation to senatorial dignity. Johnny did not wear his silk hat in Coldriver either actually or mentally. His first call was upon Scattergood Baines.

"Don't want to hear nothin' new, Johnny," Scattergood said. "Let's just kind of waggle our tongues. Mandy will spare me for supper, and I calc'late I'll kin git along 'thout you. We'll eat, style fittin' your high office, over to the hotel."

And so it was. Scattergood selected a table adjoining one occupied by Hank Beemis, and sat with his back toward that gentleman; Johnny sat opposite.

"Senator," Scattergood said, in a voice whose quality was one of caution but whose volume was far from cautious. "I calc'late we kin discuss things here."

"Softly," said Johnny.

"To be sure. Now, how about the there power franchise? I know the Washin'ton crowd's tryin' to git it through state legislature here, and with what we got to offer in the patronage line, it ought to be kind of easy."

"Hush," said Johnny. "It not is easy, but it's done. The thing was slipped through, the date is set and

"Um. . . . And they've started options?"

"Very secretly."

"To be sure. Now, Johnny, kn the inside like we do, and bein' a

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head of other folks, we ought to kind of kim the cream, eh?"

"Not so loud," said Johnny.

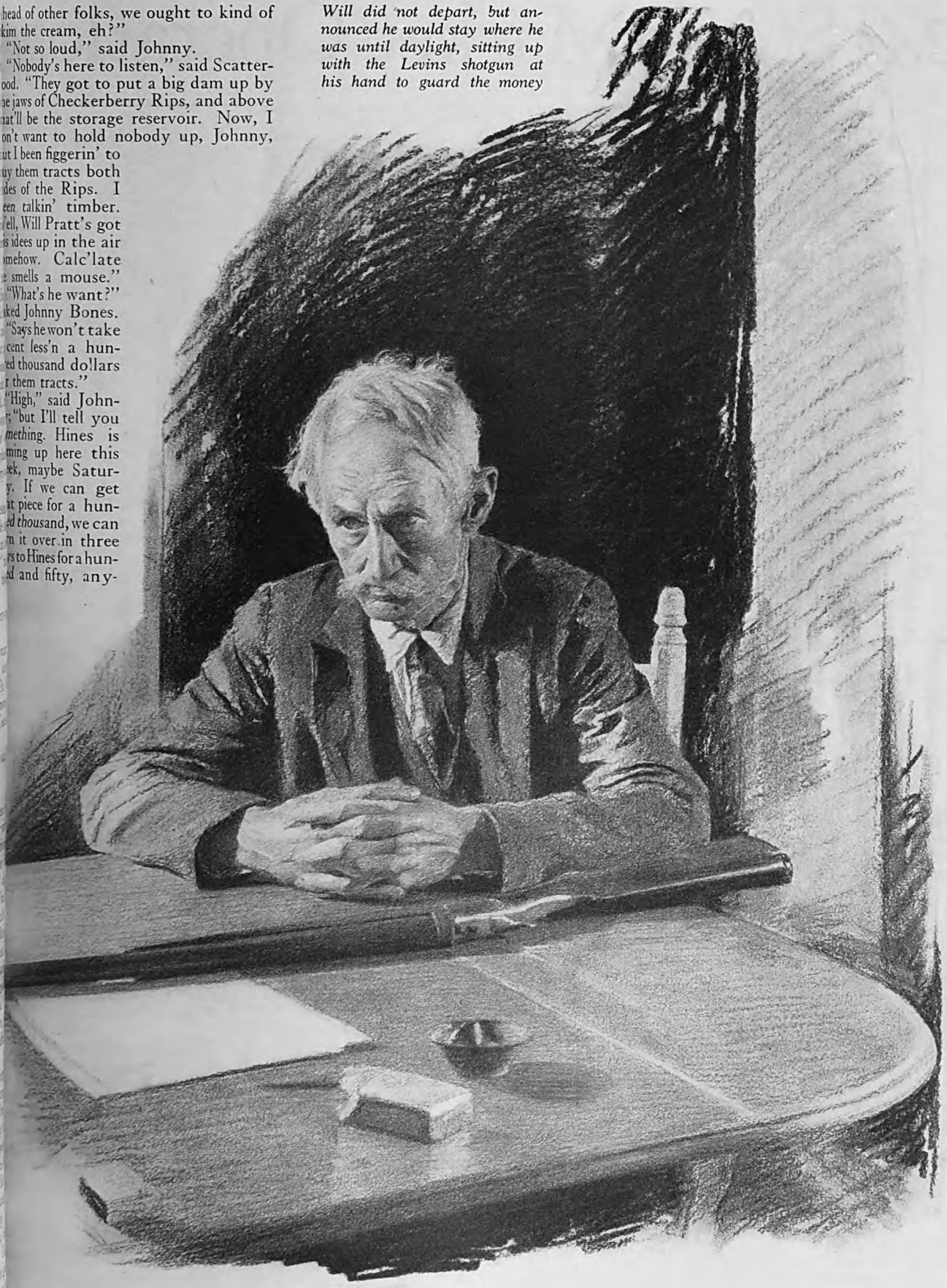
"Nobody's here to listen," said Scatter-ood. "They got to put a big dam up by e jaws of Checkerberry Rips, and above at'll be the storage reservoir. Now, I on't want to hold nobody up, Johnny, ut I been figgerin' to uy them tracts both des of the Rips. I een talkin' timber. ell, Will Pratt's got is idees up in the air mehow. Calc'late smells a mouse."

"What's he want?" ked Johnny Bones.

"Says he won't take cent less'n a hun-ed thousand dollars r them tracts."

"High," said John-; "but I'll tell you mething. Hines is ming up here this ek, maybe Satur-y. If we can get t piece for a hun-d thousand, we can n it over in three rs to Hines for a hun-d and fifty, any-

Will did not depart, but announced he would stay where he was until daylight, sitting up with the Levins shotgun at his hand to guard the money



He's got to have it—and he'll pay." fty thousand in three days hain't so

know he'll go that high," said y. "You better close with Will tomorrow."

y Pickett came hurrying through the door and up to Scattergood's table. Conversation stopped.

"W-al," said Scattergood, "what's wanted? Can't I even git time to eat my supper?"

"He come up on the train tonight," Pliny said. "I calc'lated you'd ought to know right off, an' so I run right over."

"Who came up?" asked Senator Bones.

"Mr. Hines. He's in this here hotel now. Up to his room."

Scattergood looked at Johnny and Johnny looked at Scattergood.

"Hines!" said (*Continued on page 148*)

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My Stock Market Operations

By

H. I. PHILLIPS

FOR the last few weeks I have been shaving at home, snubbing the iceman, dodging the ash collector, ignoring the corner policeman and refusing to be drawn into any conversation with the letter carrier, gas-meter inspector, laundryman, or butcher.

Waiters, bell-hops, hotel doormen, elevator operators, street car motormen, janitors, and drugstore lunch-counter clerks are finding me strangely cold to conversational approaches. "No speak Englese" is my defense against the man who runs the corner newsstand, the fellow who comes to fix the radio, and the boy who calls from the pants presser's. I've got all the *inside information* on the stock market that I want.

I know my weakness. If I listen to them I'm sunk. Of course, I ought to know very well that the pants presser's boy hasn't the inside track on a big bull movement in International Horse Collars, Common, just because he has a distant cousin who is married to a man who is a close friend of the brother of a Wall Street traffic cop who is popular with a broker who is "just like that" with the Fisher Brothers. I should have sense enough to know that the vacant-looking youth who came to tune the piano isn't twenty thousand dollars ahead as the result of some confidential advice on Allied Delicatessen Products from a plumbing inspector whose wife's sister married a clergyman who has in his parish the father of a man who runs a merry-go-round on which J. P. Morgan loves to ride incognito on hot nights in off seaso

It ought to strike me as abs that whenever the Durants the Cuttens play to shoot a st up 150 points, their first step notify all the master barbers North America. Nothing sho impress me as sillier than notion that Mr. Meehan, the operator in the radio pool, n does anything in a market before he has passed the w around to all the corner stores.

BUT I'm human and gullibl like to believe there is a S Claus. Stories of quick r made in Wall Street by outs who, during the past four y acted on a little inside inform fascinate me. Until very rec I yearned to get a thousand s of some stock that would lea or 400 points and not kee waiting.

All my neighbors—if they' boasting—have had General tors through the various spli Montgomery-Ward before th jump, or Radio since it was around $50 a share. That's story, anyway, and they're ing to it, even if they're still ing the 1925 coupé. The ma cuts my grass tells me he has "a nice little pile in the util the man who washes my

Adages of an Amateur Market Operator

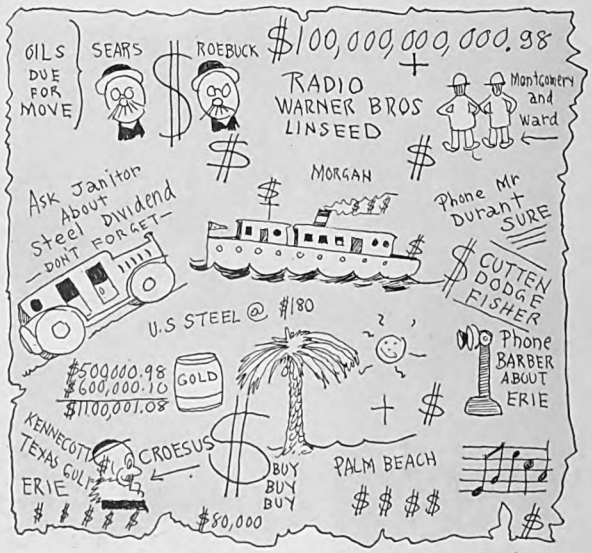
The difference between a hitch-hiker and an amateur stock-market player is that the latter will always find it easier to be "taken for a ride."

If more people believed their bankers and fewer believed their barbers there would be less trouble over the family budget.

An outsider trying to beat the market is like a meatball trying to live in companionate marriage with a shark.

The difference between ticker tape and adhesive tape is that the latter has no quotations on it.

The only tips that are dependable are found on asparagus.



What a speculating author draws on his scratch-pad before playing the market

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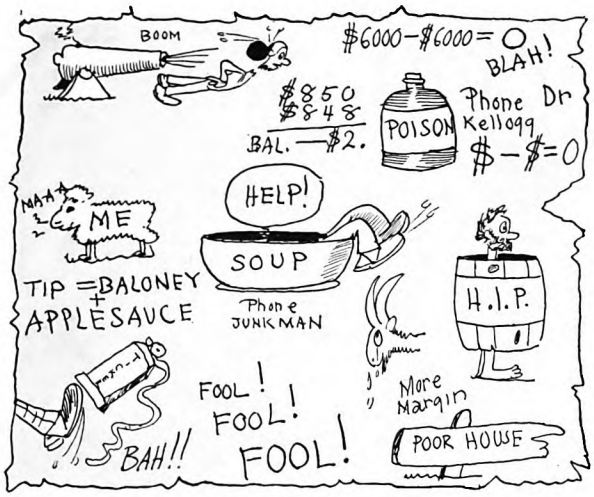
confided that he is "way ahead the game" through a plunge in coppers, and I know an office who insists he made a killing airplane stocks. They all have red cuffs and runover heels, I ice, but they talk prosperously. It was my boast for years that ould never fall for the lure of stock market. I regarded it as -and-out gambling, with the phasis on the "out." "Never id what you read about men king fortunes in Wall Street," I n told myself. "It can be done, not by amateurs. Put what ney you can get together into ings banks, preferred stocks in de A corporations, gilt-edged ds. Look for security, not for k profits. And don't weaken!" And I didn't weaken—up to e years ago. Then, with the lidge market coming to a boil, stories of sudden riches featuring every social or business hering, and with a barrage of "straight inside tips" falling all at me, I began to think that I had been wrong all my life. I d stock-market chatter at baseball games, weddings, bridge ies, office conferences, golf matches, christenings, old-home ks, murder trials, corner-stone layings, anniversaries, balls, h parties, and funerals. I was once held up by a town table for an infraction of the motor laws, and when he ted I was on a newspaper, his first question was, "What did market do today?" He let me go on my report that the ustrials" had been strong and that cheaper money was able.



What he draws after playing the market

have seen service station mechanics under an automobile a monkey wrench in one hand and a list of noon prices in the other. I have observed flappers reading financial magazines, sailors studying "Hints to Investors" columns, and peanut venders scanning the market summaries.

Since 1926 life in America has been one tip after another. Nearly everybody has been talking a brilliant financial career. I first began to weaken when I noticed that when a man failed to express any market opinion in a ten-minute conversation with friends or strangers he was regarded as uninformed. I began to feel uneasy at gatherings where I was the only silent party to conversations alive with references to "dividend requirements," "much needed technical reactions," "deductions for operating, maintenance depreciation, and interest on funded debt," etc. I yearned to talk glibly of "unfilled tonnage," "dropping off in the seasonal demand for bar steel," "overproduction in the oil fields," "the Interstate Commerce Commission attitude with regard to the carriers," and all that sort of stuff. It seemed to me everybody else did and that by showing a lack of information on these topics, I was impressing people as a man who had the broad, intellectual background of a bale of hay.

Almost from the day Calvin Coolidge walked up the White House steps and took over the government for better or worse trout fishing, a big percentage of our people have been talking in fractions and decimal points.

Ten years ago Professor Irving Fisher was about the only man in the country who could close both eyes and, with one hand behind his back, dash off one of those complicated charts showing the rise and fall of security prices. Today any bus-boy can do it. And he not only can, but *does*.

Five years ago I would have said Montgomery-Ward were a vaudeville team, that Worthington Pump was a ladies' shoe, and that Indian Refining was a book of etiquette for the noble red man. I used to skip the financial pages except on occasions when a young lady was looking over my shoulder and I thought it a good time to impress her as a man of broad, financial interests. News that call money had risen to 20 per cent would have meant as much to me as the tidings that three hundred new hairs had been found in the beard of the Sultan of Turkey. I thought the discount rate had something to do with time payments on the phonograph and that the "curb" was part of a horse's bit.

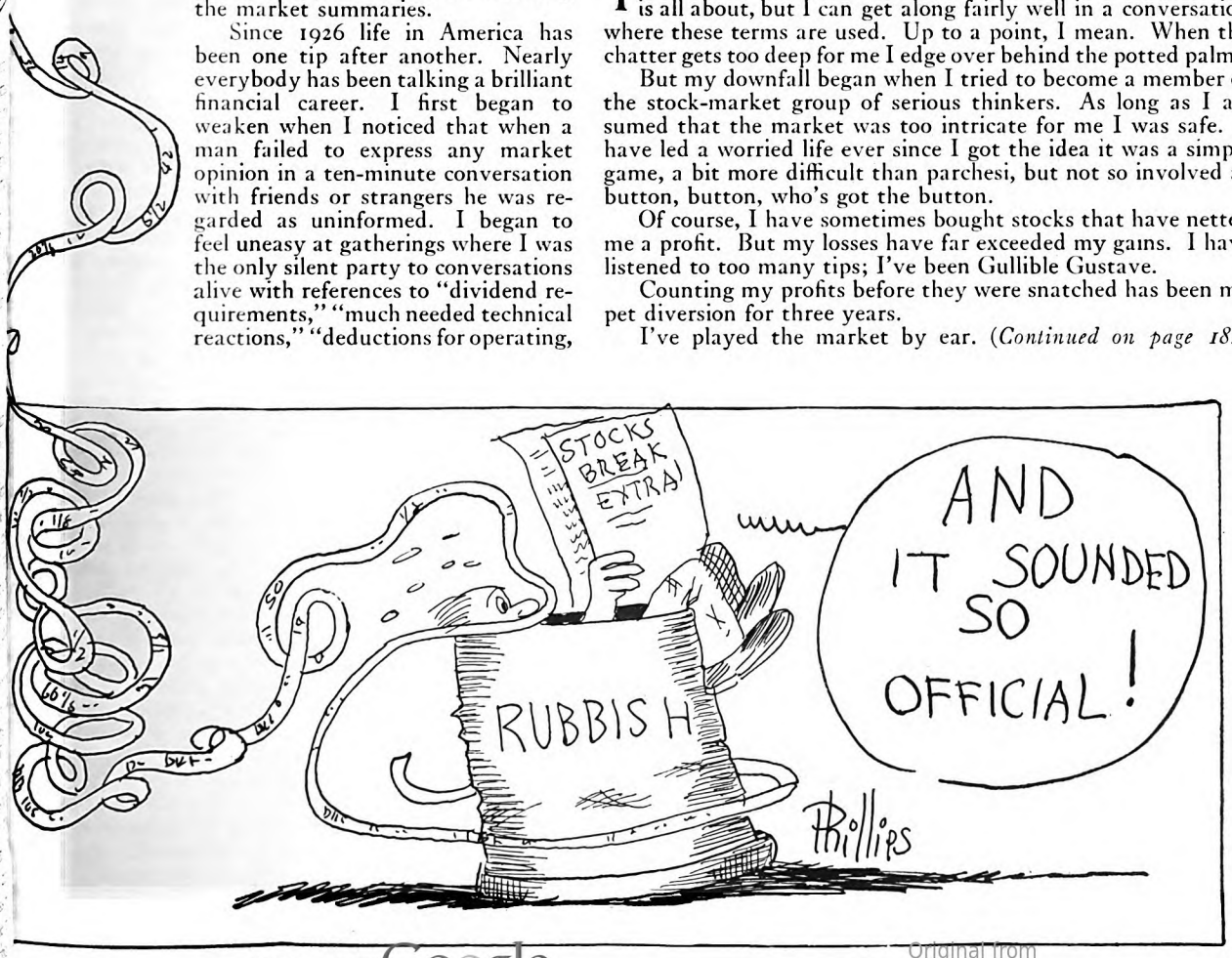
TO TELL the truth, it isn't very clear to me even today what it is all about, but I can get along fairly well in a conversation where these terms are used. Up to a point, I mean. When the chatter gets too deep for me I edge over behind the potted palms.

But my downfall began when I tried to become a member of the stock-market group of serious thinkers. As long as I assumed that the market was too intricate for me I was safe. I have led a worried life ever since I got the idea it was a simple game, a bit more difficult than parchesi, but not so involved as button, button, who's got the button.

Of course, I have sometimes bought stocks that have netted me a profit. But my losses have far exceeded my gains. I have listened to too many tips; I've been Gullible Gustave.

Counting my profits before they were snatched has been my pet diversion for three years.

I've played the market by ear. (*Continued on page 182*)



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Can You Say "NO"?

The story of a man who couldn't—And what he did about it

By BRUCE BARTON

THIS piece begins with a man who died and came to life again.

I was walking back to the hotel in a strange town about five o'clock in the afternoon, wishing that somebody or something would happen to rescue me from a solitary evening, when a heavy hand descended on my shoulder and a voice that was big enough to go with the hand called out my name.

"Bet you a dollar you don't recognize me," said the voice. "That's the way with you snobbish New Yorkers."

He was the last man in the world whom I should have expected to meet in that town, a man well known to readers whose interest in the newspapers dates back ten years. To younger readers his name would mean nothing, for reasons which will presently appear. Remembering some of our former visits in New York, I clasped him to my heart.

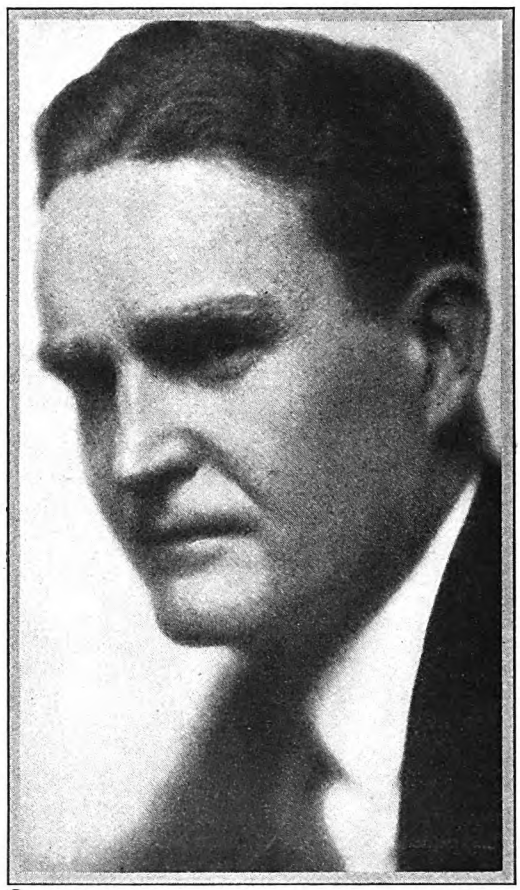
"You're the answer to a poor man's prayers," I exclaimed. "Here I am, walking the streets of this cruel city alone and, presto, you are dropped down from the clouds to have dinner with me."

"All wrong," he answered. "You are having it with me. My family is away, and I leave tomorrow to join them. Tonight you dine at my house."

A taxi picked us up, turned a few corners, and all at once we were out of the rush of the city in a little back street. Through the door of an old-fashioned house we passed into a peace and calm that might have belonged to a country village. It was hard to believe that the city was not at least a hundred miles away.

I emphasize this detail of quietness because it formed such a contrast to my friend's former New York life. There, amid the rumble of street cars, the blare of taxicab horns, the unceasing buzz of conversation, and the patter of nervous feet, he used to sit behind a big desk, dictating, telephoning, making decisions, interviewing two people at once—or riding the social whirlwind like some storm god, apparently enjoying it immensely. I had never pictured him as quiet. In fact, let it be admitted in shame, I had hardly thought of him at all since he had suddenly disappeared.

Such is life in our great metropolis. A man is a figure in the town; you know him; you like him; you see him often. One day he is transferred to some other city, or he has a nervous breakdown, or he inherits money and retires. Nobody stops to ask why or where. He is gone. The city's ranks close up; the band strikes a new and faster march; the parade moves on.



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Bruce Barton, who has won fame as an advertising man, article writer, and author of non-fiction "best sellers"

This is modern living. This is New York.

I was full of questions. How had he happened to leave us, and why should he turn up in this smaller, more leisurely city? How was it he was dining alone tonight instead of in the hoorah of a club? Why was his name never in the newspapers any more?

Half an hour later, with a wood fire and a good cigar, he told me the whole story, with full permission to retell it in any way I might choose.

"Only you must change it enough to protect me," he warned. "Officially and publicly I am dead. I have been publicly dead for almost five years and, believe me, they have been the happiest five years of my life.

"I SUPPOSE you suspect that there is some dark secret in my past," he began, with a chuckle. "I'm sorry to disappoint you. I didn't have to leave New York; things were never better for me than on the day I departed, and I have since had two good opportunities to go back. It was an entirely voluntary exile.

"But let me start at the beginn

"I began to be a public chara when I was about five years old. father was a doctor and a mighty g one. I don't know whether his were any more potent than thos his competitors, but certainly personality was. You just coul have him come into the room wit feeling that you were going to be much better. That was the kin manner and abounding health he —a tremendous asset, if he had s to his pills; but a great liability t all in the end.

"For other people besides his tients discovered his grand pe ality and coveted it. The poli boss of our little city, needing a p lar candidate for alderman, suaded Dad to take the nomina From there he progressed to h commissioner, and thence to m His pill box contained medicines were good for many diseases, there was no pill in it that could one of the worst of maladies habit of public office and the i cation of being cheered by a c From the day Dad won his election until his death he was out of the limelight, and the f was never out of debt.

"I WAS five years old when he his first campaign, which is I mean when I say I became a character at that early age. family of a politician has little p I was photographed on my f knee, riding my pony, in swim tossed on his shoulders at meetings, and hoisted up in the c when he rode in parades. Mothe sister and I were the heart intere appeal to all that is deepest and no the human soul, the symbol of th ling virtues that make and preser American home.

"I could tell you a lot of funny st my friend continued, "but I want to the point, which is that it was natural for me to feel that the lime a normal part of human experie it would be natural for a missi daughter to assume that everybod world says his or her prayers at n took it as a matter of course t Griffin family were born to be se mired, talked about, and voted f be out of public sight would ha unthinkable.

"In this frame of mind I went t high school, scheming to get myself president of the class and making play football, for which I was too the time, instead of baseball, becau was more publicity connected with lege was a repetition of high sch

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rger scale. It wasn't merely per-
nal ambition that made me go
ter the offices and try the teams.
was something just a little bit
tter, a feeling that I owed it to
e family to be prominent; that I
ıst please my father and justify
hopes.

"After college came law school,
d then New York. I am quite a
: older than you are, so you
uld not remember my first years
that big, tough town. Believe
, they were feverish. I arrived
th exactly forty-two dollars, a
r-school diploma, and a letter of
roduction to a man who, as I
ınd out the next morning, had
t left on an eight-months' tour
ound the world. However, I
naged to land a job as a law
rk just before the last nickel
s gone. From then on the im-
tant question was: 'How can I
myself noticed?'

'I knew that if I didn't make
ple notice me I stood a good
nce of spending my life, like
usands of other very good law-
s (and you would be surprised
well-educated and sound some
them are), buried at a pitiful
le salary in a tiny office, while
partners used my brains and
ected all the money and fame.
ehow I must emerge, but how?
While I was puzzling over the
blem, Fate sent me a piece of
. The president of the alumni
ciation of my college called
up and said that Bill Evans of
class, who was to have made a
ch at the annual dinner, was
n with appendicitis, and would
ke his place? *Would* I? I
't need to tell you that I would
did."

e stopped to light a fresh
r, and a smile spread across his
at the memory.

PRACTICED that speech un-
il I could have said it in the
t of the Johnstown Flood or
Iroquois Fire without missing
llable. It was an absolutely
rdained success; my experi-
with my father had taught
nough of the fundamentals
at I was sure of that. In the
place, it was short, which
ys makes a hit. It was funny,
t had a good emotional note
end. Given those ingredients
speeches, any man of good
nality and strong lungs can
imself elected to almost any

Well, sir, the boys applauded
houted. One of the partners
: law office where I worked
an alumnus, and he came
to the office next morning
d the others. Three days
he senior partner, who had
taken the slightest notice of
istence, called me in and
e was superintendent of a
y school over in East Orange
ould I come out Sunday
g and speak to the men's
The (Continued on page 144)

If You Ask Me:

Nature is often careless about her "show windows"

OFTEN I think of a story that George Harding, a great patent attorney, liked to tell in his old age. It has a point which few of us can afford to miss.

In 1856, Mr. Harding, a brilliant beginner in law, went to Cincinnati with Edwin M. Stanton on the McCormick reaper case. Among the McCormick counsel was a tall, gaunt, awkward country lawyer from Illinois. Several of the distinguished men interested in the case, Mr. Harding among them, were discussing it earnestly when the lank countryman was introduced to them. Not only did they pay scant attention to what the stranger had to say, but presently they turned their backs on him.

That man was Abraham Lincoln!

MORE than twenty years later Mr. Harding went up New York State to try another case. It happened that the town was full of people. Hotels were spilling over. A man whom Harding had met casually asked if he couldn't share his room. Being somewhat fastidious, the patent attorney did not take kindly to the idea. He refused, with firm courtesy.

That man was Grover Cleveland!

"After having turned my back on one future President of the United States, and after having refused to sleep in the same room with another future President of the United States, I decided that I couldn't judge people by appearances," Mr. Harding used to say, with a whimsical smile.

GENIUS is often stingy with her show windows. Some of her beneficiaries look the part; many do not. . . . And still other men, who look like geniuses, turn out to be gawks.

Yesterday I presented a friend to one of the brainiest business men in New York.

"Is that the great —— ——?" he asked, as soon as we were out of earshot. "Why, he strikes me like something the cat brought in."

"Maybe," I replied, "but if you knew him as well as I do, you would discover a shrewd, brilliant brain and a warm, courageous heart under that curious covering of flesh and bone."

A few years ago I met a world-famous writer whose work I have always admired extravagantly. He looked to me like the perfect proprietor of a British butcher shop. One of our best writers of lyrical verse—a man of force and vivid fancy—has a squat, dumpy figure, a recessive forehead, and a disappearing chin. I knew a preacher of the most sensitive spiritual qualities who might pass in appearance for a professional pugilist. And I have met many distinguished men of affairs whom, offhand, you would not give a second glance. The late E. H. Harriman, perhaps the greatest railroad genius of our time, used to mingle unnoticed with the crowds on the Erie ferries. There were no surface signs of his genius to hit the eye.

Three of the most futile Presidents of the United States would have been perfect artists' models for Masters of the White House. And a man whose majestic mien and golden voice seemed to fit him preëminently for the rôle was thrice defeated for that great office.

Snap judgments of ability aren't all they are cracked up to be. If you are one of those who jump to conclusions about people after a glance, it might be well for you to remember that—

When Nature is making geniuses she has a habit of paying more attention to the contents than to the container.

Merle Crowell

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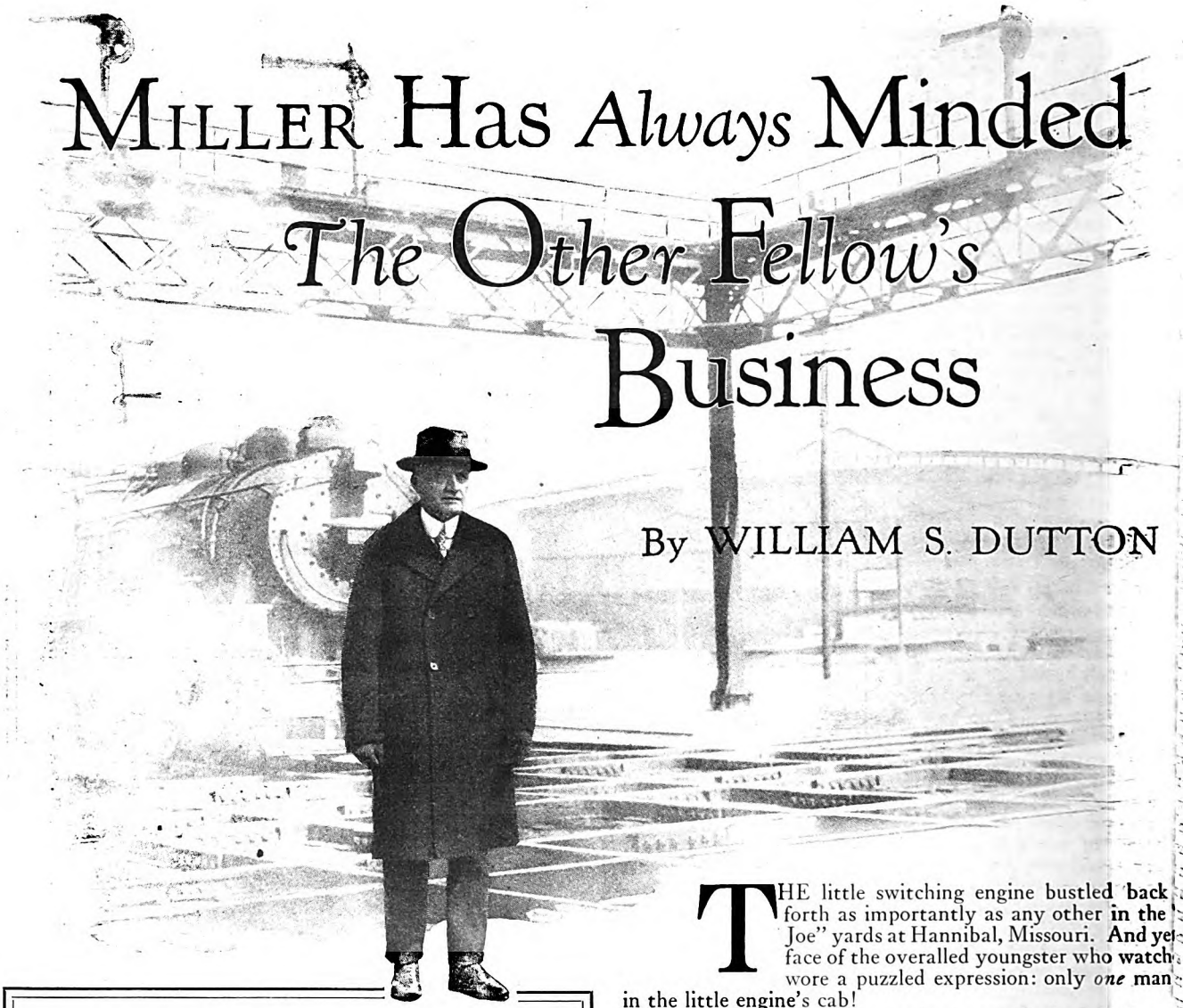
MILLER Has *Always* Minded *The Other Fellow's* Business

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON



THE little switching engine bustled back forth as importantly as any other in the Joe" yards at Hannibal, Missouri. And yet face of the overalled youngster who watch wore a puzzled expression: only *one* man in the little engine's cab!

The youngster, who was seventeen, waited until the en had come to a stop near by. "Hey, where's your fireman? called to the engineman.

"Ain't got none, Buddy," grinned the switching eng gray-topped driver.

"How come you got no fireman?"

The engineman jerked his head in the direction of the j master's office. "Folks over yonder figure this locomotive need none," he explained. "One man is all they allow for

The youngster's face brightened. "Say, let me fire her you?" he asked. "I'm switchin' nights, you know. I don't a thing to do all day."

"You want to fire her *for nothin'*?" gasped the engine

The boy nodded, eagerly.

"After you've been switchin' all night?"

"It'll give me a chance to learn how to run her," expl the youngster. "I'll never learn that switchin' cars."

The engineman scrutinized the lad in astonishment. "T will you sleep?"

"Honest," the youngster pleaded, "I'll have seven ho sleep. And that doesn't count time to eat and wash up."

"You can fire if you want to," the engineman grant last, "but don't say I didn't tell you you're tacklin' work. in and grab the shovel."

And that evening to a group of fellow railroaders, the o gineman related, still amazed, how "that young Henry had fired like a fool most of that day, without hope of pa

"Says he just wants the experience," he said. "Now h to tend to his own business of switchin' cars all night, a morrow he promises to be back for more coal heavin'!"

"Pshaw, he won't be back tomorrow!" scoffed a listen

The engine driver shook his head. "He ain't gettin' p firin', but just the same he ain't doin' it for nothin'," h "He's aimin' high, or he wouldn't be mindin' my bu That boy is out to get somewhere."

Work, Brains, and Vision are a Happy Combination

"MEN can be divided into three classes," says Mr. Miller. "First, there is the machine type of worker. This man works hard enough with his hands but does no work with his brain and eyes. With him, a job is a job, something to be done over and over again in the same way. At seventy, you'll find him on the pension roll with a record of fifty years of faithfulness behind him. Yet, in a sense, he gets nowhere.

"The second type is the man who has everything that the first one lacks but is without the one quality the first possesses. He has ambition, brains, and vision, but he doesn't like work. The first taste of work dulls his ambition. He has ideas on running the company, the nation, and the households of his fellows, though he can't run himself.

"The third man not only sees and thinks, but he *works*. However, he subordinates the necessity of work to seeing and thinking. You hear men say, 'Work is the big factor in business.' It isn't. Some of the hardest workers I've known are still in overalls. You hear others say, 'Brain-power is the big factor.' I know thinking men who never will get out of the employee class. But I know of no man who has combined work and brains and vision who hasn't gone up to leadership."

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And next morning young Miller *was* back; and he was back again on the morning after that! For most of that winter, while he switched cars by night, he fired the boiler of the switching engine by day. He lost sleep, in order to "mind the other fellow's business," which, even in that day, was usually a profitless task.

THAT was forty-eight years ago and Henry Miller is now sixty-five years old. Nevertheless, as president of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis, Mr. Miller is *still* actively engaged in the task of minding other folks' business, and minding it as his regular job! It is a business, however, which represents more than $80,000,000 in invested capital and is said to comprise the largest and most comprehensive system of unified freight and passenger terminals in the world. His is one of the most unique positions in railroading.

If you will look at a map of the United States on which are traced the country's railroads, you will see what looks like a great nerve center of lines radiating out from St. Louis. Twenty-eight railroads, of which eighteen are trunk lines, meet at this point on the Mississippi River. Oil and beets from Texas, grapefruit from California, live stock and grain from the prairies here crisscross with Alabama iron, Detroit automobiles, Virginia coal, and New England factory products. This is one of the great crossroads of the continent. In its railroad yards 650,000 passenger cars are handled in a single year, while the turnover in freight cars is the equivalent, in numbers, of all the freight cars in use in the nation.

No railroad, however powerful and numerous are its locomotives, can carry freight beyond the capacity of its terminal yards; or can it move cars any faster than its yards can make them into trains and pass them through. This fact makes St. Louis one of the vital spots in transportation by rail. A breakdown in the St. Louis yards would be disastrous in its consequences, not alone to carriers, but to industry as well.

It was to obviate this danger and to speed the St. Louis service that the Terminal Railroad Association was formed by fifteen of the great trunk lines entering the city. Pooling their facilities there under a common ownership, the trunk lines provided for their unified operation and development by a single highly skilled management that would keep the gateway open not only for them, but also, at fixed rates, for all other roads in the area. It was in 1920, following the release of the railroads from government control, that Henry Miller was placed at the head of this company.

From a night switchman in the Hannibal yards of the old Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway, Miller had become a figure of consequence in the business of railroading. In 1917 President Wilson had sent him to Russia as vice chairman of the Stevens Commission to rehabilitate Russian railroads. Prior to that, for years, he had been the chief operating officer of the Wabash Railway, with the title of vice president and general manager. He was known as a leading authority on railroad yards and terminals and as an executive who was familiar, through first-hand experience, with every phase of railroad work from the repair shops upward.

And the remarkable fact was that Miller had gained a large portion of this experience entirely apart from his own assigned work, by performing other workmen's jobs, without pay, after he had done his own.

Today, Miller is capable enough as a machinist to build a locomotive, though officially he has never been a machinist. He can fire or drive an engine, though he has been neither fireman nor engineman. He can go into a freight office and find a missing waybill, though he never held a job in a freight office. He can balance a set of books, though he has never been a bookkeeper!

"More than fifty years ago, when I was still a boy in Hannibal," Mr. Miller told me, "I wanted to run a railroad. I believed, even as I believe more fanatically now, that if a man learns how to run a store, a factory, or a railroad, the time will come when somebody will give him a store or a factory or a railroad to run. So I set myself the task of learning how to run a railroad.

"I think that the first and about the only thing of importance I was interested in as a boy was railroading," continued Mr. Miller. "Hannibal, where I was born, was a railroad town. The terminal yards of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway were there, and also the road's repair shops. Mornings, evenings, at almost any time of the day, you could see railroad men on the streets going to or returning from work. You saw them in the shops, and in school my buddies were the sons of railroaders. The most envied youngster in the class was the boy whose father drove the fast freight or piloted the 'express.' It was the heyday of railroad romance, when, in the West, the railroad was still new. Every boy with red blood dreamed of becoming a railroader."

And no boy in all Hannibal dreamed more fervently than did the gangling, wiry, dark-faced lad who was the son of "Phil" Miller, Hannibal's street commissioner.

He was a serious, earnest youngster who was all eyes and all ears—an animated question mark. His parents had been Swiss immigrants. Six children were in the family, and Henry, third in line, in consequence was more or less foot-loose. He spent more time over at the railroad yards than he did at home.

"It wasn't the station, with its arriving trains, so much as the mechanical end of railroading which drew me," said Mr. Miller. "I wanted to be around engines and the men who attended them. I liked to puzzle over the maze of tracks and switches."

The names painted on the sides of freight cars were like the thrilling passages from an adventure book.

"New York Central," he would read, and ask, "How's that car goin' to get back to New York?"

A grimy freight driver would tell him.

In a few years everybody around the yards knew his name and had stumbled over him at least once.

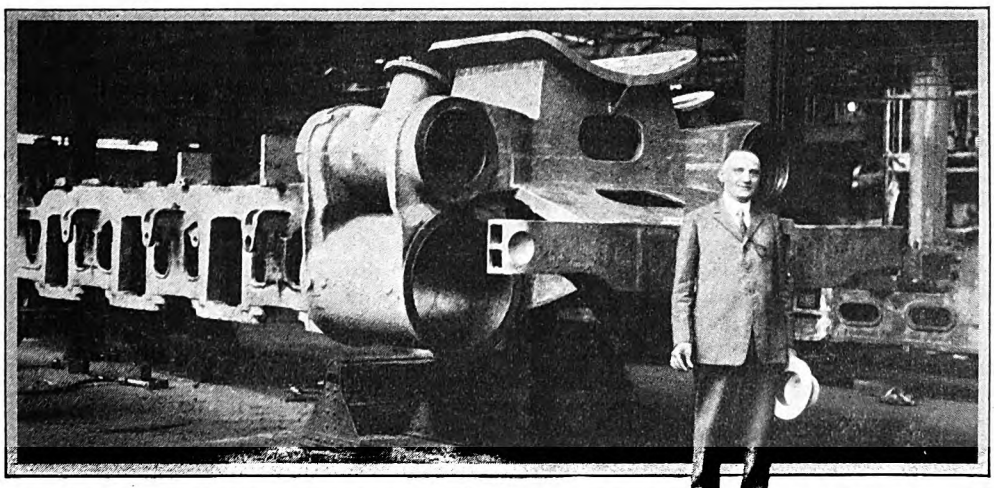
THAT young Miller finished high school at sixteen is incidental to the fact that he got a job at that age. Not much of a job, but still a job. They wouldn't take him on at the yards because of his youth, but they told him a boy might find a place in the repair shops as an apprentice.

The foreman to whom he applied was a great brute of a man physically, big-muscled, big-shouldered, big-fisted. A small man could walk under his upraised arm.

"He had a fixed method of hiring his men," Mr. Miller related. "If the man was short, the foreman would hold up his arm horizontally, then tell the applicant to walk under it. He would hire no man who could walk under his arm upright."

Miller was tall enough and husky enough, in the foreman's opinion, to qualify as a boilermaker's apprentice, at one dollar per day. His task was that of heating rivets.

The foreman set the pace for all work, and he could perform double the work in a day of any man in the shop. The men sweated, swore, and sometimes dropped in exhaustion trying to keep the pace of the foreman. The boiler shop was a bedlam of thumping hammers against steel; the din, before long, deafened any man who stayed with it. Young Miller went to bed nights with his ears ringing and his senses swimming; but he was learning, nevertheless. (*Continued on page 123*)



Henry Miller, President of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Bernt Balchen, chief air pilot with Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic, was born in Norway. He came to this country two years ago to accompany Byrd on his flight to France

Bernt Balchen, Famous Flyer, Used to be a Prize Fighter

IT IS but a chance that Bernt Balchen, former pride of Norwegian fight fans, is not pushing leather today instead of handling airplane throttles. For Balchen saw an airplane, took a ride, and after that the ring seemed a silly place.

Measured simply in years, Balchen is not a veteran flyer. He did not become a pilot in the Naval Flying School in Norway until 1920. In the eight years following his departure from the Norway prize ring, this flaxen-haired youth, with the shoulders of a stevedore and the waspish waist of a dancer, was always on the spot where airplane motors were singing in most spectacular orchestration.

He was a member of the first two of Amundsen's expeditions which attempted, unsuccessfully, to reach the North Pole by heavier-than-air craft from Spitzbergen. In 1927, he was the mainstay on Commander Byrd's brilliant flight to France. And then, as crack pilot, he accompanied Byrd in his flight to the South Pole, the toughest flying area in the world.

"Flying is the only thing I like," Balchen confessed recently. "And I like cold and snow and mountains. There is nothing in the world so beautiful to me as the Arctic."

As he talked, his head cocked obliquely on his great shoulders, his brow crinkled up toward his blond hair, and his blue eyes and strong mouth contrived a smile that is the wonder of all who behold it.

The world first discovered Balchen at the close of Commander Byrd's flight to France. Perhaps you recall the amazing struggle of the big monoplane against fog; how it tried to cleave the wall of mist above Paris and, failing, turned back to the coast, motors racing against an ebbing supply of gasoline, and how Byrd undertook the most difficult and hazardous maneuver in the manual of flight—the landing of a six-ton land plane in heavy surf at night.

The slightest error in judgment—an error of inches—in the calculation of speeds, distances, and heights relative to a plane dropping fifty miles an hour through darkness, must mean a savage crack-up, and probably death to the four men in the cabins. Yet Byrd, master of the ship, unhesitatingly chose Balchen for the task of bringing the craft down, and the world knows how creditably he performed it.

The names of some of the passengers Balchen has carried would read like a list of the most distinguished people mentioned in the news, and they have provided him with amusing recollections. Frightened girls have flung their arms about his neck; an irritated gentleman, who couldn't understand why the plane should bump so, demanded authoritatively that he land right in the middle of a big city; while an airsick passenger tried to hurl himself from the plane.

"Flying," he told his father in 1920, "is my business. I don't like books. I can think in the air. I believe," he concluded, "that I'll just keep on flying." And Dr. Balchen, well known as a surgeon in Norway, knew that Bernt, his only son, had made a permanent decision.

Shortly after he returned to New York Byrd got Balchen a position with Anthony Fokker, the Dutch airplane genius, as a test pilot. Not long afterwards—in March, 1927—the little builder asked him if he wanted to do a bit of flying around Hudson Bay. The Canadian Government was conducting an aërial survey of the great lobe of barely explored territory projecting almost to the rim of the Arctic Circle, and engineers were eager to use airplanes because of the saving of time.

That "bit of flying" consisted largely of flying loads of dynamite over country that was wilderness and where a crash of any sort with dynamite aboard meant unpleasant complications, to say the least.

Bernt made twenty six different trips in Hudson Bay, without a single mishap. Flying a Fokker Universal over Norway House, on the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, the last outpost, he nosed into a bad snowstorm. Rather than risk a forced landing on the inhospitable slope of some mountain, Balchen decided to descend.

So he curved down into the driving storm at one hundred miles an hour, the bottom dynamite thrashing in the fuselage. A wall of trees leaped up out of the ch and then miraculously Bernt discovered an open space just ahead of him, and landed safely.

I saw Balchen in action when the first plane flew from Detroit to relieve the distressed German flyers at Greenly Island. We had picked up Major Fitzmaurice at Lake St. Agnes, and stopped overnight at Seven Islands, two hundred and miles away, to refuel.

The big three-engined Ford was loaded with fuel and supplies. The fuselage

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acked high with equipment for the Bre-
en, and with cases of delicacies—caviar
d broiled chickens.

The runway from which Balchen must
this weight was a snow-covered lake.
its foot, and uncomfortably close, were
o high mountains.

"We'll make it," spoke up Balchen.
We'll get this wagon over, if we have to
sh it over."

He gave the motors full throttle, and
plane moved across the frozen lake,
skis slamming against the ice with
concerting violence. Balchen sat in
high, steel-backed chair, tinkering with the throttles. Then he pushed them hard, and sat back.

Oil and gasoline cans and the box of delicacies clanked and rattled as the Ford bounced from twenty to forty miles an hour. Fitzmaurice glanced back apprehensively. Then he turned to greet the mountains which were rushing forward—so it seemed—to slap us on the nose.

But Balchen sat as unconcernedly as if we were all on a lounge in a hotel lobby. He even picked his teeth. Then, when it seemed evident that the lives of four men had run their courses two seconds too long, Balchen's shoulders drew together and the strength of them flowed into the hands clasping the control. There was a moment of ghastly suspense, and the Ford was off, swinging about on one wing from the mountain rim not forty feet away.

Truly, the nerves in Balchen are no more fragile than the stuff in the motors he flies. And for all his modesty, he has acquired a world-wide reputation among flying men for steadiness and courage.

Which is what Commander Byrd must have realized when he met Balchen at Spitzbergen and invited him to come over to the U. S. A. and become a good citizen.

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Mabel Kittredge Started Something When She Hung Out Her Latchstring

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. A. SPRINKLE, N. Y.

Teaching girls to be good housekeepers is Mabel Kittredge's life work

ISS MABEL HYDE KITTREDGE started ig ball rolling n, a little more than nty years ago, she ed a small apart- t at No. 226 Henry et, in New York, announced that e, in the very midst e din and squalor e Lower East Side, planned to keep n house."

was not only her wn friends who d find the latch- g out, but more cially her new ds-to-be—the East children and their ers. For Miss Kittredge had an idea, this apartment was to be the locus of her unique experiment. She planned quiet, neighborly way to teach house- ng to the children of the tenements. llowing her graduation from Miss r's School in Farmington, Con- tut, something tempted Miss Kitt- to go and live in the Henry Street borhood. She thinks it was pri- y a desire to see "life." Henry Street ve her some surprising glimpses of much that was picturesque, but that was pitiful and even tragic. She to realize that a good deal of the ng and hardship among the poorer resulted from ignorance rather poverty.

had seen women of the tenements new next to nothing about caring eir babies. Tiny tots were given children were given pennies and ought pickles and ice-cream cones he ubiquitous pushcart men. Their rs knew nothing of what good food d how to buy it, and were even norant of how to cook it. Sickness, d unsanitary conditions all seemed ccepted as part of the great cosmic

Miss Kittredge knew she might not be able to change the mothers much, but she had high hopes of the children, who would soon become the next generation of homemakers. And so, with this in mind, she launched her quiet crusade and went as a lone pioneer to live and work in the city wilderness.

The financial part of this great adventure was taken care of by friends, one of them writing to others of what Miss Kittredge wanted to do, and suggesting a contribution of $20 or more a year to help along the good idea. As the work grew, the friends increased in number and increased their offerings; and by and by a regular society, christened "The Association of Housekeeping Centers," was chartered and entered upon the archives in Albany.

Years passed, and day by day Miss Kittredge worked her way deeper and deeper into the community life. Hundreds of eager children came regularly to "play at house," and many times their mothers came; and what they saw was a flat, practically a twin of what most of them lived in, but kept very simple in all its furnishings.

The lessons learned were always practical; the little girl learned to set a table by setting it, and then her comrades criticized as they ate the simple meal.

"What we have tried to do," Miss Kittredge said, "is to capture the 'playhouse' instinct in children and turn it to account. There isn't a thing that goes into the making and keeping up of a home that these children don't get a chance to do in these little apartments.

"All the children learn to keep a house in perfect order by dusting, sweeping, scrubbing, and disinfecting. Then they learn to cook—and we try to keep everything on a plane that is within the reach of the average tenement income."

I listened eagerly, but my eyes kept roving toward the nursery.

"Yes," Miss Kittredge said, "that's a sure-enough baby all right. Although the public school housekeeping apartments don't go quite so far as this, we feel that here we can be just a wee bit more informal. We encourage the children to bring their baby brothers and sisters, for we feel that learning to care for a real, live

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baby is just about the most important thing these girls can learn. They bathe it, dress it, and learn just what, and when, and how to feed it."

Miss Kittredge's idea spread, until, instead of one apartment, there were four in various congested sections of the city. Then all of a sudden these little home-making apartments became one of the most talked of things in all New York. People came from all over the country to have a glimpse of them.

The principal of a public school, realizing the value of such training, asked Miss Kittredge if she could send small classes hourly to the nearby Housekeeping Center, where one of Miss Kittredge's associates could give them lessons in housekeeping. Then another principal followed her lead; and finally the Board of Education adopted the idea.

"It has been twenty glorious years for all of us," Miss Kittredge said, as we watched the children at their work. "But the thing that has pleased and touched me most has been when our first little girls grew up and married, and invited me to their homes. Most of these have been little replicas of our own pioneer apartment. And when I think that once upon a time we were lone adventurers in the city wilderness, and that now there are one hundred and eleven such apartments in the schools of New York City—well, it certainly gives me faith in the public school system."

DOROTHY WORTHINGTON

Even *the* Giraffes Look *for* Him At Mealtime!

PHOTO BY HONEYVILLE, LIBERTYVILLE

As head of the commissary department of Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows, Alfred Webb has served more than 50,000,000 circus meals

ALFRED L. WEBB runs a traveling restaurant for giraffes, fat ladies, canvas men, lions, sword-swallowers, wild men, and seals. And during the thirty years in which he has headed the commissary department of Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows, he has served the big circus family of sixteen hundred members with something like fifty million meals. Good square ones, too—with "seconds"!

He buys daily, and the quantities on his market list would make a thrifty housewife gasp. Two hundred pounds of coffee and eight pounds of tea are drunk every day. If lettuce is on the menu, Mr. Webb shops for about twelve crates. The circus sweet tooth must be gratified with seven hundred pounds of sugar each day. Five thousand pounds of meat are carved up in the butcher-shop wagons each morning.

Eighty per cent of the towns the circus makes are "one-day stands," and keeping such a large family adequately fed under these conditions requires foresight, ingenuity, and sound business judgment. Mr. Webb has to be familiar with local buying conditions and shortages and to know prices in every portion of the map.

The Big Show travels in four sections to save time and confusion. Mr. Webb's division, with all its equipment and canvas, is the first to move, and for that reason it is called the "Flying Squadron." His commissary equipment consists of big ranges, grocery wagons, steam-boiler wagons, ice-box wagons, the dining tent canvas, seats, jacks, and poles. The dishes, glassware, and cutlery are stowed away in wooden chests designed to carry them without breakage. Plates, for example, fit into grooves and racks, and drinking glasses into holes just the right size, so that everything carries without a rattle.

Mr. Webb must see that "spotting" the Flying Squadron cars on the siding in a new town is done before daybreak. Everything must be trucked to the "lot" and rolled into place, and preparations must be well under way for the day's cooking before the stars have faded out. Circus life is necessarily bounded by the strictest routine, and the commissary organization has been studied by armies in many European countries for its economy of effort and material and its never-failing efficiency.

"Is breakfast ready?" doesn't mean a thing in the circus. It's "Is the flag up?" instead, for as long as the square, white commissary banner floats from the cook-house ridgepole, it means that the long tables are neatly spread with their red-and-white tablecloths and a meal is in progress.

At the beginning of each season, Mr. Webb assigns each member of the circus company to a seat at one of the tables, which must be kept as long as the show is on tour. The side of the dining tent called the "long end" seats the workingmen and their bosses, and the other side, the "short end," is for the "art" and the staff. But in spite of this division in seating, everyone has the same amount and quality of food.

A great deal of money is spent yearly to make sure that the water for man and beast is pure. It is a feather in Mr. Webb's cap that there has never been an epidemic in the circus from bad water or food.

While one meal is being eaten another is in preparation. The breakfast flag comes down about nine o'clock and, still, dinner at eleven-thirty is never late. Dinner and supper are eaten, as a rule, in the town in which they are bought, but breakfast is packed in the grocery and ice-box wagons to be eaten on the next location. Probably fewer complaints are registered with the head of Webb's boarding-house than with any other in the country!

When the show travels through where the mileage stretches out long, townless runs, canned goods tables are packed in the grocery wagons instead of the fresh food usually used. And if a big jump is anticipated and Mr. Webb knows a "set-up" for cooking purposes is out of the question, he orders his "g" to put up sixteen hundred lunch b Sometimes two boxed meals are e These packages of food are called "dun by circus folk.

Supplying the menagerie with food comes under cookhouse management. "cat" animals and the dogs get the r cuts of meat and are dosed periodi with liver. Although all the hay and are arranged for by the advance agent boss of this queer boarding-house h cater to amazing foibles.

The monkeys must be kept cont with their well-ripened fruit, bananas ferred. The giraffes are fond of a r varied bill of fare—oats, crackers, onions. And they insist upon strong tea with their mash. Even Fatima, philosophic old hippo, is inordinately of chopped apples and carrots to giv hay a piquant flavor!

ESTHER MELBOURNE K

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Four strictly vegetable soups

Lent-Fridays-All year

NO MEAT in any form is contained in Campbell's Celery, Pea, Tomato and Asparagus Soups. Instead their wholesome, delicious vegetable foods are made more nourishing still by fine creamery butter. Here are four soups that give richness and glow to the Lenten menus, to the Friday meals, to the strict vegetarian diet, and to the general family table any day in the year!

CAMPBELL'S CELERY SOUP

ll the famous tonic oodness of the choicest elery, enriched with reamery butter and easoned with the delicacy f the trained soup-maker. nd like all the other ampbell's Soups on this age, it makes the most elicious Cream Soup with e addition of milk instead water. (See label.)

CAMPBELL'S PEA SOUP

Here's a soup rich in body-building nourishment and the most enticing flavor. Vegetable goodness never was made more appealing to the appetite. Dainty, sweet little peas are blended with creamery butter and seasoned to make them taste their charming best.

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

The exceptional healthfulness of tomatoes is now so well-known that Campbell's Tomato Soup has become even more popular than ever. Always welcome, this soup also brings the famous benefits of red-ripe luscious tomatoes.

Vary the soups you serve

Variety is the life of a good table. Here are four Campbell's Soups that everybody enjoys—awaiting your selection for the daily meals—constant helps to you in giving "newness" and brightness to your menus. They enable you to give a fresh note—a happy invitation to the appetite—and with so little trouble. 12 cents a can.

CAMPBELL'S ASPARAGUS SOUP

Tender young asparagus shoots in a soup made richer still by golden butter! Garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to bring out the most delicious flavor! A soup to tempt you always. Enjoy it often!

TH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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The COACH $595 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

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The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 35*)

n places well hidden. In a few instances ie used the cabins along the way. He llowed himself ten days for the trip to Candle and back.

The night before he reached Candle, he And Wally were bedding down the dogs in ne corner of a rest cabin, when the tele- hone, installed there especially for the ace, began to ring. There was a grating, a puttering—then the voice of Doorknob oaring over a hundred and forty miles of vire.

"Kerry! There's something rotten bout this drawing!" he began, with no reliminaries. "They drew for position esterday, and juggled you into first place! hose crooked"—a snapping interference n the line cut him off for a moment, then is heated voice came again—"double- rossed, I tell you. They announced the rawing for noon, and I was there right on e spot in the Dog Room with the rest of m. Then Luce Barton wanted it post- ned until seven in the evening—said he uldn't get there at noon. Old Doc ramer agreed. But at a quarter to seven, hen I went back to the Dog Room, there sn't an entrant in the place. Kelly told the drawing had come off at four in the noon!

Get that? Four o'clock instead of n! Luce said I'd misunderstood. Said one was there but me, and that d tried to find me all over town and n't. A lie, Kerry. A low-down lie, I ou! That shyster drew for you—that limy, pink-faced—" There was a ing sound—then silence.

TH a queer sinking of the heart Kerry turned away from the tele- to break the news to Wally. It was news—for Kerry. In the All-Alaska stakes the teams left the post five es apart. He who went first was apped in the worst possible way. ually paced the teams behind him, ere was always trail breaking to do, mes with the driver himself going of his dogs on snowshoes. Other leaving later, had only to keep up e starter to win.

Luce Barton drawing for him— idn't look good. Kerry knew the had formed and widened the breach n him and Rance. . . . In the g, Luce, had he wished, could have and used to his own advantage one e fateful numbered balls which de- ositions in the race. And no one ould have been the wiser.

ll, Kerr, what are you going to do he bally thing?" Wally's question t him back to his surroundings. He nt a moment longer before he said ely: "Nothing. Someone had to of course. It's up to me to make ink I like it."

ext day Kerry left Wally at Candle t him when he should arrive there ig race. Alone he started to Nome. n had been working perfectly, with and Tokon in the lead. Even Cul- s at his best. The new sled was a of lightness and strength, and he onfident that with Duna leading nothing could outdistance him. *That is, if Tokon didn't quit on the home stretch.*

The rebel husky had given no trouble for weeks, yet, as Kerry neared the place near the edge of Death Valley, where he had always lain down, he watched the dog anxiously.

The team swung safely by the cabin at Haven; then, for no reason known to man, Tokon calmly and deliberately dropped to the snow.

It was a blow to Kerry. Should he unhitch him and carry him back on the sled, as drivers had done before, or should he try to force him past this place? While he pondered on his course of action, every dog, except Duna, flopped in the trail. The leader, half turned in his traces, stood a moment looking at his master for instructions. None forthcoming, he too flattened out.

But Duna was a leader, and, as such, he must get this dog to go on. For all his appearance of resting he betrayed uneasiness. He ran his tongue over his upper lip, snapped his jaws a time or two, and suddenly raised his head, muzzle up, ears pricked forward, bright eyes intent on something ahead. Whining eagerly, he got up and stood—body tense and quivering, every line of him proclaiming that he saw something down the trail.

Though not a living thing was visible, his excitement was contagious. The other dogs followed his gaze . . . came alertly to their feet.

Tokon, still prone, looked too, ears forward, nose twitching.

"Go get 'em, boys! Go after 'em!"

Tokon sprang to his feet. Yelps, a tug, a plunge, and they were off, Duna and Tokon leading full speed across the quiet width of Death Valley.

Kerry shouted his relief. He was sure of his team now, sure of every dog in it—so long as Duna was in the lead. Trail-wise Duna! God love the little fellow, with his husky smile, his soft, shining eyes, his stubby, wagging tail! Duna had beguiled Tokon and the whole team into thinking he saw something to chase—when Kerry knew there was nothing!

Snow began to fall, thin, quiet. As he traveled along, the fall thickened until he was going through a cloud of large, gently zigzagging flakes. He neared the Fifty-mile Roadhouse, owned by Luce Barton. He would pass it, and eat his late lunch at Solomon, fifteen miles nearer Nome. He didn't want Bart Pelkie to have a chance to size up his dogs or examine his sled.

AS HE swung down the hill to pass the roadhouse, a figure darted suddenly from the cabin door and stood, waving arms, in the middle of the trail.

"Stop! Stop!" He was surprised to see Miak, Bart Pelkie's squaw.

"You look see Doctor's *vaheenie?* She all gone! She go trail! *Allapah*, plenty cold! Maybe *muckie*—all same dead!" She kept yelling as Kerry brought his dogs to a halt. "You look see up trail?"

"Doctor's *vaheenie?*" repeated Kerry, mystified for a moment. "Oh—you can't mean Mrs. Kramer?"

"Uh-huh! All same! You look see in snow?" She pointed the way Kerry had come. When he told her he had met no one, her distress was so genuine that he began to fear something serious might have happened to the doctor's wife. It was incredible that Kitty Kramer should be here alone at the Fifty-mile House, yet, after much questioning, he was convinced that the Eskimo was telling the truth. About an hour previous, just before it began to snow, she said, Mrs. Kramer had wandered off up the trail. Kerry could learn no more from her, and Bart Pelkie had gone to town earlier in the day.

There was nothing to do but go back and look for her. It was several miles from the cabin, in a gulch leading off from the trail, that he found footprints filled with fresh snow, but still faintly discernible. And it was far up the gulch that he came in sight of a cache made of odds and ends of lumber—a small hut placed on posts that held it ten feet above the ground. He drew up in front of it.

"Mrs. Kramer! . . . Kitty! . . . Oh, I say, K-i-t-t-y!"

There was a silence. Then he saw the low door shake. It inched open and revealed Kitty Kramer on her knees peering out. She was dressed in her best cloak of mink. Her face was stained with tears, her eyes wide with terror.

AT THE sight of Kerry she flung out her arms in a gesture of appeal that nearly overbalanced her. "Oh, oh, oh!" Her voice broke in hysterical relief. "Kerry! Come and get me! I'm freezing! I'm dying! Oh, oh, oh! Kerry, quick! Help me down! Catch me—"

Fear had demoralized the woman, and though he kept calling to reassure her, he reached her barely in time to keep her from flinging herself from the cache.

When he got her down he bundled her into his sleeping bag. She lay shivering and moaning while he drove as fast as the rough trail permitted back to Fifty-mile. Miak, overjoyed at the rescue, took charge of the wanderer, seating her beside the roaring stove, pulling off her mukluks, wrapping her in hot blankets, and plying her with hot tea until her shivering and sobs subsided.

Kerry waited long enough to see that there was nothing seriously amiss with Kitty. Then he rolled up his sleeping bag, and with it under his arm approached the chair where she sat.

"Well, Kitty," he said kindly, "now that you're better, I'll be getting on. Do you want me to deliver any message in town? Perhaps . . ." he hesitated, not knowing what intrigue had brought her to Fifty-mile. "Perhaps the doctor—"

"Oh, no, no!" From her blanket cocoon Kitty lifted hazel eyes. He saw in their depths something swift and furtive. Her voice, though weak, held a genuine note of alarm. "Wait—wait a minute, Kerry—" A groan cut off her words. She stiffened in her chair, her head fell back, convulsions shook her, and from her lips came heart-rending moans.

"Doctor! Doctor!" shouted the Eskimo

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woman, and Kerry involuntarily sprang to the telephone. "No, no! Phone *peluk!* Broke!" she jabbered despairingly.

Kitty opened her heavy eyes. "Take me home, Kerry . . . quick!" she gasped, and went off into another convulsion.

After a few minutes of swift preparation, Kerry was off, speeding through the fast-gathering twilight toward Nome. The sick woman lay moaning in the bottom of his basket sled wrapped in furs, bolstered with pillows. As he rode the runners, Kerry watched her with anxious eyes. Her tortured face, her shuddering body, the sharp little cries of pain that escaped her made him forgetful of everything but her need of a doctor. The nearest physician was at the Fort, forty-seven miles away. What if Kitty died on his sled before he got there!

He shouted to his team, urging them to racing speed, and the miles fell behind. But as he neared Port Safety, he noticed that the sick woman had become very quiet.

Alarmed at her stillness, he stopped the team and ran to the side of the sled. "Kitty, are you all right?"

There was no answer.

In sudden trepidation, he knelt beside the sled and, pulling the robes down from about her face, pressed his ear over her heart. . . . Its steady, strong beat reassured him. He covered her again and lifted the scarf from her head. While he looked, she stirred and opened her eyes. They were dark, unfathomable in the night.

"Thank heaven, you're better!" he exclaimed. "You gave me an awful scare!" Still on his knees, he tucked the scarf about her and patted her arm as if she had been a child. "Snuggle down now, like a good little girl, and go to sleep. We'll soon be home."

She closed her eyes obediently, sighed, and asked listlessly: "Are we—? How many miles have we come, Kerry?"

"Oh, about twenty-six."

"Only twenty-six?" she repeated wearily. She drew her hands from beneath the robe and turned down the cuff of her mitten to glance at the luminous-faced watch on her wrist. "Oh—it's stopped. But only twenty-six miles—"

"Yes. The Port Safety Roadhouse is just ahead, Kitty. If you like I'll leave you there, and send the doctor out after you."

"Oh, no," she nestled back contentedly; "I'm much better now, Kerry. Tuck me up again and let's go straight through." She smiled up at him. "I like your ambulance, Trail Eater."

IT WAS past midnight when he drew up before the Kramer door and assisted Kitty from the sled. Stiff and cold, she stood clinging to him for a moment.

"I'll help you into the house, Kitty."

Her dark eyes considered him until he grew faintly embarrassed. "No," she said finally. "I'll be all right. I—I can't let you come in tonight, Kerry. And—and about finding me at the Roadhouse—you'll never tell anyone, will you? It will be a secret between us?"

Kitty slept the clock around and woke the next afternoon feeling marvelously fit, despite her harrowing experience at Fifty-mile. She lay in bed, stretching luxuriously and flinging her ivory-white arms in a very ecstasy of animal contentment. She was glad to be alone. The doctor was still away at the Hot Springs, where he had been called two days before by a friend of Luce Barton.

When Nallah brought a generous tray breakfast, she ate it, then lay back on her pillows thinking over her adventure. She thrilled to the romance of it. Of course she hadn't followed Luce's instructions exactly; she realized now she shouldn't have gone out from the roadhouse to meet Kerry. But how was she to know that it would begin to snow so suddenly? And how could she tell that she'd turn from the main trail and get lost up that terrible gulch? She must see how she looked this morning after her hard trip.

SPRINGING out of bed, she threw about her a quilted robe of pale green satin and crossed to the mirror. With her hands on her dressing table she leaned forward to look at her reflection. Her eyes widened in astonishment and distress. Her nose had been frost-bitten! Unmistakably pink and scaling, it stood out against the exquisite matt ivory of her face. A frozen nose—and the Sweepstakes only four days away—and she the Queen!

She examined herself again minutely, tears of bafflement and rage running down her cheeks. She picked up a jar of cold cream and began rubbing it on, just as a discreet knocking sounded on the bedroom door. The voice of Nallah announced, "Mista Lance Hellington, Mista Luce Balton, want to see Miss Klamer in living-loom."

She wiped the cold cream from her face, furiously wadded her hair on the nape of her neck, girdled her satin robe about her, and flung herself from the room.

When she burst into the presence of her callers both of them came to their feet and greeted her. Luce was all genial eagerness:

"Ah, there, Kitty! Did you—"

"Don't you 'ah-there' me! Look at my nose!" she cried tragically. "Look at it, I tell you—"

"G-o-o-d L-o-r-d. . . ." Luce and Rance exchanged glances of utter bewilderment.

"What's wrong with your nose?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't see anything the matter with it."

She threw up her hands and stamped her foot. "Oh, you brutes! You roughnecks! You—you—"

"Look here, Kitty, this has gone far enough!" Barton's voice was suddenly stern. "Did you get the time—that's what we want to know."

"Yes," she railed. "That's all you two care about—*did I get the time!* Of course I got it! But why didn't you tell me I'd freeze my nose, ruin my looks so I'll be a sight on the day of the Sweepstakes!" She turned to the gold king, who was pacing up and down like a man at the limit of his patience. "You've got to get me that ermine wrap now. I've earned it. I've—"

"So that's what you're making a play for now? Oh, my lord—" he threw up his hands—"I'm sick of this. I'm going to clear out."

Luce overtook him in the storm-shed entrance. "For the Lord's sake, be reasonable!" he pleaded. "She's got his time—didn't you hear her say—"

"Yes," admitted Herrington bitterly. "I heard her, all right. I wish to heaven I'd never got mixed up in this shady business. I'm going down to the kennels. If I hear her mention ermine wrap again I'll—I'll choke her. Ermine wrap. She *earning* it. She makes me sick! Why, for a pair of silk stockings that woman would—"

"Shut up, for the love of Mike!" Genuinely alarmed at Herrington's vehemence he shoved him out the door. "Perhaps, after all, I'd better deal with her alone. Run along, old man. Leave it to me. I'll see you in an hour or so."

He went back into the living-room alone. Kitty was calmer now, and under Barton's adroit questioning she told of her wanderings in the snowstorm and her refuge in the cache.

It was the lawyer's turn to throw up his hands. "*Great—Scott!* Of all the asinine— Why, you might have been frozen to death! Well, luck perched on your banner anyway. It was probably the best thing that could have happened, since it was the Trail Eater himself who found you. By Jove!" He chuckled and slapped his knee. "You're all right, little girl. I knew you could put it over. But tell me—did you have him scared enough? Was he getting everything he could out of the pups?"

"Scared! You should have seen him Luce!" Kitty's eyes glowed. "He came like the wind!"

"Yes? And you got his time on that first twenty-six miles? What was it, Kitty? What did you clock him?"

Kitty looked at him out of half-veiled speculative eyes and giggled at his eagerness. "Well, he made it in—in— She stopped and laughed tantalizingly. "He made it in . . . two hours and thirty three minutes."

"What? With new snow, a bunch of hills, and you on the sled?"

She nodded. Barton looked perturbed and thoughtful. A line of worry came between his brows. As soon as he could get away, he took leave of her and went to call Pelkie on the telephone.

KITTY went back to her dressing table to renew her scrutiny of her nose. She viewed it from every angle, applying various liquid powders and noting their effect. She succeeded in consoling herself somewhat. She turned her head to one side and with her eyes still on her reflection her finger down the bridge of her nose.

A silent laugh shook her shoulders. How excited Luce had been when she told him Kerry had done that twenty-six miles in two hours and thirty-three minutes. What a joke! What a ripping joke she had played on those two—Luce and Rance. They'd be wild, absolutely wild, if they ever found out that Kerry had really made that twenty-six miles in *two hours flat.*

Barbee Neilan paused a moment in front of the "Prospector" building, buttoned up the collar of her white fur coat. Then she stepped out into the tumultuous Front Street.

It was the day before the Sweepstakes, the event toward which Nome had been working for five months, and the town was in the throes of its preparations. Across the rolling white land from every direction men were hastening in on foot and by dog or reindeer teams, each with the savings of a year to bet on his favorite.

Barbee, making her way along, felt the lawless intoxication of the hour. But now she was most interested in the dr

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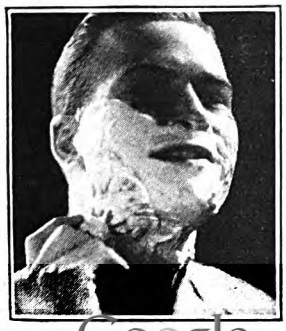

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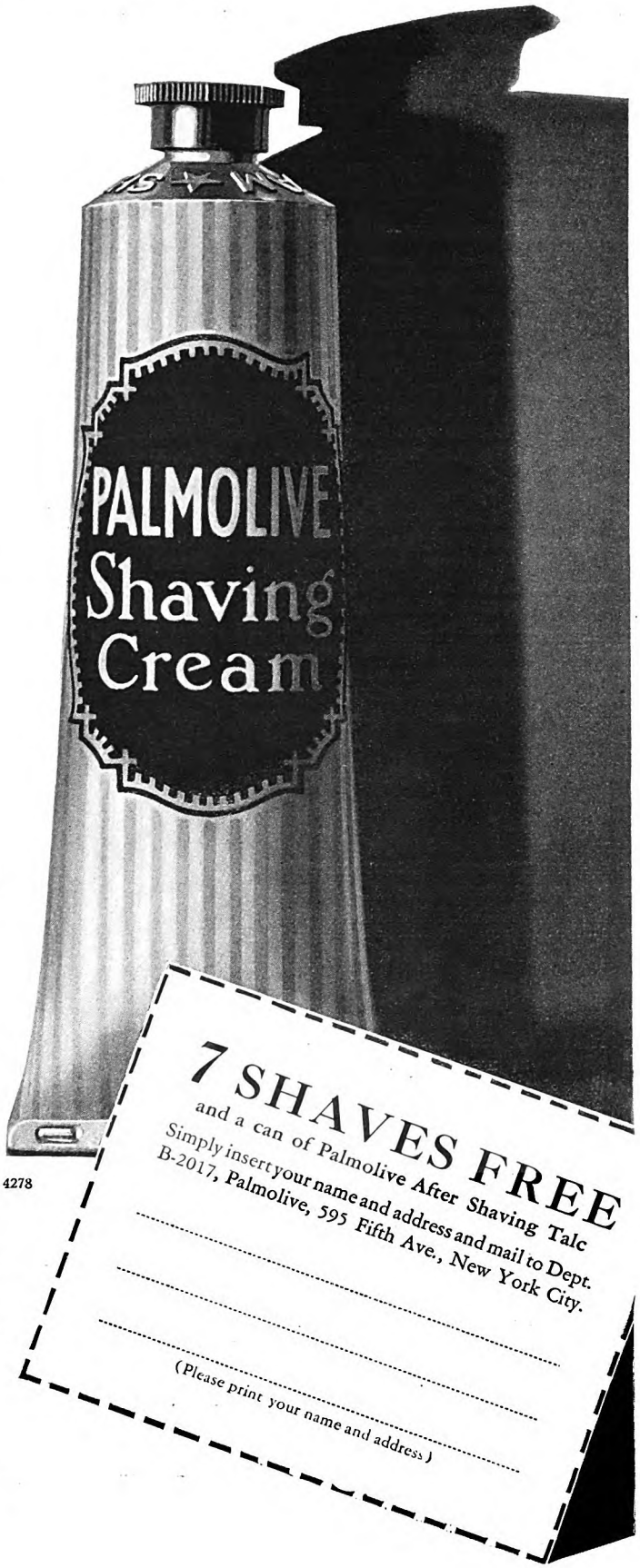

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She was interviewing each one on the eve of the race for a story that would flash over the wires to every newspaper in Alaska, even to the Associated Press of the States itself. It was the biggest assignment her father had given her, and she was tingling with pride.

She turned down the side street that led to the Syndicate kennels. She had left her interviews with Kerry Wayne and Rance until the last. She felt that from them she could get more of the spirit of the Sweepstakes, and she was eager to talk with Rance on the eve of his great undertaking. His picturesque appeal was strong again—Rance, the richest man in Nome, a true sportsman driving his own team in the Sweepstakes, not for gain but for the glory of the battle. Her heartaches, her doubts of him were for the moment swept aside, and she felt a tenderness for him, a mounting pride.

She neared the wire netting about the Syndicate yard and entered the gate. Slim Carvey was just leaving to go downtown, but the other drivers, Harry Dunn and Jake Minton, were busy, one polishing the runners of the racing sleds, the other going over towlines and harnesses. The drivers exchanged uncertain glances. Slim made a hasty movement as if to stop her; then, reconsidering, shrugged responsibility from his lean shoulders and went on his way to town.

UNCONSCIOUS of this byplay, Barbee stepped quickly down the rough hall of the kennel-house. She was smiling to herself. Rance didn't know she was coming this afternoon. Anticipating his delighted surprise, she tapped on the closed door of the harness-room and immediately pushed it open, with a gay, "What ho, Trailsman! I—" She broke off, stunned into silence.

Kitty Kramer and Rance Herrington had sprung from a seat in the same chair.

The two stared guiltily at the girl in the doorway—at her white, stricken face, her wide young eyes, in which disbelief struggled with a certain sick knowledge.

Barbee made a movement as if she would withdraw, but Herrington started toward her, one hand outstretched, a wavering, apologetic smile on his face: "Why—why, hello, Barbee! Come in—come in, dear. I want to—I want to— You see, Kitty and I were just talking over—" His stammering efforts to collect himself ceased, and suddenly all pretense fell from him. "Barbee . . ." His voice broke on a desperate note of entreaty, his eyes pleaded. "Don't go! Speak to me! Say something, Barbee."

Pride came to the girl's aid. Her little figure straightened gallantly, and she came back into the room. Her hands fumbled in her pockets and finally brought forth copy paper and pencil. "I'm—I'm interviewing all the racing drivers. . . ."

Herrington threw up his hand as if to ward off a blow. "Don't—Barbee! Haven't you heard—didn't they tell you? I'm—I'm not driving in the Sweepstakes. I—I—"

"Not driving . . . ?" Her pencil struck the floor with a small thud. Her copy paper slipped sheet by sheet from her nerveless hand. She stared at him as if she could not believe his words. "Not driving? Why?"

He checked the glib excuses that rose naturally to his lips, and in a moment of honesty told her the truth: "I can't go out. I'm not in shape to stand the trip. I couldn't go through. I tried to train, but—"

Barbee's eyes moved to Kitty Kramer's voluptuous back outlined against the window where she had taken her stand, then returned to Herrington. Understanding, anger, and contempt succeeded one another in her young face. She looked down at her left hand, where a diamond and emerald ring sparkled on the third finger. Then slowly she drew it off and placed it on the table near him.

"Good-by . . . Rance," she said.

A moment later the door had closed behind her.

With the click of the lock Herrington was roused from his apathetic misery. He started forward, stopped, flung his arms in a gesture of hopelessness, and, throwing himself into a chair beside the table, leaned his brow on his upturned hands.

Kitty turned from the window and walked toward him. She stood in waiting silence beside his slumped, despondent figure. When he did not raise his head, she reached out and playfully flicked a lock of his dark hair, giggling like a naughty child caught in a misdemeanor.

Herrington leaped to his feet, his jaw set. "Yes," he gritted, "you'd laugh, you would. To one of your caliber it's funny to see a man stripped of his honor, his love, everything that makes life worth while. Oh, get away!" He shoved aside her outstretched hands, her suddenly beseeching red mouth. "Get out! I told you never to come here! Get away, and stay away. I'm through with you—"

"Through with me, indeed!" Kitty stepped back from him, her hands on her hips. A sudden grinding hardness came into her voice. Her "aitches" fled. "Oh, no, Rance 'Errington, you're not through with me yet, old thing! And don't get rough until you 'ear what I've got to say. I came 'ere to get something—you know what it is. And I'm going to 'ave it before I leave. If you 'adn't been so blasted tight I'd 'ave been on my way before that fool girl came breezin' in—No! I'll not shut up!"

ENGROSSED in their quarrel, neither of them saw Luce Barton enter the room. He stood quietly listening.

"You know what I'm 'ere for—I want that ermine wrap to wear tomorrow. You're coming through right now with the price— If I don't get it— Well, 'Orton 'appens to be president of the Malamute Club. You know what I can tell 'im. And you know 'e'll believe me!"

"Go ahead. Tell him and be—"

"And I'm the girl who can let 'im know a few other things too. For instance, what's the gang in this town going to do when they find out 'ow you and Luce got poor Kerry Wayne's time?" She laughed at the expression on Herrington's face "Ha, ha! When that dope gets out this afternoon, old dear, your three entries will be scratched—disbarred—done—"

"Now, now, what's all this fuss about?" Luce forced an easy smile and came forward in the manner of one who would make peace between two quarreling children.

Kitty flung herself on the lawyer, her chin quivering. "Luce, he's blaming me because he can't drive in the Sweepstakes!" she whimpered. "After all the chances I took for him. I've risked my life for *both* of you, and he won't even give me that ermine—"

"Come now, little girl. You misunderstand Rance. Come here to me." Luce drew her gently to one side. He leaned forward and placed his lips close to her pink ear. "I know you need that ermine wrap." Kitty's face cleared. She looked at him with rapt eyes. "*I* know you need that ermine wrap. But—why depend on Rance? Why not let your old friend Luce get it for you?"

"Oooooo, Luce!" She threw her arms about him and landed a resounding kiss on his cheek. "Oooooo, you darling!" Radiant, triumphant, she turned to Herrington. "You see—Luce appreciates what I've done if *you* don't. . . . Come, Luce, dear. Let's hurry before the bank closes!"

MEANWHILE, Barbee, heedless of direction, was stumbling along the frozen road. Disillusionment had numbed her like a narcotic. She was conscious only that she must get away; she must put far behind her those two who had stripped her world of beauty, honor, love, happiness. There was no beauty, no honor, no love, no happiness anywhere.

She trudged on in a daze of suffering. Behind her came the faint carillon of harness bells. She stepped aside to permit the passage of the approaching dog team. But it did not pass. Instead, she found herself looking into the snow-tanned face of Kerry Wayne.

She glanced about her in bewilderment, realizing for the first time that she was far out on a little-traveled tundra road that led toward Anvil Rock. Her hands were stiff with cold. She had forgotten to put on her mittens. When she reached clumsily for them, her fingers were like little sticks. They would not bend.

The Trail Eater was noticing that too. He seemed to be indignant about something not clear to her; all the time he was alternately swearing under his breath about someone and calling someone else darling, poor, brave little girl. He took her frost-nipped hands and rubbed them with snow. When the blood came stinging back into them, he pulled on her mittens for her, as if she had been a little child, and buttoned the collar of her jacket about her throat.

She straightened her shoulders. She must not permit Kerry or anyone to know how she had been hurt, humiliated, disillusioned today. She remembered now she had come to get a story for her father's paper. She had come out to interview Sweepstakes drivers, and Kerry Wayne was the last on her list. She looked up and met his eyes. They were very blue, very kind, with a softness in their depths that she had never noticed before. "I was on my way to see you," she said.

It was a brave little lie, absurdly obvious, considering where he had found her, but she never thought of that until later.

"And I'm just on my way home," he assured her. "Let me take you there."

She permitted him to tuck her into the wolf robes on his sled. She was beginning to feel the cold now. She was shivering, and there was a warming sense of both spiritual and physical comfort in his administrations, in his near presence as he ran the runners back of her.

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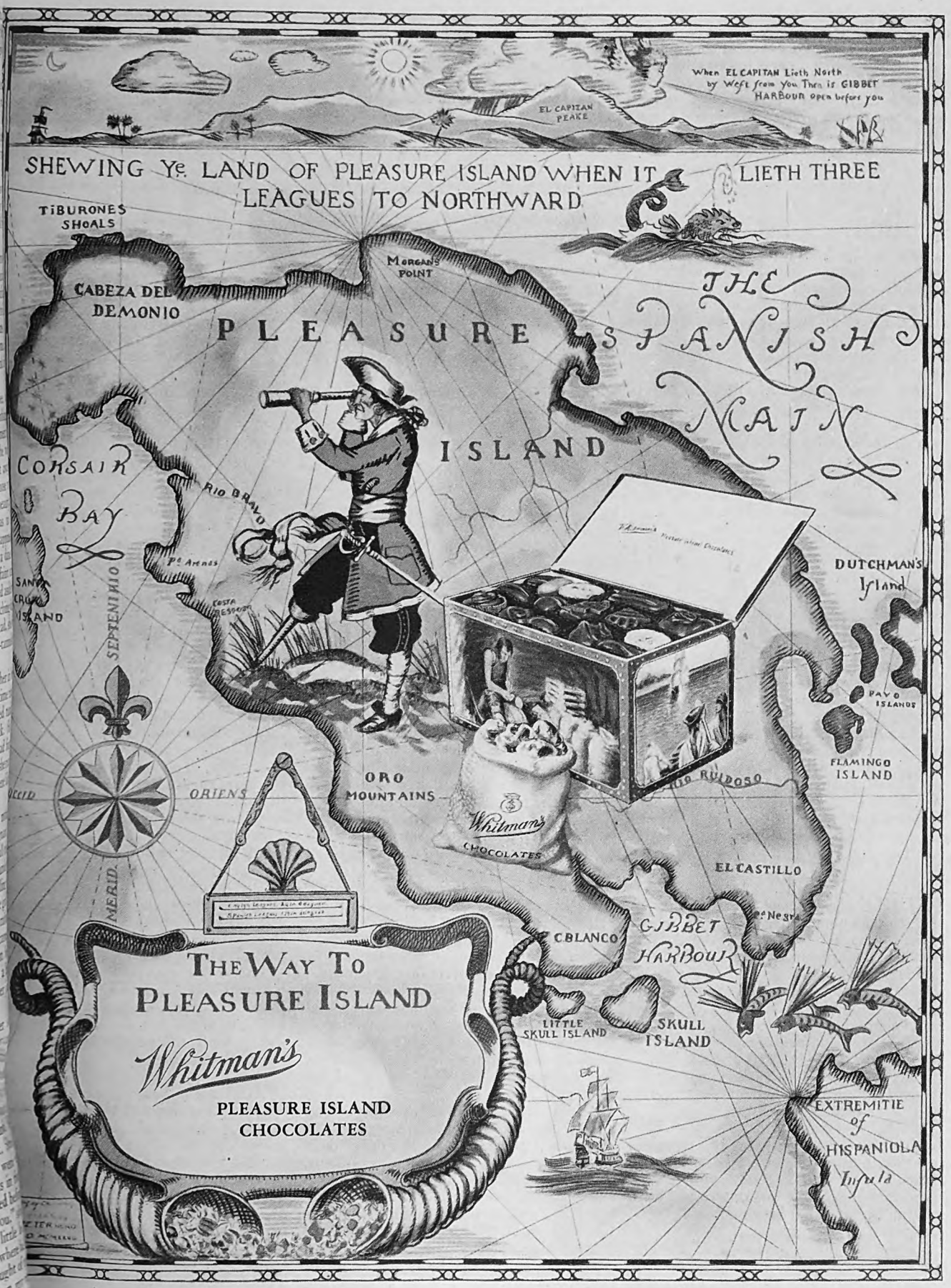

The Treasure has been found. It is shared with all those who love sweets. The trail of the treasure hunter leads to the sign of the nearest Whitman agent —Ask him for Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES. © S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

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She had ridden behind many teams, splendid teams carefully matched as to coloring, size, and kind, yet in this mixed string of crossbreeds and huskies she felt something different, something that had to do with joyousness in service, unity with their master. Even in her suffering, she paid a fleeting tribute to the man who had trained them so perfectly. If Rance—

Recollection was suddenly upon her again. She bit her lip to quell the intolerable longing that swept her for her lost ideal of Rance. Yet something was almost imperceptibly dulling the edge of her heartache. She became conscious of Kerry riding the runners back of her. He was crooning a little trail song to his dogs. It was a comforting, human sound that gave her a sense of his near friendliness, of his protection. He leaned over and tucked the robe more securely about her shoulders. The action made her feel as if every moment he was aware of her—taking care of her. Nor did this feeling grow less when later at the Kashim, he turned his dogs over to Doorknob and took her inside.

A fire was roaring in the big oil-tank stove, but just as he placed a chair for her, the door leading to the living quarters opened and Tolovana Belle appeared.

"I'm getting supper at this joint tonight, Kerry," she drawled. "Oh, hello, little Barbee Neilan! Why, you poor child, you look like a frozen tom-cod! Come right in here with me." She put an arm about the girl's shoulders and drew her along to the living-room. "Here's a footstool for those little feet. Hey, Kerry! Rustle a cushion or two for her back. . . . Thanks. T-h-e-r-e, my dear. Just thaw out until I can bring on a little refreshment."

Through the kitchen door she kept up a volley of remarks until she reappeared with a tray, which Kerry took from her and placed on a low stand near the shivering Barbee. An hour ago Barbee had thought nothing could take her mind off her own troubles; but the tea, the warmth, the homely cheerful talk began to have their effect.

WHILE she listened, she even began to take note of the bachelor comfort of the room where she sat—of the shelves that held books, worn volumes of Kipling, London, translations from Scandinavian writers, heaps of magazines, and some shabby volumes of Blackstone. She recalled that Kerry intended before the year was ended to take the examinations for the bar in Alaska; that he had plans for helping in the future to make the laws for this newly developed land, which would soon have a legislature of its own.

"Well," Tolovana said, when they had finished their tea, "I'm going to leave you two to talk over your own affairs. Got to compose a reindeer ragout that will put speed into this fellow for tomorrow. You see, I'm betting three thousand on him for first place."

"I've saved up ninety dollars," Barbee confessed. "And tomorrow, after the racers get away from the post, I'm going to bet too."

"Well, be it far from me to encourage youth to play the dog races," observed Tolovana, with an air of virtue. "But if you must bet, Barbee, I'm here to tell you Kerry's got the race in his pocket—so long as Duna leads."

Just then there came a scratching on the other side of the door that led to the Kashim. Kerry laughed.

"All right, old man! Be there in a minute," he called, as he crossed to the door. He turned the knob, and Duna bounded in, with his beguiling husky smile. He lifted his forepaws carefully to Kerry's chest, and, nuzzling his nose under the young man's chin, began to express his love and gladness in rumbling canine talk.

Kerry reached into the pocket of his leather jacket and took out a lump of sugar.

"Now watch him, Miss Neilan!" His face wore an engaging boyish look of pride as he glanced up at Barbee.

DUNA had dropped to the floor and was sitting on his haunches, his bright eyes intent on his master. With elaborate precision Kerry placed the white lump on the dog's nose. The husky, aquiver with eagerness, cocked his eyes and pricked up his ears in a tense, listening attitude, while Kerry's absurdly solemn voice intoned:

"'Tis the voice of the lobster, I heard him declare,
You have baked me too brown, I must sugar—"

A lightning movement at the word "sugar," and Duna had flipped the cube into the air and gobbled it. Barbee couldn't help laughing. The husky, wagging and crunching, looked eagerly for more.

"No, party's over now, boy." Kerry patted the sleek, gray head dismissingly and turned toward the Kashim door. Duna's team-mate was standing there triangular ears erect, topaz eyes on his master.

"Come in, Tokon!" The tawny creature sidled in with a wolf-walk that set the light rippling over his shining coat. Barbee felt suddenly that a presence had entered the room, a power, an intelligence. "You'll get your sugar without the Alice in Wonderland accompaniment, Tokon." Kerry extended the lump on the palm of his hand.

Barbee watched, genuinely interested now. She recalled the scene in Barracks Square when Kerry had fought the outlaw racer with his bare hands. Here now was the same killer whose saber-fangs had sought to slit the throats of a dozen men; yet he approached the man who had fought him, and with fastidious care tilted his lean, beautiful head sideways and took the sugar into his mouth. He backed away to eat it; then, running his tongue over his lips, he resumed his aloof regard of his master.

"Look at him, Miss Neilan. A king among dogs! He'd do anything I ask of him now, I think; but he has never once shown any affection for me. Never once come to me unless I called him." There was a wistful note in Kerry's voice. He came over and sat down on a hassock near Barbee's chair, looking up at her with earnest blue eyes. "You know I'd—I'd give anything to have him come to me of his own accord and lay his head on my knee."

Barbee liked him the better for wanting the love and friendship of his dogs, as well as their obedience. That he had the utter devotion of Duna was evident. The gray husky was already on his haunches, both paws on his master's knee. He squatted there blinking, absurdly unstable until Kerry gathered him to his side. He kept his arm about the leader and began telling her of the coming race.

Barbee, listening, became increasingly conscious of the quality of his voice, a deep, golden voice that kept shoving her own tragedy into the background of her mind by making her feel the lure and challenge of the Sweepstakes Trail. He got out a map and placed it on the tea table between them, tracing for her the course of the four-hundred-mile race that wound along the hummocks of Bering Sea, that skirted ice-glazed bluffs, that zigzagged across glaciers and through valleys that siphoned furious winds down from the Pole.

Forgetting herself, she listened to him and became aware of other things—he wa one of those men who always look well groomed, even in rough trail clothes. H was the kind who would shave ever morning, even if he were a hundred mile from another human being. She liked tha about him; but, best of all, she liked hi tenderness with animals, with all cripple and weaklings. He would be a loy friend, this lithe young man with the deep set eyes and the one-sided smile. And he loved a woman—

She looked shyly at him, sitting the talking and rubbing his dog's ears. The suddenly she found herself concerned f him on the morrow. She wished he had larger and better team to take out on t trail; wished he stood a better chance winning—he who had been so whimsic so gallant, so courageous in the face of t many obstacles that had beset him duri the winter. If only Rance—but she mu put Rance out of her mind forever.

She remembered all at once that had a story to write when she got ho that night. Tolovana took Barbee to yard and tucked her into the fur robes the basket sled. Then, standing with feet apart, she scanned the landscape w a trailsman's eye.

"A blizzard in the offing, Kerry," observed.

"Let her whistle!" dared Kerry, f his place behind the handlebars. "D will head into it. . . . Are you comf able, Miss Neilan? . . . Fine! . . . T vana, I'll be home in half an hour."

They were off in a tinkle of b Through the deepening twilight D proud, lean, and swift, ran loose, lea his team across the pallid stretch of dra, toward the town where lights already twinkling.

THAT night Kerry gave a final loo his racing sled and equipment, an the last time made the rounds of racers' stalls where team-mates chained two in a compartment.

After he had made sure that the door was locked, some indefinable im drew him back to Duna. He knelt beside the dog and gathered him int arms. Outside he could hear the rising . . . prophetic of a blizzard. Tomorrow he and Duna would be out racing on the Sweepstakes Trail. . . old fear touched him for a moment thing that was rather a fear of fear t fear of the trail. But he flung it reso from him. "We'll go through this Duna!"

He rose to go. The husky broug

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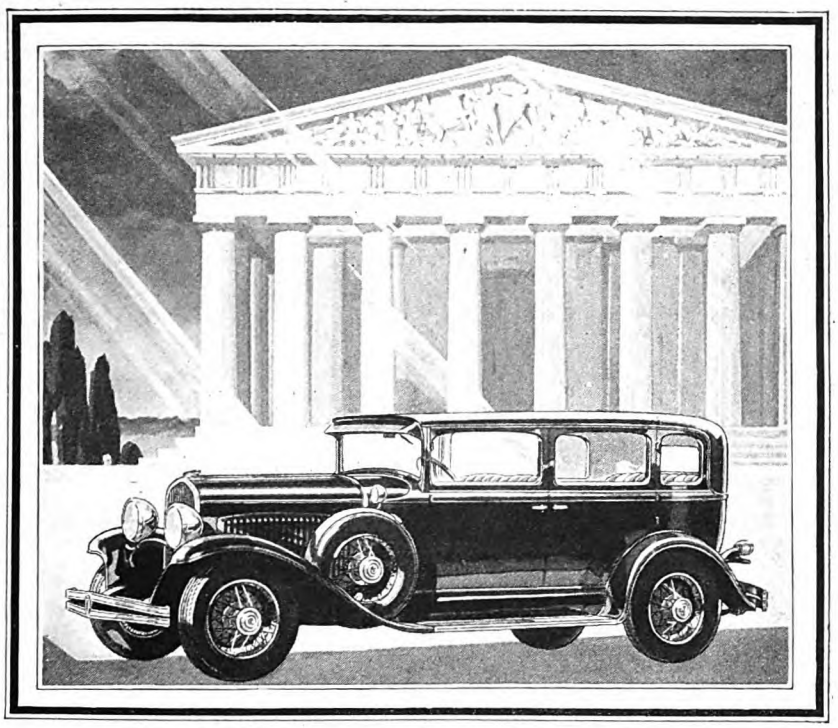
CHRYSLER BEAUTY IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over—New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

FOR the first time *n the history of motor car design an authentic system has een devised, based upon the canons of ancient classic art.*

hrysler designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive ling and that the pursuit of it in motor car design ust not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws d conventions.

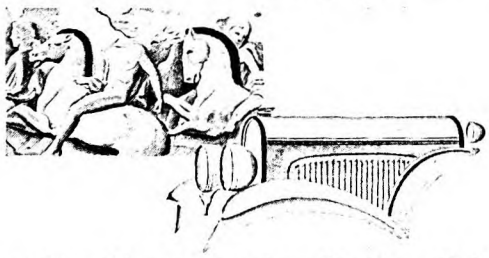
t Chrysler has also found that there are so many orious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture d design, that the search for authentic and harmoni- s symmetry can actually be reduced to something e a scientific system in which results are certain.

rysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not ied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

rysler has sought instead to do something never done ore in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception



Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145* New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345* New Chrysler Imperial—*Five custom styles priced from $2675 to $3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

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forepaws to his master's chest and stood on his hind legs, looking into his face. Beneath his pointed ears his great, intelligent eyes spoke his love.

"Good night, old pal. Good night!"

Later, Kerry lay on his couch tossing and staring wide-eyed into the dark. Usually, slumber overtook him as soon as his head touched the pillow. But tonight he was restless. Every event of the long day came crowding into his consciousness: Again he was back in the hubbub of the Golden Sands, hearing that Rance Herrington had turned his team over to a hired driver. . . . Listening to that whisper started by Slim Carvey: Little Barbee Neilan had gone to the Syndicate kennel-house and found Rance and Kitty Kramer. . . . Again he was seething with indignation, with pity, with a fierce, protective tenderness for the motherless Barbee.

He couldn't banish the memory of the stricken look on her white face when he had finally overtaken her, the feel of her little hands, blue and unmittened in the cold. He had nearly lost his head then, but she, poor child, hadn't been aware of it.

With a deep sigh, Kerry turned over and burrowed his face in the pillow. This would be his last rest until the race was over; he must stop thinking and try to go to sleep. . . . How the wind moaned tonight. There would surely be a blizzard tomorrow . . . a blizzard on the trail . . . and he, blinded with it, stumbling along behind his snow-caked dogs.

He grew tense at the thought. He was flying down the glazed, white slope of a mountain—he was slipping on a glacier—the wind had caught his dogs and was whirling them over and over—the wind had caught Duna running loose ahead! It was shoving the little fellow inch by inch over the edge of an icy cliff—Duna looking back at him with despairing eyes, calling him, yelping for help And he couldn't go to save him. He couldn't move.

"Duna!"

KERRY woke with his own voice ringing in his ears. He was standing in the middle of the floor dripping with sweat, shaking, listening with painful intensity. Had he heard Duna's husky woofing? Or was it but a nightmare delusion?

He plunged into his trousers and parka, and with a lighted lantern hastened out into the dark Kashim. Back in the racers' quarters dogs were moving restlessly, and something in the atmosphere of the dim place swept him with an unreasoning fear. With the lantern held before him, he hurried back to the partition and swung the light about the stalls.

The dogs were all awake. They looked up at him, their eyes shining like glass. But in their soft whines of welcome there was an alien note—something not right. Kerry went into each stall, talking quietly to them. Mukluk and Queenie, Karluk and Red—nothing wrong there. Perhaps Cultas had been up to his old tricks again.

He shafted his light down into the trouble-maker's stall. Cultas stood as far forward as his chain permitted. He was looking up quietly, yet curiously disturbing in his wary stillness.

"Cul—" Kerry stopped.

Back in the shadows something was dangling over the top of the stall wall . . . something hanging—

He flung the lantern hoop over a peg and with an agonized cry leaped into the compartment. Frantically his fingers worked to unsnap the horribly tightened collar on the dog that hung there, one small hind foot pitifully reaching for the floor that was too far away to support his weight.

Kerry caught the gray body in his arms, staggered out of the stall, and dropped with it to the floor. "Duna—Duna!" His shaking hands felt for the heart. . . "Duna, come back, old man! You can't leave me, little fella! God, you can't leave me now! . . . Duna, my little pal . . Oh, Duna. . . ."

(To be continued)

How a Great Scholar Brings up His Child

(Continued from page 40)

dreams," and is all tucked in by half past eight. The law has been broken now and then, as when some genius of the piano was honoring our home; but for the most part it has been with us a sacred, monastic rule, a trifle of surpassing moment in our philosophy.

After air, food. We found that Ethel flourished on a vegetarian diet helped out with plenty of milk and whole wheat bread; she grew tall and strong, athletic and alert; and it seemed to us that she was getting every element needed for full development. But the vegetarians will be scandalized to hear that very soon in Ethel's history we added chicken to her menu once or twice a week.

Ethel's health-record is not perfect; she encountered German measles in her infancy, but outlaughed it in a week; at four she caught whooping cough from a playmate, and beat it down with the help of the new serum; at eight she developed swollen tonsils, whereupon they were removed. These are the blots on her escutcheon; otherwise she is a stranger to doctors and disease. "How does it feel to have a stomach-ache?" she wants to know.

PLAY comes next, and, taking all these growing muscles, senses, and limbs, teaches them coördination, precision, unity. The perfect parent would have, as an element in his artistry, a knowledge of just what toys to buy to encourage the development of every organ and every power. Surely, the first principle here is that the toys should be such as to require accurate perception, agile manipulation, and, above all, movement in the open air. Roller skates, archery sets, quoits, jumping ropes, baseball and tennis equipment: these are first aids to a Nature that wisely counsels play in order that every capacity may be practiced to perfection.

Best of all are swimming and skating. Summer and winter were invented for them; every muscle is called into harmonious use, the breath comes fast and deep, the blood surges rapidly, and the heart leaps with joy. Let me confess with shame that I cannot skate. But I swear that when Ethel learns, I too shall take my falls and try.

The body comes first, and the fresh beauty of its growth is a perpetual delight. But once that firm basis has been laid, once digestion has found a healthy regularity and has allowed itself to be forgotten, then the problems of character, of "bringing-up," stand before us in pell-mell multitude. The child is greedy at table, stingy with toys, quarrelsome in play, conceited in bearing, loudly loquacious, dishonest, moody, secretive, and unattracted by water and soap. What shall we do about it?

First, don't *don't*. *Don'ts* are necessary, but every parent should be restricted to a limited number of them, like a doctor with alcoholic prescriptions; and perhaps, like the doctor, he should exhaust his year's supply on January first, and leave himself a clean slate for the rest of the year. I think we should say "Yes" whenever it is possible. Many parents, having been crossed in lucre or in love, revenge themselves on life by forever setting up prohibitions and objections in the way of the child. Parental authority is the last refuge of a scoundrel; weak people love to dominate, and the right to nag is one of the consolations of matrimony. Let the child be happy, and let us not deceive ourselves with too much sacrifice of the present t the future.

To command a child is to arouse pu nacity and resistance; this rule is almo as certain as Newton's laws of motion, a likelier to survive Einstein. Be fair to t child, earn its love and trust, and your quests and suggestions will be more effe tive than commands.

I walk to school with Ethel, and expr my envy of her happy school days; I wo der does it not help her to absorb the j of these childhood years to see that anot values them? When she comes home noon we ply her with questions as to l luck in class; she is glad that we are c cerned, and catches by contagion our terest in history, geography, spelling, e arithmetic.

SO WITH the piano. This is a prob that agitates every home—"Go and your practice!" It is a silly phrase, fo suggests, most unmistakably, "Piano bore, practicing is torture; go and suff you deserve it." We tried another p with Ethel; we merely offered her the portunity to learn the piano if she wish we left it to her choice. But for weeks fore putting the question we spoke of glory of music and of the high privileg performing or composing it. Then looked about for a teacher who would gin, not with sleepy scales and terrif finger exercises, but with simple, ear-ca ing melodies that would set the w household humming them. We found teacher, and soon our home rang with t played laboriously by chubby fingers. older ones went about our work sin the melodies that Ethel evoked; she pleased to note our delight.

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HE builder of your automobile will tell you that the most important item upkeep is the lubricating oil you put o its crankcase.

there any *one* oil which has actually nonstrated its lubricating superiority your car *on test?* Yes! Mobiloil has n tested *in service* by more motorists l more owners of automotive equipnt than any other oil in the world. e are the results of some of these tests:

wenty-eight out of thirty contractors are helping build New York City's ,000,000 subway, lubricate their trucks Mobiloil.

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obiloil lubricates the gigantic snow plows which keep open the Swiss mountain passes in winter—particularly those leading to St. Moritz, the famous winter resort, which *must* be kept clear!

5 All planes of the famous Deutsche Luft-Hansa, operating air-lines between many European cities, are lubricated with Mobiloil.

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Fair retail price — 30¢ a quart

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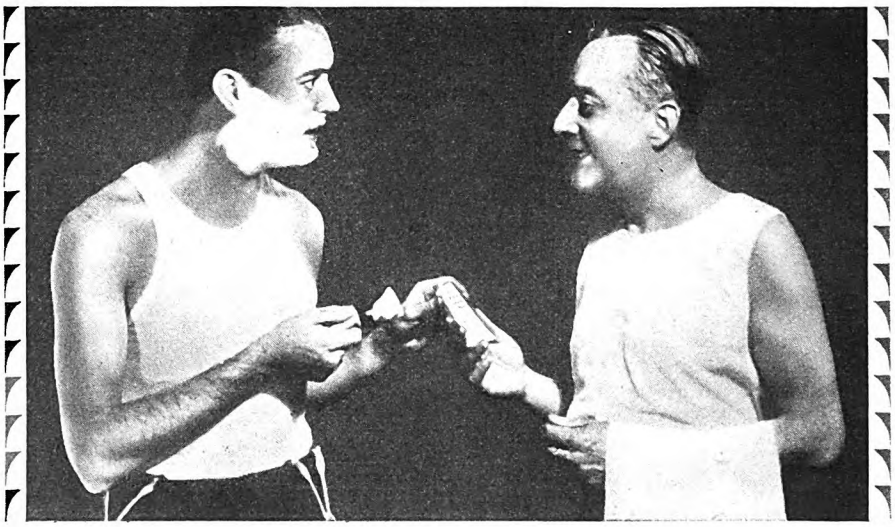
FREE: A week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.



Small-bubble lather speeds up shaving

Vastly superior to ordinary lather

WHAT softens a beard? Air? Plain reasoning will answer "No." Then reason further. Big-bubble lather contains more air than small-bubble lather. Small-bubble lather is vastly more moist than ordinary lather and soaks and softens the beard more thoroughly. Colgate scientists produced the small-bubble lather — millions of men have confirmed its superiority.

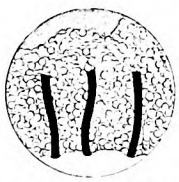
Just plain reasoning

Results—they'll tell the story better than words.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, *now*. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

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Later a pause came in her progress; sh did not want to practice any more; and w had to gird our loins and fight the demon of custom that bade us command and com pel. Instead, I sat down at the piano an practiced the lesson myself; it was withi the measure of my ability. Then I invite Ethel to join me and make it a program fo four hands. She came, and for a week practiced with her; when she did not ca to come I played her pieces alone. Th teacher provided us with simple duets, an we learned them together.

Rapidly her pleasure in the piano r turned. Soon she was playing simplifie selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Schu mann, Schubert, Handel, Haydn, an Bach; we sang these famous strains wit gusto and made her know how grateful w were that she was filling our hearts wit song. She came to feel that music was great boon, worth all the trouble that involved.

I pass for further illustration from th piano to the swimming-pool, though the is little dignity in the transition. Have yo watched mothers or fathers teaching child how to love the water? They coa it for a while, then scold it, then take it u forcibly and baptize it with total imme sion. Half the time the plan works; ha the time it frightens the child into suc horror of the water as may prevent it fro ever learning to swim at all.

Ethel was no more anxious to go in the water than any other child; her fe was a natural and wholesome thing, roote in generations of perilous history. W merely put her into a bathing suit and l her play on the edge, while we splashe about and swam and gave every sugge tion that the water was fine. She gre envious, and soon of her own accord too to wading. We bought her a life be bound it about her with disarming laug ter, and showed her that with its help s could paddle about in deep water witho so much as wetting her hair. She watch the boys and girls, imitated their motio and was soon able to navigate in any desi direction.

At the end of her first season in the wa she had learned, without compulsion any kind, and even without coaxi enough of the breast stroke to swim so ten yards. We took off the belt, and was amazed to find that she knew h to swim.

Example is so powerful that if it is go nothing else is necessary.

IF YOU want your child to be polite polite. If you want your child to be n be neat; nothing else is required. To strong or excited language to the c whatever the provocation, is to set u it, for imitation, the memory of vio speech. Good manners can be ta only by patiently persistent example is difficult and involves almost the re cation of ourselves; in this way our dren rear us.

We have tried to direct every instin Ethel to some beneficent end. She has as acquisitive as any young animal, has not been any more disposed to s her toys than most children. But she been impressed by our way of divi things with her and helping her when we can; and the sense of security tha come from this friendly aid has mad more considerate and generous. F

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Two Sets or Three?

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Lucky is the baby born of the modern, intelligent mother. While she dreams that her child will be a great man, perhaps President of the United States, she studies and plans for his health.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown".

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-A.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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"Rules 'n' regulations"

... now turned into play

New ways of guidance that many mothers are using

"THERE'S a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child," and "Meeting Your Child's Problems."

How impatient children are of everything that interrupts the one important business—play.

But there are ways, now, in which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

For instance, right habits of eating, particularly breakfast habits. School tests have shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their class room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too earnest at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voice when they talk about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal it is. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

©1929, C. of W. Co.

FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

A club that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret, gold stars and colored charts. All materials free, sent direct to your child, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist the H. C. B. Club! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities on child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest, for it contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.
3. Raisins, dates, or prunes, easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.

Make this a habit with your children—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY — DEPT. P-21
MINNEAPOLIS — MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Address.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

time she hankered after pennies and nickels. We steered around this by arranging a monthly "salary" for her, dependent upon her keeping her room tidy, making her own bed, getting up promptly, arriving at school on time, and doing her lessons well. I have been taken to task by my friends for "corrupting" Ethel with this monthly wage; but I have always been unprincipled, ready to experiment with anything. It is too early to say whether my friends are right or wrong, but I should say that the signs are against them; the money has made Ethel less acquisitive, not more.

As with acquisition, so with pride; it can be a nuisance and an absurdity, or it can be a source of character and development. I should not want a child to be humble or submissive; and when Ethel is willful I console myself with the thought that she will make things hot for anyone who may try to exploit her when she is grown. Character has to have some pugnacity in its make-up, some willingness, occasionally, to resist.

As to pride, it is the mother of honor and the vertebra of courage; it can be used to good purpose endlessly. We suggest to Ethel that she is too proud to let anyone see her untidy or unclean; that she is too proud to take more than her equal share of anything; too proud to run forward for gifts or favors or preferment; too proud to let anyone surpass her considerably in her work. (I hope she will not see this revelation of our secrets.) Pride is an admirable substitute for punishment; it is a positive stimulant, not a negative deterrent; it begets backbone and bravery, and beats down timidity and cowardice. How can one be brave without pride?

Perhaps, too, we can substitute praise for blame in forming the character of the child. Instead of pouncing upon work ill done and heaping up reproaches for it, we keep an eye alert for things done well. Ethel has to report that she has fallen short in arithmetic (which is her *bête noire*) we show regret, but we do not reprove her. When she comes home with news of perfect marks, we dance and celebrate and praise her.

WHAT if this method of praise and fondness should work less well than the method of invectives and penalties? I would rather lose by one way than win by the other. We shall vote for any plan that makes for Ethel's happiness. If we must choose, we prefer to spoil our child with affection, rather than make it hard with suffering.

I do not know whether it has been a problem or a blessing that through no choice of our own we have had but one child. I confess that we have spent more time on Ethel than we could possibly have given her if the stork had been more generous. I have seen households with two or more children and found them a little too noisy for my taste. I do my work at home and see a great deal of Ethel; but if she had brothers or sisters, I must have some sort of an office or an attic at least a mile away. As it is, Ethel's nearness is no disturbance but an inexpressible delight; the sound of her voice in the other rooms, even her occasional invasion of mine, stimulates and refreshes me.

Nevertheless, this single-child-blessedness presents difficulties. We try to meet them by welcoming playmates from

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This Simple Habit

safeguards natural beauty of teeth and gums

Keeping teeth healthy and lovely is really easier than perhaps you imagine.

"Use a dentifrice that really cleans,"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that *you* can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

We asked dentists this question, "What kind of dentifrice will best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Upon this authoritative advice we made Colgate's. We produced a toothpaste of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

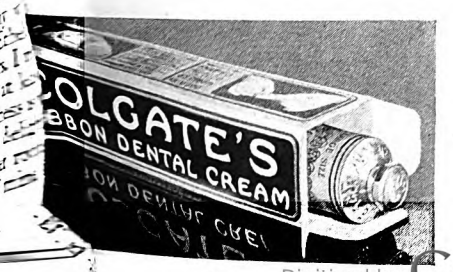
This foaming, searching wave carries a fine calcium carbonate powder which cleans away mucin and food deposits and polishes the enamel to shining smoothness. It penetrates between the teeth; reaches difficult surfaces—purifies and sweetens the entire mouth.

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. *Also, Colgate's is more* economical. *In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.*

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . ."**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.



Try Colgate's one week—FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1601,
595 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

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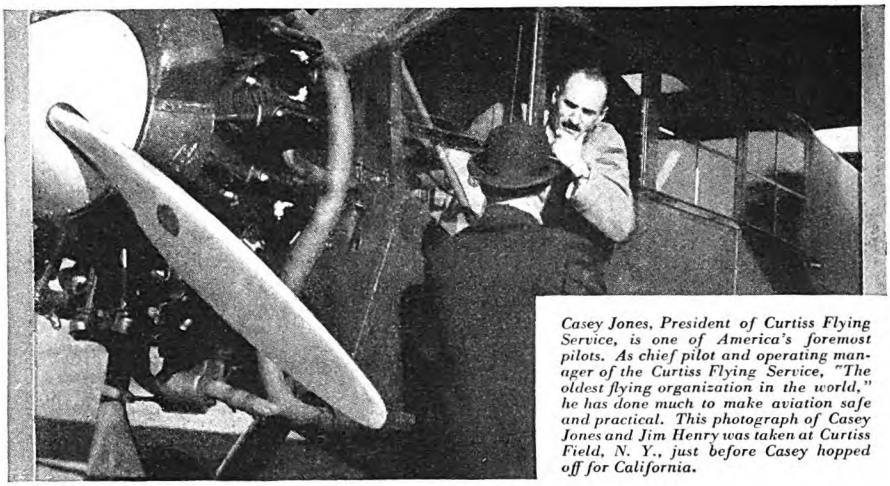
CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and COOL SHAVES"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask *that* question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced— The Young Man's Shave!

Modern — refreshing — unique — that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves. Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men asking what they think of Menthol-iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can see it in the mirror; I can feel the difference through a whole business day."

A well known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both Mennen creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard, 2—it lubricates the razor blade, 3—it invigorates the skin. . . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. D-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

school, by encouraging the return of these visits, by having a young nephew live with us in vacation and holiday time, by occasional week-ends in other homes, and above all by playing children ourselves, joining Ethel in her studies and her games. She is having French lessons; we learn her week's vocabulary with her and make a jolly competition of the task, digging each word into the memory with quips and puns. When she has difficult home work in arithmetic, we sit together around the dining-room table, and the whole family adds, subtracts, divides, and multiplies together for an hour. Is it a waste of time for us? Well, how do you waste *your* time?

THE secret of parentage is the ability to be young again, to throw off all dignity and degrees and play on an honest equality with the child. Perhaps it is by such unassuming intimacy that we may win that complete trust and love which is the corner-stone of education. How shall we ever succeed in the development of character if we cannot, by honesty, draw honesty and honor out of the native moral resources of the child? We tell Ethel that every thought imperceptibly molds her face, and that in the long run all elements of character are written on the countenance for every eye to read; but we are not content with frail intellectualities of that sort. We know that if we wish her to be honest we must be honest ourselves, even when it hurts; and that we must never frighten her with the fear of any worse punishment than to let her see how her defection from honor has darkened the day for us all.

We are confident that example and affection will make her honest with us. Lying is sometimes permissible with adults as few moralists will admit (for adults seldom want the truth); but it is hardly ever wise with children (who hunger for knowledge), though moralists are especially apt to fight shy of the truth when children seek it. Ethel has fallen short of the ideal here as in other things; but I suspect that it is because her father has not been honest with her to the hilt. We shall try again.

The severest test of honesty is in the sexual education of the child. Why do we resist that passionate curiosity which is the root of science and the nurse of education? Essentially, because the increasing postponement of marriage from puberty to a later age has left a dangerous interval in which every unnecessary stimulation to a latent and powerful instinct must be avoided. It is a difficult question, with more than one side to it; but even when we are resolved to take our chances with the truth. We shall do what we can to keep these questions from popping till the last possible moment. But we want to answer those questions before uninstructed or prurient children answer them. How shall we deal with them in any other way or in any other tone, than with other questions. "Reverence" here is the watchcue, and invitation to mystery and mischief; a man should speak of reproduction as he would speak of digestion or respiration, with the quiet impartiality of a scientist.

Knowledge and health are the best psychoanalysts; where the body is strong and the mind is clear, "complexes" will not grow. Diderot said that anatomy is the first thing he would teach his daughter.

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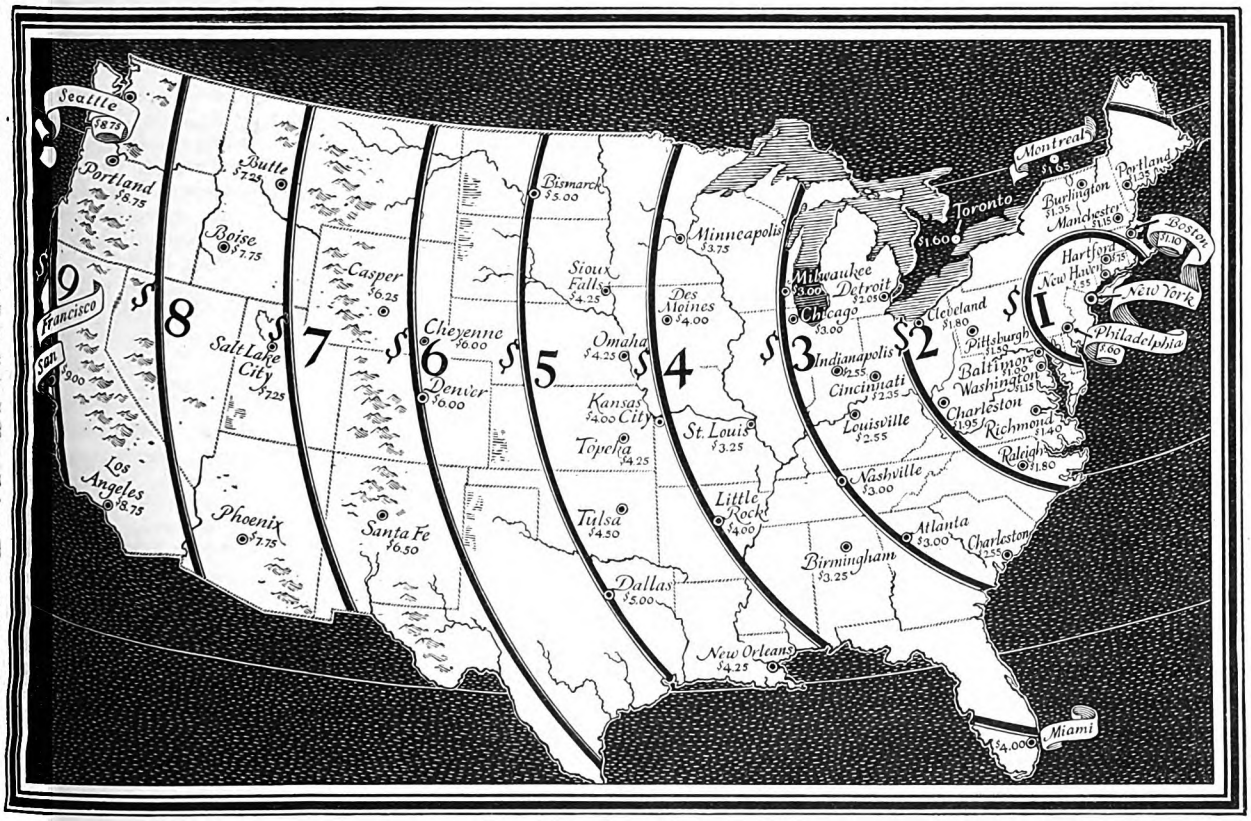
Look how Far your Telephone dollars now Go



HEN one fish company calls all of its customers rywhere every Monday morning, and conducts of its business by telephone. . . .

Vhen a single packing house, in one month, ives 1500 calls from its territory ordering its. . . .

Vhen a flour salesman spends $65 for out of town s and brings in $500,000 worth of orders in a nth. . . .

Vhen this whole magazine might be filled with ilar experiences, is it not important that every ness man should know how little telephone now cost?

here have been rate reductions in 1926, in and on February 1 of this year. The map shows how far your telephone dollars now go, whether you talk between neighboring cities or half-way across the continent.

What are the problems of your particular organization? Some companies use Sequence Calls to save additional time. Some train special telephone salesmen. Many are now using the Key Town Plan and Credit Plan for their traveling representatives. How could telephone calls save and earn the most for you? A letter or call to your local Bell business office will bring skilled minds to work with yours.

Meantime, what pending out of town transactions could be hastened by telephone?

Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . . . *Inexpensive* . . . . . *Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

Try the coffee that lets you sleep

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it, breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1856 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

though I should be in no hurry about it. The usual disturbances of youth in this regard will not worry us; we shall let Nature take her course, without sermons and without lies; but we shall provide the child with all the sporting goods in the catalog and lure it out into the sun.

Sterilized with truth, the love life of the child can be, like everything else around it, a thing of beauty and delight. Here, for example, Ethel comes from school, sits on the arm of my chair, and whispers coyly, "Daddy, I'm in love." What am I to do? —berate her for this terrible romance? I can't; instead I laugh and invite full details. Why should I darken that bright soul with the problems of morality?

But what shall we do when puberty comes? At the first sign of it we shall flood the situation with knowledge; we shall leave no pebble unturned to avoid the sensibility, the self-consciousness, and the brooding introversion that so often discolor life at this critical turn in its tide. Let that first year of adolescence be no year of fretting and tragedy, but the springtime of the soul, seedtime of devotions and ideals, season of adventure and poetry, Maytime of health and growth in body and brain. Now intelligence sprouts with doubled pace; from that moment the body recedes into the background, character stands as already formed, and the task of the educator centers at last on the problems of the mind.

I DO not know when Ethel's "mind" began; but we did not bother much about it till she could say, with Milne, "Now we are six." She would not want me to imply that she had no mind to speak of before that; had she not taken lessons every hour or so in the abominable irregularities of the English language? Here too the choice was between commands and example; and so we had to admit that if Ethel was to talk English correctly, we must learn to speak it pardonably ourselves; that if Ethel was to keep roughneck phrases from her vocabulary, they must find no entrance to ours. Not that the juicier metaphors of slang were excluded; these might be the very life-color of a sentence and say in a word what would have taken a paragraph from Dr. Johnson.

Meanwhile we had to face the question of private schools. Should we send Ethel to the neighborhood public school, or to a private institution of high repute but inconvenient location? I visited both and was astonished to see what progress the public schools had made since the days when I taught in them for ten dollars a week. Bright classrooms, smaller classes, individual desks, competent and cheerful teachers, every material and scholastic facility; I could hardly believe my eyes.

We tried the public school, and everything went well. Perhaps there was a little too much of patriotification; but after all we had no objections to having Ethel learn to love her country if she might be permitted to value the greatness of other nations as well. The four public schools to which Ethel has gone—two in Brooklyn, one in Sea Cliff, and one in Great Neck (all on Long Island)—were models of efficiency and humanity.

I must not generalize from this experience; and I confess that in some localities we would not use the public school if we could help it. Associations are half

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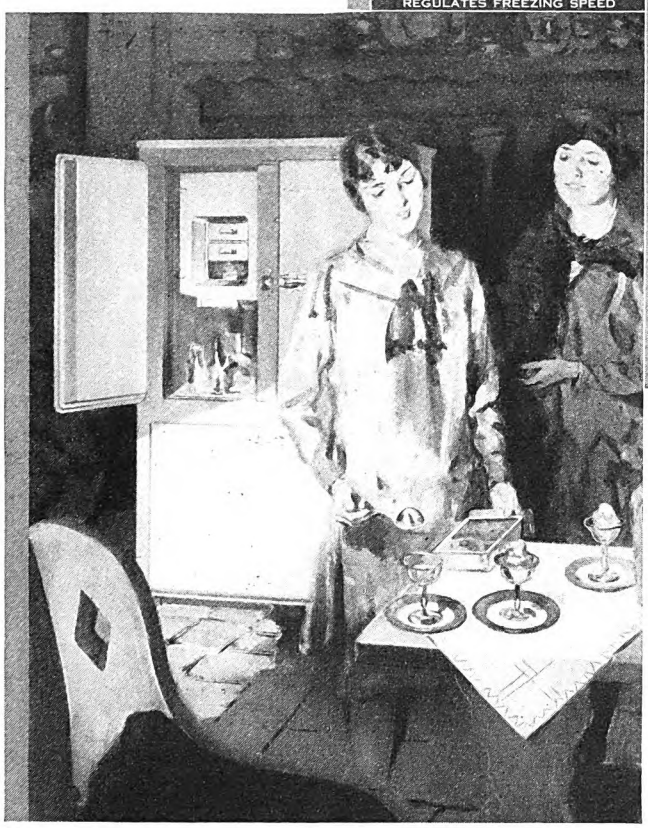
Now with Frigidaire you can regulate the speed of freezing ice cubes and desserts

THE NEW COLD CONTROL

offers greater convenience . . . utmost simplicity



Today Frigidaire offers a new and far-reaching development in automatic refrigeration. Now you can regulate, at will, the temperature in the freezing compartment.

QUICK FREEZING

If, for any occasion, unusually quick freezing of ice cubes is desired, just set the control lever at "Colder". The temperature drops! Freezing is accomplished with much greater speed.

In the freezing of desserts, various ingredients require different temperatures for best results. The Frigidaire Cold Control enables you to set the temperatures of the freezing compartment just right for the particular dessert you are freezing.

The New Frigidaire is now equipped with the "Cold Control" without added cost to the buyer. Its adoption is in keeping with the policy that has established Frigidaire's leadership and made it the choice of more buyers than all other makes of electric refrigerators combined.

INCREDIBLY QUIET

Frigidaire offers dependable refrigeration . . . a temperature in the food compartment below 50 degrees. Frigidaire offers economical operation so that its savings more than repay its entire cost. Frigidaire offers utmost convenience in the arrangement of food shelves . . . incredibly quiet operation . . . and a low price that could be possible only as a result of quantity production.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

MAY WE SEND YOU THESE BOOKS?

We should like to tell you more about the New Frigidaire . . . what it will do . . . the work and bother it will eliminate . . . the protection it offers to health. We want to give you a book of recipes for the new delicious desserts that can now be made so easily and quickly. And we want you to know how Frigidaire can be bought on the easiest of terms.

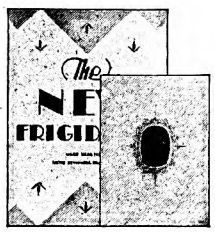
You can get the complete facts at any Frigidaire display room, or mail the coupon and we shall gladly send you copies of the recipe book and the New Frigidaire catalog. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Dept. C-101, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me copies of Frigidaire Recipe Book and the new catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



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The Comptometer with a trained operator, safeguarded by the Controlled-Key, will turn out more work at less cost than any other combination

Faster operators mean cheaper figure work

WITH the Comptometer, which has speed to spare, faster and better operators will reduce the cost of your figure work more than anything else.

Only through a dependable service of training and supplying such operators, can employers be assured of getting them when and where needed.

For a quarter of a century the Comptometer has been rendering this service through a world-wide system of day and night Comptometer schools. The system today comprises 151 schools—105 in the United States and Canada and 46 overseas.

Each school maintains a free employment service for the placing of graduate students and for the convenience of employers seeking trained operators.

In the year ending October 31, 1928, employers obtained from these schools in the United States and Canada alone, 25,977 operators. In the same period, approximately 22,000 more were instructed in customers' offices, making a grand total of nearly 48,000 clerks and operators trained by our organization in the year.

Ask any user of this service about the economy of the Comptometer with trained operators and the reliability of our service.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1700 N. Paulina St., Chicago

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer
Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

game in life, and we must be forgiven for selecting them. "Send your son to college," said Emerson, "and the boys will educate him." Such a consideration drove us to experiment with a private school—one of the finest in New York. We soon discovered that Ethel disliked it; she complained of the noise and disorder which the principal called freedom; and though she learned some interesting little crafts and had much outdoor play well supervised, she asked us, time and again, "When are they going to teach me something?" At the end of the private-school year we entered her in a public school and found that despite an intelligence quotient four years beyond her age, she was behind in many branches necessary for her promotion.

Having found a school, the next thing is to coöperate with it. To permit no absence or lateness except for the most vital reasons, to keep an eye on daily progress and monthly reports, to watch the home work and show keen interest in the class lessons of every day; all this is part of the parental job. Of course, it not only helps the school, but it helps the child; any worthwhile regularity or order is a boon to character. And when we take walks through the fields we turn the talk, if we can, to history, or geography, or literature.

Geography is dull? How is it, then, that a ship at anchor in the harbor, or setting out under full sail or steam, is an irresistible suggestion of romance? Every child longs to see foreign lands; therefore, the way to teach geography is by real or imagined travel. The teacher lands her class at Shanghai or Singapore, and all the mystery of Asia welcomes them; or they go down the Nile from Alexandria to Abyssinia, and through a thousand strange tribes to Johannesburg and Cape Town, and Africa becomes a reality rather than a name. Why should not every school be equipped with such travelogues as those that Holmes and Newman give, with views and fascinating moving pictures? And history—surely for children it should be what Carlyle called it: "the Biography of Great Men." To accustom the child to honor genius is to offer it a devotion that age will not wither though every other love depart.

TO ENTER that Country of the Mind where all remembered geniuses still live and teach, it is only necessary to read and see. To see, without haste, those pictures and statues in which artists have written their philosophies of life into a figure or a face; to drink in leisurely the nobility of the Parthenon or the grace and tenderness of Chartres; and to read without haste those books which time has winnowed for us out of the dross of every age to carry down the intellectual heritage of mankind. How pleasant it is to have Ethel tell stories heard in school, of Raphael and Rembrandt, of Leonardo and Michelangelo, of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of Rubens and Van Dyck! At her age I had never dreamed of the existence of these men.

She is just graduating from the literature that is specifically written down to her age. The older items in this literature—such things as Alice in Wonderland and the Nonsense Book of Lear—are admirable enough; but most of the later volumes written for children are spoiled by underestimating and insulting the intelligence of the child. There is no stimulation

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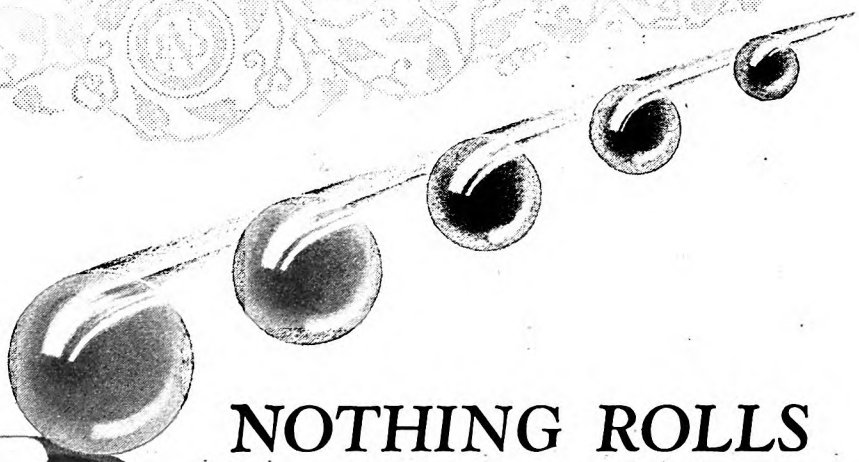
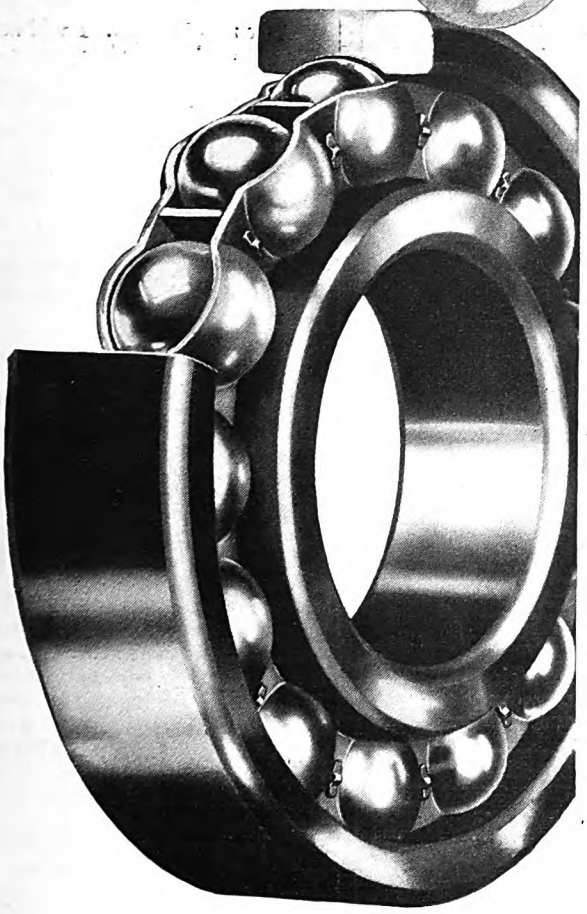
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS





NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Designed upon nature's infallible laws of motion, the perfected ball bearing has proved itself invaluable to industry. *For nothing rolls like a ball*—and no ball rolls easier, truer and with less friction than a marvelously accurate sphere of highly polished steel.

Herein lies the reason for the unprecedented demand that has made New Departure the world's largest producers of anti-friction bearings for all industrial needs.

Wherever mechanisms revolve, the New Departure Ball Bearing has attained mastery over friction, wear and high upkeep expense. Makers of motor cars, airplanes, electric motors, electric household appliances, machine tools, farm machinery, mining machinery and many other devices that contribute to the world's progress—have proved conclusively that the New Departure Ball Bearing has the pre-eminent ability to give the utmost in service regardless of speeds and loads.

So universally is this fact accepted that it requires over 165,000 New Departure Ball Bearings daily to supply the demands of these manufacturers.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
The Largest Bearing Manufacturer in the World

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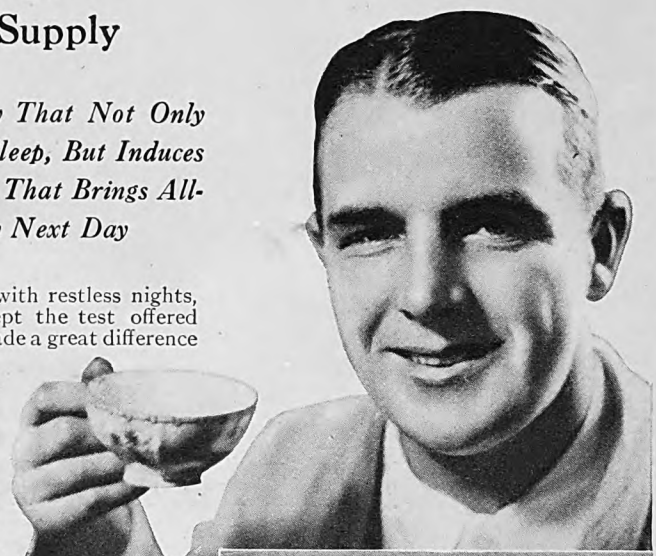
No More Sleepless Nights

Instant Sleep Now Utterly Without Drugs

Accept 3-Day Supply

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces the Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day



If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bed-time; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep. You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

this material; it does not produce active reading or make for growth; it is intellectual coddling, and alert children may lose all their taste for reading if they are fed on this skimmed milk. There are many supposedly adult classics that can be enjoyed at nine or ten—say, The Three Musketeers, The Talisman, Moby Dick, even Les Misérables; and the child will relish the book all the more if told that it was not meant for children. Nowhere in the world are there better books for the child than Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels; and yet neither of them was written for children, and one of them is not yet understood by adults.

In every home that cherishes books it should be pleasant to have an hour of reading aloud together one evening or more in the week. Children and adults can take turns at the book, and corrections may be postponed till the entire reading is over, and then made privately.

How good it is to see Ethel seated near the fireplace of an evening, her sturdy brown legs thrown over the side of the chair, her chubby arms exposed, her red ribbon flashing across her middle, her hair falling down upon her book, her face lighted up with interest and feeling, her soul snatched away for a while to distant places and times, traveling and enlarging its borders, and making itself fitter, day by day, for the company of great women and great men.

I hope she will not become too learned to love life and that she will never think of books as better than friendship, or nature, or motherhood. I will not hold her complete, whatever her career, if she does not some day lift up another child beyond her height as I try to lift her beyond mine. But she shall be free, even to disappoint me; no one can say what is right for another; she shall choose her own path and define her own good. It is enough for me that she has come and that into this life, so questionable in origin and so obscure in destiny, her laughter and her guilelessness have brought sparkling fountains of delight.

Shorty Caraway, Cowboy

(Continued from page 27)

dropped the chicken dish an' went to turning flips. For in those days in New Mexico old hands were only getting thirty dollars a month.

Shorty was a full-fledged bronc rider when he finally left the ranch, for he stayed a year an' a half. He quit, intending to go back home an' visit his folks. But in town he happened to meet a boy they called Rusty Dirty Hands. Rusty was coming to Arizona to try his luck at punching cows. Shorty had never worked with cattle, so he decided to come along.

The trip was uneventful, for they came out on the train, but at each stop they paraded the station platform to show off their cowboy rigs. Arizona was wide open then an' Rusty Dirty Hands went broke the first night they hit town bucking the roulette wheel. He borrowed of Shorty to win it back, ten dollars at a shot, until Shorty got down to thirty dollars an' then he cut him off. For they had to get out o

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PRODUCT of CHRYSLER

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'e Soto Six is distinctly original — and distinctly dashing. 'espite the very low price, it is taking its place deservedly beside rger and costlier cars in the fleets of fine homes. It is that almost ıknown thing in sixes of the most moderate cost — an amaz- gly easy riding car and a beautiful and fashionable car as well.

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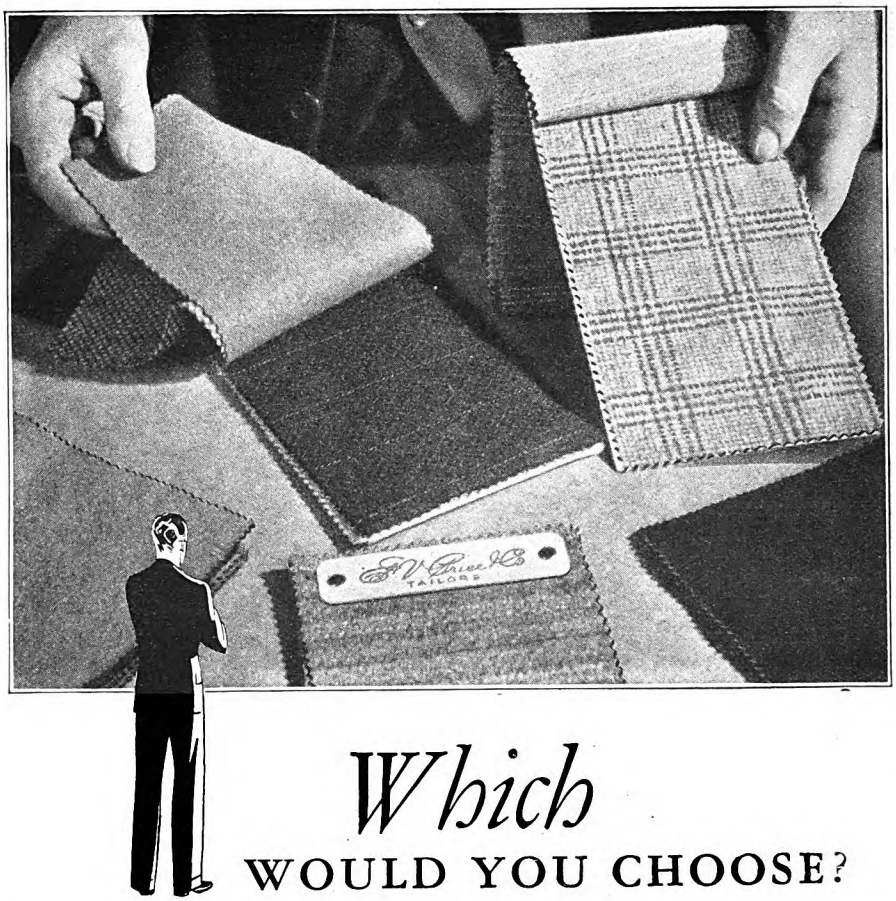

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Once your choice is made, your suit will be personally tailored for you by the exclusive Ed. V. Price & Company "Attitude Method" — cut, draped and balanced to your measurements and posture. You will be assured of that distinctively well-groomed appearance which only skillfully tailored-to-order clothing can give. Look for the sign of the "Jolly Little Tailor," or we will gladly send the name of our nearest representative.

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Please send me the name of your nearest representative, and your new style booklet, "Men's Togs."

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What's Your Tailor?

town some way an' they were both afoot. Shorty finally bought two horses that he got for thirty dollars. One was a broken-down cow horse. The other was a colt.

Rusty had an uncle in Arizona, so they headed for his place. But the colt gave out a few miles out of town an' the boys took turns in walking an' leading him till they finally came to a ranch. Here Shorty traded his colt for an old spoiled, locoed horse an' his troubles really began.

When they finally reached his uncle's place Rusty was glad to stay an' swea (work for his chuck). But Shorty wa hunting a paying job. So he pulled ou on his locoed horse.

THE ranches were few an' far between the water holes were scarcer. Short says that riding that locoed horse alone wa much like traveling with a crazy man. A times old loco went along just like an ol cow horse, then all at once he'd come aliv an' kick at his shadow on the ground a throw a regular fit. He didn't pitch lil any horse; he just jumped an' fought h head. Usually he wound up by fallin with Shorty in the middle of one of h fits. The thing was beginning to get Shorty's nerves, for the country w strange to him. He says himself no o but a crazy kid would have ridden a hor like that. He missed the ranch he w headed for an' made a dry camp th night. It wasn't till late the next eveni that they finally came to water.

The banks were steep, an' dry as loco was, Shorty couldn't get him do the trail. He would stand an' sniff at t water, then go to fighting his he Shorty finally found a place where horse could drink from the bank, and af sniffing the water for a while the ho finally lowered his head. But just as touched the water with his nose he m have seen his shadow, for he struck w both forefeet an' fell off in the wa an' drowned.

Shorty says it was the first time si he left home he ever felt sorry for hims an' he sat down an' bawled. For all knew he might be forty miles from a where, with his horse an' saddle g But he finally slipped off his clothes got his rig an' after piling it up in a l pile he walked on down the canyon. T night at dark he found a camp an' punchers took him in. He didn't g job but one of them gave him a burr ride an' Shorty went back next day got his saddle. It was better than b afoot but Shorty was feeling pretty For he figured he'd never get a job rode up to a ranch on a burro. T evening he came to a ranch.

There was no one there but there plenty of chuck in the house an' Sh was fixing to hobble his burro out, w he noticed some horse tracks coming the water corral. Right then he cha his mind about hobbling his jack turned him loose instead. But it was midnight before a bunch of horses into the water corral an' Shorty shu gate. Shorty says he never felt bett his whole life than then. For he kne matter what else came, he was th with riding burros.

Next morning as soon as it broke he was out at the corral to see wh had caught. But when he spied a high-headed black in the bunch S

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DR. GASTON LYON—*one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other works.*

"Yeast regulates the intestine,"

says DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

'IN FRANCE, especially since the work of he scientist, Dr. L. Brocq, yeast has en-ered the realm of therapeutics, and is today n current use. It is especially used in dis-rders of the skin but should not be limited o skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fer-ientation, and regulates the functioning f the intestine. Its mode of action should e taken advantage of all the more, since east can be taken with-ut inconvenience."

DR. GASTON LYON, author and promi-nent physician of Paris; authority on aladies of the digestive tract, verifies the ex-rience of millions of Americans—that eating ast relieves constipation.

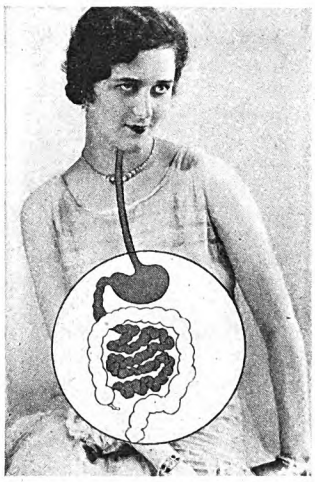
In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast odifies the intestinal action while not being stroyed itself." He further points to the lue of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet —free. Health Research Dept. J-62, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



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looked no farther. He could tell from the saddle marks the black horse had been rode, but from the way the black whistled at sight of him he knew it had been some time ago. So, shaking out a loop, he forefooted him an' tied the big black down till he got some hobbles on him an' laced his saddle on.

From the snaky look in the big black's eyes Shorty knew he'd have to ride. He was too small to cheek the black an' step across, so he slipped a blind on him. Then, taking the hobbles off, he eased up in the saddle.

The big black hung his head the instant Shorty pulled the blind. An' when he made the first jump with him Shorty knew he was the hardest bucking horse he'd ever tried to ride. By pulling all the leather in sight he managed to keep his seat an' he was still in the saddle when the big black hit the fence. The next thing Shorty remembered he was on the ground, with his horse an' saddle gone. The black had bucked clean over the fence but Shorty got a break of luck this time, for the horse had fetched up in a pasture.

Shorty couldn't catch him alone, so he waited around all day. That evening two punchers happened by an' when Shorty told them his troubles they caught his horse for him.

"Kid, you picked a horse," said one, "an' if you're man enough to ride 'im your chances of landin' a job is mighty good if you ride into camp on him. For he belongs to the feller we're workin' for."

Neither puncher thought Shorty could ride him, but Shorty's first heat alone with the black had taken some of the edge off him. The punchers hazed him away from the fence an' Shorty kept his seat. Shorty says that ride was the hardest one he ever made. For the black horse was pitching so crooked Shorty couldn't see the ground. An' each time the black hit the ground it felt like someone was clubbing him across the neck an' shoulders. Shorty was just about all in when the big black's head came up. But that night when he rode into camp on the black horse the foreman gave him a job.

MOST kids have trouble in holding a steady job when they are startingout. Shorty was no exception. For he didn't realize he was following a game that takes most a lifetime to learn.

For punching cows meant to him at first nothing but roping an' riding, an' as long as he got plenty of that he was perfectly satisfied. An' Shorty could never understand at first why they laid him off after the round-up an' kept some old hand instead. Not realizing the old hand did twice as much work without a third of his charging. For no man is a real cow hand until he's spent years at the game and knows what a cow is thinking of before she knows herself.

It was several years after Shorty started punching cows before he could hold a steady job. But the same qualities that made him a bronc rider as a kid had made him a real cow hand. Some give up an' turn to other jobs after a few years at the game. But your real cowboy sticks it out until he comes into his own.

The fall that I met Shorty we slept in the same tepee. I was wrangling horses on that work an' Shorty was running the outfit. The first one up in the morning

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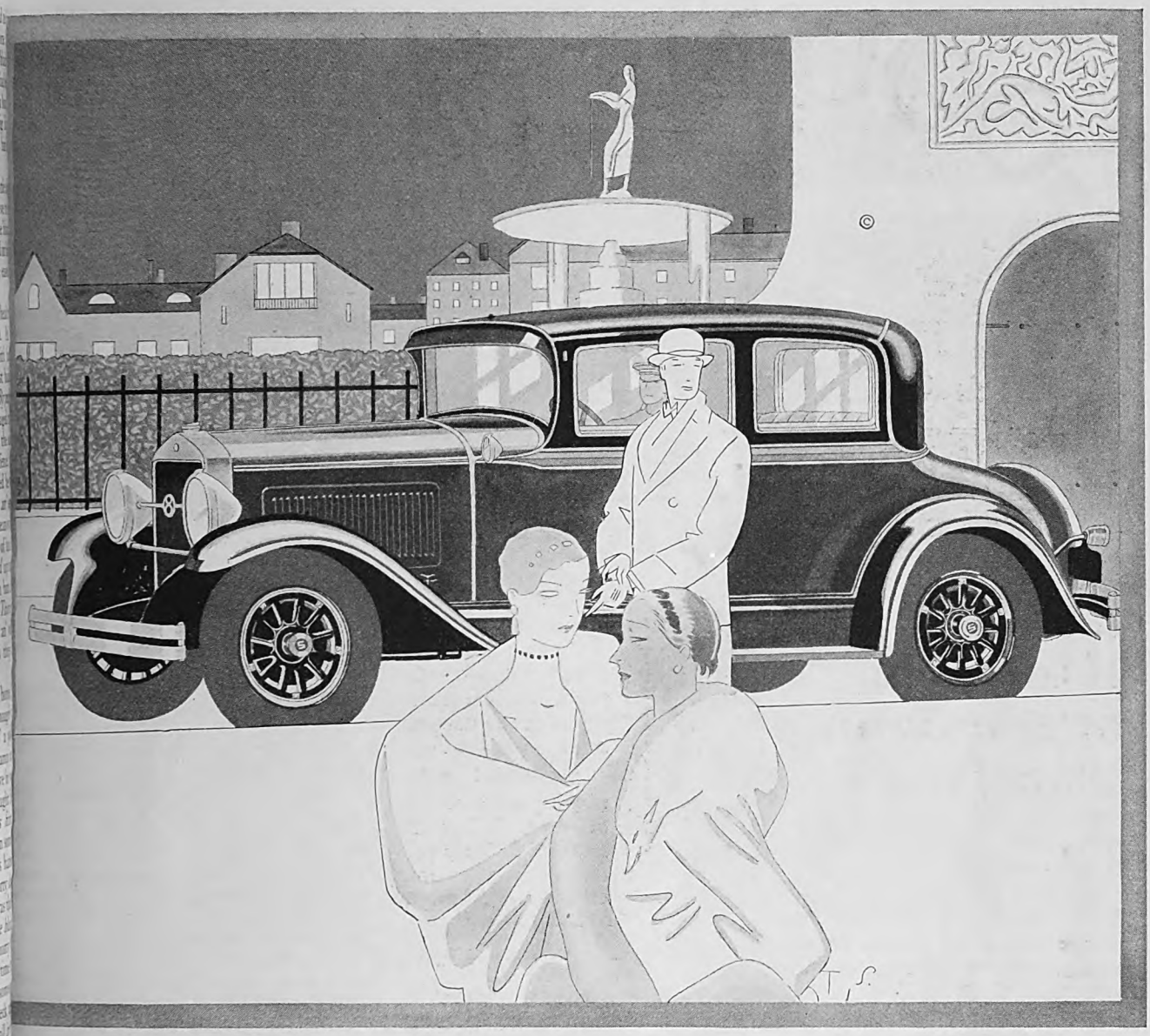

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NOTHING short of championship fleetness—nothing less than stamina unmatched in all motordom—could have inspired the appealing beauty of these great new Studebaker ghts and sixes. In every virile line and contour, you will sense at once the remarkable ability hich has won for Studebaker *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. Balanced otor cars! Style that beautifully interprets flashing performance—performance that lliantly fulfills the promise expressed in youthful, sophisticated style. Champion motor cars ry one—at One-Profit prices which are quite as remarkable as these great cars themselves!

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GOOD NEWS!

GENUINE LEONARD REFRIGERATORS

HERE'S an announcement that home-makers the nation over will receive with enthusiasm! Leonard has applied the modern progressive-system to the manufacture of refrigerators and now, for the first time, makes possible a good ice refrigerator for every home in America!

For as little as $35 you can get a genuine Leonard with all the worth that name implies—insulated with thick compressed corkboard, the greatest ice-saver known—and approved by the National Association of Ice Industries following their thorough temperature tests at Columbia University. Some of these $35 to $70 models even have the famous "Leonard Cleanable" seamless porcelain lining!

Every home needs a good refrigerator because ice protects food and food means our very existence. Leonard Refrigerators at $35 to $70 make it possible for every home to have this positive health protection. See the new-season models now.

All adapted to electric, ice and gas refrigeration. Visit the Leonard dealer in your city, or drop us a postcard and we'll send you a catalog.

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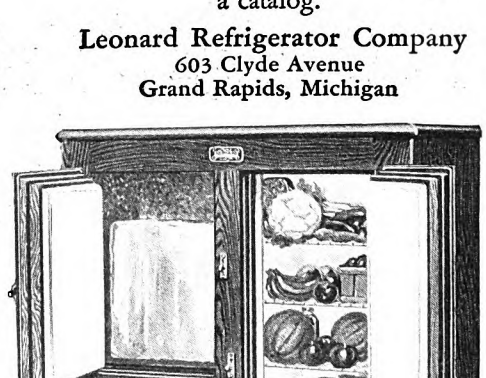

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

an' the last one to bed at night. I have never seen his equal at handling a bunch of men. Most cowboys are prima donnas an' blow up when something goes wrong. But Shorty went through that round-up without a man quitting on him. For Shorty never took the best of it just because he was foreman.

At night around the fire it's all roping an' riding, for the days' work is done over again. Cowboys seldom have a chance to read, but most of them are good story-tellers. But once Shorty took his place by the fire the outfit sat back with a grin. For Shorty's sense of humor is the keenest I've ever seen.

To some cowboys the past is buried. Others are shy on talk. But Shorty was full of stories of the things he had done as a kid.

"Anything I ever believed," he said, "I always believed it strong. An' any time I ever started a thing, I always seen it through."

ONE story he told one night in camp I think will illustrate his point:

"Me an' my cousin both learned to swim with gourds," he said, "when we was pretty small. An' we could make it clear across the pond with a gourd in each hand before we could swim a lick without 'em. It was just while we was learnin' to swim with them that they made us stay to church. We always had to stay to Sunday school but we usually had some good excuse for duckin' church. But for some thing or other that we'd done they kept us in that day.

"Naturally, we wasn't payin' no heed to the sermon, for we wasn't interested until the preacher started talkin' about Christ a-walkin' on the water. Then we started perkin' up.

"'He used gourds,' I whispered to my cousin. In fact, we was both so shore of it I felt like tippin' the preacher off. But my cousin kept me from speakin' out. An as soon as church was out we made a hi lope for home to try it.

"We got four gourds apiece an' tie two on each foot. I got mine tied on firs An' to show my faith was strong I neve even peeled my clothes. An' I walke right off the dam with them in the deepe part of the water.

"I don't remember much that ha pened then except my feet stayed up a my head wen under. But as soon as I saw the fix I was in, my cousin run f help. Dad didn't have no trouble locati me, for my feet was both in sight. I w unconscious when he pulled me out. B I finally come alive again when he roll me over a barrel. Somehow my fai has never been quite so strong sin then."

Like all cowboys, Shorty has had his u and downs. For nine years he lived alo in the hills trying to pay out on a bun of cattle he had bought. But because the drop in prices an' the drouth, Shor lost them all.

Two years ago Shorty went over Hollywood an' tried the movies for while. But after doubling for seve "western stars," he was glad to go b to punching cows.

Until he went to Hollywood Sho thought the western stars really did th own stunts. One star had always bee favorite of his until Shorty doubled

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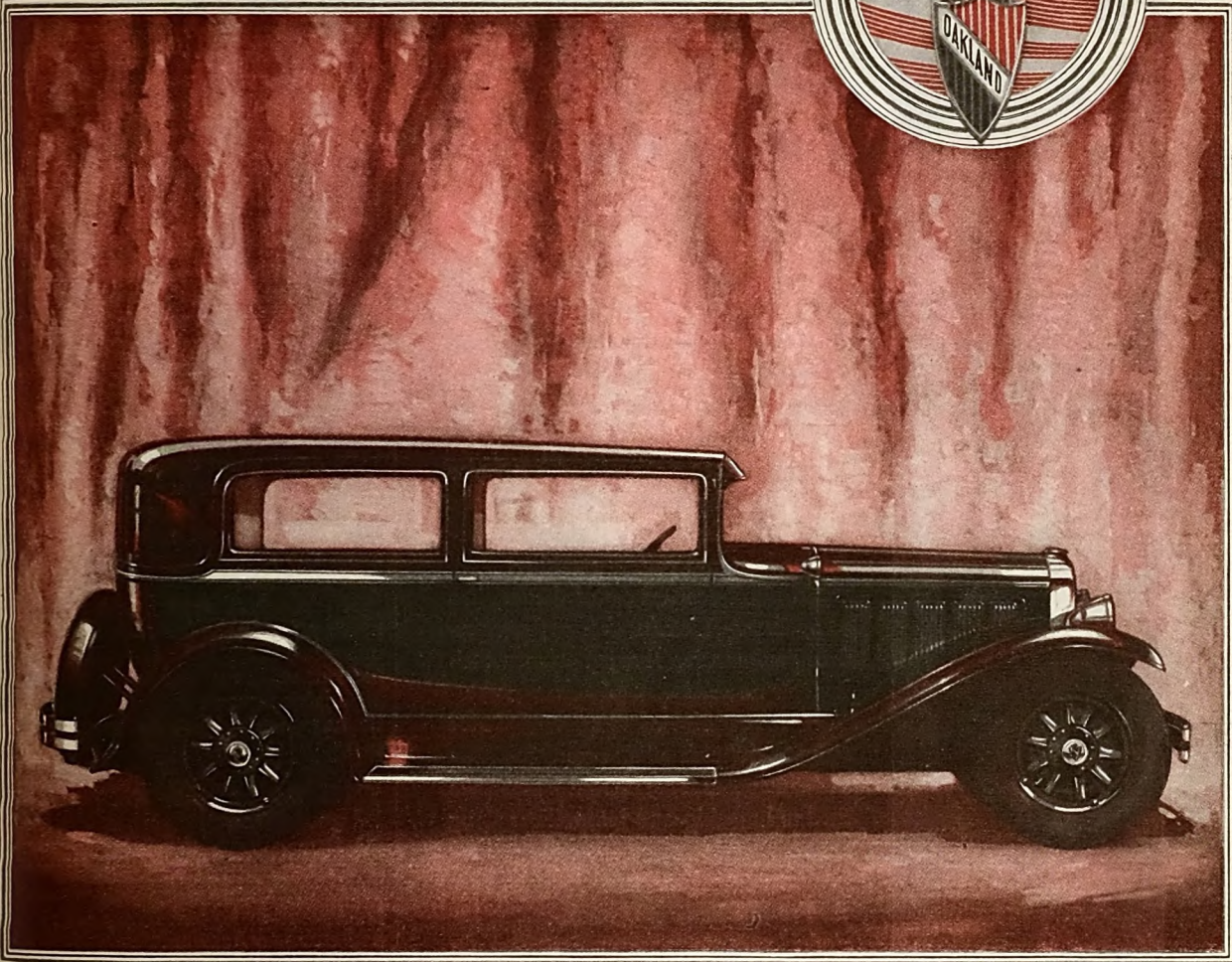

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What a lot of quality . . . you may say . . . for any automobile regardless of what its price may be. And what amazing quality for the New All-American . . . with prices as low as $1145.

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The New All-American Six

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AT LAST

A LUBRICATING LATHER TO RELIEVE

SHAVING FRICTION

THERE IS MORE to shaving than merely softening the beard. Men have learned that by painful experience.

For there still remains the harsh scrape and pull as the razor's steel edge is forced across the tiny peaks which hold the hairs. This friction scours the skin, producing heat and painful smarting.

To take the torture out of shaving in a scientific way, Listerine chemists have perfected an amazing shaving cream which *lubricates the skin!*

A velvety film of soothing glycerine smooths the path of the razor. The effect is instantaneous. The same old blade which used to hop-skip-and-jump, slides along as gently as if it wiped the whiskers off.

The toughest beards, the tenderest skins, yield to this new-type cream, which includes cosmetic lubricant, menthol for extra coolness, and the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine.

No need to rub the lather in. No need to rub the lotions on. Your face will feel glad, and you will grin and bless the day on which you first tried Listerine Shaving Cream.

Will you pay 10c a month for shaving comfort?

There are certain little luxuries which every man deserves. One of them is the finest cream he can get to ease the daily irritation of shaving. So we offer this new lather-maker of supreme and unrivalled quality. Listerine production economies make possible the big white tube crammed with 118 inches of lubricating, cooling cream. More than enough for 157 shaves, easily a five-months' supply. At 50c the saving is obvious.

Ask at any good drug or department store for Listerine Shaving Cream.

LISTERINE *Shaving Cream*

him. "Come to find out that ham couldn't ride in a covered wagon," said Shorty. "You know I wouldn't think a bird like that could look a real cowboy in the eye.

"They paid good money for doublin', though. I got fifty dollars for one stunt an' all I had to do was jump my horse off a twenty-foot bluff into a water hole. But I was as sore all the time I was there as if I'd been beaten with a pole. I've had my share of falls on the range when horses turned over with me, but they was nothin' to the falls a movie director can think up."

When I first met Shorty he hadn't been home in twenty years. One rainy night in the tepee he showed me a picture of a sister he had never seen. "She's eighteen now," he said, "an' ever since she's been big enough she's been writin' letters to me. A feller took some pictures of me once when I was breakin' horses for the Flying H. I sent 'em home to her an' she wrote back how interesting they was but Mother wished I'd send some of myself. It seems they didn't know me."

"Why don't you go back some time?" I asked.

"I don't guess there's been a Xmas yet since I left home but what I've planned on goin' back. A dozen times I've had the money saved, but somehow when I hit town the money slips away. I wouldn't go back broke."

No breed of men I know of have as much pride as the puncher. But money to most punchers is just a thing to spend. He will work for months in the hills risking his neck each day. Then blow what he has coming just as soon as he hits town.

BUT Shorty finally did go back. We went part way together. An' no kid on his first trip on the train ever enjoyed it more. For the last time Shorty had been on the train was nearly twenty years before, when he an' Rusty Dirty Hands had come to Arizona.

We went through a part of New Mexico where Shorty had worked when he was just starting out. An' Shorty's face was pasted to the window all the while. For the country was all familiar to him.

"See that red butte, yonder? I laid out at the foot of it one night when I was huntin' for a job an' nearly froze to death. The outfit where I landed my first job is just a few miles north of there—right through that saddle yonder. . . ." And so he went on.

No one knew him when he got back home, for Shorty didn't write. But Shorty says he wasn't long in getting acquainted again. He still talks of that trip home an' how much it meant to him.

"They wanted me to stay," he said. "But once them hills get holt of a man I reckon he's hooked for life."

One night when we were all in camp one of the punchers said he wouldn't be punching cows an' living like a coyote in the hills if he knew anything else.

"I would," said Shorty, speaking up. "No matter how much I knowed. I started out to be a cow-puncher an' I'm proud that's what I am. Of course, I cuss my job at times an' wish it was somethin' else. But if I had it all to do over I reckon I'd do it again."

For Shorty is a real cow-puncher. He couldn't be anything else.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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You can barely hear it !

WHEN a proud owner of a General Electric Refrigerator takes her friends in to see it, the first comment is apt to be "Why it's *so* quiet—you can barely hear it."

The thing which seems to impress everyone is the extreme quietness with which these refrigerators operate. Their unique construction has indeed established a new standard for quiet operation.

This design, however, accomplishes something even more important. It makes possible the top-unit arrangement—a distinctive feature found only in the General Electric Refrigerator. Placing the unit on top makes it possible to enclose all the machinery—together with a permanent supply of metal protecting oil—in an hermetically sealed steel casing. There the hidden machinery, always oiled, remains safe from dust and difficulties. No one can tinker with it—no one needs to.

Quietly, automatically, the General Electric Refrigerator gives you the perfect refrigeration that does away with food spoilage and safeguards health. It provides a generous supply of ice, makes menu-planning so much easier, permits you to serve the sort of food that your guests will instantly recognize as perfect . . . crisp lettuce, well-chilled beverages, smart desserts. For further details, drop us a card for Booklet A-3.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

TRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces*

$30,000.00

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only . . .

Read these simple conditions

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches, are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk. Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

PRIZES

Grand Prize of		$2,500.00
11	*prizes of*	500.00 *each*
11	*prizes of*	250.00 *each*
125	*prizes of*	100.00 *each*
275	*prizes of*	10.00 *each*
800	*prizes of*	5.00 *each*
1,223		$30,000.00

$11,400 in Special Monthly State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, $100.00 will be awarded in each state of the United States and each province of Canada. $11,400.00 in all. Read the details below.

THIS is a contest for *everyone*. It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet *your* entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensi Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costli kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alo You do not need to be an experienced picture maker to win. T bulk of this $30,000 will go to those who send in the *most intere ing pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the ti to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a c prize of anywhere from $2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the $30,000 prize money is to be c tributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in t contest the better is your chance of being numbered among 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Typ The best picture of all of those submitted in the following cla fications will be awarded a grand prize of $2,500.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Picture: $11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most inter ing children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given the best child picture in *each state* of the United States and *province* of Canada,* making 114 prizes in all.

*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. Bri Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many pictures as you want from babies to boys girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that c help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beau child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next doo next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of pic that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chan winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share o prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive pictu add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking clo of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleepin every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Any goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the

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the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History

in Cash Awards

Grand Prize $2,500 . . . 11 Prizes of $500 each . . . 11 Prizes of $250 each . . . 125 Prizes of $100 each . . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . . for snapshots, time-exposures, enlargements . . . only strictly amateur photographers may compete . . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!

park of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March ontest for the best child picture from each state, (2) You can enter the pril contest for the best child picture from each state, (3) The pictures hat you have entered for the state contest during either of these months nd pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand rize of $2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, lo. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country utdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 rizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize our ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, stant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say wo to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each d 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling e most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's eve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures e these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports d games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—serve as opportunities to make prize winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a ond of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of vers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . st prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Building and Architectural Detail—For the t exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings ortions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; rizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of ns, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art cts, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . st prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures e at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each 5 prizes of $5 each.

ecial Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you! Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

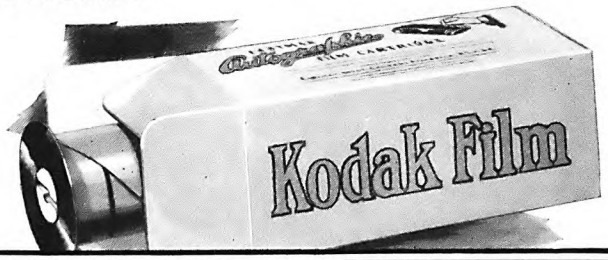
THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

NOW—*read the simple Contest Conditions and get your camera out!*

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.



PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name.....
(*Please Print*)

Street Address.....

Town and State.....

Make of Camera..... Make of Film.....

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated on the back. 166

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Rolls Cigarette That Burns For Half an Hour

Edgeworth Plug Slice provides a new thrill—and saves Mr. Hjermstad $200 a year

Pipe-smokers! Here's a hot tip on how to roll a real good cigarette with Edgeworth Plug Slice smoking tobacco, and it comes from the man who claims to be its originator.

Portland, Oregon
c o Elks Club
August 29, 1928.

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

As you are now saving me about $200 a year in tobacco money, may I speak a somewhat delayed word of appreciation.

I have used Edgeworth for twenty years or more and it is to me the best pipe tobacco extant. On a fishing trip, some six months ago, I rolled my first Plug Slice Edgeworth cigarette. I enjoyed it so much that I've been "rolling 'em" ever since. And I'm saving at least $15 a month in cigar money. Also, my several pipe. on home duty get a chance to cool off between smokes, for, while I smoke only between meals, I smoke continuously, and to refill a hot pipe isn't fair even to dependable Edgeworth.

Thousands may be doing it, although I haven't seen anyone roll a Plug Slice Edgeworth cigarette before I did it. But everybody desiring a long, satisfying and aromatic smoke should try it.

This is how I roll 'em. I take two plug slices (sometimes two and a half or three) and place one slice to cover one half of the paper; then place the second slice to cover half of the under slice—the other half of the upper slice extending over the paper towards me—then I fold the top slice over till it reaches the nearest edge of the under slice, then roll both slices as I would any other cigarette—but without wasting any tobacco whatever—and I have a perfectly rolled cigarette that looks well, draws well and burns well while I smoke, but ceases burning when I lay it aside. When relighted, it's as sweet as ever. I can smoke one of these Edgeworth cigarettes continuously for thirty to forty-five minutes, and the long filler eliminates the annoyance of spilling any ashes.

(signed) C. O. Hjermstad

We wonder how long Mr. Hjermstad's claim will go unchallenged. Until some other resourceful smoker comes forward, Mr. Hjermstad will wear a blue-ribbon honor.

Personal: Let us send you free helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice so that you may experiment yourself.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in various sizes from small pocket packages, to handsome pound humidor tins.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave Length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

The Best Christmas I Ever Had

FIRST PRIZE

The Christ-Child Shares His Birthday With Me

THE best Christmas I ever had was not a complete one, for it was late in the day when I reached here from the Never-Never-Land.

It was not so good a day for my mother. But Mother forgot that part of it and said that her Christmas babe was truly a Christmas present itself. Other Christmases I have spent, realizing her love and her thoughtfulness, but none has equaled that first one, when I, all unconsciously, received my mother's precious gift of Life.

No physician, I believe, had a greater devotion to duty and a higher ideal of his profession than my father. His cheery presence in the sickroom, his gentleness and sympathy, his watchfulness, and the hope and confidence he inspired were felt by his children just as surely as by his patients. Of my father's Love and Solicitude for his children, then, I received my first share as his gift that day.

My arrival upset the Christmas scheme not only for my family, but also for the physician in charge. Eminent in his profession, he could easily have made the day an excuse for turning my case over to a younger and less well-established colleague. But through his sense of duty and his friendship for my father, I received from him as a Christmas gift the benefits resulting from his Experience and Skill.

The one person who refused to let me disrupt her Christmas was the nurse engaged for the occasion; she just didn't come. The first nurse, then, that I knew was a neighbor, an old French professor who came to us and held me in his arms all that first long night. From that dear old man, whose arms were my first cradle, I received as a Christmas gift the combination of friendliness and Christian charity that go to make up Neighborliness.

With gifts such as these, truly I may say that my first Christmas was the best one I ever had. A. B.

SECOND PRIZE

I Had a Great Time Playing Santa's Ma

DECEMBER 24, 1927, was cold and rainy. A friend and I had planned to drive through the mountains of North Georgia to spend Christmas day at Chattanooga, Tennessee, with my son, his wife, and my two grandsons.

But rain means red mud in Georgia, and red mud means skidding. We gave up our trip.

About eleven o'clock the sun came out and my common sense melted under its cheering rays. I decided to go—and alone.

I knew there was an element of danger and I might have hesitated had I known of a terrible detour near Blue Ridge, Georgia.

I do not believe Daddy Ford himself could have engineered a passage through that sucking red mud. I moved forward at a three-miles-an-hour pace until I saw a twinkle of light.

Leaving my car, I waded through the mud to a mountain cabin. Inside, a pine fire crackled in the open fireplace; two small boys and a big-eyed girl, all under ten years of age, turned startled faces toward me; a gaunt man chased hound dogs aside to place a chair by the welcome blaze. During my explanation a five-year-old whispered: "Be you Santy's Ma? We's been a-prayin' he would na fergit."

I learned the mother had died a month before; the mule had died; father was sick; Janie, the ten-year-old girl, was "tending the house and doing the wash."

I put them to bed in the "tother room," including poor, sick "Pa." But first o all I made them hang up their stockings.

My over-supplied dear ones got nothing from me that year. Santa's "Ma" needed the oranges, candy, chu-chu cars, balls, books, and stockings.

What joy I had that Christmas morning. I cooked their dinner—wild turke and yams. Then we sat around the fir and had oranges, nuts, and—*happiness*.

M. M.

THIRD PRIZE

The Miracle of the Nativity Was Revealed to Me

THE Christmas which lingers in m memory is the one on which I attend my first Midnight Mass. The magic of stayed with me for days afterwards, and thrilled each time I thought of it.

I went for the first time when I w sixteen. The silence of the night w broken only by the peal of the chur bells. Never had I seen so many peo going to church, never had I kno that so many felt the thrill of Chri mas and were moved by that great mira to worship.

The church was beautifully decorat with pine trees that towered almost to t ceiling, and garlands of holly hung fr the pillars. Lights blazed everywhe and on the altar tall candles twink 'mid flowers and plants. The organ s forth its rich, sonorous tones, now lo now soft, mingling with the clear tones violins. The choir sang Hosannas to new-born King, and the organ ech back its praise.

A hush fell on the congregation as priest prepared to read the story of birth of the Babe in Bethlehem. It wa new to me. But on Christmas Eve, so how, it was different. It seemed to car message of hope and cheer that reflec itself in the faces around me.

After the service was over I went the front of the church, where a miniat stable was built, smelling sweetly of h A star shone over the door, and inside the Infant Saviour, while close by k the Blessed Virgin and the adoring sh herds. I dropped on my knees, and w head bent gave thanks to God for all goodness. H.

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MORE THAN EFFECTIVE— IT'S *DELICIOUS*

...more people eat it today than any other bran cereal in the world

It *means* something when you find more people eating Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in all the world.

It means they've found a wholesome, *effective* cereal to safeguard them every day against the menace of a constipated system—a cereal they can safely count upon to keep them regular, fit, and normal—and it means still more. It means that in this effective cereal they have found a daily breakfast that they *like*—a flavor so delicious that it tempts them to eat regularly every day the bran cereal that does them so much good.

For the next two weeks, try giving *yourself* the daily benefit of this wholesome breakfast. A bowl, a spoon, a little milk or cream, and a golden shower of delicious, mellow flakes—crisp from the package—and you, too, will know why Post's Bran Flakes has become the favorite bran cereal of all America!

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER Post Food Products PARTS OF WHEAT

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You can't paint a house with APPLESAUCE

CHEAP PAINT ISN'T CHEAP AT ALL

WHEN a *"low-price"* paint is offered to you with the assurance that it *isn't a "cheap" paint*, it's time for a good laugh. That's the latest style in *"cheap" paint* applesauce.

A "low-price-per-gallon" is *always* a dead give-away. It indicates "price" paint—designed to mislead you as to economy. And "price" paint is always *cheapened* to make the low price possible. It saves you a few cents on the gallon. But, oh, how it *eats up your money* on the wall!

Only one thing is more costly than "Cheap" Paint and that is *"Cheap" Painter.*

He's the fellow who tells you he will do a beautiful job for you at a suspiciously low price.

Steer clear of "Cheap" Painter if you don't want to *lose* money. To make his low price he does a careless, slipshod job. He leaves nothing but grief, dissatisfaction and expense behind him. *His* "applesauce" is a costly luxury.

To be safe, just remember this:—"Low-price" is a danger signal *every time.*

To be economical a paint must have exceptional "covering" qualities—a tough, durable film—colors that do not fade. These qualities can be produced only with finest materials *which are expensive*, and scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

Fine old SWP House Paint is a *super-quality* product. It may cost *slightly more per gallon — BUT*—

—where eleven gallons of "cheap" paint are required to paint an average house (2 coats), only *7 gallons of* SWP *are needed.*

That four gallon difference makes the "material" cost about the same

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To save money on your painting, use the best paint and hire a good painter

Labor cost is about two-thirds of any painting job. The other third is for paint.

And please remember that it costs just as much to apply "cheap" paint as good paint.

But "cheap" paint has no stamina—no durability. Repainting time comes soon and often. In five years you pay that labor charge *from two to five times,* in addition to the expense for new paint.

Avoid this heavy repainting expense

SWP, being a quality paint, has wonderful stamina. When applied by a master painter—a man who is an artist at his profession—who uses the equipment—who prepares the surface skillfully—who takes pride in his work—*it assures you many years of beauty and service.*

You pay the material and labor cost *only once in five or more years.* And your house looks good *all the time.*

In other words, a master painter and fine old SWP House Paint is the most economical combination you can use.

It means not only *the lowest paint* cost per square foot of wall—but also *the lowest labor cost per year.*

The "Master Touch"

Men may argue about formulas and get nowhere. The formula is only one of several important factors in paint. Anyone can copy the formula of SWP. It is publicly printed. Still SWP will remain unchallenged as to quality.

That is because there are other vital factors in SWP. One is the superfine quality of materials specially made for SWP.

The other is the *"Master Touch"* of the men who make it—which defies successful imitation.

These scientific men of Sherwin-Williams are to "paint" what Edison is to Electricity—what Marconi is to Wireless.

Their "Master Touch," a combination of genius and long experience, is what makes SWP different from all other paints. It is a *human* touch—that none can copy. It is *Sherwin-Williams.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

Before you let out your painting job see Paint Headquarters—the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town. Get an estimate on the amount of SWP required. Call in a *responsible master painter.* Get his estimate on the job. Only by using the best paint and a good, reliable master painter can you save money.

And the same is true of any refinishing job whether you use paint, enamel, varnish or lacquer. "Cheap" stuff is always too costly.

If you want the name of a reliable painter who will apply SWP for you write us. We will send his name and a copy of our famous Household Painting Guide which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SWP HOUSE PAINT

S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark

© 1928, S-W Co.

COVER THE EARTH

Trade-mark Registered

PAINTS · VARNISHES · ENAMELS · LACQUERS

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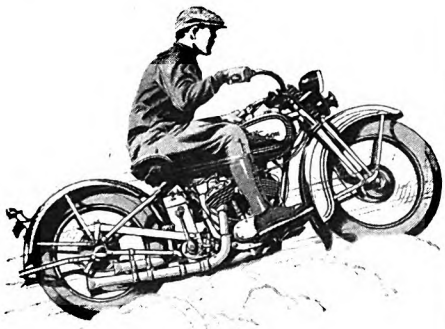

Like Floating on a Cloud

THAT tingling rush of air in your face, the lightning response to the throttle, the buoyant speed, and the feeling of perfect control of your mount

—they give to motorcycling the sense of glorious freedom that no other sport offers. Flying a plane is tame by comparison!

Motorcycling at its best is yours for small cost —in the Harley-Davidson "45". This newest Twin is a wonderful performer — smooth, quiet, speedy, economical—and it costs only $290 f. o. b. factory.

See it at your local Harley-Davidson Dealer's. Ask him about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Mail the Coupon for illustrated literature.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Motorcycles

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.,
Dept. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in your motorcycles.
Send free literature.
Name.....
Address.....

Side-tracked

(*Continued from page 21*)

he sat with her in an agony of torment. He knew she loved him; he saw it in her eyes. And he wanted to fling his caution to the winds and crush his lips down hard on her lovely pomegranate mouth. But there *was* that caution. It warned him. It adjured him. It dogged his footsteps.

In sheer desperation, one night, he blurted the whole thing out to her. She sat listening with widening eyes. And when he had finished:

"Why, Boyd," she said, "I wouldn't want you to marry me if you feel that way about marriage. That it's the end of things. I like to think of it as the beginning. I wouldn't want to feel that, because of me, your career was ruined. But that, through me, it was made!"

"HOW can it be?" he argued miserably. "A man gets married. He has to think of his wife. What she wants. What she needs. Then there is a home, rent to pay, things to buy. Children come. He's got to worry about them. He isn't free any more. He can't *do* things. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Sallie, "that he does those things *because* of his wife, and his home, and his children."

"Not an artist, Sallie. To be an artist, a really good one, you've got to *live!* Got to be *free* to live! Got to travel, see the world, get impressions, become broadened. Got to pick yourself up and go when the call is upon you. Got to get up and work when the urge is in you."

"Oh!" said Sallie, in a small, hollow voice.

And, "I love you, Sallie," submitted Boyd, illogically, humbly. And then, in a burst of despair, "I don't know what to do! I love you, and I love my work, and —I don't care! I don't care!" His ramparts, his inhibitions went down. Without warning, he swept her to him. His lips found her pomegranate mouth and the throbbing pink-and-white hollow at the base of her throat.

"Sallie!" he said hoarsely.

"Boyd . . ."

He tore himself away. He looked into her eyes and went stumbling off. He was half-sobbing. He said brokenly, to himself, as he went, "Sallie, I love you!" And again, "I love you, Sallie!"

He was wild-eyed when he came into his house.

"My goodness!" said his mother, who had been sitting up, reading. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

He was afraid to go near Sallie in the weeks that followed. But he saw her going out with other men. His agency was up in the theatrical district of the city, and twice, when he was going home after working late, he ran into her on the way to a theater with a prosperous-looking chap. He doffed his hat and she flashed him a smile that belied the misery in her eyes. Sallie loved him. She loved him.

One night, his father said, "Well! Wouldn't be surprised if we had a visit one of these days from Max. His time's about up. Nearly ten years, isn't it, since he was here last?"

"About," said Boyd's mother.

And as if the conversation had be prompted by a premonition, Boyd arriv home one evening, to hear music escapi from the living-room. Out through t windows it poured, into the dusk the street, a flood, a fall of melod strange, beautiful, arresting. Only o person could create such music.

His uncle Max was at the piano. Fro the doorway Boyd stood and watch him, the way he sat with his head u Even from the back, Boyd knew that h eyes were closed. He was "smellin the music, playing with that tense lit lift of his nostrils and the curious wrink over his brow. Almost, he was afraid see his uncle's face when it should turned toward him. It might be change aged, altered.

But, no. No! It was the same. Old but the same. Dark, smooth skin; da shock of wavy pompadour; dreamy da eyes. One would think him thirty-eig forty, perhaps. But never the fifty-f which he must be. Looking at him, Bo McKim had the queer feeling that he w standing before someone who was pere nially young.

"Well, well, well!" said Uncle Ma greeting him with outstretched han "And how's the artist?"

"Coming," said Boyd.

"You must show me some of yo things, my boy." And turning to Jo McKim, "My! But he's grown into *man.*"

"We're hoping so," said Boyd's fath He looked curiously old and worn besi Uncle Max.

"He has a little something of you him, Max," said Boyd's mother. "Do you think so?"

"Perhaps."

Uncle Max never debated or argu any point too heatedly. He didn't th it worth while.

BOYD thought about Uncle Max a gr deal in the next few days. Especi about his unchanging air of youth, his playing. Why hadn't he ever d anything with that playing? He had touch of a genius in his fingers, and love of the piano amounted to worshi

The question worried him, until fin he tackled Uncle Max himself, one r Saturday afternoon when they were a in the house. He went about it ginge stepping carefully, lest he give offens

"You play so beautifully, with so m love," he said. "Why haven't you done anything with your ability?"

"Why," said Uncle Max. "Why! hear you talk, son, one would think I genius. I'm not. I'm not really a player. I used to think, once, that I w be, that I had it in me. But it d turn out that way. I didn't have it i after all. The years proved that. delude myself? I'm just a natural lover of music with a nice little apt for the piano. That's all."

But that answer did not satisfy McKim. His uncle did have it in He must have had it in him when he

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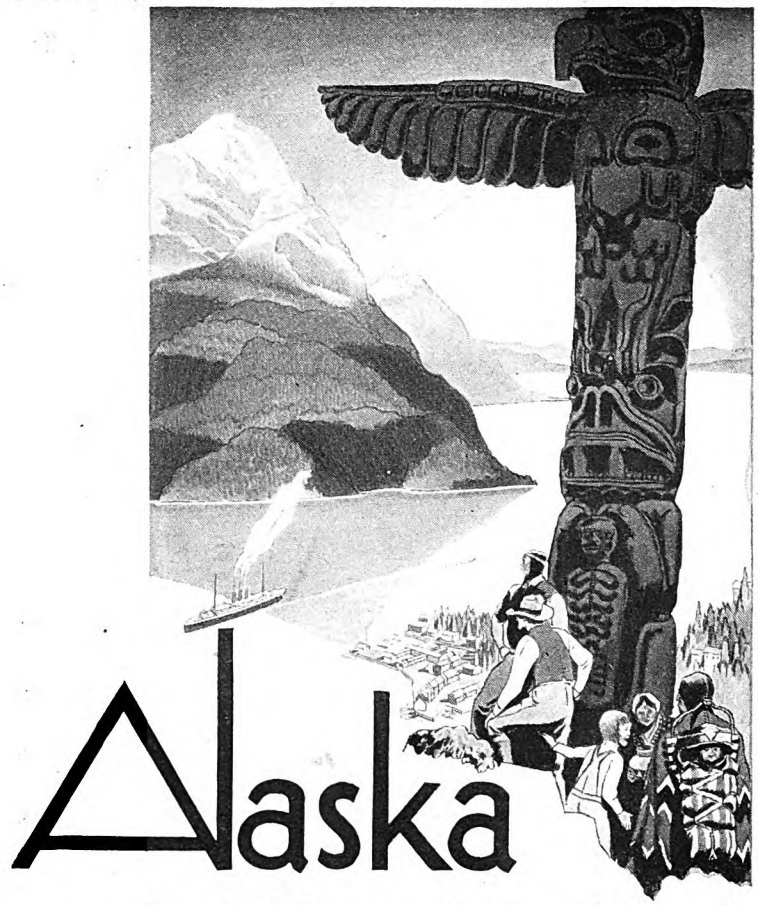

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youth. He must have. Being an artist himself, he was quick and sure to divine and recognize the spark in another. His uncle had had it in him! But it hadn't come out! Why? *Why?* Somehow, he felt that if he answered that question about his uncle, he would answer a greater one for himself! He would know how to settle the great doubt and unrest within him!

He grew moodier and moodier at his work. Sallie's face kept coming up between him and his sketching. He saw her lovely pomegranate mouth and the flash of pain in her eyes. He thought of the night he had crushed his lips into the warm, throbbing hollow at the base of her throat, and he wanted to rush out of the office to her, crying as he went, "Sallie! Sallie!"

But he gritted his teeth and kept his nose down. And one morning, the production man of the agency stopped at his desk with a folded newspaper in his hand. He pointed to an item in it, and Boyd's eyes followed his pointing finger.

John Starbuck Bouvier Arrives on Liner Homeric

Noted Painter to Give Three Months' Course to Selected Students at His Summer Home

"Yes?" he said, having read, and wondering why he was asked to read.

"Want to get into his class?" asked the production man. "I know him. Chummed with him in Paris, years ago. He's a crack in his line. One of the foremost. Done the nobility of England and Italy. Been decorated and admitted to the Société of—"

"I know," said Boyd.

"I can fix it for you, if you want me to. You'll learn more from him in three months than you could anywhere else in three years. I'll get you a leave from the office on half pay."

"I'd like to go," said Boyd.

"All right. I'll give you a card, and you can run up to the Ambassador this afternoon. Paper says he's staying there for a couple of days."

JOHN STARBUCK BOUVIER. giant of a man with a great, worn, lined tired face. His hair was white; the pointed beard that sloped from his chin was white. Under a massive forehead were his eyes, pools of wisdom in which danced a bright, live interest in the world. Puffy bags hung whitely under those eyes, and fine wrinkles sprouted star-wise from the corners. It was a map, that face, a map of the emotions, thoughts, longings, starvings, that had torn the man for the sixty years of his living.

"So," he said, coming forward to greet Boyd, after he had read the card previously sent in to him. "So. My friend Brotheridge sent you to me. Sit down and let us talk." A great amiability radiated from him, an ease, a kindliness. A little foreignism of manner and speech clung to him. He had spent so many years abroad.

"You—paint?"

"After a fashion," said Boyd. "Mostly I sketch. Pencil. Pen-and-ink work. Some color, but not much."

"I see. You work with my friend Brotheridge?"

"I'm in the agency with him."

"How long?"

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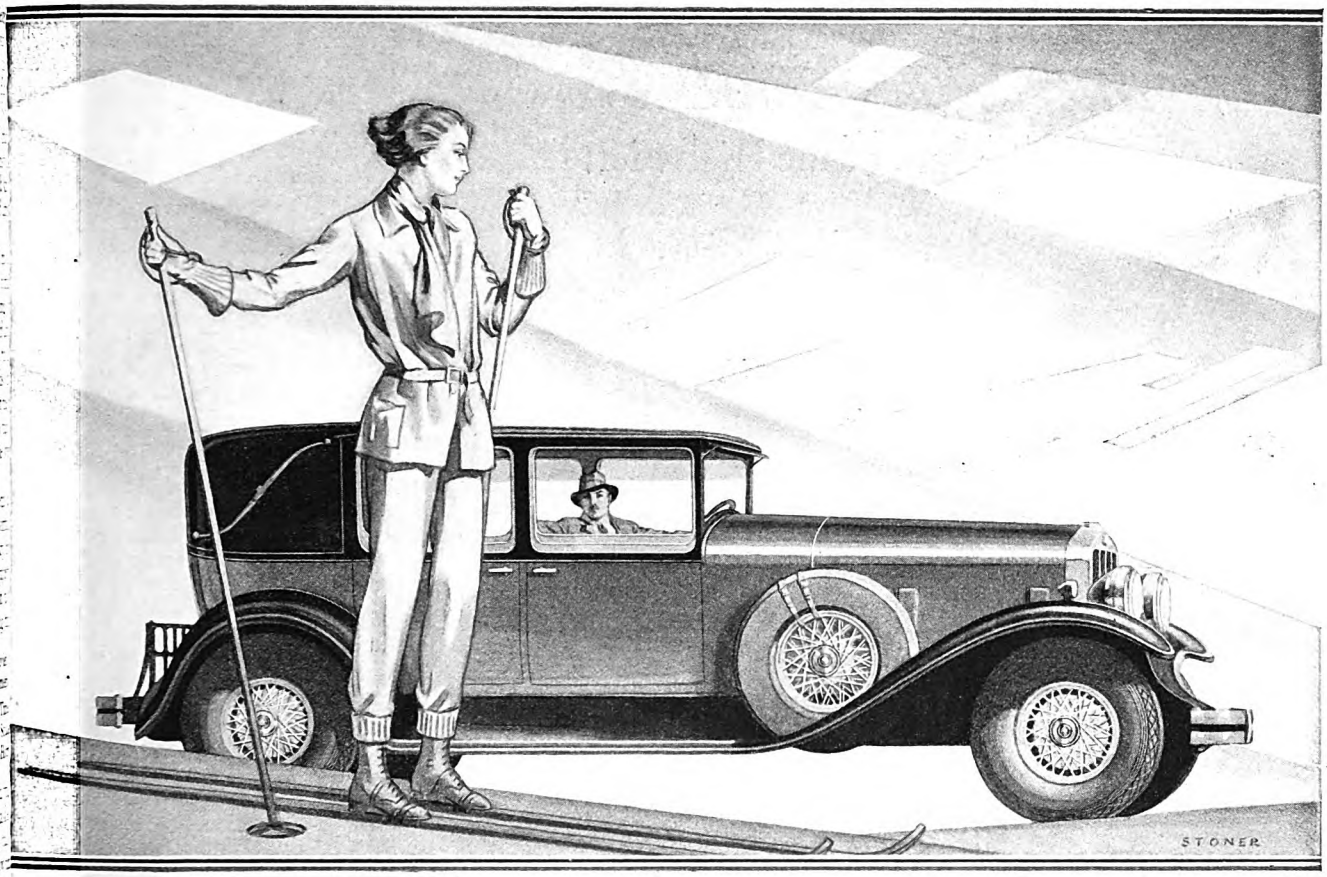

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Summer Snow-peaks! . . . no words can overtell the lure of the High Sierra . . .

High Sierra glaciers and snow-pockets fascinate Southern California's summer vacationists

[Written by an Easterner who came to Southern California in 1927]

BLIZZARD-SWEPT and ice-locked, and resisting close approach, the High Sierra assume even more awesome magnificence in winter.

Just after I came to Southern California I had my thrills crossing the Sierra via Tioga Pass one *July* day, driving through snow-pockets and fishing icy trout-abounding waters. I longed to experience the Sierra's winter moods.

With eastern visitors I have been basking in the mellow winter sunshine of the Owens Valley town of Lone Pine, watching great snow-swirls batter themselves against the shivery gray granite walls of Mt. Whitney. The contrast between the valley's sunny comfort and the mad battle on that loftiest of United States peaks (14,501 ft.) is astounding. I wish you had witnessed it, too.

The photograph above was made last July. So, when you come out this summer, a few hours drive from Los Angeles will put you into the heart of thousands of square miles of scenery so faithfully expressed in the illustration

To my never ending delight I find islands rivalling Capri rising out of the blue Pacific; for 270 miles extends an American Riviera. Golden-fruited orange groves are on every side as you motor to the Old Spanish Missions. Beaches are broad and safe. You will quickly agree with me that there is no end to the new things to see and do here!

Los Angeles, with its Hollywood—in the very heart of this scenic wonderland—is the Pacific coast metropolis! Gay hotels, cafes, fine theatres, "Symphonies under the Stars" in the Hollywood Bowl—everything! Night life, you too will find, lacks nothing. Los Angeles County oil fields alone are rated at a billion dollars. Agricultural products annually approximate $95,000,000. Hawaii is reached over the southern route from Los Angeles.

The new, authentic book "Southern California Through the Camera" pictures what I've seen here winter and summer—surprises that await you! Send for it.

Southern California

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"Past five years."

"Five years? In one place?" And gravely, as if to himself, "That is good. You are a worker then, not a flitter."

Boyd flashed him a startled look.

"You're surprised at my saying that, eh? But it's true. Most people with the artistic impulse are—flitters. I don't know why it should be so, yet it is. They wander around too, much. Change, all the time. Go from one thing to the next before they have mastered the first; move from one place to another before they have gone as far as they can in each. It is a failing with us. I had it too, when I was young and knew no better. You have brought some of your things for me to see, yes?"

"Yes." Boyd opened his folio. Bouvier took it. He sat a long while turning the sheets, nodding, frowning, scowling, nodding again, as if some things pleased him and others did not. When he had finished, he tied the folio, carefully, with the two strings that held it together, and handed it back. He made no verbal comment upon what he had seen.

"We will work very hard for twelve weeks," he said. "Through the hottest days of the summer. It is little enough time. But we can do something in it."

"I am ready," said Boyd; "if you will let me."

Bouvier nodded.

A KNOCK sounded on the door leading to an adjoining room, and following it a woman came in. She was gray-haired, soft-stepping, with an alert, sparrowlike lift to her head. Behind her followed two young women and a boy of perhaps fourteen.

"Tea time, John," she said, and her voice was like a fluted bell.

Bouvier rose. He introduced Boyd.

"Mr. McKim, who will be with us the summer. Mrs. Bouvier. And the family—Nina, Hélène, John Junior." And turning to Boyd, "But you must have a family of your own? Tell us, how many?"

"How many?" Boyd looked bewildered.

"Yes. How many? Little ones?" Bouvier made a gesture with his hands to indicate steps.

"Oh!" Boyd laughed aloud. "But I'm not married."

"Not married? Why not? Such a fine, strapping, upright young man."

"Why—Why—" floundered Boyd. "You see—you see—" And before he had time to think, he blurted out, "I didn't see how I could. I wanted to go somewhere first. With my art work, I mean. Broaden out a bit, travel, see the world, meet people, *live* a little, you know. And you can't do that if you get married and have a family. You don't *live* then, you just suffer!"

"Eh? How's that?" Bouvier's great brow contracted into wrinkles like corrugated parchment. His voice was sharp, uncomprehending. His wise eyes were puzzled. He spread his hands in a little foreign gesture.

"*Live? Suffer?*" He cut the two words each from the other, spoke them with sharp inflection. He peered straight into Boyd McKim's eyes. "And what is living but suffering, my son?" He straightened up, paused. "And suffering but living?"

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And Boyd McKim stood speechless, gaping, like an adolescent high-school youngster facing a blinding revelation.

Bouvier shrugged his massive shoulders. He waved an expressive hand toward his wife, his two daughters and one son. "A man gets married," he said. "Takes unto himself a wife. She brings him children. They build a home. In a city, a town, a country place. They help that city, that town, that country place grow, become better. And they grow and become better with it. They have money. They haven't. They have food. They haven't. A child is sick. It dies. Or it becomes better. It goes wrong. And is set right again. With tears. With words. A child marries. Goes off. They've lost it. After all the years. And it comes back with grandchildren. The years are full. With sorrows, with worries, with suffering, with a little gladness. *That's* living, my son. *That's* the living that produces great thinkers, great writers, great musicians, great artists. Suffering! Nothing but!"

"But—but traveling?" stammered Boyd McKim. "And seeing the world—different lands, different people, different—"

"Always time for that, my son. It helps, of course. But it is not essential. What is here—" and he pointed to his head— "and here—" indicating his heart —"and here!" holding up the ten fingers of his hands—"these count! When one travels, one does little work. One is a flitter! . . . And now will you have tea with us?"

Tea? Tea? When his whole world had been turned upside down for him. No! No! Right side up! And inside of him a great gladness was waiting to surge upward and engulf him in its warmth. *Tea?*

"Thank you. But I can't. The office, you know—"

AND he was outside. In the warm New York streets throbbing with life. People coming. People going. All around him. Up and down. Here. There. People with their own little gladnesses and sorrows. Life. *Living.* He was in the midst of it! You didn't have to go to Singapore, or Trinidad, or Cairo, or Bombay, to live! Wherever you threw up your tent and met your share of the common weal or woe, there there you *lived!* Wife, children, home, work, come one, come all! The fuller the years, the richer!

And in the middle of the street, Boyd McKim laughed—like a crazy man.

"Sallie!" he cried. "Sallie!" In a voice loud and joyous.

People turned to look at him. Stared.

He saw them not. He went dashing toward the subway that led away from the office, not to it. There was a girl, crinkly golden, with a pomegranate mouth and a pink-and-white, throat, little hollow right at the base of the throat. Oh, Sallie!

NEXT MONTH "The Bomb That Blew the Movies Upside Down" will give you the inside story of the tragedies—this sensational newcomer to the motion-picture field which is revolutionizing the whole industry and bewitching the public with its novelty

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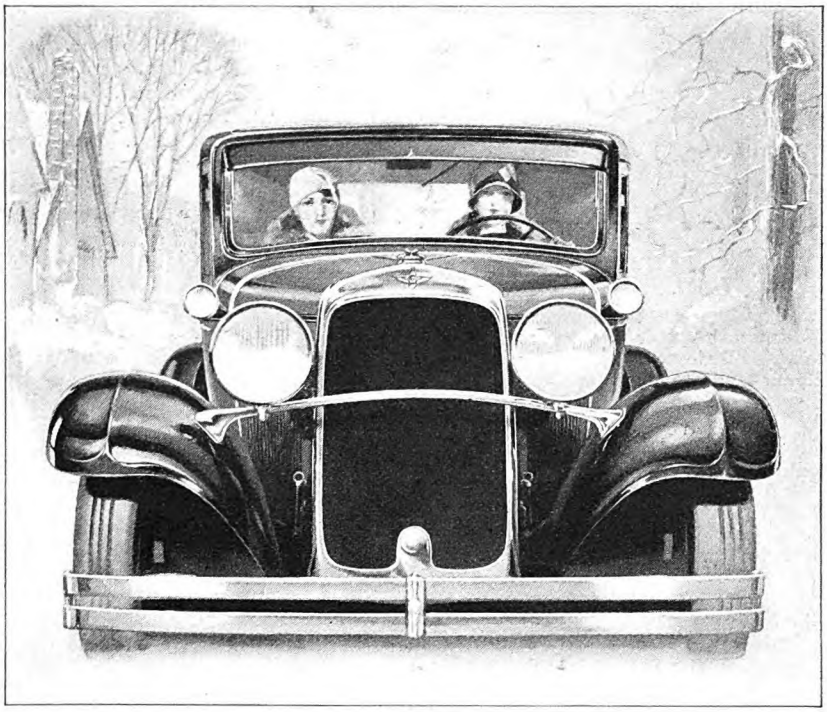
Inspired by Walter P. Chrysler



NEW MONO-PIECE BODY! Unusually roomy, with wide doors and windows. An exclusive development positively eliminating squeaks and rattles. Scientific one-piece construction insures constant riding-steadiness and road-balance.

NEW BEAUTY! Deep radiator with pleasing narrow profile; *new* sweeping roof lines and sculptured mouldings; fenders of exclusive one-piece design blending with Chrysler steel channel rubber-covered running boards; Chromium plated exterior metal fittings.

NEW COMFORT! Ventilated driver's compartment with foot-controlled side ventilators; engine heat carried forward by front-end exhaust manifold. Ample head, leg and elbow room. Deep self-conforming seats.

NEW INTERIOR LUXURIES! Finely textured upholstery; Butler-finished metal parts; beautiful instrument panel; vanity cases; smoking sets; *new* style robe rails and foot rests.

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EIGHT NEW BODY STYLES! All at unparalleled low prices. $945 and upwards. All prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

I Haven't Cluttered My Head with Things Not in My Line

(*Continued from page 22*)

few minutes after five they were all but deserted—only a lone worker here and there continuing at his tasks. Among them was Maloney.

"There is a lull now," he explained.

At seven when I left, he returned to his desk. On it were heaps of papers awaiting his attention. Outside his door, even at that hour, several men waited to see him. I turned to one of Maloney's assistants. "How long does that man work?" I asked. The young fellow smiled; "Unt'l he is through."

I asked, "But when is that?"

"Sometimes it's eight o'clock," was the reply. "Sometimes it's ten or eleven. I'm not always here when he quits. During the day he sees countless visitors on company business. Since he has been here he has seen and talked with more of the customers of this company than did all of his predecessors combined. Then, at night, he does what he didn't have opportunity to do during the day. Each day's work is complete before he quits."

AND I recalled one thing Maloney had said to me:

"When a ship is in action, the captain's place is on the bridge. A going business is in constant action. A going *life* is in constant action. Life *is* action!"

Maloney is one of the hardest workers I have ever met, and I've met some prodigious workers in my experience as a reporter. I've had scores of them tell me that "work never killed anybody," but no man has ever told me that with greater earnestness than did Maloney. He made that withered old commonplace sound as if I had never heard it before; and he added with equal emphasis, "But work has helped every man or woman who has given it a trial!" His philosophy is one of work, and he learned it in the coal fields.

He was born, he told me, in a little mining settlement called Rappohanock, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, on February 12, 1884, which means that he is forty-five years old. Today a culm heap stands on the site of his birthplace, but then, as now, the chief interest of the community, and of all that region, was coal. Villages, or "patches," as they were known, sprang up around mines, the only reason for their being. Coal offered the chief employment. When the mines were prosperous, the community lived; when the mines shut down, the community existed, or starved. Maloney's father was a miner who had learned the trade under his father; and there were ten children in the Maloney home, Andy being the second oldest.

The first house had only two rooms, one up and one down, but as the family grew the Maloneys moved to a larger house over at Conner's Patches, now Connerton, a suburb of Girardville. Here was the big Hammond Colliery that dominated the village like a feudal castle. And around the colliery were the houses of the miners.

"I suppose we had good times as boys," Maloney said thoughtfully. "I don't r member."

What he does remember is going to b at night, to lie beside his brother and r peat over and over in his mind the sums had learned in school. Addition, then su traction, later multiplication, and final division and "decimals"—the figur marched in swift, orderly processi through his thoughts. In school, wh other boys chewed their pencils and fuss over slates, Andy did his arithmetic " his head." And the harder problems we home with him, went to bed with him, a there in the darkness he figured them o He did not know it, but he was developi an asset for later life—and a memory.

Ask Maloney today when somethi happened and he will immediately tell y the month, the day, and the year. " was on a Wednesday," he will say, or wh ever the day was, though it is now two three decades gone. If figures were volved, he will recall them. Or, if you gi him an arithmetical problem, he will sol it without touching a pencil. The facili both in figures and in the memory of fac was gained as a boy.

But, characteristically, Maloney guided his memory to a single end—to him in his work. As he put it, "I have cluttered my head with things not in line." He recalls every detail of a busin transaction, but none of its drama. remembers the name of the day, but gets whether it rained or snowed. He members his boyhood studies, but forg his play.

HIS father was a kindly man, one sou out by his comrades for advice. F time he was constable, and he might h gone higher had he cared for politics. mother, who is living, was a former sc teacher, an earnest church member saw that her children, too, revered reli and its teachings. It was a well-ord home, a godly home, in which young A was reared. His parents were above average, in outlook if not in means. their great hope was that their would "rise higher than we have."

"Get out of the mines," counseled father.

But when he was eleven years old cessity forced Andy to the mines. He his place between two chutes in the H mond breaker. From the one he pi pieces of slate from the coal as it endlessly by him, and tossed the slat the other chute. He worked ten ho day, and earned $4.00 a week. He this money to his mother.

He moved up to a better job i breaker, that of "chute boy." Th was placed in charge of a little tra mine cars to haul coal from the chut the loading dump. He was now ea a wage of $6.10 a week, but that wa only a boy's wage and Andy felt t was doing a man's work. He was and his muscles were hard, as hard man's. His endurance was that of a So he went to the foreman and dem

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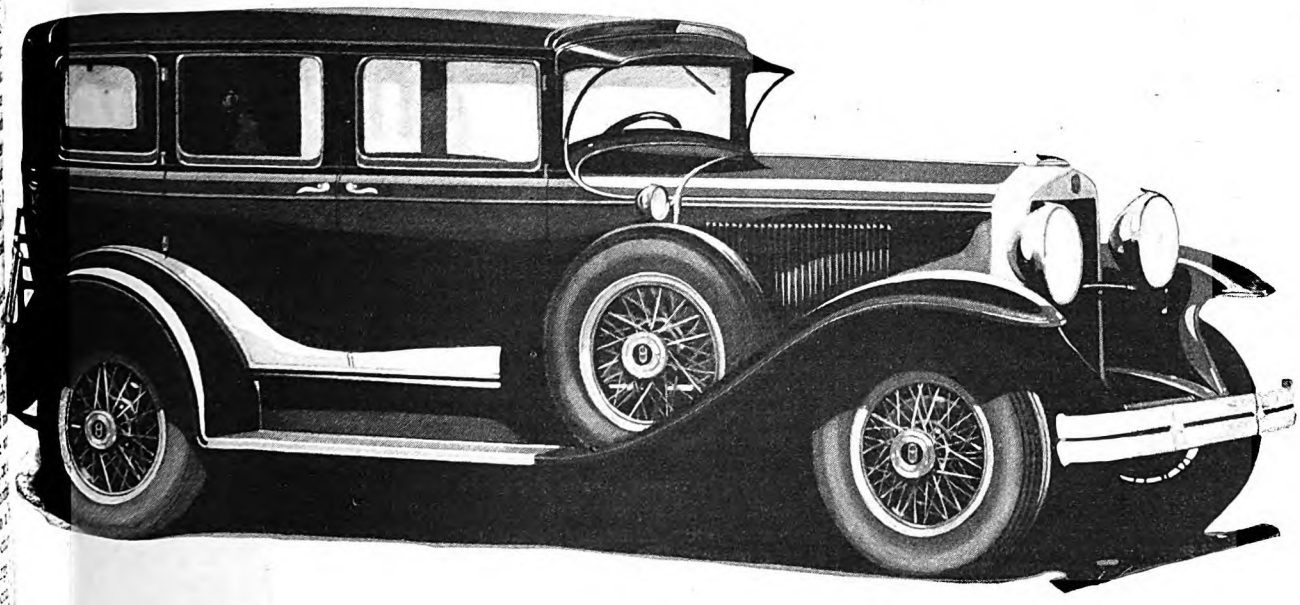
Constantly Better

YOU are invited to inspect the Graham-Paige sixes and eights with new *refinements* and *improvements* which represent our earnest endeavor to make our product constantly better. We believe you will appreciate the beauty, comfort, and substantial value of these motor cars — and the distinguished performance of their time-proved four-speed transmission (*two* high speeds — *standard* gear shift). A car is at your disposal.

Graham-Paige offers a wide variety of body types, on five chassis — sixes and eights — at prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 615, five-passenger Sedan, $1195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



GRAHAM-PAIGE

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That's *One* Reason Why I Want 100 Men who wish to TRIPLE THEIR INCOME

THE demand for Fyr-Fyters is growing fast. Five hundred million dollars' annual fire loss, 17,000 lives and the mortal dread of fire that's in everybody are reasons why we must get men in our open territory to take orders and supervise installation of Fyr-Fyters.

Selling Fyr-Fyters is comparatively easy, so powerful and convincing is the story of the losses. Previous selling experience, although desirable, is unnecessary. Without charge we train our men to become high-powered salesmen in a short time, and they also become real fire-prevention experts. Earnings start immediately, no investment in stock or territorial rights asked.

Big Earnings Possible

Payne averaged $20.77 a day for 217 days; Graham and Mendenhall each averaged $100 a week working only part time; DePries made $500 one week; Hill sold 1,400 Fyr-Fyters in one sale. In our records are many other instances of earnings of $50 to $60 a day and incomes of $3,600 to $7,200 a year by Fyr-Fyter men.

An Amazing Story for You to Tell

Read your daily paper, listen to the fire alarms, ask your local fire chief, notice the inflammable material everywhere and judge for yourself the need of Fyr-Fyters and why we are able to make this offer. Let us tell you the sensational story which sells Fyr-Fyters so rapidly and puts men in the high-earning class so quickly.

Fyr-Fyters have the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories, are used by Standard Oil, International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world.

Factories, stores, garages, auto owners, warehouses, schools, hospitals, farmers, private homes and other places use thousands of Fyr-Fyters. Thousands more await their installation. The Market is vast, unlimited, and your earnings as a Fyr-Fyter Representative are only limited by your ambition and desire to work.

This Opportunity is for You

Among Fyr-Fyter men are former clerks, mechanics and others who saw in Fyr-Fyter their real opportunity. Now we are ready to appoint 100 more men. It is your opportunity, your chance for $5,000 or more, easily and quickly, from your first year's effort—$100 a week to start. Write immediately for full details of our offer.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.

Dept. 1-P, Fyr-Fyter Building Dayton, Ohio

a real man's job and a real man's pay, which was $8.10 a week.

"There is no man's job open," said the foreman.

"Then give me a man's pay," insisted the boy.

"There's no man's job and no man's pay for you at this breaker now," the foreman repeated.

"Well, if it isn't here," said Maloney, "I'll go to where it is." And he quit.

Five miles from the Maloney home a quarry was getting out stone for a new colliery. Andy got a job in the quarry, walking to work in the morning and walking home again at night. He wasn't fourteen yet, but he did a man's work, got a man's pay, and carried a man's dinner pail.

Then the quarry closed down.

No work. It was customary when no work was to be had to sit around and wait for it, but Maloney isn't a sitter. He went to Girardville and enrolled in a business school there. For the next sixteen weeks he studied stenography. And though he completed the course as well as anybody could complete a stenographic course in that time, nobody rushed up to hire him nor seemed greatly impressed by his "diploma."

WINTER was on. At home, food and coal had to be bought, clothing and shoes and medicine. Andy's older brother, Michael, had gone to Philadelphia, where he was running a street car, with dreams of becoming a lawyer some day. Andy's help was sorely needed at home. And he was jobless.

He packed his dinner pail, got into his working clothes, and that morning when the whistle blew to begin work at Packer No. 5 colliery, he was in line with the regular workmen, ready for work. A foreman spied him. "Hey, you, what's the big idea?" he demanded. Maloney's answer was that he had come to work.

"Who told you to?" scowled the foreman.

"Nobody," Maloney admitted.

"Then why are ye here?"

"I just came," said Maloney. "What d'you want me to do?"

The foreman walked away saying things under his breath. When he came back, there was Maloney.

It was the Monday following Christmas, which had been on a Saturday. Maloney knew full well that many a miner had too sore a head that morning to report for work as usual. He knew that many a post would be temporarily vacant that Monday morning at Packer No. 5, and that the foreman might be mad enough to hire him.

"The foreman was mad," Mr. Maloney told me, smiling, "and he did put me to work. He gave me a job coaling the fires in the power plant, work that couldn't be left waiting until the regular man showed up."

The basic weekly wage for sixty hours of work was $8.10, man's pay. During the next two years, Maloney literally did two men's work! He worked overtime. He worked Sundays. On pay days, which were every two weeks, he drew from twenty-seven to twenty-nine dollars, or almost double the basic rate.

"I don't know how I did it," he told me. "I just did it. We needed the money at home.

"The hard work of those days did me good," he insists. "It taught me, for one thing, how easy is the ordinary work most of us in business have to do. I doubt if many of us really exert ourselves to more than half our working capacity. We are like one-hundred-horsepower engines doing fifty-horsepower jobs, and refusing to undertake greater jobs because we have self-imposed this limit upon ourselves.

"Accustom a man to sixteen hours of work a day and he will regard ten hours' work a soft snap; but accustom him to working seven or eight hours, and he will look upon ten hours of work as an unbearable hardship. Young men of today too often are under the disadvantage of having been trained in the eight-hour idea. You will find mighty few men at the head of big companies today who enjoyed eight-hour days as boys."

An opportunity came, through a friend for Maloney to quit the mines and go to New York to work as a stenographer in a shipyard. But one of his sisters, who had been ill, died, and on the day he was to have left home she was buried. The New York job had to be given up.

However, in Philadelphia, his brother Michael was not idle. He was now a telegrapher, and through a chum he obtained a position for Andy as a stenographer and usher in a vaudeville theater. The pay was seven dollars a week, the hours from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. But it was a step from the mines, and Andy came to Philadelphia.

"I was a dub on that job," said Maloney. "You see, I had had no real stenographic experience, and I was fired at the end of the first week."

For some time after that he walked the streets of the city in a vain search for work. At every office where he applied they wanted only "experienced" men and those who could furnish city references. But he did not ask his brother for help, nor did he think of going home. Desperate at length he took his last fifty cents and advertised for a position.

"I was flat broke," he told me. "I had a place to sleep through the kindness of my landlady, but my stomach was as empty as my pockets. In short, the situation was so tough that it couldn't get any tougher. I've since discovered that when things get that tough there is bound to be a break.

HE PACED the floor of his office, talking in short, quick sentences. "I know dozens of men," he said, "who failed simply because they didn't hold on. It's the old story over again of being unable to judge their own capacities. We all have these weakness. We won't let fate try us out. We won't try ourselves out. The fault is not so much lack of confidence in ourselves as lack of knowledge of ourselves. Not knowing what we can stand, we arbitrarily put limits upon our endurance, and when we reach those limits we throw up our hands. Why? Not because our endurance is exhausted, but because we have exhausted our estimate of it!

"There is such a thing as wearing trouble, for it too has its limit. Trouble may be bad, but hold on. Don't be surprised or frightened if they grow worse, for that is possible and not unlikely, but when they have reached their worst, hold on by all means, for that is the limit of trouble. You'll find no word in the

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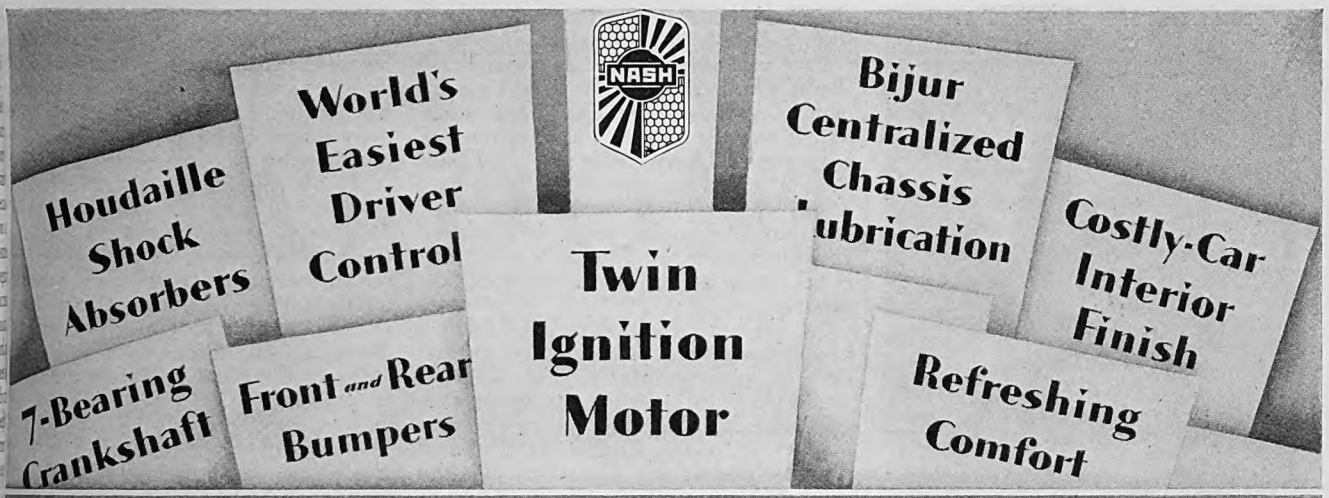

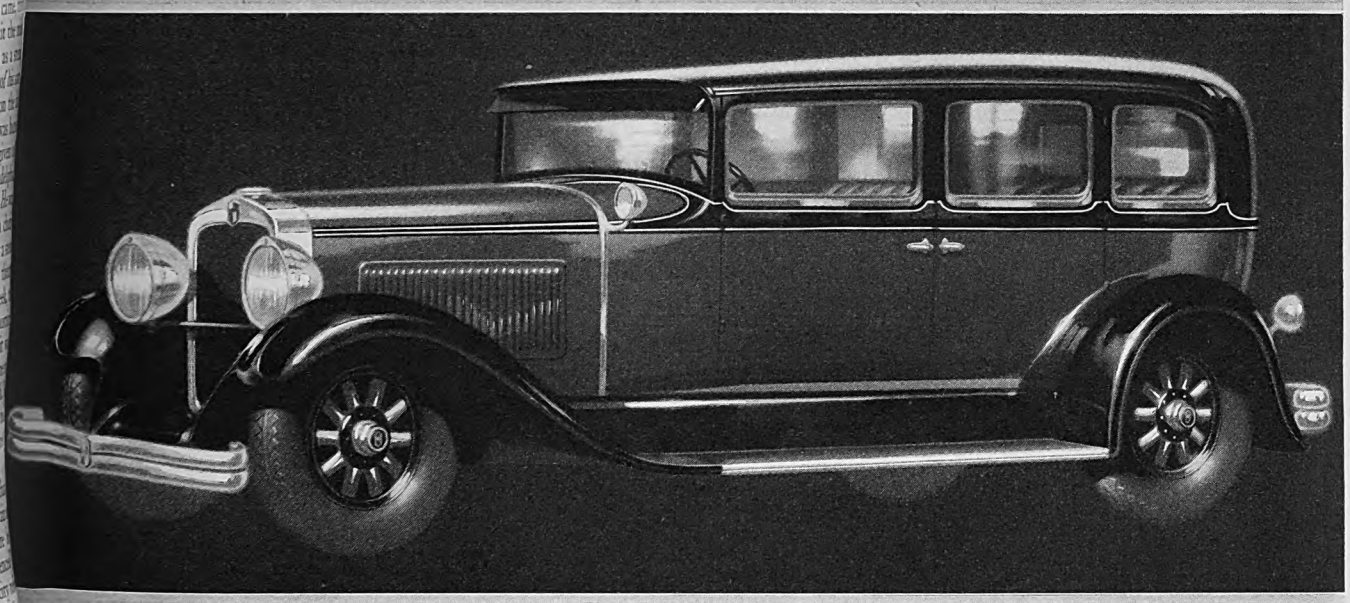

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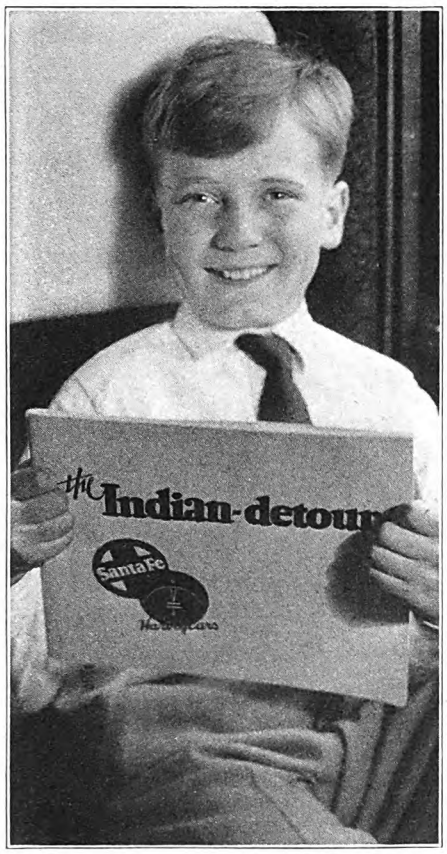

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He's bound for a cool vacation in the New Mexico Rockies.

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- And he and his family may see dude ranches, mile-deep canyons, sky-high peaks, national parks and national forests.
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tionary beyond *worst*. The only change from it must be for the better.

"A friend of mine asked a famous Texas sheriff why it was that he always got his man. Said the sheriff: 'I just keep comin' on. If he pulls his gun, I keep comin' on. If he shoots, I keep comin' on. And since shootin' is the worst he can do, I just keep comin' on.'

"That philosophy works in business. It works anywhere. You can't stop a man if he keeps coming on in spite of the worst!"

So, during that jobless period, Maloney kept "comin' on." The break that resulted from his advertisement in the newspaper was a job with a sewer pipe agency that also sold coal. Practice in every spare moment had made of him a better stenographer. The agency agreed to pay him eight dollars a week.

Within a week he had made a friend of his immediate employer, the agency's salesman. The latter showed him how to improve his work, taught him the run of a business office, and gave him an insight into selling methods. But trouble wasn't through with him yet: the agency failed, and the failure taught Maloney another lesson.

"The failure wasn't due to lack of opportunity, nor to lack of business," Mr. Maloney explained. "It was the direct result of lack of attention to business, as well as too many outside interests. The partners in the agency had reached a point where they imagined the business was good enough to run itself, but no business will run itself long."

MALONEY wasn't eighteen, but experience had already taught him lessons which were to be guides for him to the present day. It had taught him, first, that he possessed an almost unbelievable capacity for work; second, that business won't tolerate incompetence; third, to hold on in adversity; and, fourth, it had shown him the penalty of "easing up" in effort. And these lessons, rigidly applied, were to make the man—you can take that statement almost literally.

Once more out of work, he made application for a position at the office of a metallurgical engineer. A long line of other applicants was ahead of him, but when the door opened for the first interview Maloney was at the head of the line. Three minutes after he was in the engineer's office, the telephone rang. His friend, the salesman for whom he had worked, was at the other end of the wire. When the salesman had stopped talking to the engineer, Maloney had a job at ten dollars a week.

While in the employ of the engineer, Maloney studied mechanical drafting. He didn't become a draftsman, but he did learn to read and to understand blueprints. In about six months, when opportunity came to go with a cement company at twelve dollars a week, he there plunged into a study of chemistry, the science used in cement manufacture. Never again was he going to be charged with being a dub at his work.

He studied chemistry, though he had no intention of becoming a chemist. It was his thought that chemistry would make him a better stenographer, a better employee of the cement company! He went to work at nine and quit at five. After work, besides his chemistry, which is a college course in itself, he was studying at Temple University, in association with his brother, the subjects that would qualify him to take a university course in law. Keep in mind that his only schooling had been gained in a coal-town school. Yet somehow he was doing college work, in a reputable college.

"We made up the studies we hadn't had," explained Maloney. That means that he and his brother "made up" a high-school course, or its equivalent, while attending college and holding down jobs at the same time. They had to sit up most of the nights in order to do it. But Maloney had worked harder at the mines! In comparison, he says, this work with books wasn't hard!

And down at the cement office, too, he was giving just a little more time to his work than he had to, by the clock. The cement company was owned by a powerful group known as the Wentz interests. This group also owned coal mines. One Saturday afternoon, Dr. John S. Wentz, the senior of the group, called up the cement office about a small difficulty. A carload of cement had been rejected by a customer, was now on the customer's railroad siding, and somebody was needed to take care of it. Maloney, the only employee at the office, sticking there overtime on a Saturday afternoon, answered the telephone.

"I'll attend to the matter at once," he promised.

"And who are you?" Dr. Wentz asked.

"A stenographer," replied Maloney and gave his name.

That was all. The whole incident was trivial; but old Doctor Wentz, a keen judge of men, began to watch this fellow Maloney. Now and then thereafter he paused at the youngster's desk to pass the time of day and to ask a few seeming aimless questions. Maloney's twelve dollars a week grew suddenly to fourteen, to eighteen, to twenty dollars, a week. One day he was told to go out and try to sell cement. It wasn't long before he was selling cement pretty regularly, taking trips of two or three weeks' duration on the road.

And on the trains, or in his hotels at night, he was reading some odd books for a saleman. He was digging into philosophy, economics, stuff about human character and psychology, and biographies of great men. Just as he had applied a study of drafting to his job with the engineer, and a study of chemistry to his cement office job, so he now studied to learn men, because as a salesman he dealt with men.

ON DECEMBER 5, 1906, Maloney came to work at the cement office as usual. He was now past twenty-two and earning $125 a month. He and his brother Mike, had brought their parents and other children to Philadelphia to live. Once more the family was united. Maloney was thinking of that, of how pleasant it was.

"You're wanted inside at once," Maloney was told.

Wondering, he went into his employer's office. What was it all about? And when "inside" he was almost startled out of his boots.

At Virden, Illinois, the Wentz interests owned a coal mine. Things weren't going well there; in fact, they weren't going at all. Three managers had resigned in

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"MAROONED!"

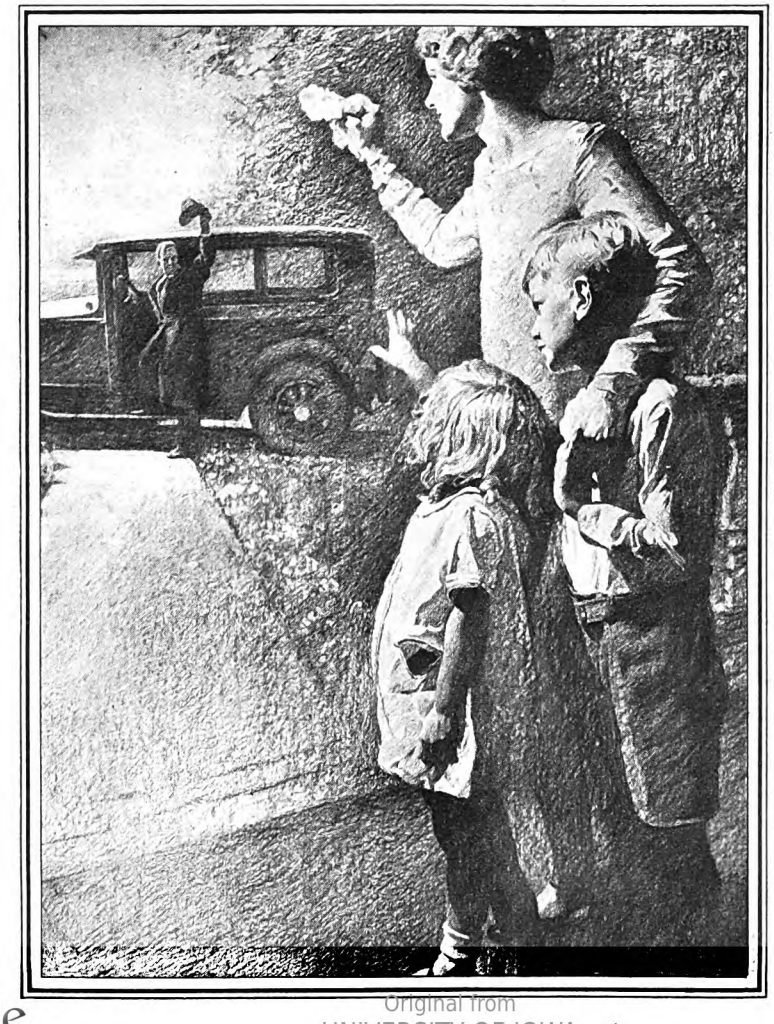
Another woman writes us:

"MAROONED! That is the fate of many a woman, and it was mine until I got an inexpensive car for my very own.

"We live about six miles from town and there are no bus lines or street cars. As my husband and most of the neighbor men work in town and use their cars to drive in and out, we women would be left stranded here many a day when we want to attend a lecture, concert, cooking school or card party, if it were not for my powerful old bus, which carries five; and every seat is always spoken for when there is anything going on in town.

"The neighbor women who haven't cars envy me. We go shopping, swimming, picnicking, huckleberrying in this car. If I want to take my little boy to the dentist or doctor, it is always nice to know that there is a car on the place in emergencies. A large share of our good times can be traced directly to this car, and without it, our home would seem almost a prison."

More than 3,000,000 American families have learned that a second car is not only a great convenience but an economy. The second car need not necessarily be a new car. Many used cars have thousands of miles of *unused transportation* in them and can be purchased at low prices. For the purchase of new and used cars alike, General Motors dealers offer the convenient GMAC Payment Plan.



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DESIGNED and made to meet the stresses of the most advanced modern engines, the new improved Champion is far in advance of the Champion Spark Plug of even six months ago.

The new and exclusive sillimanite insulator is as vast an improvement over all previous insulators as the original sillimanite over porcelain. It has been specifically designed to meet *all* conditions of the most advanced engineering. A remarkable new sillimanite glaze remains practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits.

The advanced new solid copper gasket seal remains absolutely gas-tight against the much higher compression of today's engine. The special analysis electrodes have been greatly improved to resist pitting and burning.

***Remember*—it is a genuine economy to install new Champions every 10,000 miles. A complete new set of improved Champions installed in your car will show actual savings in gas and oil which will more than offset their cost.**

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Toledo, Ohio **Windsor, Ontario**

cession, and with the last one had also resigned the entire office and sales force at the mine's headquarters in Chicago. Something had to be done, and done quickly, said Maloney's employer, and added:

"We've picked you to do it. We want you to go to Chicago as sales manager and take charge."

"But I don't know the first thing about soft coal," stammered Maloney.

"We know you don't," was the answer, "but we think you can learn."

"I'd like to think it over tonight," said Maloney.

"It's now nine o'clock," said his employer. "We've got to have your answer by eleven this morning."

Maloney went out and walked around the block, walked it a second time, and then returned to his chief. "I'll go," he said.

Next morning he was on his way to Chicago.

MOST of the Wentz mine holdings were in Pennsylvania and the Virginias. The Illinois mine, operated under the name of the Royal Colliery Company, was thus isolated from the other Wentz properties, an outpost that had never been profitable. When Maloney reached the mine's offices in Chicago he found them deserted except for a lone stenographer, a woman.

She gave Maloney the office key. "I've been waiting for you," she said, "and since you're here now, I might as well resign like the rest did."

"What has been your pay?" asked Maloney.

"Thirty-five dollars a month," said the woman.

"From today on you'll get sixty a month," said Maloney. "Now tell me all you know of this business?"

With the aid of the stenographer he familiarized himself with the office. Then he repeated the process at the mine. That night he took to his hotel with him some books on bituminous coal, and also every scrap of informative material he could find at the office. He read, talked, ate, and dreamed in terms of bituminous coal until he knew the coal he was to sell. The mine's problem was not production, but sales.

However, Maloney told me, he wasn't content to try to sell his coal purely by sales argument. He felt that the coal could be made to "sell itself." Therefore he took a hoisting engineer at the mine who was thoroughly familiar with the coal and its uses and arbitrarily made him a "combustion engineer."

"I called on industrial plants that were likely customers," Mr. Maloney explained, "and arranged for a practical demonstration of the use of our coal in their own power plants. After me came the combustion engineer, who demonstrated the coal in use. In other words, we made no statement we couldn't prove. And we sold coal."

The mine, at the outset, was producing about 1,500 tons of coal daily. By the installation of up-to-date machinery, its output was rapidly increased to 3,000 tons daily. Despite this increase, Maloney soon had sales keeping pace with production; while back in Philadelphia old Doctor Wentz chuckled. And it wasn't long before Maloney was made vice president and sales manager of the Royal Colliery Company.

For a youngster of twenty-two to take a losing mine where three previous older managers had failed and to put it on a profitable basis within a few short years, implies spectacular methods. Maloney assured me that his methods were anything but spectacular.

"Other Illinois mines were selling coal," he said. "What they could do, I reasoned we could do also. We simply put more effort into our work; we combed the field more thoroughly; we kept at possible buyers more persistently; we were rigid about keeping promises and about keeping our coal clean and up to standard. And once we landed a customer, we gave him just as much attention as we had when we were trying to make him a customer."

But, strange as it may appear, despite his success with the Royal mine, Maloney wasn't satisfied. Once the mine was operating as it should, he had time to spare on his hands. That is, he had a job that he could do in an eight-hour day—an ordinary one-man job. And he felt like a loafer. What were eight hours of work to a man geared up to do sixteen? Maloney himself put it this way: "The job was all right but it was too easy."

There was another newcomer in the Illinois coal district—George B. Harrington. The latter had come into the field as president of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Coal Company, a concern that had bought the assets of another company which had failed. Harrington was doing in his company a job almost identical with Maloney's in the Royal Colliery Company—that is, rebuilding a disorganized business. The two men had many ideas in common. One of them was that both were capable of doing more and bigger work.

The two got together, and the upshot of their meeting was an agreement to operate the Royal mine in tandem with one of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin mines in the same district. Substantial economies could thus be effected. The plan was worked out on a management contract basis under which the Royal mine was taken into the operating program of Harrington's company, and Maloney was to sell the output, not only of the Royal mine, but also of the three mines under Harrington's direction.

THE plan was almost immediately successful. Harrington was left free to direct all operations and Maloney to direct all sales. So successful was it, in fact, that negotiations opened with Doctor Wentz resulted in the Royal mine's being taken into the corporate structure of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Company outright. And Maloney became the vice president and sales manager of the larger concern.

Shortly, out of profits, Harrington and Maloney began to add new properties to the enterprise. From a comparatively small daily output, the coal produced and sold under their management increased to a peak production of 35,000 tons daily during the excess demand period of the war. When the war ended, some of the mines, including the Royal, were worked out and ready for abandonment. This was just as it should have been. The production dropped naturally with

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IT isn't the fault of your *car* when it "knocks" and slows up after carbon has formed in its cylinders. *Nature* is to blame. Nature gave us the fuel which made possible the automobile—gasoline. But nature failed to make gasoline a perfect fuel. For it explodes too soon—"knocks" and loses power—when it is pressed beyond certain limits. And as every one knows, it is the degree of squeezing of gasoline and air in the combustion chamber before ignition that determines the force of the explosion and the consequent power produced.

So General Motors Research Laboratories undertook to find something which, when added to gasoline, would control its combustion rate and make it possible to build engines of higher compression and greater efficiency.

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National distribution of Ethyl has made possible the new models of higher compression and superior performance. A "high compression" car obviously requires high compression fuel to show its best.

But Ethyl Gasoline has meant even more: the millions of owners of cars of average compression can enjoy high compression performance by using Ethyl. For carbon automatically raises compression by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber.

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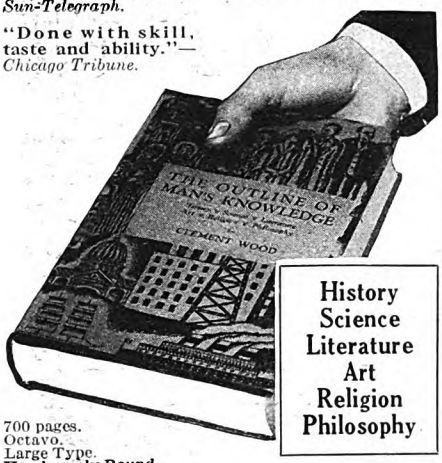

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drop in demand and become stabilized at 30,000 tons daily.

And when, in 1927, the Philadelphia and Reading Company looked out over the country in search of a new president who knew how to sell coal, it found that the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Company, started on a foundation of previous failures, had grown to a $21,000,000 corporation of outstanding accomplishments. It controlled more than 6,000 acres of coal lands. With two of its mines, it had broken world records for production.

So the big coal company in Philadelphia got its new president from the soft-coal fields of Illinois—not because Maloney had sold coal in good times, but because he had sold it equally well in bad times; because he had "kept comin' on." And in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, after twenty-eight years, the word passed that Maloney had come home to roost.

THE INCOMPARABLE WILL ROGERS gives you a barrelful of laughs next month in "The Hoofing Kid from Claremore." People who followed "The Bunion Derby," which was run from Los Angeles to New York, will recognize in the "Hoofing Kid" Andy Payne, the winner of that remarkable event. Andy is from Will's own home town.

Gypsy Wisdom

(*Continued from page 31*)

her own food. Considered physically unclean, everything she touches becomes polluted.

Among English gypsies, however, there are customs which tend to make one believe that they believe, themselves, in the things they have fostered in others. Most of these customs are concerned with marriage; with the insensate desire of all young women to know who their future husbands will be. On New Year's Eve the gypsy girls throw boots or shoes onto a willow tree. If the shoe catches in the branches, the girl who threw it marries in the course of that year. Or they go to the tree, shake it, and sing as they do so:

"Scattered, scattered leaves,
Where is the man I love?
Bark, white dog,
And my lover comes running."

If the bark of a dog is heard during the singing, the girl will be married before the winter is out. On St. George's Night the girls take a white dog and blindfold it. Then they let it loose after they quietly go each to a different spot. She to whom the dog runs first marries first.

At Easter and St. George's Eve every girl eats fish if she wants to see her future husband in her dreams, or she boils water and tries to make out his face in the bubbles. A girl takes nine seeds of the thorn apple, digs up the earth from nine different places, takes water from nine different sources, and kneads the whole into a cake which she lays on the crossroad on the morning of Whitsunday. If a woman is the first to step on the cake, then the husband will be a widower or an old man, but if a boy or a man steps on it, then her husband will be young and handsome.

THE gypsy mind is forever creating fantasies in which to enmesh the romantic longings of other people. All such fantasies are graphically called "spider webs." The spider, however, is never caught in his own webs. As a matter of fact, I have never met a more realistic people than the gypsies. They know both the price and the value of everything. They could never have existed so long under the conditions in which they live had they been otherwise. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery has not died out completely in the civilized world. There are as many people who have faith in such things as there ever were. The gypsies themselves don't believe in their supernatural powers, but since the world has thrust this money-making faculty upon them, they are only too ready to take advantage of it. Can you blame them?

THE gypsies have frequently been accused of stealing white children. This is not true and has never been true. Every gypsy children are a great trial on the road. They are a burden and mean more mouths to feed. Only gypsy children could survive the tremendous hardships to which they are submitted from earliest childhood. Cold, rain, wind, dust, blistering sunshine, hunger, thirst, nakedness, and filth. A white child could not survive such conditions long. Anyway, have the gypsies not enough children of their own?

It is said they have frequently stolen children out of a spirit of revenge. The gypsy's revenges are purely personal and are never transferred upon another member of the family or any of his cattle. The gypsy has a horror of bloodshed. It goes against his grain to kill anything. Without being cowards, they prefer to run away instead of facing a fight, even when superior in numbers and strength.

The gypsy knows that the worst peace is better than the best war.

Bulwer-Lytton said, according to biography, that he was offered marriage by a gypsy girl in England; that the marriage was made gypsy-legal by breaking a pipe of burned earth with the girl before the oldest woman of the tribe; and that such a marriage was binding for only five years. He and other authors have spoken rather lightly of the gypsy custom of "swapping" wives. The truth of the matter is that while gypsy men and gypsy women are extremely faithful to each other, nevertheless, at the marriage ceremony it is said or it is understood that they will leave each other as soon as love has vanished from their hearts. A man may divorce his wife and a woman may divorce her husband whenever he or she wishes.

The gypsies believe that children belong to parents who are not passionately in love with each other will be weakling and that every child, to be loved by its parents, has to be a child of passion.

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Grit Magnified is like Broken Glass

THE most destructive type of dirt that lodges in your floor coverings is *grit.* Magnify it and you will see its sharp, cutting, glass-like edges. These grind and saw away at the rug fibers, or cut sharply through them. Every passing foot, every piece of furniture moved, sets these sharp edges at work destroying your rug.

If this grit lodged on the surface of the rug, ordinary cleaning would remove it and prevent this destructive action.

But grit is heavy and sinks deep into the pile. It lodges in the minute pockets between the threads, it packs into caked masses at the bottom of the rug.

SUCTION alone does not remove it. *Beating* is required, to shake it out of the pockets into which it is wedged and to dance it to the surface.

There are only two ways to beat out this dirt. One is by hand; the other is by means of The Hoover. In no other cleaner than The Hoover is an effective beating action provided for the removal of the dirt below the surface. In The Hoover "Positive Agitation"—a cleaning principle exclusive with products of The Hoover Company—vibrates the rug on a cushion of air, dislodges the embedded grit and flutters it to the surface.

To the beating action of "Positive Agitation" is added sweeping to gather up the thread and lint, and suction to remove the surface dust, the swept-up lint and the fluttered-loose grit.

BECAUSE of the combined action of beating, sweeping and suction, The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than is possible with other cleaning methods; to clean more thoroughly; to clean more quickly; and to clean with less effort.

Could you ask more of any electric cleaner? Can you obtain elsewhere as much?

ANY Hoover dealer will gladly give you a demonstration of "Positive Agitation." Telephone him. Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.

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like a washup

MASSAGES

like a rubdown

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic does double duty

"Massage of the gums stimulates a better circulation of blood in them. And gums, properly massaged, help keep the teeth healthy, sound and clean."
W. P. COOKE, D. M. D.
Prof. of Preventive Dentistry, Harvard University Dental School

VITAL NEWS for America's teeth!

Healthy gums mean sound, white teeth. And gums to be active and firm need a gentle massage every time you clean your teeth. That's the glorious double benefit Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers to you!

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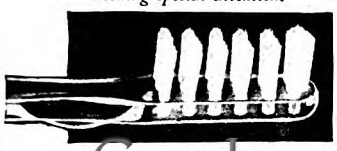
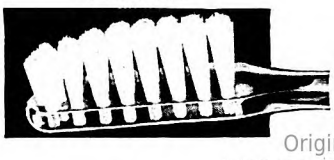
Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every part of every tooth—glistening white. The live, springy bristles are perfectly spaced to clean even *between* the teeth. More, they are blended so as to gently massage the gum tissue to firm, rosy health. Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Brush from the base of the gums to the tip of the teeth. You'll feel your whole mouth respond with a tingling sensation of good *health*. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—for gums needing special attention.



Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for small dental arches.



love. Whether this be true or not, we need not insist upon the wisdom of this belief.

Because neither adultery nor promiscuity is possible in a gypsy camp, gypsy girls and gypsy young men are married very young. Mothers of thirteen and fathers of fourteen and fifteen are no rarity. Both the young girl and the young boy are given thorough physical examinations by the parents of the other side and allowed to marry only when they have been unanimously pronounced sound.

It is true that in the Orient the gypsies are polygamists, and I have met tribes in Turkey that were polyandrous. Whether a gypsy tribe is polygamous or polyandrous does not depend on morality or religion. It depends entirely upon whether there are many more men than women in the tribe or many more women than men. Where the sexes are evenly divided they are strictly monogamic.

WHAT is the religion of the gypsy? It is not known what the religion of the gypsy was when he set out from India two thousand five hundred years ago. There are many signs and indications in their customs and legends that gypsies were sun worshipers, fire worshipers, and that they had great faith in the powers of the moon. But this does not prove that they worshiped the same things in India. It is quite possible that they had adopted the worshiping of the sun, the moon, and fire while they passed through Asia and Egypt. Religiously, the gypsy is a very adaptable animal. In Mohammedan lands he makes believe he is a Mohammedan; in Catholic lands, that he is a Catholic; and in Protestant countries there is no better Protestant than he is. He submits willingly and easily to any religion that is imposed upon him. Yet where he is given complete freedom, he does not follow any religion in particular, but is continually making up one for himself which changes as the years go by, and is different not only in every tribe but in every family.

The one belief current amongst most gypsies the world over is the one in metempsychosis: in the return on earth of the souls of the dead ones in the bodies of different animals. This belief may be the only one which they have taken along with them from India.

The choice of a new leader is perhaps the most important event in any gypsy tribe. The outside world has always fancied that the gypsies are ruled by a king and that the title is an inherited one. Literature is full of gypsy princes and princesses. However this may have been twenty-five hundred years ago, it is not so today and has not been so for many hundreds of years. The wisdom of life and of the road had long ago dictated to the gypsies that leaders had to possess particular merits and were not to be chosen because of the merits of their fathers or forefathers. It happens often that the son of a chief becomes chief in his turn, but this only because qualities of leadership are frequently inherited.

Should a gypsy chief prove incompetent, he is deposed, without much ceremony, by his people and another may be chosen in his stead. Should the deposed chief have many partisans, the tribe may split, sometimes peacefully and sometimes not so peacefully. Having no sense of duty, no gypsy will submit to a leader

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Film on Teeth—*Don't let it rob you of a fascinating smile*

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing dentifrice is urged by dentists. Please accept a free 10-day supply

SN'T there something I can do?" wrote a young woman recently. "I am so sensitive about my low' cloudy teeth. I brush them for hours only neet with failure."

oday, three months later, she writes, "My teeth as sparkling white and lovely as those I used to y.... How awfully near I came to never knowing Everyone should accept the free test you offer."

Millions do not know

agic story with a happy ending. ... There are isands like this charming girl whose winning onalities are shadowed by unattractive teeth.

ow science has discovered, 9 times in 10, the e of "discolored" teeth is a dingy film that coats . It is your greatest enemy to loveliness. It is ngerous enemy to health, too, for film is held onsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and troubles. Your dentist knows how true this is.

You must fight film

for film with your tongue—a slippery, sticky ng. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by illions breed in it... germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

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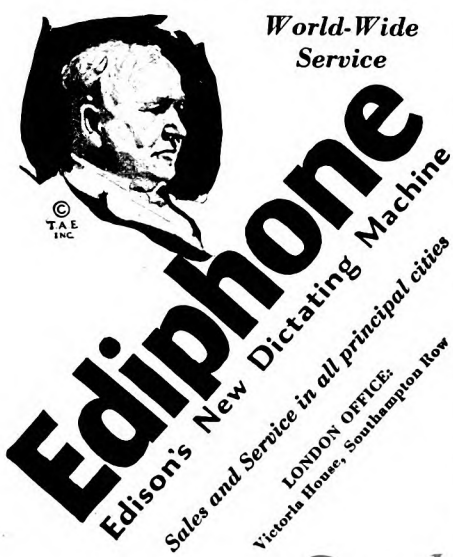

because the others have chosen him. The leader has no power to mix in the private life and private doings of his subjects. His duties lie in the choice of the road to be taken, in the date of departure, or the length of stay anywhere. He is judge when any quarrel arises between two gypsies. His decisions are final only when the rest of the tribe agrees as to their wisdom.

A chief's most important duty is to keep the tribe happy. When I once questioned some gypsy friends of mine why they had deposed Marcu, who seemed to have been a great chief and had helped them become powerful and wealthy, I was answered:

"Since Lucu is our chief we sing and laugh every night. Somehow, in spite of all his wisdom, Marcu's leadership was not conducive to song and laughter. What good was all the gold we had in our pockets when there was no gold in our voices?"

Laughter is called, in gypsy, "The gold of the voice."

Women are on perfectly equal terms with men. They have the same rights, have the same vote, and are not looked down upon as inferior animals by the men of the tribe. It has happened more than once that women have been chosen chiefs of tribes. A gypsy does not feel humiliated when he is ordered about by a woman. If anything, the female is more important than the male of the tribe, and there is greater rejoicing at the birth of a girl child than at that of a male child.

When a gypsy man wants a wife, his father has to pay the parents of the girl for her. Should he want to divorce her, he does not get his money back; but her parents have to return to his parents all the money if she wants to divorce him, and pay him something in addition if a girl child has been born to them in the meantime. Nine tenths of all gypsy marriages are made with those outside the tribe, and marriage among blood kin is frowned upon by gypsies, though it is not forbidden.

A REAL gypsy wedding is celebrated on such a huge scale that both tribes are impoverished for years. I was a guest at a wedding once that lasted nine days and nine nights, during which four hundred people were continually eating, drinking, and singing. The tribe of the groom and that of the bride were very wealthy when they sat down to eat the first meal. They had eighty horses and bags full of gold. At the end of the ninth day they had barely enough horses left to pull their wagons, and they had sold their winter clothing and emptied their pockets of all the gold to buy food and drink.

Camp was broken only when there wasn't enough money among them to buy new strings to replace the brokens ones on the fiddles. What mattered? That wedding has remained one of the legends of both tribes and was reported by *patterans* to every tribe of gypsies roaming over th face of the earth. The story had bee brought over the ocean, and gypsies i Brazil and Mexico, in New York, Chicag and San Francisco spoke of it for year Recently I met that wedded couple again They had twelve children. In less tha a half-hour I had two hundred gypsie about me, all eager to hear from the mout of a personal witness the tale of that fan tastic wedding. I rhapsodized for hour at a stretch, yet my audience was disap pointed. The tale had grown beyond th powers of my imagination; I could no even approximate its present proportion Other witnesses had told them there wer five thousand people at that feast; tha not only had two tribes impoverishe themselves, but that forty tribes ha spent their last coppers.

"WHAT is the difference between th *Rom* and the *Gajo*, the gypsy an the white man?" I once asked Murdo, th wisest of all gypsy chiefs. I had known hi a long time His tribes had camped f twenty years every spring on our lan In a sense, Murdo was the chief of chie of all the gypsies of the Balkans. Whe ever a dispute arose between two tribe they came to him of their own accor Whenever a question arose involving th welfare of all the gypsies, they relied o his wisdom. Murdo and his tribe ha traveled all over the world. He knew th roads of every country and could sum u the psychology of a people in a sing sentence.

He looked for a long time into th burning fire before answering my que tion, then, closing his old eyes, he put h big, brown hands, covered with whi hair, over mine, and said:

"Man was born from the kiss of t eagle and the snake. What is eagle in m longs for the peaks of high mountai But to reach the peak man cannot l He must crawl there. And when he l nearly reached the top, either he k spent all his strength or the snake him drags him down. Watch man da ing. He tries to rise from the mud. I why men drink. Because they want make themselves feel lighter. But wh the wine has gone to the legs, the sn has risen to the head.

"Man's wisdom is the wisdom of snake; the wisdom of the crawling thi of the snake that crawls through dirt dust and yet wants to come out cle There is a little more eagle and a li less snake in the gypsy than in the g It is why we go always from one p to another. All man's dreams are flying. When the blood of the snake s die out in man and that of the eagle co to the surface, we shall all grow wings fly.. The gypsies shall be the first to d And that difference between the w man and the gypsy; the difference tween the *Gajo* and the *Rom*: The g shall be first to fly, just as he has first to travel."

THE EAGLE is our national emblem. Yet how few of us know anyth about him. This ignorance can be changed to knowledge next mo by reading "The Lord of the Air," by Herbert Ravenel Sass. It is of the most complete presentations of this glorious and spectacu bird that has ever been made within a brief space. Symbol of victo strength, and valor, the history of the eagle takes us back to antiqui He has become more than a bird—he is a legend, a demigod of natu

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AMERICA'S NEWEST, GRANDEST WONDERLANDS—NO OTHER VACATION TOUR EQUALS THIS—

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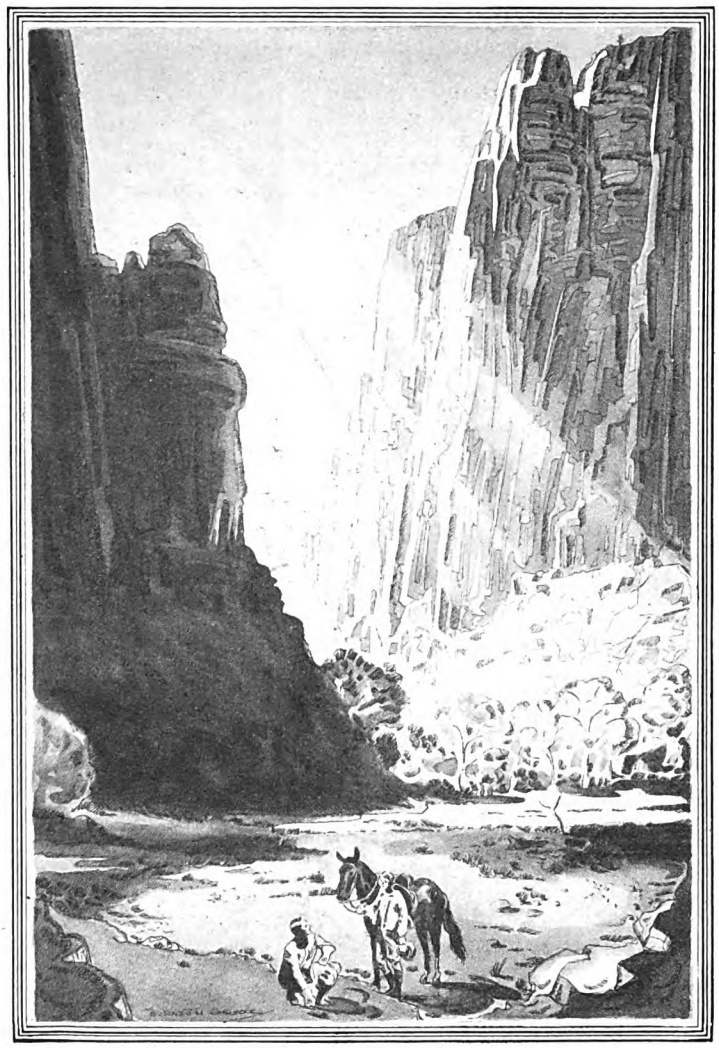
You won't know the rainbow immensity of great canyons — until you've seen Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks, and the Grand Canyon itself. You won't know the charm and mystery of deer-filled forests until you've seen the Kaibab. You won't know the magnificence of water hurling itself into the sky until you've seen the proud geysers of Yellowstone. You won't know the breathtaking spectacle of ocean and mountains till you visit California, or the spell of the Rockies till you see Rocky Mountain National Park.

The cities, too, are among the most interesting in the world. Denver, the mile-high Queen City of the Plains; Ogden, Salt Lake City, capital of the Mormons; Portland, City of Roses; Seattle and Tacoma on lovely Puget Sound; San Francisco, romantic and sophisticated; Los Angeles, the movie metropolis—each with its own unforgettable atmosphere.

Come out to the West this summer! To the best of the West—the Union Pacific West, which includes Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, and twelve great National Parks.

You may go independently, or in an Escorted All-Expense Tour with interesting companions. The low cost will amaze you. Send coupon today!



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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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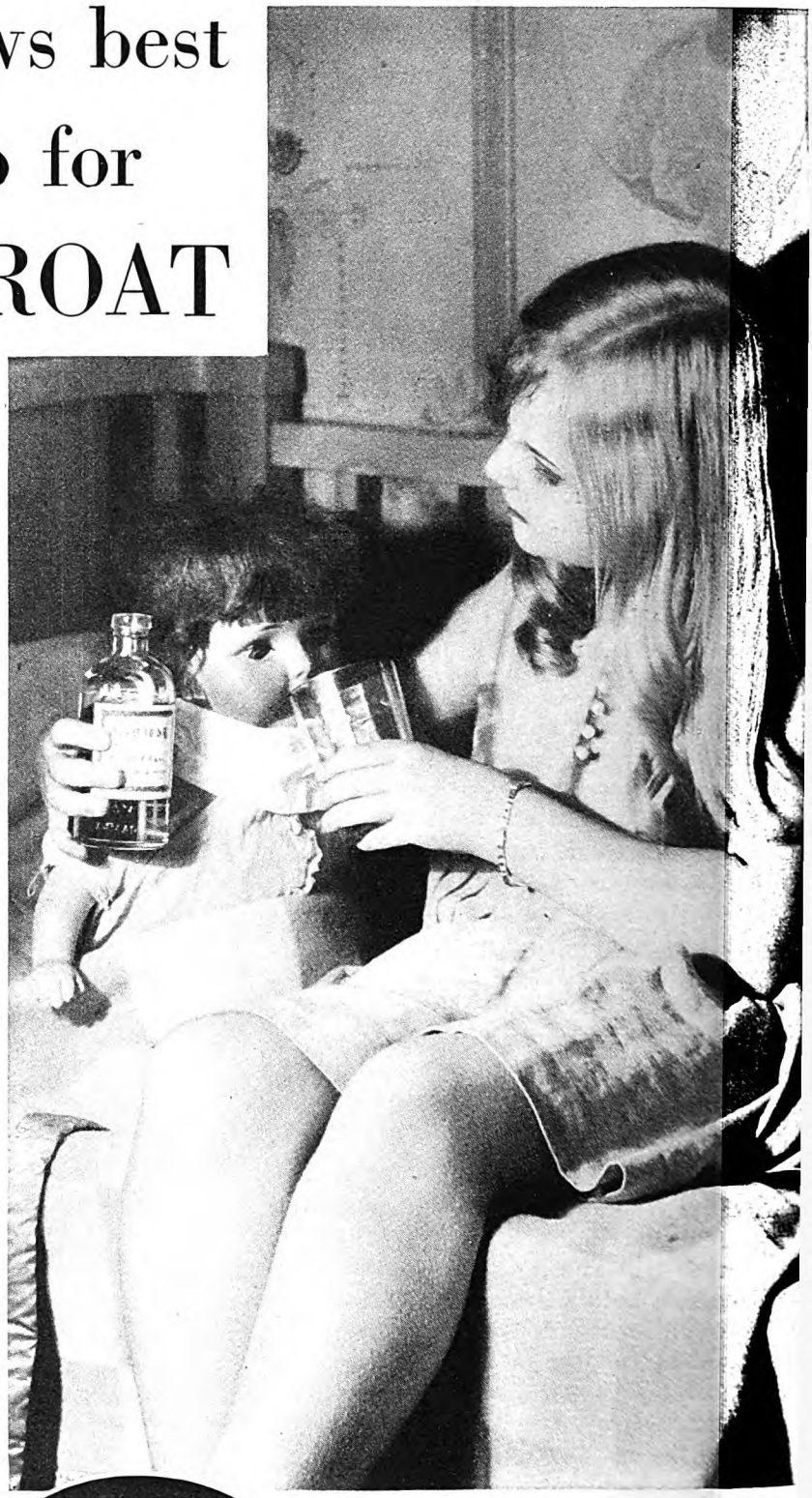
Mother knows best what to do for SORE THROAT



WHEN your throat tickles, when it feels raw or irritated—gargle with Listerine full strength at once. Keep it up. Note how quickly you improve.

Sore throat is usually a sequel to a cold, and is caused by germs. And full strength Listerine, as you know, is powerful against germs. Its early and frequent use will often check cold and sore throat before they become serious. When it doesn't, call your doctor.

Wise mothers insist that members of their family gargle with Listerine systematically night and morning during Winter and early Spring weather.

Once you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs within 15 seconds, you can understand its effectiveness against lesser germ infections. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

JOINED YET?
Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Get the jump on COLD

Before every meal rinse the hands with a full strength Listerine. Listerine attacks germs picked up by your hands during th rendering them harmless when, on food, they the body through the mouth.

Ordinary soap and water help destroy But they are not enough. Listerine comple job. It's a precaution worth taking.

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Miller Has Always Minded the Other Fellow's Business

(*Continued from page 59*).

Miller became a journeyman's helper in few months, but he didn't stop with learn- ng to drive rivets. He was on locomotives, nder them, inside them. He studied team power, strains, the tensile strengths f metals.

I thought of these early days when Mil- er made a certain remark to me:

"Young men getting started in busi- ess," he said, "complain frequently that hey are bigger than the jobs they hold. ne young man informed me that his job onsumed only ten per cent of his ability; had to take his word for the existence of e other ninety per cent, for he was giv- g no evidence that he had it. Such men ould see that the little, beginning job is ly a fraction of what business demands f them."

Miller spent a year in the boiler repair op. A year older, he had little difficulty getting work in the yards as a night itchman. At that, he was the young- t man on duty. The fact that he was ade an exception to the rule requiring at switchmen be at least twenty-one ars old indicates that he must have been pretty competent switchman.

And by day, as I've told you, he was ending every hour he could spare from ep firing that little switching engine. s kept up for almost another year. To intents, during that one year, he did years' work—today he doesn't recall s having been an especially hard task. d he knew the Hannibal yards well ugh to shut his eyes and be able to pick mentally, every switch and signal re.

EXT, he turned his attention to the offices. In the ticket office at the sta- , in the express and baggage offices, over at the freight houses were clerks hose work he knew nothing. Oddly ugh, it was his promotion to day switch- that gave Miller the opportunity to liarize himself with the offices. Eve- s he began to relieve clerks who were in for overtime work, which was al- t a regular occurrence.

A clerk who had a 'date' with his girl ld be only too glad to let me do his ex- work for him," Miller explained. "It n't long before it was generally known nd the various offices that I was ready ll in where a substitute was desired. he course of two years, I worked in y office connected with the railroad at nibal. There were mighty few nights n't have an office job of some nature her."

Iow late did you work?" I asked.

ome nights until nine, others until or three. But don't make too much e hours of work. The railroader of day was expected to work until his was finished.

or example, during the cattle-ship- season, when tens of thousands of of cattle were moved from the graz- ountry to eastern markets, the day men got on the job at three o'clock e morning. Frequently that day's work wasn't done until eight o'clock in the evening. The day was from dawn until dark, literally. Nobody thought of over- time pay, for there wasn't such a thing. We were hired by the month and paid by the month. It was the railroad life, and men were supposed to be tough enough to endure it."

At twenty, before he had reached the required age of a switchman, Miller was made night yardmaster. Not long after- ward the day yardmaster was taken ill. He was off duty for three days, during which Miller filled the two jobs without relief. He smiled as he told me of this.

"I MADE the mistake of going to the superintendent about it and suggest- ing that I was entitled to three days' extra pay.

"'Hired by the month, aren't you?'" he asked.

"I was, and that was all there was to it."

And Mr. Miller went on:

"The next ten years were probably the hardest of my life, and they probably did me the most good. They were hard be- cause I made them hard, not because the work was difficult. I was pretty young to be a yardmaster and the promotion at twenty made me think that I was going to rise fast and high in railroading. Se- cretly, I expected to be trainmaster within three or four years.

"But five, six, eight years passed and I was still yardmaster. I kept reviewing in my own mind the work I had done, the improvements I had made, the big jobs I had handled well. And I slowly but most surely began to get the notion into my head that I wasn't being treated fairly in the matter of promotion. That idea changed my whole viewpoint until I got rid of it.

"One day I came to an abrupt realiza- tion that at twenty-nine I was standing still. Instead of looking ahead for the new and bigger to do, I was looking back over my 'record' and sulking.

"Then I came to my senses. I saw that what I thought of my 'record' didn't count for much, for I wasn't the man who made the promotions. All that did count was what the fellows higher up thought of it, and apparently they weren't much impressed. The thing to do, and the only thing, was to stop sulking and to improve the record. Since nine years of work hadn't brought promotion, maybe ten would. In other words, I had yet to qualify in the other fellows' eyes."

THAT year Miller did qualify, and at the end of his tenth year as yardmaster he was moved up a notch, to trainmaster. The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway had become a part of the Burlington System and was now known as the Hannibal Division. To this division he was assigned. Within five years he was its superintendent. Three years later, he was general superintendent of the Burlington Lines in Missouri.

I talked with an old railroader who was closely associated with Miller in those days.

YOUR car looks worn and battle scarred. Months of fighting wind and rain and dust and sleet have dulled its original lustre and faded its bright finish to a lifeless, drab hue. You are ashamed of it—you hate to drive it any longer—yet you cannot afford a new one. Then, one day you see these three magic words:

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You have seen them many times before, but this time you take their advice. YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR.

The Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes, restoring the lustre, and then the Simoniz is applied.

. . . and behold, you have a bright, shining car, brilliant in its beauty. And, you thank heaven for Simoniz.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. It gives lasting protection in all weather, makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Easily applied with a cloth.

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Chicago, U. S. A.

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An extraordinary five cent pencil

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He told me of how Miller, as trainmaster, could walk the length of a long line of freight cars, come to the office, and write down from memory the number of every car in the row.

One winter the Hannibal yards were so jammed with cars that no train could get in or out. A thousand waybills were piled in an unsorted stack in the yardmaster's office. Nobody could locate a car that was wanted except by the tedious process of actually making a search of the yards.

Miller was sent to Hannibal. He began at the first track in the yard and walked its length. Then he wrote down the numbers of all cars on that track. Next he took the second track and repeated the process, and the third, fourth, and so on, until he had the numbers and track locations of all cars in the yard. With these data on paper, he was able to sort the waybills and determine the destination of each car. Largely through an extraordinary use of his memory and the fact that it enabled him to make every move count, he had the yards cleared inside of a week.

The World's Fair at St. Louis produced a railroad traffic problem unprecedented at that time. Miller handled it, and in all the bustle and hurry of that event not one passenger under his charge was injured.

Then F. A. Delano, general manager of the Burlington, was made president of the Wabash Railway. One of his first acts was to send for Miller and make him his general manager and, shortly, his vice president and general manager in charge of operation.

DURING the ten years that followed, bridges and tracks were reconstructed to carry heavier trains; double track was laid in and out of all dense traffic centers; freight houses, team yards, grain elevators, and other facilities designed to attract traffic were provided. Modern locomotives were added and shops built to maintain them. New yards for the assembly, classification, and distribution of freight, modern coal chutes, water-treating plants, stations—these were built largely under Miller's direction.

It was this work which brought Miller into national notice and established his reputation as an authority on yards and terminals.

At the close of the World War, the fifteen trunk lines of the Terminal Railroad Association summoned Miller to take command there. Within an hour of his acceptance of the post, he was waited upon by a committee of baggagemen who threatened to strike. He settled that trouble, only to discover that the yard switchmen had already decided upon a walkout in defiance of their leaders in the union. So, on the very day that Miller took his office, the "outlaw" switchmen's strike of 1920 broke, with the St. Louis yards as its storm center. The strikers knew that to tie up St. Louis was to tie up the whole Southwest.

Before nightfall of the next day Miller had several hundred volunteers, recruited from the Association offices, switching cars out in the yards. And he was out with his men teaching them the job and organizing them in such a way that they could work as they learned.

And the yards were kept open! With the aid of his volunteers, Miller handled 750,000 freight cars and 150,000 passenger cars without an omission. Passenger cars, live stock, and perishable freight were kept moving, and even the slow freight, like coal, was gradually put under way. This feat broke the "outlaw" strike.

Since then, Miller has spent more than $10,000,000 in improving and extending the St. Louis facilities. In eight years, despite a record rise in volume, he has increased the terminal capacity of the area by fifty per cent. He has almost doubled shop production, and he is still, in a big way, "minding the other fellow's business."

SEVERAL years ago one of the great locomotive builders of the world laughed tolerantly when Miller insisted that his shops were capable of building their own engines at a cost below that of the builder's own huge works.

"You're dreaming," said the man who had been building locomotives for years. "No shop can go under us in costs."

"I am dreaming," agreed Miller, "and my dream is of a new type of locomotive. It will cost less and be a better unit."

"But you have only repair shops here," continued the other. "Your men are utterly inexperienced."

"They've been tearing locomotives apart to repair them," reminded Miller, "and I've an idea that they can reverse the process. Anyway, I'm going to give them a chance to try it."

Miller had never built a locomotive, not even designed one. Engine building was not his business at all. Yet, at a cost of $7,000 less per engine, he proved so satisfactorily that locomotives could be built in St. Louis that the Terminal Association has adopted the policy of building all its own locomotives—a thing unprecedented in railroading.

The chassis of these locomotives was designed by Miller to be cast as a single piece, the weight of which was 40,000 pounds. By this revolutionary departure from rule, he eliminated twenty-six different parts in each underframe and simplified the problems of repair and maintenance. The tank plates of his tender were welded together, instead of having them riveted, as formerly. In this way he increased both the strength and the capacities of the tenders and also did away with more than 2,000 rivets in each of them. In eighteen months' time he constructed two super-switching engines at a saving of $70,000!

"You might say," said Mr. Miller, smiling, "that was in the nature of a dividend on the overtime spent in the shops at Hannibal, when I was called a fool for working for nothing."

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY MIRACLE MAKER! That's Mark Wood, whose personal story appears next month. Here's a man who changes rivers to their beds, puts unruly ones back where they belong, and forces cannibalistic rivers to disgorge the land they have swallowed. All this and does and much more. In "My Money is on the Man Who Believes in Miracles" you'll read about a typical, wide-awake American, who went gunning for Old Man Opportunity and brought home the whole darn fam

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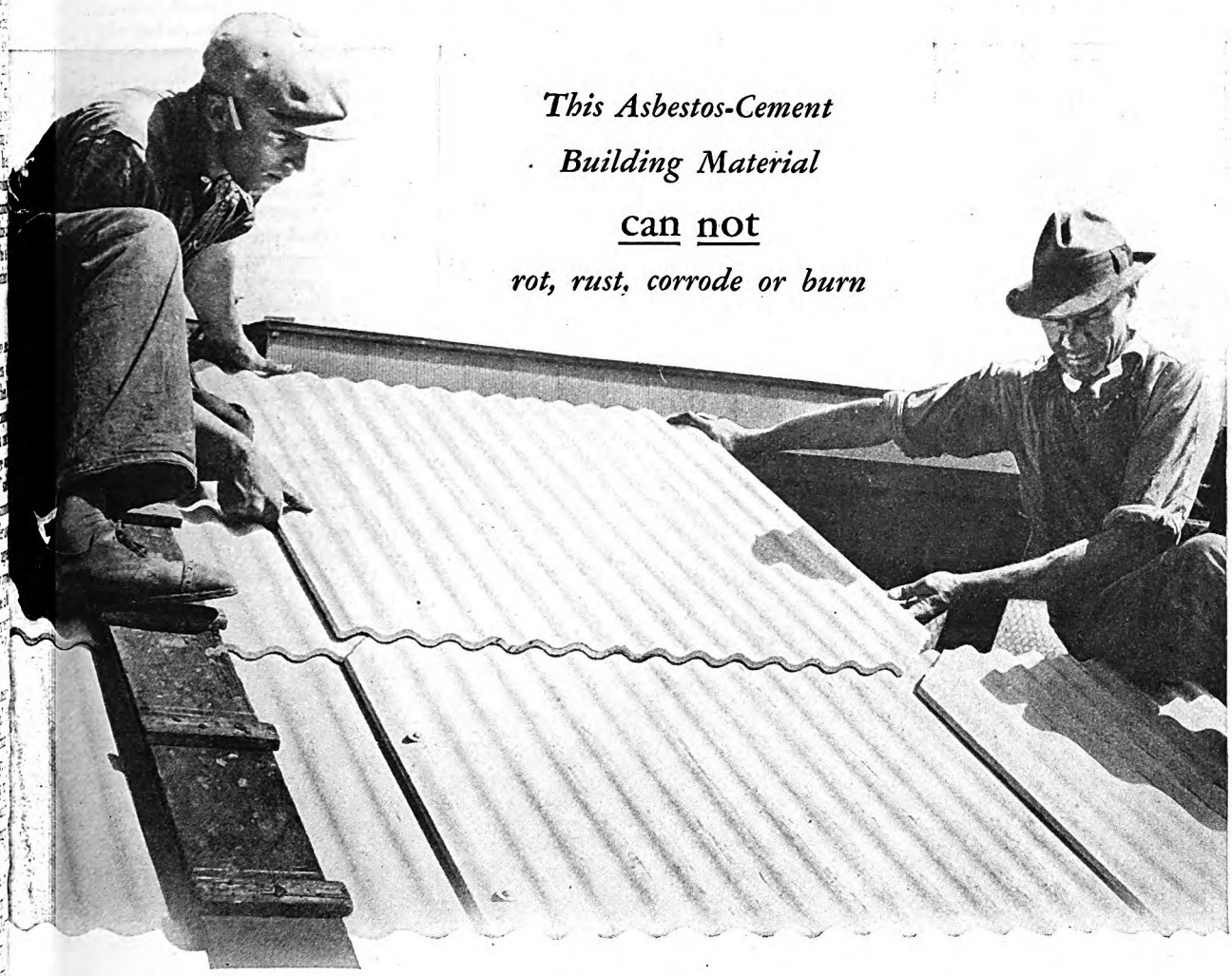

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Transite provides a covering for skeleton frame structures which will actually outlast the steel frame work. Wherever used, Transite forms a permanent barrier against fire and weather. It has a pleasing tile-like appearance. Transite requires no roof deck, but can be laid directly on the steel frame.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

Staying Qualities

(*Continued from page 15*)

fishing poles, stood about in odd corners, gleaming dully in the lamplight. Here gathered men who had stories to tell, a song to sing, or music to play—farmers and trappers, college professors and concert stars; they came from afar.

A NEIGHBOR with whom the boys spent a great deal of time in those early days was Reinhold Dietsch, another pioneer of the section. Dietsch was interested in ginseng and he took the boys into the woods with him and taught them how to find this wild plant in shaded spots.

"Of what use is it, Reinhold?" they asked.

Dietsch told them that the Chinese used the ginseng root for medicinal purposes; that it was a plant most difficult to cultivate and that the Chinese paid high prices for it.

"It takes five years for the ginseng root to grow to maturity," Dietsch explained. "It needs just the right amount of shade and sunlight, and just the proper soil and moisture, but even then it seems to get all kinds of diseases. It is far too troublesome a plant for most folks to bother with."

Yet Dietsch was planting the wild ginseng in his garden in an effort to learn the secrets of its culture. The Fromm boys soon had a little patch in their garden. They hunted the woods over for ginseng to transplant, for the seeds themselves would not sprout. As harvest was on and all hands were needed in the fields, Fred Fromm's patience broke at this "nonsense."

"Here my wheat is ripe and yet you boys monkeyshine with weeds," he stormed.

"Let them alone," rebuked the mother. "Reinhold Dietsch is no fool and he says there is money in this ginseng."

But the practical farmer in Fred Fromm refused to see any value in "raising weeds for heathens" when wheat was to be harvested for Americans. In him was a vein of iron stubbornness, but that same vein persisted also in the sons.

Despite their father, they planted ginseng in a plot of ground set aside for them by their mother in her garden. Though their ginseng withered and died, they planted it again—and each time they planted differently, in new ground, in a new way, under new conditions. They studied the hard-shelled ginseng seed to discover why it wouldn't sprout like other seeds when put into the soil.

"Ed" Fromm, spokesman for the brothers, told me:

"The difficulties in ginseng culture were the very things that made it worth cultivating, because they kept the price high and the supply of ginseng roots scarce. Anybody could raise wheat, and so wheat was cheap, but not many farmers had the patience to raise ginseng."

Dietsch discovered presently that by building arbors of lath over his ginseng plants and spacing the laths an inch apart, he could create the same light and shadow effects found in the deep woods where the wild ginseng plant grew best.

At once the Fromm boys decided to build arbors over their ginseng, and they went into the Fromm wood-lot to cut the arbor posts. Fred Fromm was eating dinner when he heard the sound of the busy axes, and, rushing out into the woods hatless, he put a stop to it.

"You get no posts from woods of mine," he ordered.

So the boys had to buy their posts from a neighbor.

Presently, their ginseng patch outgrew the space in the garden. Unless they obtained the use of more ground for their experiments, the boys were checked.

Near by was a huge stone heap formed of stones hauled off the fields in clearing them. It had been growing for years.

"You may use the ground underneath the stone heap, but not one foot beyond it," said Fred Fromm grimly, and he had no doubt that the formidable task of moving the stones would put a quick stop to the "ginseng nonsense."

But by hand and by wheelbarrow, the boys moved the stones—and at that Fred Fromm threw up his hands. Maybe he conceded, there was some good in the blamed weed after all, and surely there was some good in these boys of his who could not be awed by a stone pile.

BY THAT time Arthur, the eldest brother, had been graduated by the University of Wisconsin and was teaching school. One by one, the younger boys followed him away from home to study at various teachers' training institutes and normal schools. Every one of them helped to pay for his own education, while Fred Fromm helped them all he could, dreaming of the day when his six sons would be schoolmasters.

Walter was graduated and began to teach, then Herbert, and next Edward. They came home in the summer to help with the farm work and to continue the ginseng culture, which was now beginning to promise real success.

And then the fox cry rang out from the Canadian woods.

Every Fromm school-teacher, except Arthur, rushed home!

Small wonder, that night, when foxes were mentioned in the log house, that Fromm roared "Bah!" and stamped out of bed in a dudgeon.

"It was the woods that called," Ed. Fromm explained to me.

Born and reared in the woods, back in the woods came five of the brothers, Arthur joining them a few years later.

That winter they bought the Witt foxes, and by hunting and trapping over a radius of twenty miles they managed to make captives of three additional pairs of red foxes. Their efforts also netted the variety of small furs, the sale of which provided a narrow income and capital.

Spring came and with it high hopes. Each fox pair was provided with its private enclosure. But there was only silence around those pens that first spring. The captive foxes refused to breed.

The next spring, twelve red foxes were born, but most of these sickened and died within a week or two. The only

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was the capture by Walter of a litter of seven red fox pups. But though two years had gone by, the brothers had not yet even seen a silver black fox. Returns from their ginseng arbors alone enabled them to continue with the venture, which to date had not yielded a penny.

"Nevertheless, we had learned a few things about foxes," Edward Fromm told me. "The most important fact of these was that red fox, or even black fox, breeding wouldn't pay us. A red fox pelt was worth about twenty dollars. It could easily be dyed to look like a black pelt. The one pelt that can't be successfully imitated is the silver pelt.

"The silver hairs in a silver black fox are not of a uniform color. A single hair is dark at the base, and then it shades gradually lighter until about a half-inch of white is formed, and beyond this white is a black tip. The black tips on these hairs make a veil over the white, under which it glistens like silver.

"Furriers can take plain white badger hairs and glue them in a black fox pelt, but anyone who knows fox furs will detect the imitation at a glance. A successful imitation would cost more than the genuine silver pelt, and this fact, we saw, meant that imitation could not lower the prices on silvers, while it certainly could lower prices on black pelts.

"In those days, live silver foxes were to be purchased only at the most exorbitant prices, for breeders did not want to part with their mature stock. In Wisconsin it was almost impossible to buy a silver fox, for none were in captivity. You can understand how eager we were to get one."

IN JULY, 1913, a rumor reached Hamburg that a silver fox was for sale at Polar, Wisconsin. Henry and Ed at once set out for Polar on foot. They walked to Marathon, thirteen miles distant, and there took a train to Antigo. Leaving the train at Antigo, they walked the remaining eleven miles to Polar.

A fox was for sale and its owner insisted that it was a silver in poor coat because of the season. It was a sorry-looking animal, but the price set for it was $3,000. The two boys hadn't a penny; the railroad fare had taken all their funds. They proposed a partnership, but the fox's owner laughed at them. All night they sat up arguing with the man, but he refused to listen to any proposition other than cash. Bitterly disappointed, the boys started home again, with a total of sixty-two miles to be covered on foot.

They walked all day, and by nightfall their shoes had worn their feet so sore that they decided to go barefooted. After a few hours of this, their bare feet were so badly cut and bruised that they put on their heavy socks and walked in those. They reached home at seven o'clock the morning, ate some breakfast, and then started to plead with their father for money. Finally, he consented to lend them $3,000 only on the condition that he accompany them to Polar to make the purchase. This trip was made in Fred Fromm's car. At last, the boys felt, they had convinced their father of the desirability of the fox business.

Polar, the fox was displayed again for the inspection of the elder Fromm, and became time for the settlement. As if had not been there, Fred Fromm had

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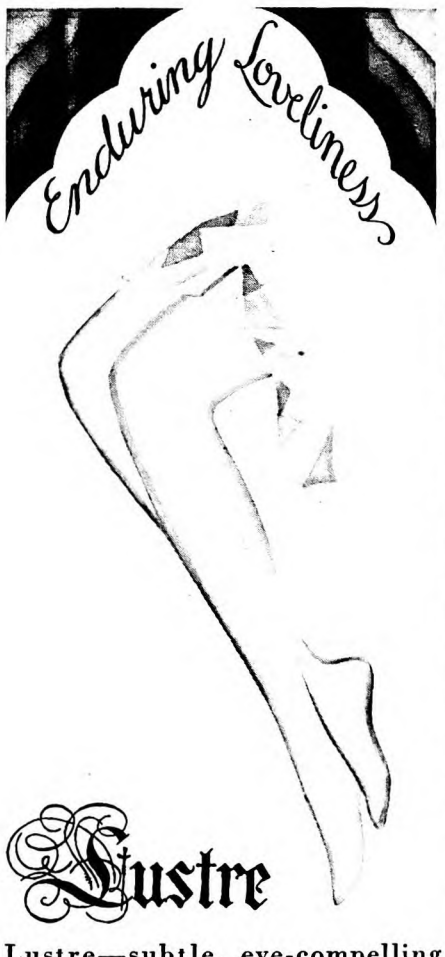

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Lustre in stockings . . . sheer silken strands . . . spiderly woven . . . exquisite craftsmanship . . . add perfect color . . . a perfect description of Iron Clad hosiery. Lustrous when new . . . lustrous after weeks and weeks of faithful service.

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Silk to the top in service weight! Yet Iron Clads 907X, pictured above, cost only $1.50 a pair—in black, atmosphere, skin, grain, pearl blush, pastel parchment, evenglow, light gun metal, mirage, Reveree, Cuban sand, mauve taupe, Manon and beach tan. Sizes—8 to 10½.

Iron Clad

vanished! The purchase money, of course, had vanished with him!

Fred Fromm had taken one look at the sorry animal offered for sale at $3,000, and had then slipped out to his automobile and driven back to Antigo, where presently the boys found him impatiently waiting to start home.

"Not even thirty dollars would I pay for such a fox," was his ultimatum, and that decision stood to be justified a few months later. The fox was exposed as being a "Samson"; that is, a fox without guard fur or sheen or depth of coat. Its real value was about twenty-five dollars.

Another winter passed. Herbert Fromm, accompanied by Henry, succeeded in capturing a black fox near Cameron; but again only red fox pups came in the litters born that spring. The whole countryside was laughing at the Fromm boys.

THEN, one day, Fred Fromm packed up and left for a visit in Iowa. No sooner was he gone than the boys outlined to their mother a desperate plan. The deed for the farm was in her name. They proposed that she mortgage the property and lend them enough money to buy one pair of silver foxes that had been proved as breeders.

Mrs. Fromm had helped her sons get started in ginseng raising and she had seen the ginseng venture grow to a promised success. She had faith in these boys; she had courage.

Together, mother and sons went to their bank. The banker, a friend of the family, listened to the odd proposal but shook his head against it. "You are entering too big a speculation, Mrs. Fromm," he said. "I couldn't approve such a loan without Mr. Fromm's consent."

Undismayed, Mrs. Fromm went to a rival bank. Again the plan was frowned upon as highly dangerous speculation that might result in her loss of the farm.

"But your bank can't lose," retorted the woman. "My sons will give you their notes for the sum borrowed, made payable in one year. If they don't pay the notes in one year, you can foreclose the mortgage and take the farm."

The loan was granted. Several days later the Fromms bought in New York State one male and two female silver foxes of a reliable strain. They paid $6,500 for the three animals and congratulated one another on getting a rare bargain.

One month later, war was declared in Europe. The bottom fell out of the silver fox boom in a night. The three foxes which had cost $6,500 weren't worth $1,000 on the market!

"What did your father say to this?" I asked Ed Fromm.

"What could he say?" he replied. "What was done was done beyond undoing. The farm was at stake. Our ginseng roots, which had been selling at as high as twelve dollars a pound, dropped to a third of that price. Our red foxes weren't worth their keep. We were in a pretty pickle, with $6,500 in notes due in eleven months."

All over the country, silver fox breeders were crowding each other to get out of the business. One big dealer failed with a carload of fine Alaska silvers on the siding—animals which a few weeks prior had been worth a fortune. Pelts dropped to $100 and $200 apiece, and several years of war, it was feared, were ahead.

"We couldn't quit; we didn't dare to quit," related Edward Fromm. "So, instead of retrenching, we took advantage of the low prices to add to our breeding stock. Among the animals we bought was an outcast fox that we got for almost nothing. The next spring she presented us with six silver fox puppies. Altogether that spring we got seventeen silver pups in the litters.

"I need hardly say that we worked—with the farm, with the foxes, with the ginseng. And as our notes fell due at the bank, we met every one of them in advance. That feat established our credit. It also finally enlisted the coöperation and support of Father.

"In 1916 we had twenty-five silver foxes. This number grew to twenty pairs of breeders in 1917 and to twenty-seven pairs in 1918. After the initial collapse of the fo boom, the business proceeded to reorganize on a more sensible basis, and whil prices were never to return to the peak c 1909 to 1913, they were to rise to substan tial figures again. For example, we sol several pairs of breeders in 1918 for $2,oc a pair, and in 1919 we got as high a $3,000 a pair. At the same time, good silv pelts brought about $250 apiece in Ne York."

ANIMALS which are no larger than small dog and are worth $1,000 and u apiece are as valuable as any good bar stock. A sharp reminder of this fact car to the Fromms one night when they su prised some men in the act of attempti to cut through one of the wire fences i closing a breeding pen. No game law pr tects the fox. Once the animal is loose, is free game to anybody with dogs, tra or gun. From that night on, the From stood guard over their inclosures, w loaded rifles.

And scarcely had this danger been r than a far more formidable enemy inva the enclosures. Valuable animals, se ingly in the best of health, suddenly si ened and died before anything could done for them.

"Poison!" suggested one expert.

Laboratories in Chicago made analy but not a trace of poison was found in stomachs of the dead foxes. The gro of the fox runs was analyzed, without sult. Feeding methods were changed. one year more than $20,000 was spen the Fromms for medicines and advice, the animals continued to die.

If you own a good dog, you know dog lover's dread of the word distem For years scientists have been tryin find a preventive of this canine dis which takes its annual toll of dogs world over. Suspecting distemper an their foxes, the Fromms went to Prof Robert G. Green, head of the departi of bacteriology and immunology at University of Minnesota. They ple to Dr. Green the sum of $20,000 ann to support distemper research at the versity if he would study the distemp foxes. Dr. Green accepted the task.

"We supported this research fo years, and last year we increased our port to $25,000 a year," said Ed Fromm. "As our foxes increased in bers, which they did rapidly each after 1920, our losses from disease proportionately. For instance, in 19: lost $200,000 because of deaths and

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ness among our foxes. Between fifteen and twenty per cent of our animals died every autumn.

"But Dr. Green believes that he has at last discovered a preventive with which healthy foxes may be inoculated and so escape this scourge, which he has determined is encephalitis. This form of distemper, the most deadly of all, attacks the spinal system and finally the brain, and afflicts dogs the same as it does foxes."

A fox mother gives birth to young once a year. Often she has as many as seven puppies or more in a litter, and a good average litter numbers four or five. Keeping this fact in mind, you will readily comprehend the spectacular rise of the Fromms in the fox industry.

The turn in their fortunes came in 1920. When John and Edwin Nieman joined the partnership. Twenty-four pairs of foxes were moved to the Nieman farm at Cedarburg, which is two hundred and fifty miles south of Hamburg. This change seemed to work magic with the foxes. Every fox their produced litters of maximum size.

This high productivity continued in 1921 and proved to the satisfaction of the partners that Cedarburg was much more ideal as a breeding place than was Hamburg. All breeding pens were moved to the southern locality, and the number of foxes grew into the hundreds and thousands. Four additional farms were added there. However, if the foxes were left at Cedarburg in the late summer and fall, the warm sun burned the coats of the growing animals and rendered the fur harsh and coarse. It proved profitable to establish two divisions in the business—the breeding division at Cedarburg and its vicinity, and the fur division at Hamburg, where the mild autumns developed thick and silky coats on the foxes.

BETWEEN 1922 and 1928 the Fromm-Nieman holdings increased from a few hundred foxes to over sixteen thousand. In this period the partners abandoned breeding live foxes for sale and decided to devote themselves exclusively to raising foxes for furs. A number of fine Prince Edward Island animals were introduced, and these increased the size of the foxes and improved the quality of their coats. Gross receipts exceeded the half-million mark in 1926; by 1927 they were beyond the one hundred thousand dollars; and in 1928 came the record check of more than a million dollars. Indications point to an even greater return this year.

I asked Ed Fromm what the highest price is that they have ever received for a single silver fox pelt. He said it was $1,020, in 1927, prices having started at about $250 a pelt. Each year their average price has increased, as they have steadily improved the quality of the furs offered. It is the Fromms' belief that the day will come when all furs will be produced on farms and add materially to the income of the farmer.

"Why not?" inquired Edward Fromm. He added: "I have one warning to the individual who thinks of going into the business, and that is, not to be fooled by boosters into believing that it is an easy business. Silver fox prices continue high because the fox is difficult to raise and because the hazards in the business are so great."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Friends! Free treat,

Just tell me where to mail the cigars

THE quickest way to settle this question of whether I can give you cigar satisfaction better'n anybody else can, is to have you try ten *free*, first of all. Two or three ain't enough. Ten makes a good test. After that we either do business or cry quits, and no hard feelin's on either side.

Now please don't go lookin' down through the print huntin' for the "catch" in this offer. 'Cause there ain't no "catch."

I'm an old timer

You know me. I've been makin' cigars here in Philadelphia, and so was my dad before me, for more'n 25 years. Our little factory is one of the lightest, airiest and cleanest in the country. I sell cigars direct to smokers on a try-before-you-buy basis. The customer pays nothin' if the cigars don't come up to expectation. Friends tell me I save 'em upwards of 5c a cigar. That's 'cause I sell at a price that represents only one cost of handlin' and one profit.

Send the coupon— I'll do the rest

Now all *you* do is sign and mail the coupon, soon as you finish readin' this ad. When I get it, then I personally see that you get a box of freshly made full-flavored cigars, size and shape as pictured, postage paid by me.

This cigar you see pictured is my famous Panatela, a full, five-inch cigar. Sellin' 'em by the thousands, for years! Genuine Cuban-grown clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper makes it burn even and leave a long white ash. This cigar, men, is just about "heavy" enough to satisfy your cravin' for a *real* smoke, yet light enough to please fellers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly handmade, of course.

Now get busy and mail that coupon. Soon as it comes in, I'll send you a box of 50 selected, cool-burnin' cigars. Then you smoke ten, at your leisure. If after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth $3.50, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days. No explanation necessary. No "forms" to fill out. Just shoot 'em back at my expense.

Order now and enjoy the cigars at once

In orderin' please use your business letterhead, or the coupon, fillin' in the line marked "Reference."

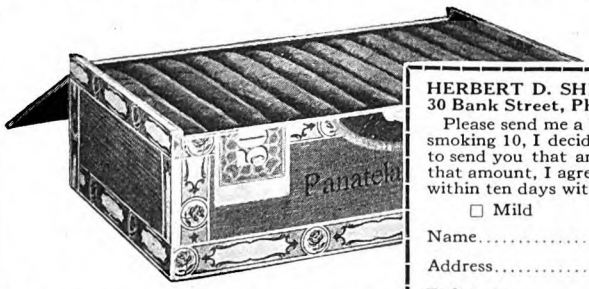
Or, if you don't wanta bother givin' a reference, just drop me a post card and you can pay the postman $3.50 when the cigars are delivered. I pay the postage.

You take no risk. Remember, the cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like 'em.

Mail the coupon to me, personally.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Actual Size and Shape



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Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth $3.50, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

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CHAPTER 1

This Man wets his hair with water every morning... and at 45 he will probably look like this...

CHAPTER 2

This Man is wiser... he grooms his hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning... and he is going to keep his hair a long, long time.

The daily use of Wildroot Hair Tonic is a safe, sensible habit.

It prevents dandruff, keeps the scalp antiseptic, invigorates the hair roots ... and *does not* dry out the hair as water does. Get a bottle today from your druggist, department store or barber.

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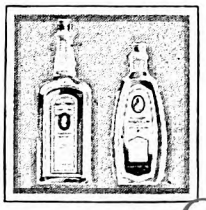
Hair Tonic.. Taroleum Shampoo



Galahad

(*Continued from page 13*)

horror, she realized what Thacker was doing. Not thirty feet beyond the panic-scourged woman, the car and the bull came together, head on.

Many cattle have lost their lives, or have been maimed, by collision with careless motorists. But now, for the first time in the motor's hectic history, an automobilist was risking his life and wantonly destroying his car for the sake of stopping the charge of a maniac bull.

Together in mid-road crashed the speeding giants.

Instinctively, Roy Thacker shut his eyes and bent his head, and braced his lithe body, a moment before the head-on collision.

Then some invisible and tricksy force wafted him aloft, through a rain of glass-flinders, high in air. Tiring of the tossing prank, the same mischief force deposited him in the exact center of a thick clump of witch-elm bushes and wild blackberries at the edge of the road.

Roy crouched there, for a moment, dazed and sick, while the twigs and briars which had broken his fall revenged themselves for their kindness by ripping his best suit to rags and excoriating his flesh. From his face and head trickled tiny wisps of blood, as tokens of divers glass scratches.

THE world was slowly ceasing to revolve in a drunken ellipse; and breath began to seep back to his tormented lungs. He was at once numb and sore and aching. By a violent effort of memory he recalled what had happened. His gaze strayed vaguely to the road.

The Holstein lay huddled in a position which nature neither provides for nor permits. His giant head was twisted at an impossible angle from the inert bulk of his body. He had quivered all over, for a second or so. But now he was very still.

Just in front of the dead bull, the road was strewn with what looked like the entire dumped contents of three machine shops. It was inconceivable that one smallish car could have been made up of so many scattered and twisted and useless component parts. The new roadster had gone forever out of existence. Here was no job for a wrecking crew, but for the junkman.

Above the dual wreckage stood Miss Vandercook babbling to herself, her old eyes wide, her mouth ajar. Above the bull danced and swore and threatened Lem Hannoth.

Miss Vandercook's blank visage turned slowly and wonderingly toward the copse in whose center squatted Thacker. Then, with spinsterly modesty, she averted her eyes.

A single downward glance at his own rent clothing told Roy the reason for her reversed look. His clothes hung in tatters; some of them from his body, some from the spike-twigs of the copse which had saved him from a fatal tumble. Wriggling free of the clinging thorns, Roy limped hastily to the cover of the pasture bushes, and thence to the friendly shelter of nearby woods. Deaf was he to Lem Hannoth's bawled imprecations. His only desire was to get out of sight and to reach his own room after nightfall—his room, where he could replace his revelatory and scanty rags with more decorous clothing.

AT DAYBREAK, Roy Thacker awok from a merry dream of being kicke by a whole stableful of army mules. H lay for several minutes trying to colle his thoughts and his memories. His mu cular young body was one multiple ach The iodine and arnica wherewith he ha anointed his many cuts and bruises wh he went to bed the night before, stu wholesouledly into the hurts they covere But as reason returned to him, his phy cal pangs seemed puny compared wi those which gripped his mind.

What a double-dyed jackass he h made of himself! And what had he gain thereby? True, he had saved a lumpy a elderly and uninspiring woman from peculiarly repulsive form of death. B in doing it, he had destroyed the whose purchase money represented ye of overtime work and loss of sleep a absence from Maida Barham. In dentally—though that was a minor m ter—he had destroyed his best s

He had broken his appointment take Maida driving. He had ruined first and last and only chance of impr ing her with his beautiful new car. Ye must pass now before he could hope hoard enough overtime money to bu second roadster. Meanwhile, those ot chaps would continue to hold the in track with Maida, by dint of their shi cars. He must continue to take her ing—when she would consent to go Axel Thorje's abominable old rattlet

Worst—he had made himself r ulous, no doubt, in her eyes, as in ev one's, by his smash-up and by his qui ism in jeoparding his life and losing car for the sake of a red-hatted fru If he had dashed, on foot, to the re of some pretty girl, now! But to l tilted at a Holstein bull, in an automo to stave off death from that absurd woman! Why, he would be the laug the county! A woman can endure t a man martyred, for whatever cause; can love him for it. But where is woman who can keep on liking a whom everyone is laughing at?

SLOWLY and gruntingly Roy Tha got into his next best suit and forth to breakfast. The day was Sun No work at the creamery today. plenty of time to think and to want to himself. Plenty of time to keep from Maida, for fear of being laughe Plenty of time to dodge the grins furtive nudges of his acquaintances. most at the entrance to the room house where he lived, he met Miss dercook. Imperiously she stopped as he would have strode glumly past

"Young man," she hailed hin magisterial sternness and without fu salutation, "I have been making inq about you. I was on my way to see I want to ask you a question: Whe

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TOOTH DECAY

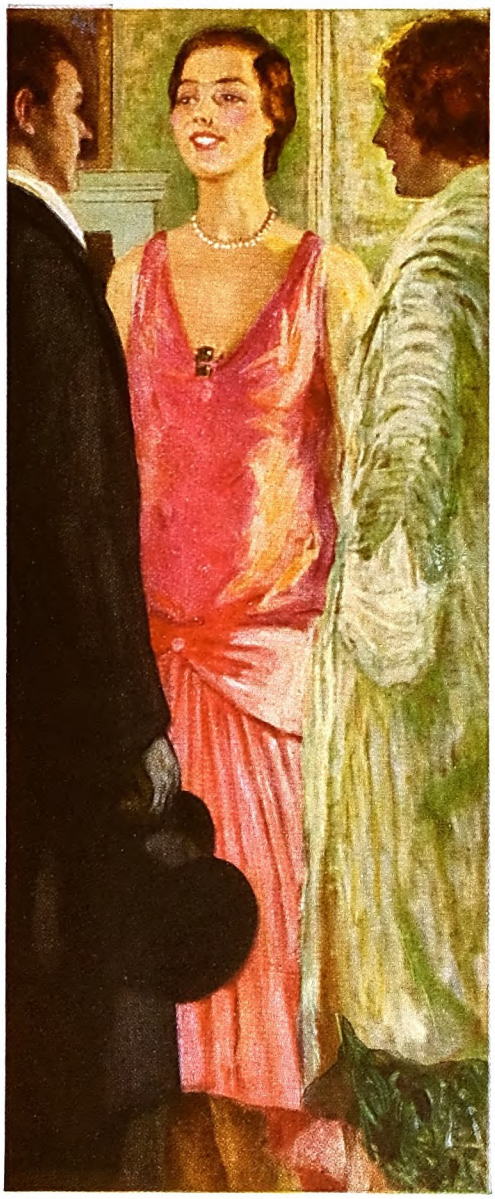
will never have a chance if you

practice modern mouth hygiene

ıFTER all, it's useless to try to void the issue. The fact remains ıat thousands and thousands of ·ople are eventually attacked by ıoth decay and gum irritations in ite of the most faithful care. nd the question is—*are you willing run the same risk by overlooking a w well-established facts?*

These facts are very simple. ery time you eat, food particles e forced into the pits on the grind- g surfaces of your teeth and into e tiny V-shaped crevices around h tooth formed by the meeting tooth and gum—The Danger ne. These particles ferment. ids are formed which attack the imel and irritate the delicate gum sues. Unless these acids are neu- lized tooth decay and dangerous ections often develop.

Unfortunately mere brushing not reach the acids lodged in se inaccessible spots. That is ere old-fashioned methods fail protect. It is recognized today t your dentifrice must do part the job of guarding your teeth gums. It must penetrate into e places where the tooth-brush not reach. And it must contain ntacid ingredient that is none less effective because it is safe use in the mouth. The best luct known to neutralize acids in the mouth, according to the statements of the dental profession, is Milk of Magnesia.



Squibb's Dental Cream can bring you real protection because it meets the prime fundamental of up-to-date hygiene. It contains more than 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to reach into those tiny pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. After use, particles of Milk of Magnesia remain, neutralizing destructive acids and safeguarding your teeth and gums for a long time after.

Let your dentist inspect your teeth at least twice a year. Between these visits, use Squibb's Dental Cream. These simple but modern precautions will make it practically impossible for tooth decay or gum irritations ever to attack you.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly. Use it to brush the gums. It soothes them and keeps them healthy. It is pleasant to use and safe because it contains no grit, abrasives or astringents. 40c a generously large tube.

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Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation.

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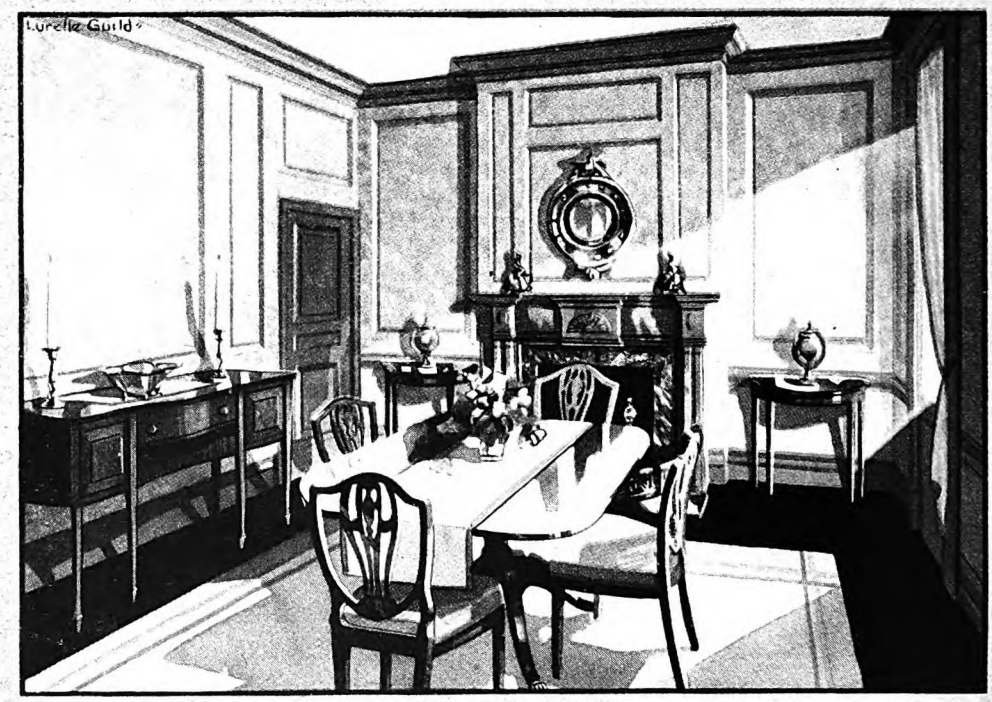

EVERY ROOM'S A STAGE

A glow of color on walls and ceilings. Mello-Gloss in pastel shades . . . the perfect background

THOSE familiar rooms in which you spend so much of your life . . . those rooms which hold so many memories, hopes and dreams . . . they are your stage, the stage on which you enact a large portion of your part in the drama of life.

What backgrounds have you provided for your rooms? Are they in harmony with the decorative schemes? Or are they dull and forbidding?

Bring color into your home. Brighten your walls and ceilings with the soft, pastel shades of Mello-Gloss.

Mello-Gloss is a washable paint made in a wealth of soft, charming shades. It dries quickly to a smooth, semi-gloss finish which does not readily catch or hold dirt. It can be cleaned easily and quickly with soap and water or with Lowe Brothers Cleaner.

Mello-Gloss is but one of the outstanding paint products prepared by Lowe Brothers. It is made primarily to do one specific thing. . . to give beautiful and lasting color to walls and ceilings . . . and it does that one thing superlatively well.

FREE BOOKLET "Color Harmony in the Home" at any Lowe Brothers dealer. Profusely illustrated in colors with valuable information on home decoration. Or mailed direct for 10 cents in stamps.

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hit that bull, yesterday, didn't you know t would demolish your car?"

"Yes," he growled. "Of course I did. (ou can't drive a light roadster into a wo-thousand-pound charging bull without icking it somewhere. If it amuses you o know about it, I had just bought the ar too; and I hadn't insured it yet."

He made as though to pass on. But ie would not have it so.

"Then why did you do such a mad iing?" she demanded.

"Because I was a wall-eyed fool," he ade sour answer. "And so that you uld be alive today to ask me such a fool uestion."

He hurried on, leaving her in the middle 'another query. He made his way to his arding-house by back alleys; and thence his room by the same routes. All day stayed in his uninspiring domicile chew- g the cud of self-contempt and of loss.

Next morning, he reported as usual for ty at the creamery. It was one of those ys nobody wants. In the first place, overslept; and he arrived at work late d breakfastless. At the entrance of the amery he was accosted by a spruce le man—the local lawyer's clerk.

"Papers in a two-thousand-dollar mage suit Mr. Lemuel Hannoth has t nstructed us to bring against you the willful slaughter of his prize lstein bull."

"Prize Holstein bull?" raged Thacker. he brute was a three-quarter-breed, best. Besides, he—"

"I serve these papers on you, Mr. cker, in accordance with the law's irements," smugly interrupted the k, moving away.

t noon, one of his fellow employees ched past Roy's desk, pausing to say: Heard the sweet news? There's a er on to sell the creamery. The boss osing with an offer he's just had. That ns the lot of us will be fired, of course. new owner will have his own crowd ork for him. They always do."

f you're trying to cheer me up," ed Thacker, "there are other orders d of yours. My car is a total loss so is all the overtime I've done. y inch of me feels like a sore thumb my twisted ankle makes me walk an accent. Lem Hannoth is suing me wo thousand dollars. And—and I've omething else that's a billion times important than all those things put her. So if you think I can get a kick, s out of the piker prospect of losing g-wage job, too— Oh, what's the I'm going out to eat."

NG the village's single street he mped, heading for his boarding- s uninspired midday meal. From orway of a shop strolled a girl, as ernedly as if she had not been loi- there for nearly an hour. She d to emerge into the hot street y in front of the limping lunch- ll but colliding with him. Roy rick-red from sudden embarrass- Lifting his hat and mumbling ing incoherent, he made as if to at a faster pace. But the girl his way.

ink," she remarked impersonally, k you're the very rudest man I ew, Roy Thacker. Honestly, I st, you promise to take me riding Saturday afternoon, and you never so much as send me word to explain why you broke the appointment. And now you try to walk around me as if I were a mud puddle."

A gust of vexation at Maida's raillery deafened Roy's mental ears to the thread of deeper feeling in the girl's soft voice. Choking back his babyish indignation as best he might, he made glum answer:

"You know very well why I didn't keep our appointment Saturday afternoon. All the county must have known about it, inside of an hour. And all the county must have been guying me by that time. As for sneaking past you, just now—well, there's no great fun in being laughed at. Especially by—by someone who—who— Let it go at that. . . . I'll be late to lunch, as it is. And I didn't have any breakfast. I—"

"YES," she agreed, making no move to step out of his path. "Yes, you'll be late, Roy. Because since you won't come to see me, I'm going to talk to you here You're not only the rudest man I know, but you're the silliest. You did something, Saturday, that everyone in Hampton is praising you for. A splendidly brave thing, Roy. A glorious thing! Most men would be taking advantage of such a deed and basking in hero-worship. Not trying to dodge their friends. I waited for you—and waited—"

"If you're still guying me—"

"I am. I'm nearer being ashamed of you than I ever thought I could be. Are you coming to see me this evening, Roy?"

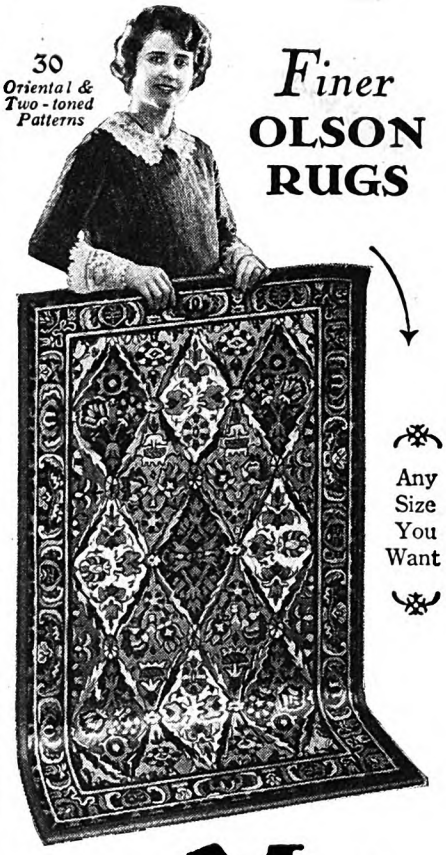
"No," he blazed, soreness of heart breaking through his hard-held self-control. "No! Not this evening or any time. Why should I? What chance have I got? You know well enough why I've been coming to see you, and why I worked so hard for that car I smashed. They say a woman always knows. Well, the cash is gone and so is the car; and I've qualified as the Village Idiot. Besides, I'm losing my job; and there isn't another man's-sized job open in this one-horse burg of ours. That means I've got to go somewhere else to look for work. So, I—"

"So you're thinking about nothing but yourself!" she retorted. "You never even stop for a moment to consider what it may mean to *me*. You tell me, almost in so many words, that you care for me; and then you tell me in the next breath that you are going away. You don't even give me a chance to say whether it means anything to me to have you drop out of my life; or—or whether it means all the whole big world to me! Oh, you *are* selfish, Roy! I'm—"

"Maida!" sputtered the man, dazed, shaking.

"And I've been waiting nearly all morning for you!" she accused. "Because I had a feeling you'd be too stupid and too proud to—to— Everybody is looking at us," she broke off primly. "We can't stand here like this. Walk back home with me, Roy. And—and then you're coming to see me, this evening and —and lots of evenings. Every evening. For always. Say you are. *Say* it, Roy!"

A full hour late, that afternoon, Roy Thacker strolled mooningly back to his desk at the creamery. Forgotten was his bodily pain; forgotten was his humiliation; forgotten was his sacrificed roadster.



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W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

He was brought back to workaday earth by word that his employer had sent for him three times during the past hour. Into the chief's private office he drifted.

"Sit down, Thacker," began the overlord, with no hint of reproof at his subordinate's tardiness. "I've got something to tell you. The wife's been at me for more'n a year to sell out here and take a nice long rest, and maybe a trip to California with her. She thinks I've worked enough and saved enough. But you can't sell a business like this in five minutes. And if you give it out that you want to sell, folks think the business must be on the rocks—which this one sure isn't."

"He's wasting a lot of words," thought Roy, uninterestedly, "just to tell me we're closing out."

"Yesterday," the boss was declaiming, with dramatic effect, "yesterday some-one came to my house, right after church, and made me a flat offer for the whole business; goodwill and fixtures and all the rest of it. I thought maybe it was a joke. Then, first thing this morning, a lawyer came along too—being phoned for from New York. And in less'n an hour we'd worked out all the preliminaries. I get a price that I didn't hardly dare to hope I'd get when I named it. Yep. I'm mighty well pleased. So's the wife. Funny how we get to misjudging folks all wrong by the way they dress and the way they live and the way they act! I'd sized her as a down-and-out old pensioner of some-body's, from her bum clothes and—

"Your wife?" asked Thacker, mystified.

"Nope. The creamery's next own. That queer old Miss Vandercook! The lawyer tells me she's one of the New York Vandercooks—*the* Vandercooks, you know. Says she's eccentric-like; but that she has enough cash to buy every creamery east of the Alleghenies, if she was a mind to. She's took a whim to buy mine, glad be!"

THE news was startling enough. But made scant impression on the hearer. Once more his thoughts were retraversing that divine homeward walk with Miss Barham, the walk which had made him an hour late to work. The boss leaned forward and patted him playfully, painfully, on one of his abraded knees.

"But here's the part I sent for you about," he announced. "She's keeping all the old employees on, she says—'on the express stipulation that Mr. Thacker be made manager of the whole plant.' And the salary she named for him is a crime! That woman don't deserve all her oodles of cash, the way she spends it around so reckless. By the way, I never knew you belonged to the Galahad fam'ly. Fact is, I stick so close to business I didn't ever get to hear there was a Galahad fam'ly. But I heard hearing that lawyer of hers you're 'a Galahad.' Most likely, they're relations of the Vandercooks. Anyhow—what do you say?"

For Roy Thacker was babbling aloud:

"I always told Maida her dad ought to have a phone put in his house. I'll have to hobble all the way out to tell her. But—but maybe I can almost of the way!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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From the Ground Up

(*Continued from page 38*)

"At a quarter to ten o'clock, Wednes- morning,' he answered. Allowing him hour and a half to reach the field, that e us but thirty-one hours to reach the ific Coast. The air-mail planes, flying top speed, make the transcontinental in just that time. It meant fast ng.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' the banker gested. 'If you get me over the con- tion hall at quarter to ten o'clock, I'll double; if you're late, no matter how e, I won't pay a nickel.'

'Okay with us,' we told him. An hour a half later the plane was scurrying tward, over the difficult mountains of tern Pennsylvania, across the plains of West, and ultimately across the kies. The pilot and passenger were fast pursuit ship, capable of one hun- l and sixty miles an hour, and the fairly burned up the airways.

The pilot couldn't resist a bit of s-pocus. Finding that they were a head of their schedule, he throttled n a bit. Almost too much. As the ls of the clock on his dashboard hed the critical point, he dived down, speed of two hundred miles an hour, the convention hall. Right on time. The banker was so gratified that he led to fly back. He was actually one hours in the air, going and re- ng."

MPARATIVELY few people know ow enormously public participation iation has increased during the last ears, Captain Ferguson told me. In Curtiss Flying Service pilots turned 5,000 miles of paid flying; in 1927, 00; in 1928, 500,000. This year they t to double this last figure.

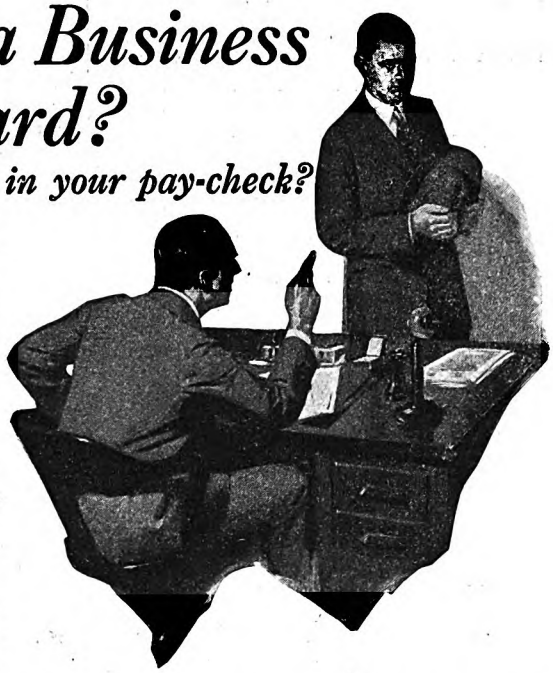
1927, more than three hundred nts enrolled for our flying course Captain Ferguson said, "and in the class numbered almost four ed. Of this latter number, about hundred and thirty were taught h to solo—that is, to take a plane the ground, fly around a bit, and safely. Naturally, no one is per- l to solo until he, or she—for we a number of women students—has a number of flights with an in- or.

ost of our students are young men, ere is no age limit. The seventeen- ld boy who recently flew across the ent was taught to fly here; and we fifty-year-old business man as a not long afterwards. There is no ge limit on learning how to fly; but ds to reason that a person under or one over fifty, hasn't the best to become an expert pilot in time. But always there is the on. The twelve-year-old daughter ealthy New York business man, vns a luxurious flying yacht, has an amazing aptitude in handling trols in flight. Of course, the ship autifully balanced—stabilized— great strength or skill is required it in clear air.

erally speaking, if one's reflexes

Are YOU a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?



"You've *had* your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking. . .

"Two years ago I *warned* you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accountancy. *I* knew what he was doing, and I told you then *to keep your eye on Merwin.*

"He's had three raises since. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"Last week I recommended him for Assistant Treasurer, and the Board elected him without a dissenting vote. We're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"But *you*, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a *business coward.* You *knew* what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about fifty men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been through the mill, and *this* time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"Jarvis, there's *no end* of opportunity in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who *trains*—because the business coward is through before he starts."

* * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job—always *wishing* for more money, never *acting?*

Are YOU a business coward?

Over 640,000 ambitious men have asked themselves this question during the past nineteen years—and replied with a ringing "NO!"

In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work, these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out the *actual problems* of business—under the direction of some of the ablest business men in their respective fields in America. Their record of achievement, under the "LaSalle Problem Method," is one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of business.

These men were able to progress more rapidly by means of the "LaSalle Problem Method" than they could have done in any other way, because in their training they faced continually the very problems they must later face on the bigger job. *They learned by doing.*

Moreover, studying alone under the direct supervision of an expert instructor, they progressed as rapidly as their capacity allowed—and that progress was further speeded by the fact that every day they could see themselves developing. This fact took all the hardship out of study—changed it into a fascinating game, with always the goal ahead of increased opportunity and greater pay.

Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past, resolve today to face the problem of your business future *squarely.*

Within reach of your hand is a LaSalle coupon—and a pen. If the pen isn't handy, a pencil will do just as well. The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you without obligation a complete outline of the training you are interested in, together with full particulars of our *convenient payment plan;* also your free copy of the inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

It costs you nothing to get the facts—except the exercise of business courage. Will you put it off?—*or put it over?* Mail the coupon NOW.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

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EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

Now you can get yeast in the form you've always wanted. *No* disagreeable taste . . . just flavorful little tablets that everyone likes. Handy, easy to swallow or nice to chew; they keep. They don't cause gas.

Eat this modern yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders and general run-down conditions.

The Vitamin potency of Yeast Foam Tablets is extremely high; it is uniform. That is why this yeast is recognized as the standard for Vitamin studies by the leading universities and by the U. S. Government *This* is your guarantee.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets from your druggist. Six tablets in the glassine envelope for 5c or the 10-day bottle for 50c. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

are normally quick, if one's eyesight, hearing, and control are normal, one can become a pilot, a good pilot, with proper instruction. Not three per cent of the four hundred persons who took our course in 1928 would have failed to solo, I dare say, if they had kept up the course. But often they find they cannot spare the time, or the money, and they drop out.

"About thirty per cent of our students have the makings of Grade A pilots—pilots properly qualified to handle all sorts of ships, under all sorts of conditions. But such pilots cannot be trained overnight. It is one thing to fly a training ship around the field in still air; and another thing to handle a huge transport, filled with passengers, in rain, and fog, and snow, over a strange terrain. That is why the big transport operators will engage as pilots only men who have spent something like five hundred to two thousand hours in the air. Figure it out for yourself: a man—or a woman—would have to fly five hours every day for a year to get the experience a commercial operator deems necessary to insure the safety of his ship and passengers.

"Still, that's hardly a fair comparison for the average man or woman who wants to learn how to fly—not to become a skilled pilot, but to become adept enough to handle a plane over short distances. Very well, we've now standardized and improved our instruction to the point where our students are generally able to make a solo flight after six hours of dual—that is, instruction with a pilot. Not long ago we often hesitated at ten hours. The women are generally given fifteen hours of instruction before they are told to take up the plane alone. I've often suspected that it isn't because women are slower to learn; rather that our pilots are more cautious where women are concerned. Out of the thirty-five women who took our course last year, twenty-eight soloed.

"Consider, then, the progress made in instruction since the war. During those terrible days, young men at training schools were rattled through four hours of instruction, and if they couldn't learn in four hours, they went out on their ears. Never shall I forget some of the sights I saw—young men who were able to get their machines off the ground all right, but were afraid to land them, and yet facing the awful certainty, as they grazed hangars and tree tops, that fuel exhaustion must sooner or later force them down.

AS a matter of fact, the Curtiss Flying Service is now undertaking a nation-wide program of instruction, probably the most important step ever taken by a single concern in that direction. We are now opening thirty schools in as many cities, where we shall teach people how to fly safely, in new machines, under the tutelage of skilled pilots and in accordance with the very strict regulations of the Department of Commerce.

"Our first schools will be at Portland, Maine; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Miami and Palm Beach, Florida; Columbus, Ohio; and Detroit, Michigan. We have already ordered one hundred and fifty Curtiss Fledglings, a training ship which was recently awarded first prize in a national competition. What we plan to do is really to put flying on a competent basis—standardize it—and, believe me, it is about time.

"As I have said, the average person ca learn enough in ten hours of instruction t fly around a field. That costs about thre hundred dollars. Before he—or she—ca expect to receive a limited pilot's license the student must spend from one hundre and fifty to two hundred hours in the ai If the student does not own a ship, it cost him about twenty-five dollars an hour t rent one. But at the close of this perio the pilot is competent enough to unde take a cross-country flight, fly by map a instrument, and generally handle himse and plane reliably."

"TELL me more about passengers," said. "Are they afraid to fly?"

"Sometimes they are—the first ti up," Ferguson said, "but they soon l their nervousness. With a good machi and a good pilot, there is no reason anybody to be afraid. With barnstor ers and joy-riders, it's a different propo tion.

"I'm not saying there are no g pilots and good machines engaged in ba storming; that is, hopping around country and taking up folks on sh hops. That's the way Lindbergh start But you can't be sure of your plane pilot unless both are licensed by Department of Commerce. There is a lot of hay-wire—old planes sold by government as military surplus—fly around that should have been jun years ago.

"Of course, some of the best pilots h had accidents, or what the newspa call 'crashes.' But it is a significant that, out of the three hundred and f crashes that occurred during the firs months of 1928, more than eighty-five cent involved unlicensed planes."

"How about comfort in flying asked. "Do many people suffer airsickness?"

"Not unless the air is bumpy," guson replied.

"But is it likely to be bumpy?"

"That depends. The air is much bumpy in summer than in winter, be different kinds of ground surfaces—w roads, plowed fields, and so on—ser air currents of varying temperature hot rising current strikes a cold laye creates waves in the air; and a plane up and down these waves pretty mu a canoe does on the waves of a sea in the case of the airplane the bumps with greater shock.

"There is no such thing as a pocket. When a plane drops sudde is not because it strikes a vacuum because it slips off the top of one cu and banks into a descending cold cu Big planes, with huge wing spread through these conditions with no visual manifestation than a graceful ping and rising of the wing tips.

"Storms, of course, aggravat bumpiness of air. A line squall tra in front of a thunderstorm churns t so violently that a plane may be like a canoe in a seaway. Flying ov English Channel I've seen as ma seven line squalls linked in one great of black blots across the horizon conflict of eddies is sometimes i enough to fling a plane on its back the modern plane is so stanchly bui there is no danger of this.

"Of course, such a stormy tri

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prove distressing to an unseasoned traveler. Nowadays, we rarely run into a long stretch of extremely bad weather. Before we undertake a flight, we obtain up-to-the-minute weather reports of conditions along our path, and either ride over or around the storm."

"How do passengers behave in an airplane?" I asked. "Are women more nervous than men?"

"On the contrary," Ferguson said, "more men than women are timid about flying. I've seen a man cry from fright and heard his wife and daughter shout with delight on the next trip. Indeed, I know of one famous business man who buried his head under the cockpit the moment the plane left the ground, and didn't dare lift it until the machine landed. Such cases are unusual. Most people enjoy flying.

"Certainly Gene Tunney must have found a restfulness in flight, for he flew from his training camp to his first fight with Dempsey and to his last fight, with Tom Heeney; and if ever a man had reason to be disturbed it was he. Bill Winston piloted him from Speculator, New York, to the Hudson River on the last trip, the afternoon before the fight, and they ran into a lot of nasty weather.

"There was a terrible outcry when Tunney made the first flight. Boxing critics and such insisted that it was a dangerous thing to do, not only because it might make him so sick as to destroy the effects of his training, but also because it represented a terrific risk. Suppose anything happened, with hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in his state of mind.

"Well, the answer to that is: look what Tunney did to Dempsey and to Heeney. Winston says that Tunney wanted to fly to avoid the boredom of a train ride. He got repose in the air, and it was an experience exciting enough to take his mind off the fight. He sat up forward in the cockpit and watched, as it were, the wheels go round. Not that I blame him any. To watch Bill Winston fly is to see something approaching art.

PEOPLE really are surprised when they find that they have no feeling of dizziness while flying. Men who don't dare look down from a fourth-story window go through all sorts of bewildering maneuvers without a tremor. In fact, I know a lot, one of the best in the country, whose most vivid childhood recollection is the fright that came from falling from a high-chair. Now he scrambles about the top of the sky and thinks it is the best thing in the world. But he's afraid of leaning backwards in a chair."

Animals, according to Mr. Ferguson, take to the air with perfunctory calmness. Probably the most famous instance is that of Leo, the Flying Lion. A movie company chartered a plane, piloted by a well-known flyer, to transport Leo from the Pacific Coast to Curtiss Field, non-stop. A special cage was built into the fuselage, and Leo was securely chained inside.

The plane took off, flew through the afternoon and into the night. The next day it was lost. No cities reported its passage. Immediately dreadful conjectures were advanced; perhaps the plane had a forced landing, crashed, and the cage was split open. Imaginations pic-

Chapped hands look years older!

—but Hinds Cream smooths them to petal-softness again

HANDS red and chapped? Then smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its softening touch banishes chapping—immediately. Makes your hands soft, lovably smooth and white once more.

And it isn't just chapping that reddens the hands and makes them look old. It's dishwater, terribly hard on hands—careless drying of the hands before going out into the cold—dusting—a dozen and one things weather the hands. And it's weathering that ages—not the years.

To keep your hands young, you must protect them from the harsh effects of work, sports and exposure. You can do it easily—with Hinds Cream. Smooth it in at the first sign of roughness, dryness or chapping. It'll make them petal-soft again.

Keep Hinds Cream in several places—it's always handy then when you need it. Keep it in the kitchen—on the bathroom shelf—on your dressing table. And then use it often. It'll keep your hands so soft, so smooth, so altogether lovely, they'll never have a chance to roughen.

If you send us your name and address on the coupon below, we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7:00 p. m., Central time.

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Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

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This illustrates the sensible 90 DAY RULE in using Toothbrushes

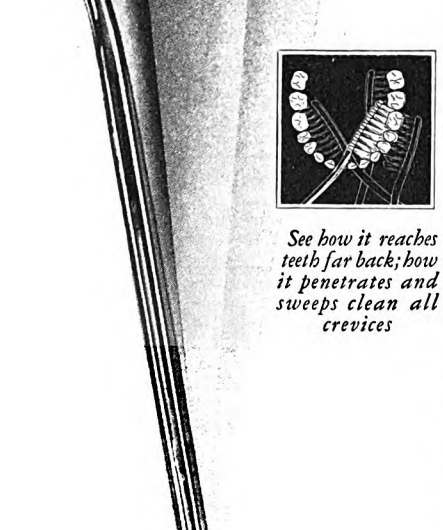
Teeth whiten if you observe it

MOST toothbrushes are kept in service long after honest wear has impaired the cleansing and polishing qualities. Dentists say: *get a new toothbrush at least each 90 days.*

Your present toothbrush probably needs replacing—unless it looks like the one shown.

Dr. West's Toothbrushes are the choice of millions. Of correct small size and shape, they clean with thoroughness—and quickly make teeth brighter.

Your dealer has them. Each sterilized, sealed, fully guaranteed. Try them.



See how it reaches teeth far back; how it penetrates and sweeps clean all crevices

Dr. West's

new TOOTHBRUSH

—polishes teeth amazingly white

tured a fierce lion smacking his lips amid the wreckage of an airplane, with the most delectable portions of a good pilot inside him.

But the press agents, it developed, had overrated the fierceness of Leo, who was not young, but old, and calm in the fortitude of his venerable years. The pilot landed safely in the middle of a desert, and then left on foot for the nearest habitation. When he returned the next day, Leo was snoozing in the plane, thoroughly content at this unexpected opportunity to catch up on lost sleep.

Blooded cattle and crack race horses are regularly transported over the European airways.

"MORE and more," Ferguson said, "people are realizing the comfort of riding in an airplane. The old picture, of cranky ships afraid to fly because a bit of wind stirred the field, is passing. Even night flying no longer holds terrors.

"Why, here in New York it has become quite the swanky thing to organize an after-theater flight across Manhattan, and follow the Gay White Way two miles above Broadway. A party, say, of four, opera hats, evening wraps, and all, motors to the field, arriving about midnight, and takes off for a spin through the clouds. New York is a gorgeous spectacle at night, and the flight is more exciting than a night-club—and less expensive.

"Finally, planes are comfortable. The modern passenger plane is luxuriously appointed. It has spacious seats and plenty of leg room; and one can smoke, for the oil and gasoline fumes do not penetrate the cabin. Nor are these planes noisy. A special insulation has been invented that reduces engine noises to a minimum and permits easy conversation. Indeed, some of the modern transcontinental passenger planes will be equipped with sleeping berths."

"Do passengers generally pay in advance?" I asked.

"They certainly do. Don't you, for that matter, buy your railway and steamship tickets in advance?"

"What is the largest number of passengers ever carried on a single trip?"

"Well, that's a hard one. I remember that one big plane lifted sixty-three passengers at Lake Constance, Switzerland, some time back, but that was only a stunt. The plane did not possess accommodations to carry that number of persons comfortably. Then, in a test in this country, a plane carried fifty-one persons, all crammed in the fuselage. And, finally, Rumpler, the German builder, has already begun the construction of huge liners that will carry one hundred passengers, with sleeping berths and all. They will be housed inside the wing.

"But today this sort of thing is spectacular, although it may be the routine of tomorrow. The average passenger plane in use in European and American commercial services will seat anywhere from twelve to twenty-four passengers comfortably.

"This load—passengers average about one hundred and thirty pounds each—leaves a plentiful margin for petrol and oil, baggage and reserve power, not to mention incidentals.

"Naturally," said Ferguson, "we have no bars aboard American planes, but we have other improvements, such as toilets, dome lights, cigarette lighters, and vanity cases fitted into the walls, folding card-tables, crash-proof glass, and up-to-the-minute kitchenettes. Why, some manufacturers promise an upholstery to match milady's frock."

"Do passengers wear parachutes?"

"No, they really aren't necessary in a big ship, flying at a safe altitude. So much progress has been made in building intermediate air stations that it is now possible for a ship, if motor trouble develops, to glide to a safe landing. You see, ships are approaching an aërodynamic perfection; because of improved wing design, the gliding angle is flattened, and more control and greater safety is afforded all around. The chances of destruction in air—by fire or collision or breaking of the wing—are so small, in a modern and licensed ship, as to be negligible.

"The chief dangers in flying, after all, lie in the use of old planes, incompetent pilots, and bad weather. The Department of Commerce is driving out the first two hazards, and the third is being overcome by the development of a country-wide meteorological observation and report system. Don't be misled by statements that motor failure causes nearly every crash. As a matter of fact, good airplane motors rarely fail. Lindbergh has flown hundreds of thousands of miles without a single forced landing caused by motor trouble. So have other pilots who take care of their planes."

"HOW much baggage is a passenger allowed to carry?" I asked.

"As a rule, the companies allow from twenty to thirty pounds without extra charge. If you have more than that, you pay for excess weight. The Stout line between Detroit and Cleveland, allows twenty pounds of baggage free, and charges twenty cents a pound for anything above that weight. The Pan-American lines, which are building up a service between Cuba and Central America allow thirty pounds free and charge thirty cents a pound for excess weight.

"Most companies weigh every passenger and all baggage before the plane leaves the field. They do this because they know that the plane can carry a certain load with an assured efficiency the amount of load depending, naturally upon the type of plane and the type and number of motors used. By such precautions the operator allows his plane a high margin of safety, for a heavily loaded plane—or rather I should say, an overloaded plane—cannot climb so quickly out of a storm, nor maneuver so easily as a plane with a liberal reserve of power. This is what is technically known as power loading.

"With aviation becoming more and more popular, insurance companies naturally have become interested in the element of risk. After all, here is a new industry, with an annual turnover of $150,000,000, representing a splendid investment field. It is still difficult to get insurance covering joy-riding or sightseeing, and there is a general disinclination to insure a private owner flying his own plane. The reason for this is obvious. But insurance companies have no such fear about the big companies, which use licensed pilots and licensed ships and

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operate an efficient and regular service.

"Flying is really safe, when the proper safeguards are taken. Isn't that true of almost anything else?

"As for speed, the contrast between lying and any other means of transportation is incredible. It takes twenty hours o go to Chicago from New York by fast rain; by plane it is possible to travel that distance in nine hours. Indeed, the new nodels of high-powered commercial ships vill be able to do it in six hours. That's vhy business men travel more frequently y plane nowadays; why national organiations are buying planes to transport oods to all corners of the country. Time what we try to save more than anything lse.

"And you should have been here last unday. We took up more than five hunred passengers. Some whole families—ather, mother, and children—went up ogether. Then they would ask if they ight be allowed to line up beside the lane and have their picture taken. I ppose they're mighty proud of those ictures now. But in ten years flying will e an old story with a good many of these lks."

S THE GREAT WAR recedes and ecomes history, more and more facts bout the part that America played it come to light. Next month, in How We Kept Tabs on the German rmy," you will learn about the inde workings of our Secret Service ring the stupendous conflict. A scinating article with all the lure of detective or mystery story!

Seven Minutes in Eternity

(*Continued from page 9*)

I have seen and talked intelligently with nds whom I had looked down upon as wax in caskets.

But that is not all. There is plenty of ermath. To describe the effects of the erience, however, it is necessary to inde a few personal confidences, none of ich I am eager to make.

brought something back with me n that Ecstatic Interlude—something t had interpenetrated my physical self which suddenly began to function in nge powers of perception.

was born the only son of an itinerant thodist preacher. Soon after my birth parents began that old-fashioned ssey of traveling from "call" to "call" he northern Massachusetts back hills. rthodox Protestant theology, as it was y years ago, was far more plentiful in father's household than bread, butc lothes, and fuel. Camp meetings and erly conferences, the higher criticism, stination, free will and election, indamnation, hell fire, and the day gment constituted the household se in my young and "tender" years. rly shaped up to me as a weird ation of heavenly Moloch and subOverseer of the Poor.

h poverty forced my father from istry, but with grim New England

A woman *solves a problem that has burdened* millions of men

"HAVE *you ever lain awake night after night, half awake and half asleep, listening to the clock tick away the age-long hours? Then, in the morning, have you dragged yourself from your bed and forced yourself, a big bundle of nerves, to move through another exhausting day?*

"That's what I did for five months and I don't exaggerate when I say another three months of it would have driven me insane. Fortunately, about this time, a friend suggested Postum with my meals, in place of caffein.

"That was four weeks ago. Now I sleep from the moment I hit the pillow; I eat heartily; I haven't been cross for days; I'm 100% happier. Even my casual acquaintances have noticed the change!"

Miss Irene Anders,
2727 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Texas

You may have charged your sleepless hours to overwork, or worries. Don't be too sure! Caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals, has probably caused more hours of wakefulness than any other one thing in the world. This "innocent" habit may be *your* trouble.

You can find out easily—this way! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how soundly you sleep!

For Postum contains no caffein—nothing to repel sleep, to attack nerves and heart, or affect digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M. 3-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ (prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ (prepared by boiling)
Check which you prefer

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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Co., Ltd.* 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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dust dulls eyes

March gales are here again, with their accompanying dust. Don't let it rob your eyes of their sparkle or, worse still, cause a bloodshot condition. Use *Murine* daily to rid them of irritating particles and keep them clear and shining.

This eye-brightening lotion is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. Write Murine Co., 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free booklet filled with helpful hints on the care of the eyes.

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rigor he saw to it that his relinquishment of a pulpit did not lessen my surfeit of conventional theology. Three times to church on the Sabbath day and twice during the week—Tuesday evening class meeting and Thursday evening prayer meeting—left me small opportunity to forget my Maker and the gratitude I owed Him. Just what this gratitude was owed Him *for* troubled my small soul exceedingly in those far-off years, because I found myself created a perpetually hungry, shabbily dressed, and none-too-happy youngster who had to start his life labor at fourteen years of age and stay with it thereafter, even to the present.

IN THE years between fourteen and twenty-two I became a smoldering young Bolshevik against every kind of authority—particularly against religious authority which had apparently sanctioned these injustices against me—and by picking up the rudiments of a denied education through promiscuous reading, I went far afield from accredited Christianity.

No need to clutter up this article with a list of the books I read, but at twenty-two, in a little town in northern New York, I was publishing a brochure magazine of heretical leanings. I had discovered myself possessed of a certain facility with iconoclastic language, and the courage of my ignorance. Fresh from a wry, lonely, misunderstood childhood, cluttered up psychologically with the worst sort of New England inhibitions, revengeful that I had been denied social and academic advantages for which my hunger was instinctive, I proceeded to play a lone hand and make things hot for several godly people whose only indictment was that they represented Authority as aforesaid—and especially spiritual.

On maturer perspective I see that I should have been spanked—or educated—but all the theological misfits in forty-eight states and a couple of foreign countries were soon buying my magazine, and my twaddle was piling up to give me much heartache later when I came to see that I took out on God what I should have taken out on an inhibited environment.

The Almighty stood the onslaught pretty well, however. I got into newspaper work, and marriage, and fatherhood, and more poverty, and that was the last of the heretical magazine, though not of its owner's theological complexes. I shopped around in my religions. I read still queerer books. And inevitably the day came when immature intelligence couldn't stand this food, and instead of digesting it, I ejected it *à la mal de mer*. . . . For ten years I was one of the worst agnostics that ever had books come to his post-office box in plain wrappers from freak publishing houses.

I had brains enough to see that my life had been started all wrong and was "getting no better fast," but had not the academic or social equipment to alter existence and start myself about-face.

Those were cruel, cruel years—looking back on them now. A couple of my business projects went to whack. So did my marriage. With each additional snarl I got more and more vindictive. The death of my first daughter mellowed me somewhat for a time. I wrote a couple of novels in which love of human nature was largely a reflex from the fearful storm of hatred and despair that was waging inside me. I knew my life was a ghastly mess, that I was cynical and caustic, that the so-called "friends" whom I could trust could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and most of those would stand watching—that we got nothing in this world unless we fought for it with the ferocity of a Siberian wolf-dog and that without a doubt *Death ended everything*.

America's entry into the World War found me in the Orient, not at all a healthy place for one striving to escape the biological premise for human existence. I went with the Japanese forces to Siberia, acted as Red Triangle man, consular courier and war correspondent through the Bolshevik-Czech compaign, and came back to the United States to face a newspaper business in ruins. The swarming millions of Asia had not confirmed my faith in the conventional Almighty's goodness and wisdom—had made me only more skeptical, in fact—though I never had anything but remorseful tenderness in my heart for the memory of the Man of Sorrows and what He epitomized in the human scheme of things.

To save my newspaper creditors from loss, I went to Hollywood and labored among the Flesh Pots. I made a score of motion pictures, most of them flops because I had a most uncanny facility for roiling the very persons whom I should have made my friends. I wrote a couple of books which my publishers refused. I fought with them in consequence, still taking life by strong-arm methods. I wrote many stories that editors rejected. I fought with them too.

When an editor wouldn't buy a certain story I sat down to my typewriter and contrived to tell him that I thought him an ass. I even told the editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE that he was an ass—in spite of which he showed his calibre by taking my opinion as painlessly as possible and going right along buying and publishing my better submissions. It hurt worse than if he had fought with me. You see, I had the unfortunate complex that the attainment of success meant a knock-down-and-drag-out scrap. It made me a lone wolf at life, getting the least mangy as I reached my forties.

Time after time I tried sincerely to correct my psychology and get back certain religious (not theological) cues I had lost with the passing of boyhood. I plunged deeper than ever into elevenpound volumes on all sorts of race theory and behaviorism. I was a walking exception of how a man may reach middle age and be the worst internal mess that ever got into "Who's Who." . . .

IN VIEW of such an autobiographical summary, can you see the significance of my nocturnal experience?

I went about my bungalow in the days that followed as if I were still in a somnambulistic trance—which verily I was. Days of work with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird Self-Preservation onto another plane of existence I had brought something that was working within me like yeast.

Then came experience number two, not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe.

One night while still imbued with

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'feeling" of my fourth dimensional ad-
venture, I took down a volume of Emer-
on and opened it by chance at his essay
n the Over-Soul. In the middle of it,
hough not reading any specific line,
pigram, paragraph, or page, I had a
ueer moment of confusion, a sort of cere-
ral vertigo, then a strange physical sen-
ition at the very top of my head as if a
eam of pure white light had poured down
om above and bored a shaft straight
ito my skull. In that instant a vast
eight went out of my whole physical
nsemble. A veil was torn away.

I saw no "vision," but something had
ppened and was continuing to happen.
cascade of pure, cool, wonderful *peace*
as falling down from somewhere above
e and cleansing me. My book fell from
y fingers to the rug and stayed there.
sat there staring into space.

*I was not the same man I had been a mo-
ent before!*

I mean this physically, mentally, spir-
ually. I knew that somehow I had
quired senses and perceptions that I
uld never hope to describe to any second
rson, and yet they were as real to me as
e shape of my wrists. For a time I
ondered if "much learning had driven
e mad," but then I recalled that really
ad people never question whether or not
ey're mad. Next, I was aware of some-
ing new and strange and different from
ything in my whole experience—

There was someone in that darkening
om with me besides Laska, my dog. In
t, I was aware that several living, vi-
ant personalities were with me in that
om. Laska sat up, cocked her head
m side to side, and wagged her tail at
ne of them—at *nothing*—apparently—
of them, in particular, standing by my
k at the north end of the room. And
I was not in the slightest afraid. Why
afraid of our friends? . . .

ALL of my life up to that time I had
ever seen a ghost, never had more than
academic interest in psychic phenom-
. I had not invited any of these ex-
ences that I knew of. They had
ply *come* to me.

hat really had happened was, *I had
cked hidden powers within myself that I
v every human being possesses, and had
mented my five physical senses with
senses just as* bona fide, *legitimate,
natural as touch, taste, smell, sight,
hearing.* That I had help in unlock-
those hidden powers I do not deny.
ertheless, nothing had happened to
hat has not happened to hundreds of
r people, but only very rarely do
talk about it.

hat those hidden powers are, and why
intain that they are *bona fide*, legi-
te, and natural I shall have to leave.
they had suddenly shown me that
s not at all the ordinary, humdrum,
-meals-a-day thing that I had always
ted. Its essence or its meaning is
ist and fine and high and beautiful
it overwhelmed me, and a recogni-
f it performed a sort of *re*-creation in
at made me feel I was actually *not*
me fellow I had been just before.

desire to explain what I mean by
s almost an ache within me at this
nt. But, for some uncanny reason,
are not the medium to convey
hought doesn't convey it. Feeling

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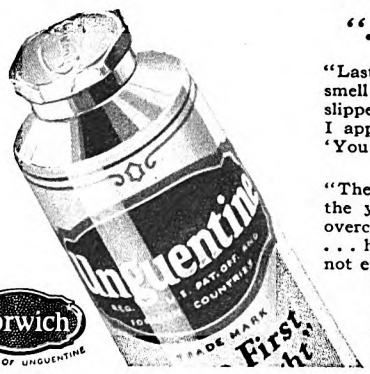

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in this new age to an old, old principle

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doesn't convey it. The "me" that is the Bill-Pelley identity can convey it only by *being*, and the fact that I *am* gets it to you.

Is that last a nonsensical statement? Well, I hope I'm not cracked. All I can say is, that I *know* by experience that there is a great, overpowering existence outside of what we call Life—that I have been in it and *felt* it—that having been in it has endowed me with certain capacities that have transformed my whole concept of the universe and, some of my friends are kind enough to add, have transformed me—physically as well as mentally and spiritually.

MY FIRST dramatic physical reaction was a sudden change in the components of my body. I discovered that miraculously I had lost my "nerves."

Ever since childhood I had lived under such a tremendous nervous tension that it had kept me under weight, put lines in my face and an edge on my voice, shattered me psychologically so that opposition of any kind infuriated me and made me want to crash through it like an army tank flattening out a breastworks. Attacks of nervous indigestion were so common that I no longer gave them thought.

Suddenly all this had departed.

I was peaceful inside.

And the change soon began to manifest itself in concrete form. One day in my office I took a package of cigarettes from my desk. About to apply a light to one of them, *I heard a voice say as gently as any worried mother might caution a careless son*, "Oh, Bill, give up your cigarettes!" And even before it had occurred to me that no one was present in the flesh to address me thus audibly, I answered: "All right!" and tossed the package into the near-by wastebasket. I went all that day without smoking. Next morning, again, I reached for my tobacco tin across on my desk to load up my corncob. *It was knocked from my hands with a slap that tossed it upward in the air and deposited it bottom upward at my feet with the tobacco spilled out.* No cautioning this time. But I knew!

I haven't smoked tobacco in any form from that day to the present—this after twenty years of smoking a dozen cigars a day, lighting one from the butt of the other. Moreover, I haven't had the slightest ill effect nor did I go through the agonizing torture of "breaking off." I just didn't smoke any more—didn't have the nervous urge—didn't even give tobacco a thought.

The same strange prohibition seemed to shut down on coffee, tea, alcohol, and meats. I endured not the slightest distress in giving these items up. They simply ceased to exist for me. And, inversely, a strange new sensation began to manifest itself in my muscles and organs.

I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exercise seemed to take energy that I had consciously to supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any unusual exercise, my spine straightened of itself, so to speak.

Along with this physical phenomenon went the unexplainable faculty of withstanding fatigue. If I wearied myself by prolonged physical labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me, and a sound night's sleep wrought complete readjustment. On the other hand, I found I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch, if necessary, with hardly a muscle protesting. I had suffered consistently from insomnia ever since a period in my twenties when I worked as police reporter on a morning newspaper. Now I went to bed and to sleep.

With this physical alteration came a different feeling toward those around me. This perhaps was the most astounding aftermath of the whole adventure. Certainly it appeared to have convinced my friends that some extraordinary thing had occurred, since it dramatized my rejuvenation, so to speak, and gave them something to perceive with their senses.

I discovered, for instance, that I couldn't show any more nervous bellicosity to those with whom I came daily in contact. I recall specifically that just before my strange experience I had made an unfortunate investment in a chain of western restaurants. I was striving to withdraw with minimum loss. Local banks and bankers had refused to come to my assistance in order to lubricate the situation and help hold the proposition together till a purchaser more competent in the food business than myself should be procured. I submit that I had every chance to be incensed at them for not assisting me, for my bank account had run into thousands upon thousands of dollars and the conventional banking advice and aid at the right moment would have made the whole commercial ordeal only a passing incident.

SIX months before I would have been so fighting mad that my hatred of that sort of treatment and my loathing of "bloated capitalists who showed themselves only fair-weather friends" would have made me physically ill. In fact I formerly prided myself on being a good hater. But somehow, worried though I was, I hadn't the slightest ill will toward these banking people, and I went ahead and pulled my proposition out of the fire without their financial aid.

And, inversely, when the situation came to the surface and others heard of the fight I was making, I was overwhelmed by their manifestations of good will and their practical assistance. For the first time in my experience people were going out of their way to perform services for me, to counsel me, to seek my society, to make me and my problems share with themselves—yes, even to offer me unsolicited loans. I think this amazed me more than the strangeness of my physical rebirth. At first I thought it might have something to do with a resentment toward persons held toward the bankers who had abandoned me just the moment a crisis showed on my horizon. I thought they might be acting in a sort of sympathy for nursing their own barked knuckles. *I became aware that some of them had heard of my predicament*, and that stated me. What on earth had gotten into them that they were so interested in me and my activities?

I came through to New York a few weeks later to mend literary fences and renew some sagging editorial acquaintances. I was not at all prepared for the attention I got. It had never happened

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ne before. I was utterly at a loss. I dis-
overed that some sort of invisible wall
etween me and the rest of the world had
een razed.

It is embarrassing to dilate on this
tate of affairs and the altered social
elations maintaining now with friends
ho were formerly only acquaintances.

And yet—deep down underneath it all
—from the very first I have had instinc-
ve understanding. And that under-
anding has been growing in clarity
very day and hour since that epochal
ight in the bungalow.

I must concede that it increasingly
mprises many factors and revelations
hich I am constrained from reporting.
till, there are conclusions and equations
may draw that have a universality of
pplication.

WHAT is this thing which happened
to me, and why did it happen?

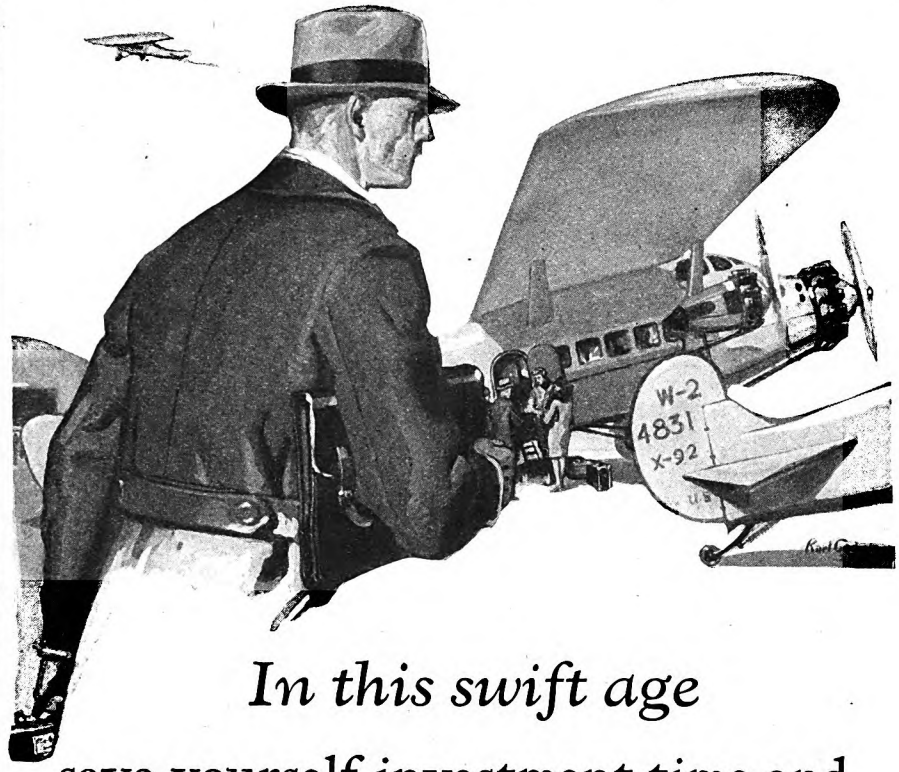
First, I believe my subconscious hun-
er after what the Bible terms "the things
the Spirit"—that is, the sincere desire
penetrate behind the mediocrity of
ree-meals-a-day living and ascertain
hat mystery lies behind this Golgotha
Existence—attracted to me spiritual
rces of a very high and altruistic order,
ho aided me in making a hyperdimen-
onal visitation. I believe such hunger
ill always attract such forces.

Second, it goes without saying that
ving made such a visitation and hav-
g had certain questions concretely an-
ered by those I confronted in that
mension, my subconscious (or for that
atter conscious) knowledge of what the
urth Dimension is, and means, and
at can be done within its area, under-
k to operate first upon my physical
dy and to bring about the rejuvenation
ich subsequently came to me. And
I can no more explain the Fourth
mension with *words* than I can convey
a man blind from birth the redness of
color red. I know what it is myself,
know what redness is. I can see how
interpenetrates Matter, constituting
"inside" of it, so to speak, and how
jections from it must come out the re-
se of what we know them on the physi-
plane. But I can no more make it
lligible to the average reader than
stein can explain Relativity to a group
nen in a smoking car, all of them
amiliar with advanced mathematics.

hird, these experiences immediately
aled to me that there is a world of
liminal or spiritual existence, inter-
etrating the ordinary world in which
t of us exist as ordinary two-legged
ericans full of aches and worries, *and*
this subliminal world is the real world—
world of "stern reality" if you will;
it is waiting for the race to learn of it
"tap" its beneficent resources, with-
waiting for what we call physical
h; that our "dead" dear ones are ex-
t in it—alive, happy, conscious, and
ng for us to join them, either at
hor any time we reach that stage of
tuality where we can make contact
them.

have seen my own there and have
ed with them!

nderstand thoroughly—I am not a
ualist, an Occultist, or a Psychic
rcher in the ordinary meaning of
erms. I am not trying to convert



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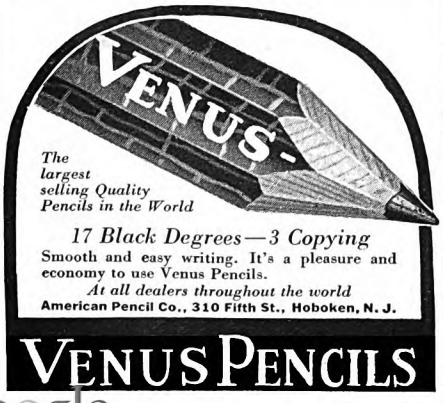

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.....

anyone to anything. I'm simply telling you that something happened to me which was not consciously self-invited; that my friends attest to an even greater alteration's having taken place in my personality than I am capable of feeling from within.

THERE is in every human heart a hunger and thirst for the things of the spirit, but in many of them this desire has been so embalmed with the poisons of worry, doubt, fleshly desire, struggle to attain the wherewithal for physical survival, that for all practical purposes it no longer exists.

But the day is coming in the evolution of the race when spirituality is going to be the whole essence of life, instead of the world's present materialism. Here and there have always been those who, by their unusual visions, self-invited or otherwise, might be called monitors for the rest of us—showing us what we all may attain if we so order our lives and thinking as to be susceptible to such revelations.

I believe that Nature—God—Universal Spirit—give the Great Cause any name you will—is taking this method of conferring unusual experiences upon these "monitors," to give the whole race an inspiration by which it may quicken its spiritual pace. There is nothing any more prohibitive, morally or ethically, to exploration of these new great Fields of *Real* Reality than to exploration of the fields of radio or atomic energy. In fact, the Great Cause *intends* that we shall explore them.

At any rate, whether I am right or wrong, I know that for a limited time one night last year out in California my spiritual entity left my body and went somewhere—a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel, and see; where answers were returned to questions addressed to physically dead people, which have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the riddle of earthly existence.

I know there is no Death because, in a manner of speaking, I went through the process of dying, came back into my body and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosed the cantankerous Vermont Yankee that was once Bill Pelley and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with naught but love, harmony, health, good humor and prosperity.

What's the answer to *that?*

There is no answer, except that it must be accepted as inevitably as I am forced to accept the awareness of my own entity. I *know* because I *experienced.*

Further deponent sayeth not!

DO YOU KNOW HOW to apply for a job? Can you write a letter of application that will get results? Do you know how to make the best of yourself if an interview is granted? These and many other questions pertinent to the always interesting subject of getting a job are covered next month in an article by Albert Edward Wiggam. Every year more than one million young folks are ready to make their first venture in self-support. Here's something to help them; here's something, too, to help the older folks who are looking for bigger chances

Can You Say "No"?

(*Continued from page 57*)

following week another alumnus recommended me to the secretary of the Merchants' Association, and with that my career as a bright and promising New Yorker was started.

"I looked over the city carefully before choosing my apartment, and selected a part of town inhabited by the rich and influential. I attended a successful church, and put my name up for membership in the University Club. At election time I got out and worked. I spoke from soap boxes (there is always a dearth of speakers) and rang doorbells. I started at the bottom of the organization and did the dirty work; and when I had served three years I thought I was entitled to recognition, so I braced the district leader for the nomination to the Assembly, and he let me have it."

He paused and looked at me quizzically.

"I suppose that when you write interviews with successful men they are not usually as frank as this," he said.

"Not often," I answered. "They don't usually take the public quite so far behind the scenes, or show quite as much of the machinery."

"I don't want you to think that I was a bluffer or merely a self-advertiser, or a snob," he said earnestly. "I did go out deliberately to make the right sort of friends, and I did beat the tom-tom in f of my tent whenever occasion offe But I worked. Lord, how I worked t first ten years! And the work had it ward. At forty I was a partner in a l class firm. I had a beautiful wife and splendid children, a house in the cou and a house in town. I was an ex-me of the State Senate, entitled to be dressed as 'Senator' the rest of my And I was a well-known figure in York. Who could possibly ask for m Where was the weak spot in my situa How could such a nice jar of oint possibly hold a fly?"

"That's exactly what I'd like to kn I said. "You seemed to have every in the world, and suddenly you u left. Where *was* the fly?"

HE WAS silent for several minutes ing hard on his cigar. Then he g and walked over to the bookcase and down a big book. He laid it out o table, and I saw it was a sort of con tion diary and scrapbook—big filled with notes, typewritten memo invitations, programs, and so on.

"The fly was just this," he said: " started something that I couldn't s was like that fellow who built a m out of bones and so forth from a c

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ard—Frankenstein, wasn't he called?—hich promptly turned around and chased s builder to death. I had gone out deperately to build a wide acquaintance, nd my acquaintances gave me no peace. had planned to get myself invited everyhere, and the invitations nearly smothed me. I had become popular through ing all sorts of favors for all sorts of ople, and it had become so much secondture with me that I had actually lost e power to say 'No.'

"Look here," he exclaimed, opening the g book. "Here is the bad news for just e week. Look at the invitations."

I glanced at the pages. There were four vitations from luncheon clubs, three to iblic dinners, and five to private homes. here were five notices of meetings of ards of directors: some of them business ganizations, some of them charitable. here was an urgent request that he be esent at a church supper, and a letter m the leader of the Republican organition complaining because he had not owed up at headquarters for a month.

"Here is my secretary's record of the ephone calls," he said, turning a page. I picked out a few at random.

Mr. Smithers asks if he may call and present etter of introduction from Mr. Cameron. I never met Cameron but once in my life," d my friend, "and he sends Smithers to me ask me to serve on the board of a hospital.")

Mr. Duncanson has resigned his position and nts to know if you can introduce him to anyly in the American Can Company.

Mr. Hunt says business is purely personal l that he must see you. Suspect a request a loan.

Mr. Saunders has a good thing he wants to you in on. Will take $1,200.

Mrs. Price, of the Women's Society for Proting Children Against Comic Strips in the wspapers. Very indignant when I told her were too busy to see her this week.

Dr. Hotchkiss, your dentist. Asks if you k Consolidated Gas is a good buy.

ive different young men who want to get this law office.

LOSED the book and pushed it back o him.

A tough life," I said.

That isn't the half of it," he answered. hose were some of the troubles that e to the office. My greatest troubles e waiting for me when I got home.

One evening my wife came into the ry after supper (it was one of those rare evenings when we happened, by e stroke of fortune, to be dining alone) laid down a list of names.

I've been looking over our records for past winter,' she said, in a tired voice, I am sorry to tell you, John, that we ly must give some dinner parties. situation is terrible. We owe dinners rty-seven people!'

My face must have showed great iness," my friend continued, "for she on very sympathetically. But, rtheless, she *did* go on.

You look absolutely tired out,' she 'and I feel just the same way. I hate uble you with things of this sort when have so many bothers downtown, honestly, we are falling behind in thing. Doctor Burnham, our pastor, here today and said he hadn't seen t church for six weeks. I tried to exhow busy you have been, and he said thing about the danger of letting the re of modern life crowd out the finer

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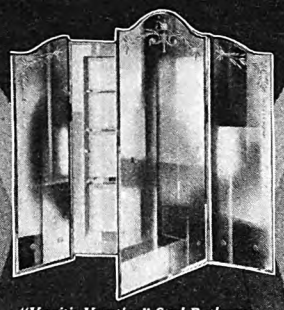

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things. Mrs. Simmons wanted me to ask you if you had time to fix up those legal papers for her social settlement, and—'

"I held up my hands in futile protest.

"'Just one thing more,' she added. 'The children, John. They said that last year when the circus came to town you were too busy to go with them, but you promised to go this year. Tomorrow is the last day. It seems to me it is an awfully bad example when we don't keep our promises to the children. And you hardly see them at all any more. You are so tired in the morning that they get away to school before you come down, and in the evening they see you only for a minute when you are changing your clothes. Mr. Perkins at the school says it would help Junior ever so much if you could spend a little time with him on his Latin. And Dorothy is growing so fast—you really ought to be with her once in a while, or she will be a grown woman and away from us before you know it.'"

My friend made a wry little attempt at a smile, but it was not very successful.

"THAT is why I left New York," he said. "That, plus health. With all my other worries I had managed to acquire the successful man's disease that keeps all the rich doctors on Park Avenue going. It is the baffling, indefinable kind of illness that attacks no particular organ but makes you feel generally rotten. That night, when it seemed as if everything had piled up at once, my wife and I sat down and made a comprehensive audit of our lives. We started out with this question: 'What are the things worth having in life? What is it all about?' We put down the answers under various headings:

"MONEY: We have enough to live on. Not a great fortune, but enough so that we shall never be in want. To double it or quadruple it would add nothing to our happiness.

"HEALTH: We are both so tired that we are really getting no satisfaction out of living. We are going to burn up in fifty years the energy that was intended to carry us cheerfully through seventy.

"LOVE: Fortunately, we love each other even more than when we started twenty years ago. At least we have saved ourselves from the modern disease of imagining that jaded nerves and appetites can be cured by new loves.

"CHILDREN: Our children are being raised by high-priced servants and private schools. Perhaps they will turn out all right. They seem to be healthy, honest, and right-minded. But how can we be sure when we see so little of them? How do we really know what is going on in their minds? Suppose that one of them should be a moral failure, and that we, looking back, should discover that it was because we let the press of circumstances crowd them out of our lives?

"LEISURE: The more successful we are, the less leisure we have. Our friends in the country say to us:

"'What a privilege to live in New York. You have all the good music, the fine lectures, the museums, the theaters.' But it would amaze them to know that we never hear any music; that we haven't been inside the Metropolitan Museum in five years; and that they, on their annual visit to New York, see more good shows in a week than we see all winter.

"FRIENDS: Our lives are so filled with acquaintances that we have no time for our friends. How about the couples we used to see when we were poor and happy? What is their verdict of us?

"We had a long talk that night," he continued, "the first of several talks. We thought perhaps we could correct the situation by cutting out all the nonessentials. We agreed that we should accept only the most important invitations, and that I should hire a secretary to stand like a stone wall between me and the world. It was a good idea, but it didn't work. I had established my reputation, and there was no getting away from it. People who were turned down by my secretary went away to report that I had become suddenly 'high hat,' which was not good for the business.

"Our days were harassed by reproaches and crowded with fibs and explanations that never seemed to satisfy anybody.

"Finally, we just decided to chuck it and begin all over again in the simplest way. I consulted my partners, who thought I was making a great mistake, of course, but were too loyal to stand in my way. We let the word get around that we were going off for a year of travel, taking the children with us. And then one day we quietly sold our house, packed up the furniture, and moved to this quiet city.

"I had some connections here which gave me a small immediate practice, and it has grown gradually, until I now have about a third of the income we used to have in New York. Our expenses are much lower, so that the annual net is just about the same. But, what is the most important item, I work only eight months of the year. It is understood by all my clients that two months in the winter are my own, and two months in the summer when the children are out of school. I join no boards, participate in no committees, never go out in the evening except with a few friends. My contributions to charities are larger than they were in New York, for I have decided that, with my life insurance, I have all the money that my children ought to inherit, and after our expenses are paid I give the balance away. But the great thing is that I have time to read; time to keep healthy; time to enjoy the fast-fleeting years with my children; time, really, to *live*.

"That's why I died publicly five years ago."

I KNOW another man in New York, a president of the largest business of its kind in the world, whose experience has been quite different. I was sitting one day in his office. Mail came in, but, with the exception of one letter, a secretary handled it. The phone rang, and another secretary answered it. Not a single paper was on his desk; my curiosity was stirred.

"Just what does your job consist in?" I asked. "In a great industry so well organized as this, what is the president supposed to do?"

"I'll tell you," he answered. "My job is principally to sit here all day and say 'No.' That may sound easy, but it is not, as is indicated by the fact that there are so many men who can do the other things and so few who can handle the job at the top. The sales manager comes in, and wants to spend another million dollars in advertising, to 'break down resistance

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his salesmen. I say, 'No, let them break down their own resistance. We're helping them so much already that we're taking their initiative away.'

"At least fifty people a year come in with fifty different products which they want us to add to our line. Again, in almost every case, I say 'No.' I have cut the line from two hundred and ten items to forty-seven since I have been president. The profits are quadrupled.

"I have two secretaries here saying 'No' all day long to all sorts of propositions aimed to scatter my attention and strength over a dozen different organizations or movements. I long ago picked out the three charities in which I believe I can render most service, and I concentrate on them. At home, by considerable struggle and not without some criticism, I have got our friends to accept the fact that I will go out one evening in the week, namely, Friday; but that it is no use to invite me on any other night, because I just won't go.

"Sounds as if I were a pretty hard-boiled egg, doesn't it?" he asked, with a laugh. "As a matter of fact, you know me pretty well, and you probably realize the truth, which is that I am naturally good-natured, that I like to do the agreeable thing, and that my emotions lie so close to the surface that they would wreck me if I didn't build up a wall of protection. It's the price of my living and doing business in New York," he said; and then he added: "I tell you more men have been ruined by their inability to say that little word 'No' than by almost anything else."

History is full of evidence to support this man's assertion.

JULIUS CÆSAR thrice refused a kingly crown, but he did it in such a hedging way that his opponents were not at all convinced that he meant it, and so they murdered him. Judas Iscariot could not say "No" to the chance to make a little easy money. Benedict Arnold could not say "No" to his pretty wife's extravagance and, hard up, took a bribe and left his name as the most despised name in American history.

I know many men who can never say "No" to social demands and engagements. I remember hearing a very successful New York banker rail against his hard lot: "How I hate these dinners," he exclaimed. "I go home tired from the day's work, and I must hurry into my other clothes and get downtown again. Then I eat too much, smoke too much, and listen to too much bad oratory. The result is when I do finally get to bed I can't sleep a wink."

He died twenty years before his time, and there is no doubt it was his inability to say "No" that killed him.

Life is more complex than ever it was. The difficulties of making fair adjustment between the demands of one's work and one's family, the multitude of social invitations and of obligations to good causes—all are vastly enlarged by the modern intricacies of communication, transportation, and social organization. No man can live successfully in such an age unless he makes a program of the things that are most important, and then—against the multitude of distracting, though often attractive diversions—writes down a resolute "No."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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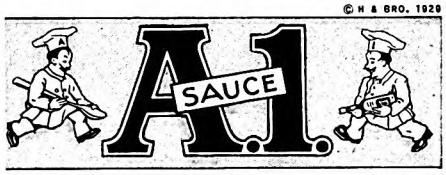

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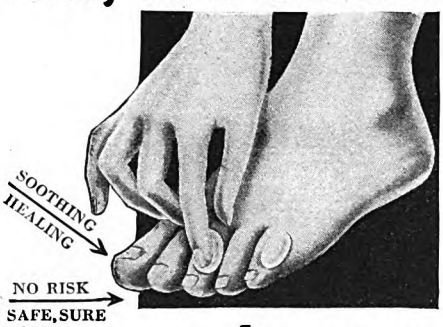

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Hair Color Restorer

"Every Silver Mine Has Got Its Cloudy Linin'—"

(*Continued from page 53*)

Johnny Bones excitedly. "Now what?"

"Looks like we didn't act quick enough," Scattergood said ruefully. "He's after Will Pratt's tracts."

"Nothing else," Johnny said. "And Will's out of town. Won't be back before ten, either. Driving up from Higgins Bridge. . . . Hush! Here's Hines now."

A tall, finely dressed gentleman entered the dining-room and looked about, saw the senator and Scattergood, and bowed before he walked over to their table.

"Good evening, Senator. Good evening, Mr. Baines. Glad to see you. May I sit at your table? Haven't seen you to talk to for a year."

"More'n that," Scattergood said. "You don't git to Coldriver often, and I don't git no'eres else. Jest drivin' through?"

"No. I ran up on a little matter of business. Thought I might as well get it out of the way."

"Anythin' I kin help you with?"

"Oh, I think not. No. . . . I'll clean it up in a few minutes tomorrow."

They sat for half an hour discussing politics and business, and Mr. Hank Beemis lingered, also, over his meal. When they arose he followed them out. Scattergood and Johnny said good night to Mr. Hines and went down the street; but Hank heard Johnny say in guarded tones, "I'll pick you up in my car at the bank in an hour. We can meet him on the road. He'll take your check, won't he?"

"Calc'late so," said Scattergood.

HANK BEEMIS sat down in one of the big wooden rockers on the porch and considered matters. While he was so considering he saw Lawyer Norton mount the steps and shake hands with Mr. Hines, and they found seats just inside the window. Hank moved closer very softly.

"Got the deed, Mr. Norton?"

"All ready for his signature," said the lawyer. "But he's not in town. Drove down to Higgins Bridge."

"Confound it! I wanted this thing closed up tonight. Can't let any grass grow under your feet when you're pulling off a deal in Scattergood Baines's neighborhood. I sha'n't feel easy until I've that deed signed and in my pocket."

"Nothing has leaked, has it?"

"One never knows. Baines has all sorts of wires out. If ever he got onto this we'd have to pay through the nose. He'd see the situation at a glance." Mr. Hines breathed deeply. "The whole thing depends upon that piece. It's the key."

"Pratt may smell a mouse if you show any anxiety."

"Can't help it. He won't do more than suspect something and jack the price a little. But Baines—Oh, man! This would be right up his street. I'm willing to let Pratt get away with something, and prepared for it. Brought a hundred and fifty thousand along in case of necessity. Ought to get the land for seventy-five; but this is not the time to haggle over chicken feed."

Mr. Hank Beemis permitted his jaw to drop. He was not accustomed to hear seventy-five thousand dollars referred to as chicken feed.

"Can't we get a car," Hines said, "and meet Pratt on his way home?"

"It'll cost you money."

"It may cost me more if I let an hour slide."

"Very well, I'll have a car here in twenty minutes."

AT THAT Mr. Hank Beemis arose very softly and hastened up to his room. From a very secret place he withdrew a roll of bills, not enormous in girth, but when one perceived that each one was of the thousand-dollar denomination, it was a sizable fortune. Hank favored thousand-dollar bills. One could carry a number of them in a constricted space. To the end of easy transportation he had, every few days, run down to the city with such sums as he had obtained from Kittleman and Lumley and the rest, and had changed them into the larger bills he doted upon.

He counted his possessions. There were a hundred and one of them. Seventy-six he had acquired in Coldriver; the rest was his nest egg, his reserve fund, his war chest. The whole he stuffed carefully into an inside pocket, then he went down the stairs and across the road to the garage.

"I want a car for the evenin'," he said. "Hustle it up."

He stood anxiously looking up the street as he waited, and saw with pleasure a car driven by Senator Bo[illegible] saw it stop at the bank.

"Hustle!" he called sharply, and [illegible] sprang into a little car as it backed [illegible] "I'll drive. Back in a few hours."

Down the road he sped, but not b[illegible] he had seen Lawyer Norton drive [illegible] the hotel in his motor vehicle.

Beemis set his teeth. "Anyhow," [illegible] said, "I've got a bit of a start." An[illegible] drove with might and main. He [illegible] driving for fifty thousand dollars—[illegible] easiest fifty thousand he ever had pi[illegible] up, and an honest fifty thousand, [illegible] Nothing to it, just to pass over m[illegible] to one man and to take it back [illegible] fifty per cent profit from another. [illegible] was such a piece of luck.

From the hill he looked back. Tw[illegible] were following at breakneck speed. [illegible] let out another notch. Apparently [illegible] cars containing Scattergood and [illegible] Hines did not gain, for he drov[illegible] twenty minutes without sighting or [illegible] ing either of them. . . . Another [illegible] minutes, and ahead of him he s[illegible] small, rickety car approaching. [illegible] narrow road he slowed down to [illegible] nize its occupant, and recognized [illegible] Pratt.

He stopped and called. Mr. [illegible] brought his car to a standstill in [illegible] astonishment.

"Well," said Hank, "this is a su[illegible] Didn't expect to meet you dow[illegible] way."

"Drove down this mornin'," sai[illegible]

"I was comin' to see you tomo[illegible] said Hank; "but I always believe [illegible]

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ting down to business when a chance comes along."

"What business?" Will asked.

"Here, let's pull up to the side so's we don't block the road. Huh. . . . There's a house up there. Don't happen to know the folks, do you?"

"One of the Levins twins lives there."

"Wonder if they'd let us sit in the kitchen and talk a while."

"Don't see no reason for sich a sweat," said Will; "but I calc'late they will."

Hank hurried Will off the road, for it was reaching the danger point. One or both of those pursuing cars might flash into sight at any minute. They climbed the lane and knocked at the door. Will explained their presence, and a huge young man showed them into the dining-room, where he left them alone.

"I aim to settle up here some day," said Hank, "and I want some land. Mebbe put up a sawmill. Now, you got a piece of timber and a site for a dam. Them Checkerberry Rip pieces of yourn."

"I got 'em," said Will.

"Be they for sale?"

"Anythin' I own's for sale," said Will.

"How much?"

"Seems like the's consid'able int'rest in that land," Will said reflectively. "Dunno why; but I hain't got no objection. Cash money?"

"Right into your hand," said Hank, "if the price is right."

"Hundred and twenty-five thousand," said Will.

Hank shook his head, and then the dickering began. Apprehensively Hank listened for sounds of approach, but none disturbed him, and he reached the conclusion that Scattergood and Hines had failed to recognize Pratt's car and had driven on toward Higgins Bridge. So he settled down to business. It required an hour before they came to terms.

"Seventy-six thousand," Will said, "and that's my last and final word."

"Done," said Hank. "Kin we borrow writin' fixin's?"

They could, and Hank, who seemed able to turn his hand to many things, wrote out a very creditable deed by which Will Pratt did bargain, sell, remise, release, alien, and confirm unto Henry Beemis all those certain pieces or parcels of land described as follows. And so forth. And this document Will Pratt signed, while Levins and his hired man were called in to witness the signatures. . . . In return for seventy-six thousand-dollar bills the deed was delivered. Hank shook hands and departed. Will did not depart, but announced he would stay where he was until daylight, sitting up with the Levins shotgun in his hand to guard the money.

HANK drove back to Coldriver and went to bed. In the morning he arose jubilant, prepared to seek out Mr. Hines, who, he imagined, must be in a state of great perturbation. Of the proprietor he inquired for that gentleman, and was informed he had driven away early on the preceding evening, but had not returned. Doubtless, Hank thought, still searching for Will Pratt.

But the morning passed without Mr. Hines's appearance. Will Pratt was about the post office as usual. Scattergood Baines sat placidly in his strong chair be-

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fore his hardware store, and Johnny Bones was reported off fishing Cold River for trout. Hank doubted this until he saw the senator return that evening with a full creel. But still, no Mr. Hines. . . . Hank began to perspire slightly.

A singular placidity rested upon Coldriver, and Hank failed to understand it. Not with such a deal as he had just put through in the air. Somebody ought to be running around in circles. Somebody ought to be excited. Somebody ought to be approaching him—but nobody did. Nor did Mr. Hines reappear.

At last he asked questions of the hotel proprietor.

"Any word from Mr. Hines?" he inquired.

"No call to have none. Paid his bill and left."

"Where to?"

"Didn't say."

"Where's he live?"

"No idee. Never see hide nor hair of him till last night."

Hank went outside and pondered this, and then, reluctantly, but driven by necessity, he walked the short distance to where Scattergood Baines sat.

"GOOD evenin', Mr. Baines," he said pleasantly.

"How be ye?" Scattergood responded.

"Business good?"

"Fust class. How's yourn? In the minin' line, I hear tell. Silver minin'!"

"No complaint," said Hank. "Er—by the way, I want to git in touch with that Mr. Hines you et supper with last night."

"Him! He wouldn't be int'rested in minin'," said Scattergood.

"Can you tell me where I can reach him?"

"Didn't say. Let on to me he was jest passin' through, and was goin' on a kind of an automobile tour. No idee where he went."

"Represents a power company, don't he?"

"Who? Hines? Not as I know of."

"I know better'n that. Er—Mr. Baines, I've come by some information, and I guess you got it too. And I hustled out and beat you and this man Hines to them tracts on Checkerberry Rips."

"Which ones you mean?"

"Both sides of the jaws."

"That cut-over stuff, you mean? Sure I know it. Logged it personal. Took a sight of spruce offen that land."

"I bought it last night."

"What fur, I'd like to know? Hain't no timber and won't raise white beans."

"I bought it, and you know it, because the power company's got to have it."

"They have, eh? Hope you got it cheap."

"Cheap enough. The power company'll pay a hundred and fifty thousand for it."

"They must 'a' took leave of their senses," said Scattergood. "I bought the whole dum thing thutty year back for ten thousand. Yes, sir, I done jest that. And logged it off coverin' a period of years, and done satisfactory. Ketched Will Pratt when he wa'n't feelin' spry and sold it to him for fifty cents an acre."

"But the's a thousand acres of it."

"More'n that, and the more the' is of it the more wuthless it is. So the power company wants it, eh? What power company?"

Hank paused. What power company? He had to confess to himself he didn't know.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I'm no hawg. I'll split the profits with you and go half 'n' half."

"Fust show me some profits," said Scattergood. "No; guess I hain't int'rested. I own all the power companies the' is in this locality, and I know I hain't got no use for Checkerberry Rips."

"But I heard—I tell you I heard what you and the senator said, and I heard what Hines said."

"Private conversations, wa'n't they? Wa'n't asked to listen?"

"No, but—"

"Hadn't ought to listen to folks' conversations," Scattergood said reprovingly. "Apt to be expensive. . . . Now I hope you didn't pay attention to Johnny Bones's jokin', and go pay money for that land."

"Jokin'?"

"The senator's a great joker. Greatest town for jokin'. Everybody makes 'em, and everybody takes 'em. Beats all how we kin see the p'int of a joke, even when it's on us. Uh-huh. Silver-mine jokes and all. That one come high though."

"Eh? What's that?"

"Got seventy-six thousand out of the silver-mine joke, didn't ye? Seems as I counted up that much. Worked it real slick too. Even fooled Sam Kittman, and Sam's a hard one to fool. Kind of hurt his feelin's, too. But he's feelin' better this mornin'."

"Is he?" asked Hank, now more at sea than ever, but rapidly growing more uncomfortable in spirit.

"A sight better. Drop in and see him and he'll tell you he's much obleeged."

"For what?"

"To you—for sendin' his money back to him, every cent of it. Uh-huh. Jest deposited it in the bank."

HANK'S jaw dropped, more from astonishment than from alarm, and he made queer sounds in his throat.

"So's Lumley obleeged, and the Lumley con, and every one of 'em. . . . Turned out all right, though I do say a feller carries a joke too fur when he runs it up nigh a hundred thousand dollars. Seein' nobody's damaged, I calc'late no harm."

"Them men—all of 'em, you say—their money back?"

"Every last one," said Scattergood. "You sent back seventy-six thousand to distribute, didn't ye?"

"I— Say, what you talkin' about?"

"Jest tellin' the story like I got it. Uh-huh. So each man got what was coming to him. Supprised 'em all some."

Hank turned a wonderful brick and his eyes bulged. "Say, what's this here? What's the idee?"

"W-al," said Scattergood, "it seemed like I got to stir around lively now and again to save other folks' bacon. Kind of like to do it, jest for the exercise. And the feller remembers it longer if made to disgorge so it's kind of pain and astonishin'. Jest to teach him not play no tricks on folks in Coldriver."

Hank was staring hard at Scatter

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who returned his gaze with benevolent placidity. No one can say what Hank meditated in his heart—but he did not set about accomplishing it, for Scattergood pointed down the street.

"See that feller?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's Sheriff Watts. Comin' to keep you comp'ny. Train leaves in half an hour, and Ulysses is takin' the trouble to walk to the station with ye. Uh-huh. And he told me private he'd be waitin' on the platform if ever you was to come back."

Hank made further distressed sounds.

"It seems," said Scattergood, "like you ain't appreciated in Coldriver—not your kind of jokin'. . . . Still and all, you hain't been onprofitable to some. . . ."

Sheriff Watts stopped and smiled contentedly upon Hank. "Well, mister," he said, "we'll be moggin' along. Mustn't miss our train."

"Be you runnin' me out of town?" Hank demanded belligerently.

"By no manner of means," Scattergood said. "Just escortin' you out and vertectin' you. Mebbe you got some left, and it don't look like you was smart enough to hold your own, not with us hossbacks. G'-by, Mr. Beemis, and tell your folks we're all much obleeged."

He turned to Sheriff Watts and wagled his head. "The Bible readin' today," he said, "is this here chapter and verse: Every silver mine has got its cloudy lin'. . . . G'-by, Beemis!"

The Greatest Guessing Game in the World

(*Continued from page 43*)

urself; but can it be possible that the l of your dreams ever looked so funny th her picture hat and those absurd erries, the blouse tapering into the wasp ist, and the voluminous skirt which ng to her shoe tops?

It is all true, but unless you have a more id memory than mine, you will need photograph to convince you.

HE World War brought more sweeping changes in women's fashions than r occurred before in the same period of e. The reason is found in the fact that embattled nations, in their zeal for mul extermination, enlisted their women the holy cause to almost the same ent as their men. The millions of girls went forth to drive motor wagons, p military stores, and do a hundred one miscellaneous jobs behind the ting lines found out that, for them, lebone corsets and long skirts were ut as suitable as mail armor would e been for their brothers and lovers in trenches. In any event, the new fashwas decided for them by the military orities, who were much too busy with r matters to bother about Victorian s of modesty. The long dress was ned and there is not the slightest intion of a resurrection.

was thus that the greatest single lution since fig-leaf aprons was ef-d. But, of course, World Wars do occur every year, and the question

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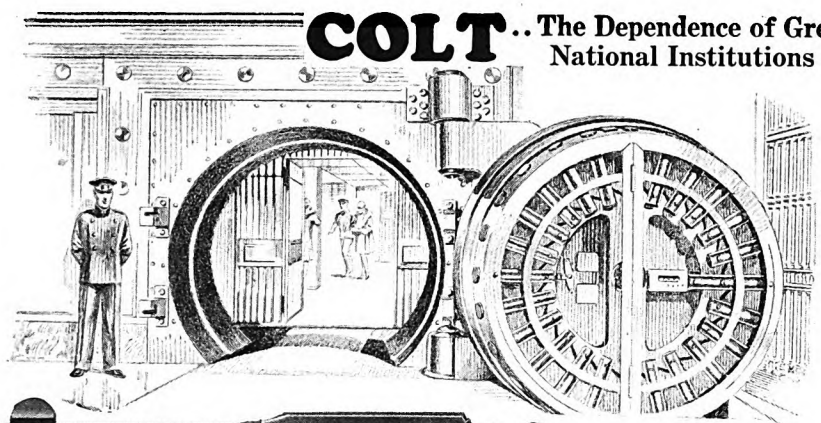

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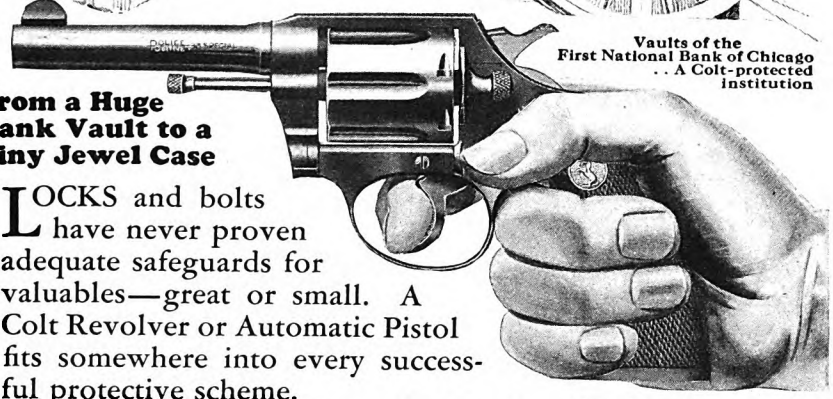

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still remains as to the cause of the bewildering fashion changes which come and go with a speed that is extremely painful to the pocketbooks of the paying sex.

Paris!

At last we come to the magic word. Paris, the naughty city where all geese are swans and the incredible is the usual. There is a general but vague idea that all fashions originate in Paris, where mysterious individuals, armed with equally mysterious powers, decide from time to time what is style and what is not.

There is a certain amount of truth in the idea. Fashions do originate in Paris in the sense that in line, design, and color the great French *couturiers* are the world's acknowledged masters, but these masters of artistry are far indeed from being dictators of style. They are all engaged in a guessing game which would drive the average American business man into a lunatic asylum. The best guessers win fortunes and the unlucky ones go to work for the winners.

The great game is in progress all the year round, but the big prizes are awarded every spring and fall. In February and August are the "openings" at which the "guesses" are paraded after six months' feverish and deeply secretive labor. During all that time of preparation designers have been toiling in the locked and guarded *ateliers*, working out costumes on ideas painfully gleaned from a hundred sources. The glorious riches of the museums of Paris are ransacked. Bit by bit, the design is built up from the fragments of a dozen civilizations, the color harmonies of long dead and nameless artists.

Hundreds of such designs are thus created, and every one of them is a guess. When they are completed, the prettiest and shapeliest mannikins of France will don them and parade through the showrooms of Paris, the racetracks of Auteuil and Longchamp, the esplanades of Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, and Monte Carlo. Their creators will await anxiously the verdict—acceptance and fortune, rejection and possible ruin.

Of course, the guessers do not pin all their hopes on a single entry. Each house prepares scores of models, for if even eighteen out of twenty fail, two may sweep the boards.

WHO decides? If anyone could answer the question definitely the G would be taken out of gamble.

There are a handful of well-known society leaders, all of whom have varying influence, but every one of them might select a model without more than moderate results in general popularity. They are important but they do not hold the key to the mystery.

Then there are other ladies, ladies who rule over a society preponderantly male, but whose influence is often far greater than that of their more orthodox sisters, and who embody a very great, if not very respectable, tradition. Time was when the Court of France and all the fashionable society of Europe waited breathlessly to find out what the King's mistress wore at the last state ball. Time was when a Madame de Pompadour could introduce a new word into the dictionaries of the world by changing the style of her hairdressing, or a Louise de la Vallière could apparel all the virtuous maidens of Europe in clinging robes. The kings have departed, but the courtesans remain.

It may be shocking, but it is nevertheless true, that the naughty ladies of Paris come closer to being the arbiters of fashion than any other influence that could be named.

THE guessers in the *ateliers* of the *couturiers* try their best to make their wishes come true by giving their creations to professional beauties and stage stars and by sending their charming mannikins to parade among the fashionable crowds at the races and the fashionable resorts but their success is moderate at best.

"Dresses must come down" has been the slogan of the Paris manufacturers for at least two years now, but start counting knees on Fifth Avenue and you will need a calculating machine.

The anxiety for flounces, flares, and knee covering is based on something considerably more practical than the old fashioned idea that Miladi's figure should be a secret between herself and her Maker. The *couturiers* of Paris have no overwhelming concern with such an outmoded virtue as modesty, but they are deeply interested in the silk and cotton fabric industries. Some unknown maker of epigrams once remarked that "an inch off a Chinaman's shirt or added to a woman's dress meant the difference between ruin and prosperity to the textile industry." Short skirts have not exactly ruined the textile industry, but certainly they have played havoc with its prosperity. Nevertheless, in spite of the valiant efforts of the Paris *couturiers*, there is no indication that dresses are coming down.

Automobiles were largely responsible for small hats, but aviation gave them the shape of the aviator's helmet. When every newspaper was carrying front-page pictures of heroes and heroines of the air, the vogue for the helmet hat might have been predictable; but who could have foretold that the opening of King Tut's tomb would have sent a craze for Egyptian colors around the world and that women who thought Egypt vanished with Joseph would clamor for the color and ornaments of Potiphar's wife?

The individual who starts a fashion is far rarer than a great event like a war or the sudden development of automobiles or airplanes; and—something for philosophers to meditate upon—the individuals who are most successful in creating a new style are generally noted for far different qualities than piety.

When Evelyn Nesbit Thaw took the stand at the trial of her husband for the killing of Stanford White, her astute lawyers took special pains to dress her for the part as the innocent, guileless child who had been victimized by a ruthless roué. Her hair, parted in the middle, school-girl fashion, hung low over a broad, white Eton collar which topped her simple middy blouse. In a few weeks millions of women of spotless reputation were trying to look and dress as much as possible like the woman principal in that sordid drama, and blouse makers and other manufacturers were reaping fortunes.

A society queen, a celebrated demimondaine, or the central figure in a sensational murder or divorce case can start a fashion

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but it may also come from the whim of some unknown and obscure individual.

Who started the Deauville scarf? A few years ago millions of these vivid-hued bits of finery were flaunting to the breeze from the shoulders of as many flappers and their grandmothers. They came as suddenly as they went, with the usual story, as far as manufacturers and retailers were concerned, of a pot of gold found beneath the rainbow for those who were lucky enough to catch the tide, and disaster for those who started too late.

But where did the Deauville scarf come from? The story runs that it was born of a sunburn on a pretty shoulder. The owner of the shoulder is said to have numbered among her admirers the King of Spain, who was at that time keeping the gossips busy with stories of his extravagances at the great French seaside resort. Unhappily, the lady stayed too long in the sun one day and her pretty shoulder was marred with an ugly red blotch. The scarf was the inspiration of a moment, but it set a style which ran from Vancouver to Constantinople.

The Deauville scarf or its sisters has had somewhat of a rebirth this summer, but no sunburned bathing beauty has yet been found to take responsibility. Why the girls have resurrected these bits of silk and cotton nobody knows, but it is unlikely they will reach their former popularity.

A little while back I raised the question as to what had become of Miladi's garter. The answer to that question is fairly easy. It is around Miladi's leg. That neat little roll of silk, which, of course, no perfect gentleman ever scrutinizes, is just camouflage. The garter is underneath, although it is an article very different from the amazing piece of harness which existed in the whalebone-steel-corset days. That complicated machine has gone for the very good reason that there is nothing to anchor it to. However, we are now skating on such thin ice that I had better skate back to shore.

THE ever-changing vogue for color is perhaps subject to even more inexplicable causes than design or line. Fabric and garment manufacturers spend huge sums every year in efforts to determine what will be the popular colors for each advancing season, but all their calculations are likely to be upset by some relatively trivial event.

A few years before her death Sarah Bernhardt unexpectedly appeared in the bois de Boulogne dressed completely in white, in sharp contrast to the vivid hues the great actress usually favored. That single appearance started a tremendous white season and the dyers and fabric houses lost millions.

When President Harding was inaugurated, Mrs. Harding wore a dress of a shade unusual shade of blue, and for a time, at least, "Harding Blue" was supreme in America.

More recently Lanvin paraded all her models at a season's "opening" in a particular shade of green, and "Lanvin Green" swept the boards. Again, "Chanel Red" scored a decisive triumph; but the result in any one of these instances was just as certain as naming a Derby winner or predicting whether blonds or brunets will predominate in the year's baby crop.

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One of the most disastrous upsets in the color field, from the point of view of the dyeing and fabric industries, was the vogue for black at the close of the World War. It might possibly have been foreseen, but the custom of wearing mourning has passed so largely in the United States and in many parts of Europe that the manufacturers forgot that it still holds general sway in France. With nearly every woman in France suffering the loss of some male relative, the whole country was submerged in somber hues and, ironically enough, black became the fashion for the world.

A fashionable wedding may set a style, but there are scores of fashionable weddings in a year and not one in a hundred, or perhaps a thousand, will strike that mysterious nerve which sets the world of fashion pulsating.

In a general sense it is entirely true that Paris is the dictator of fashions, and has been since the days when Catherine de' Medici created a steel corset and doomed twenty generations of her sisters to distorted figures and a dozen maladies. But Paris today does her dictating with one eye on America. The French designer is more concerned with what will appeal to Mademoiselle Columbia than to her cousin Marianne. The reason is the soundly practical one that more American dollars are spent in Paris every year than French centimes, and it takes a bushel of centimes to make a dollar in these days.

Thousands of American buyers, representing every important department store in the United States, sail for Paris three or four times a year to attend the openings of the big *couturiers*. Their purchases run into many millions of dollars, but a point that is little understood is that they buy models, not stocks.

THE curious anomaly exists that while French taste in design and line governs the world of women, French taste in the costume itself differs sharply from American taste. Very few French garments are sold in American stores. They are imported solely as models from which the American garment manufacturers work. A dozen Paris creations may contribute to an American composite. A sleeve is taken from this dress, a bit of embroidery from that, a neck line from a third, and so on. The general type of garment that will be the season's vogue is determined by Paris, but the individual costume is produced in America.

Even more curious is the fact that while Paris sets the style in shoes, American women cannot wear French shoes. Far be it from me to hazard any opinion as to whether American women's feet are smaller, larger, more beautiful, or more ugly than those of Mademoiselle from Armentières, but it is an undoubted fact that there is a difference. American women who visit Paris complain loudly that French coffee and French shoes alike give them a pain.

But if the French foot is different, French style remains supreme, and every new French design in shoes is quickly copied in America. The fashion sleuths who haunt the cafés, race courses, and resorts of France keep as keen an eye on Mademoiselle's feet as they do on her upperworks.

PERIODICALLY outcries are raised, not only in America, but in England, Germany, and other European countries, against French domination in fashions; but they are about as effective as protests against the public's preferring musical comedy to Shakespeare. After the war, both England and Germany made strenuous and organized efforts to divert to London and Berlin the flood of American gold which fashion supremacy draws but these campaigns were futile. The Germans, in particular, were desperately eager to attract American buyers across the Rhine. They failed, and the extent of their failure can be judged by the fact that many German manufacturers today especially novelty manufacturers, are shipping goods to Paris, where they are resold under French labels. The Germans are not alone in that little dodge. I recently saw a pair of shoes which an expert identified as the product of a Czechoslovakian factory, but which bore in gold letters the magic words "Paris, France." The omission of the words "made in" would never have been noticed by the average purchaser.

The simple truth is that artistry in line and color is an essential part of French genius. It is not a question of the occasional production of great painters, sculptors, musicians, or other masters of art, but of a racial gift which is evidence to an astonishing degree in nearly every son and daughter of *La Belle France*.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen"

(*Continued from page 17*)

insisted that he come up front to talk. Finally, the man walked up to the platform, said, 'I second the motion,' and sat down amid laughter at my expense.

"I find that women are usually harder to report than men, because they talk more rapidly and less distinctly. Stage fright is more common with women than with men, as women are not so accustomed to speaking in public.

"'Billy' Sunday is about the hardest person I ever had to report. Not only is he an unusually rapid speaker, but sometimes he will crouch in a corner, and the next minute jump on a chair without warning, or take other unconventional positions. Often I record the gestures of speakers as well as their words, and include them in the transcript. I was stumped when it came to 'Billy' Sunday. I considered myself fortunate to get down what I heard.

"On the other hand, the five President I have reported have been very easy to take," Mrs. Sweeney continued in a matter-of-fact tone. "Practically all of Presidents when speaking in public have their remarks prepared in advance. Even though they may speak without notes before them, they already have the matter written and well arranged. This is true of many men in public life.

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"The late President Wilson was very holarly, and his enunciation was perct. He was an excellent speaker to ike.

"I reported Mr. Roosevelt shortly bere his death, almost the last time he peared in public.

"A very fascinating thing about Mr. aft is his laugh. When he starts to tell funny story he gives warning with a culiar little sound that is a cross beeen a chuckle and a squeal. That gets u in the mood to laugh whether the ke is funny or not.

"The late President Harding also was ry genial; he talked in a slow, smooth, liberate fashion. President Coolidge, o, talks with deliberation, but his prounced Yankee twang makes him a tle more difficult at times to report than e others.

"You never can tell how people are ing to talk by looking at them. Often ose who don't seem at all intellectual ll speak with an eloquence that is eath-taking. A single speaker in a owded half-hour may pour forth the acmulated knowledge of a lifetime.

"Some speakers will give the same adess over and over again, at times witht variation. I have extra copies of any such speeches in my files, and when e of these is scheduled on the program, merely go through the motions of taking it down.

"Naturally, when a man is speaking he es all sorts of expressive pantomime to lp make his meaning clear, or to get his int across. Sometimes a shrug of the oulders or a lift of the eyebrow will say re than could be packed into a lengthy ragraph. Often I have to supply the ssing verbs and phrases that are imed by gestures. I try to enter into the rit of each speaker and not be merely a chine to record words. The organizan seldom wants a verbatim report like irt testimony, with every error in gramr included, but one that gives a comte picture of the convention, with the mishes removed. Such a report should y along smoothly, in good English, and retain the imprint of each speaker's sonality.

CONVENTION reporter early develops an 'ear for words' or he is thless. In time he becomes an expert ord derivation and syllabic structure. 'Trichoepithelioma' strikes his ear. doesn't need to know medical terms to rd correctly 'trik-o-ep-ith-e-le-o-ma.' gets it exactly as it sounds. Then n he transcribes his notes he consults proper reference book, to insure corspelling.

Proper names are hard to deal with. ple are annoyed when their names are rrectly spelled, or their initials are ng, even if they mumble so that henson' sounds like 'Steenson.' In halls where there is no registration nd I do not know the speakers, I have carry numbered cards so that they be filled in with the speakers' names connections. Some organizations furmembership rosters and this helps at deal.

he recent general use of microphones rge halls has been a godsend to rers. Many after-dinner and banquet hes are now broadcast. This re-

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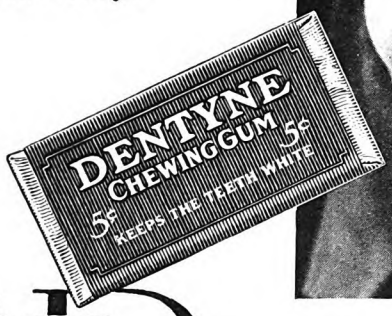

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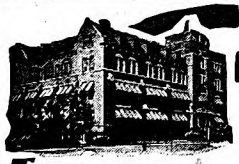

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quires that the speaker stay in one spot and talk distinctly into the microphone, which makes it vastly easier for the reporter.

"Defective speech is hard to record, but I don't have to contend with that a great deal. One man had great difficulty in speaking at a certain meeting. He struggled along for a while and then announced that he had just bought a set of false teeth and didn't feel at home with them. He calmly removed them and proceeded unabashed until he finished what he had to say.

"Distinguished foreigners cause us a lot of agony. Their English is good, but they give their native inflection to our words, which makes them almost unrecognizable. In unusually difficult cases, an interpreter sometimes comes to their rescue, fortunately for us. Otherwise we have to use our intuition on the English words, and a French or German dictionary on the foreign words sandwiched in between."

MRS. SWEENEY is more than a star reporter of conventions. She organized and is president of the Master Reporting Company, a large convention-reporting bureau. During one year her force of twenty-five reporters has recorded more than eleven hundred separate conventions and meetings. One assignment was a conference lasting four weeks. Another required the full-time services of twenty reporters for five consecutive days. On the other hand, many meetings were for short periods, several being after-luncheon sessions of a half hour's duration.

The morning mail may bring to her offices in New York, Cleveland, and Chicago requests to report just around the corner or across the continent. A single day's work may find her reporters in Los Angeles, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Toronto. In short, wherever a group meets to talk about itself, you are likely to find Fanny Sweeney or one of her force present as the official recorder of proceedings.

Outside of her reporting work, Mrs. Sweeney's endeavors are directed largely to personnel matters. She has been very successful in training other reporters.

"It is an expensive procedure to train a person for convention reporting," she explained, "so I use judgment in my selection. I frankly tell an applicant at the first interview that unless he feels reasonably sure he is going to train intensively for a year, I am not interested in adding him to our staff.

"A convention reporter must have good health, first of all, or he will be unable to withstand the nervous tension he is subjected to under the uncertain hours of work. Of course, a high degree of technical skill is the prime requisite.

"After that, I look for adaptability. I feel that the reporter should be versatile enough and have sufficient human interest to lose his identity for the time being and vicariously become a member of the group that he is covering.

"Needless to say, failure to report on time is the unforgivable sin in convention reporting work. Obstacles bob up, but I count on the ingenuity of the reporter to get around them.

"One of our Chicago staff was sent for a convention of the National Retail Hardware Association in Indianapolis. Being unusually busy, she arranged

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the last possible train out of Chicago would get her to the meeting on . This happened during the Eucha- : Congress, when traffic was so con- :d that the delays made her miss her

he tried unsuccessfully to reach the man by long distance to tell him of ilemma. As a last resort, and after a deal of telephoning, she arranged to an airplane to Indianapolis. She :d in time for the meeting. The cost : airplane trip was more than we got ie job, but we were willing to go to length to keep our promise to our

ly reporters leave and return to at all hours of the day and night. equipment consists usually of a lio filled with notes and papers h are filed overnight in fireproof :ts for safe-keeping) and a small, case containing a shorthand ma- and stand. In these days the little case sometimes excites curiosity. night watchman near our office had spicions aroused by the late hours ep. On one occasion he said to the ian who had instructions to wait for rter:

etter keep an eye on that girl. a funny bunch up there. I see 'em in all hours carryin' a little black Betcha a fiver they're bootleggers!' other time a young man was re- d by a suspicious officer to open his He wanted to make sure the Federal vere not being tampered with. I ie was disappointed to find a harm- of machinery.

ople sometimes get rather peculiar : as to the way the machine func- One girl heard a man explain to an-

registers everything that is said tomatically punctuates and cor- rors in grammar as it goes along. ore wonderful than the radio.'

e operator has *something* to do the girl remonstrated.

ed in the front row at a paper and eeting, one woman watched the ading tape emerge from the ma- ith eyes riveted on the reporter. t it nice to have paper-making rated while the speeches are go- she beamed.

ILE the average convention takes ace in a hotel," Mrs. Sweeney , "we are sometimes called upon t under rather unconventional is.

entire meeting took place on ship on Lake George. Another meeting was outdoors in the ain. Someone stood over the re- th an umbrella so that she could taking notes.

lso have reported clinics where cal service is given to those who g to have students present dur- peration, while surgeons explain is. At some of these clinics, the required to wear a nurse's garb, ie equipment she uses is steri- ot being accustomed to anæs- ie reporter fainted.

ad the assignment for one of Edison's birthday parties and was present too. Apparently, was the least interested person

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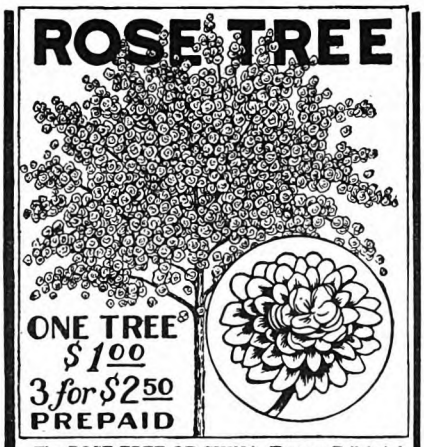

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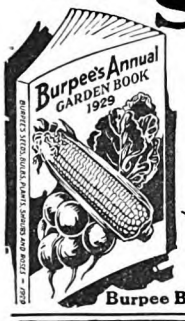

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in what was going on. It really seemed a shame to have such an elaborate dinner when Mr. Edison drank only a glass of milk.

"I believe that he talks the least of any big man in America. Everyone waited expectantly for him to speak over the radio at a meeting of the National Electric Light Association. He finally consented, arose, and said, 'I thank you.'

"Several years ago on National Defense Day we were employed to make a test of the telephone system of the country for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. We heard conversations from San Francisco, Chicago, and other points. They were conveyed to a loud speaker so that we could take them. General Pershing was one of the many speakers who took part.

"Then we have reported auction sales, burlesque shows, and amateur theatricals to record how the jokes actually sounded and how they got over. One rather unusual meeting we regularly report is that of the John Moore Association, which is composed of the descendants of John Moore, who settled in this country during Revolutionary times.

"We have taken speeches direct at broadcasting stations as well as those transmitted over the radio itself. If there is any form of convention or meeting we haven't covered, I'd like to know what it is.

"HOW did I happen to organize a reporting company? It didn't just 'happen.' It developed in a gradual sort of way. In the fall of 1914, after winning the gold medal of the National Shorthand Reporters' Association, I decided to try my wings at reporting lectures and sermons, and in that way capitalize the speed and accuracy I had acquired. The next step was to tackle a convention; the next, to hire assistants; finally, to incorporate in order to handle the financial end more efficiently.

"You see, I had been a stenographer for two years prior to studying machine shorthand, holding several rather mediocre positions here in New York. At seventeen I was earning twelve dollars a week as a secretary, and that twelve dollars represented a substantial percentage of the family income.

"Then, one day, the head of the business school I attended asked me to w ness the demonstration of a new sho hand machine which made notes in a co of letters instead of hooks, dots, a curves. Here was a way to increase speed, I thought. Hypnotized by newness of the idea, and by the glow speech of the salesman, I came out of daze to find myself bound by contract purchase one of the little machines had signed on the dotted line.

"'Ten dollars every month for whole months!' I thought. 'Sha ever live long enough to get it paid fo

Fanny Sweeney did live long eno as we know.

BUT before the ten months were good many things had happened the first place, as soon as her new ma arrived, she began practicing desper to get speed. At the end of three or months, she had attained such high s that the manufacturers of her ma employed her to demonstrate it in pl So well did she acquit herself as a de strator that her employers proceed give her ten months' intensive tra under an expert teacher of shorthan typewriting. The result was tha won international honors and estab several world records for accuracy contest held by the National Shor Writers' Association.

Fortified by the laurels she had wo by a growing faith in herself, the woman lost no time in launching an prise which would enable her to ca her reputation and her skill. She few hundred dollars saved up. Wi she rented desk space in the heart York's office district and hung o shingle, or what amounted to tha

As her assignments increased, she ally built up a hand-picked staff she trained in her methods. Wh New York organization justifi move, she opened a branch in Cl and later one in Chicago. Her c has grown, under Mrs. Sweeney getic direction, from a struggling ual enterprise to a thriving corp

Lost Your Pep?

(*Continued from page 39*)

Anemic people can indulge in almost all forms of *moderate* exercise (note that I say moderate, not strenuous), provided they go about it gradually and rest frequently between periods of physical activity.

However, when a person is much emaciated and under-weight, and the hemoglobin is below seventy-five, I think it is best to begin the cure of anemia by taking a complete rest. Such people should, as a general rule, go to bed for from four to six weeks while they fatten up on a rich milk and orange juice diet, taken, of course, in connection with such other treatment as their physician might suggest. They are then in better physical condition to start an active outdoor life. But there is no earthly reason why the rest cure shouldn't be taken out of doors. Beds are movable objects.

I should like to tell you how got cured of her anemia.

She was thirty-five, highly depressed, and extremely anemic. her hemoglobin was down to six her cure was effected in three wee middle of the winter, and right in of Chicago.

Twice a week she had intrav jections of iron, and she was ex ultra-violet rays, by means of th light, three times a week. Her diet one pound of pecan kernels and tw of dates or figs weekly. She dr one quart of milk, to which was a pint of cream. These were the tening foods that she required b her emaciated condition, and t given in addition to her regul However, these extra foods w

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at mealtimes or immediately after ing was taken between meals. In n, she drank an abundance of water. e weeks she had gained ten pounds nt about her work with zest and asm.

ide of the exposure to the quartz nd iron injections, you will notice iss C. was cured by very simple, methods.

T, of course, is almost as important matter in the treatment of anemia oor life and sunshine.

ne anemic person is usually under the drinking of a glass of half milk lf cream at the close of each meal bedtime is recommended.

foods which are rich in fat, and are re good for anemia accompanied er-weight, are: butter, ripe olives, il, fat meats, Brazil nuts, pecans, oducts, cream, ice cream, and yolks . The sugars and starches are also ng, particularly the sugars contained ey, beets, sweet fruits, figs, and Starchy fattening foods are: po- rice, arrowroot, and cornstarch. n our efforts to have a well-balanced anemia we must also think of vita- Fortunately, most of the foods contain iron also contain the help- mins. In high repute are oranges natoes. These two fruits (I insist e tomato is a fruit) should be eaten ay. If you cannot get a raw tomato, canned variety.

in order to guard against consti- see that sufficient roughage is eaten elimination is normal.

let's mention the necessary iron- ing foods which do so much to keep cells up to standard.

nore common foods rich in iron, n the order of their iron content, yolks, lentils, wheat bran, mo- ried beans and peas, liver, whole read, oysters, entire barley, al- atmeal, spinach, figs, dates, Bos- n bread, prunes, beef, olives, dan- eens, milk, walnuts, pecan nuts, esh Lima beans and peas, apricots, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, and s.

two of these foods should find n the menu of *every* meal.

nly fairly recently that doctors e to employ liver in the treat- nemia, more particularly in cases y or pernicious anemia; it is of l value in secondary anemia. It become the custom in pernicious prescribe liver at least once a he liver extract, which seems to beneficial.

t comes to the administration of emedy for anemia, we have two thought among medical men. re those physicians who doubt of iron given therapeutically for They grant that we should use ds rich in iron in the diet, but clined to believe that iron ad- as a medicine does not influence of the disease.

m on the other side. I am firmly that iron is helpful. The hemo- n under the administration of mes very definite and marked, ve it influences the favorable anemia.

iven in a number of different

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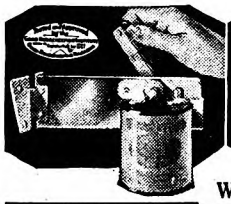

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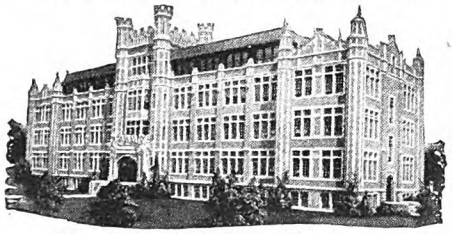

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forms. It is very dangerous to take an iron solution, as it injures the enamel of the teeth. But it can be taken in pill form, and, generally speaking, I have found this form very helpful in cases of chlorosis. But it has been my observation that iron is valuable when given directly into the vein (intravenous injection).

In the first part of this article I mentioned pernicious anemia. Little is known about this disorder, which is an anemia of middle life. It is generally believed to be the result of chronic infection of some sort.

While this form of anemia is rare, and is supposed to be incurable, I have seen cases get well.

In pernicious anemia there is seldom loss of weight, but the face has a peculiar pallor, a waxy, stuffy appearance. And the curious part of it is that the weight may remain good even when the disease advances to the point where there is great weakness and considerable prostration.

In pernicious anemia the color of the red blood cells may appear to be normal. The trouble is in the diminished number of the cells and in their abnormality.

Our attention in recent years has been called to the fact that people who suffer from pernicious anemia later in life are known to have had deficient hydrochloric acid in the stomach in their earlier years. I am beginning to incline to the view that the absence of this acid in the stomach has something to do with producing pernicious anemia. Hydrochloric acid is a great disinfectant, helping to keep the intestinal microbes away from the region of the stomach. Its absence allows infection gradually to ascend higher and higher in the digestive canal, and the resultant poisons, circulating in the blood over a long period of years, gradually produce a demoralization of the blood-making mechanism of the body.

If repeated examination of the stomach proves that hydrochloric acid is absent or deficient, dilute hydrochloric acid should be given in connection with each meal.

IT SEEMS to me that the thing for everyone to bear in mind is the *prevention* of anemia by careful selection of diet and by living as much as possible out of doors. Just because you think anemia of the secondary type is nothing much to worry about, do not let it get a grip on you. Look out for the early earmarks.

The object of this article is merely to make you more intelligent on the subject. As I have already said, I cannot prescribe for you individually, or tell you the particular cause of your anemia (if you happen to be in an anemic condition). That's up to your doctor. After all, prevention is better than cure, and who wants to "enjoy poor health"?

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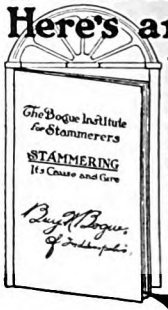

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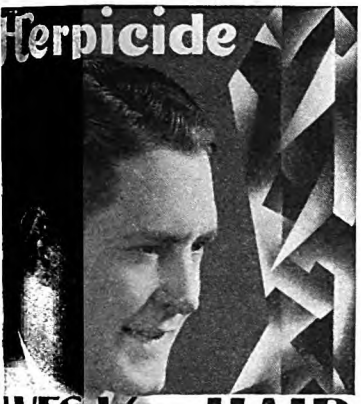

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The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 48*)

of terror arising from these strange murders had reached such proportions that he could not, in view of the duty he owed to the community, refrain from saying that he believed the case to be closed. Thus, while no open accusation of guilt was made against Pardee, the Bishop murders were no longer regarded as a source of menace to the city, and a sigh of relief went up from all quarters.

In the Manhattan Chess Club there was probably less discussion of the case than anywhere else in New York. The members felt perhaps that the club's honor was in some way involved. Or there may have been a sense of loyalty toward a man who had done as much for chess as Pardee. But, whatever the cause of the club's avoidance of the subject, the fact remained that its members attended, almost to a man, Pardee's funeral. I could not help admiring this tribute to a fellow chess-player; for, whatever his personal acts, he had been one of the great sustaining patrons of the royal and ancient game to which they were devoted.*

MARKHAM'S first official act on the day after Pardee's death was to secure Sperling's release. The same afternoon the Police Department moved all its records of the Bishop murders to the file marked "Shelved cases," and withdrew the guards from the Dillard house. Vance protested mildly against this latter step; but, in view of the fact that the Medical Examiner's post-mortem report had substantiated in every particular the theory of suicide, there was little that Markham could do in the matter. Furthermore, he was thoroughly convinced that the death of Pardee had terminated the case; and he scoffed at Vance's wavering doubts.

During the week following the finding of Pardee's body, Vance was restive and more *distrait* than usual. He attempted to interest himself in various matters, but without any marked success. He showed signs of irritability; and his almost miraculous equanimity seemed to have deserted him. I got the impression that he was waiting for something to happen. His manner was not exactly expectant, but there was a watchfulness in his attitude amounting at times almost to apprehension.

On the day following the Drukker funeral Vance called on Arnesson, and on Friday night accompanied him to a performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts"—a play which, I happened to know, he disliked. He learned that Belle Dillard had gone away for a month's visit to the home of a relative in Albany. As Arnesson explained, she had begun to show the effects of all she had been through, and needed a change of scene. The man was plainly unhappy over her absence, and confided to Vance that they had planned to be married in June. Vance also learned from him that Mrs. Drukker's will had left everything to Belle Dillard and the Professor in

***Pardee left in his will a large sum for the furtherance of chess; and in the autumn of that same year, it will be remembered, the Pardee Memorial Tournament was held at Cambridge Springs.**

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the event of her son's death—a fact which appeared to interest Vance unduly.

Had I known, or even suspected, what astounding and terrible things were hanging over us that week, I doubt if I could have stood the strain. For the Bishop murder case was not ended. The climactic horror was still to come; but even that horror, terrific and staggering as it proved, was only a shadow of what it might have been had not Vance reasoned the case out to two separate conclusions, only one of which had been disposed of by Pardee's death. It was this other possibility, as I learned later, that had kept him in New York, vigilant and mentally alert.

MONDAY, April 25, was the beginning of the end. We were to dine with Markham at the Bankers' Club. I noticed that when we met Markham in the rotunda of the Equitable Building he seemed troubled; and we were no more than seated in the club grill when he told us of a 'phone call he had received from Professor Dillard that afternoon.

"He asked me particularly to come to see him tonight," Markham explained; "and when I tried to get out of it, he became urgent. He made a point of the fact that Arnesson would be away the entire evening, and said that a similar opportunity might not present itself until it was too late. I asked him what he meant by that; but he refused to explain, and insisted that I come to his house after dinner. I told him I'd let him know if I could make it."

Vance had listened with the intensest interest.

"We must go there, Markham. I've been rather expecting a call of this kind. It's possible we may at last find the key to the truth."

"The truth about what?"

"Pardee's guilt."

Markham said no more, and we ate our dinner in silence.

At half past eight we rang the bell of the Dillard house, and were taken by Pyne direct to the library.

The old Professor greeted us with nervous reserve.

"It's good of you to come, Markham," he said, without rising. "Take a chair and light a cigar. I want to talk to you—and I want to take my time about it. It's very difficult. . . ." His voice trailed off as he began filling his pipe.

We settled ourselves and waited. A sense of expectancy invaded me for no apparent reason, except perhaps that I caught some of the radiation of the Professor's obviously distraught mood.

"I don't know just how to broach the subject," he began, "for it has to do, not with physical facts, but with the invisible human consciousness. I've struggled all week with certain vague ideas that have been forcing themselves upon me; and I see no way to rid myself of them but by talking with you. . . ."

He looked up hesitantly.

"I preferred to discuss these ideas with you when Sigurd was not present, and as he has gone tonight to see Ibsen's 'Pretenders'—his favorite play, by the way—I took the opportunity to ask you here."

"What do these ideas concern?" asked Markham.

"Nothing specifically. As I have said, they're very vague; but they have never-

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theless grown fairly insistent. . . . So insistent, in fact," he added, "that I thought it best to send Belle away for a while. It's true that she was in a tortured state of mind as a result of all these tragedies; but my real reason for shipping her north was that I was beset by intangible doubts."

"Doubts?" Markham leaned forward. "What sort of doubts?"

Professor Dillard did not reply at once.

"Let me answer that question by asking another," he countered presently. "Are you wholly satisfied in your mind that the situation in regard to Pardee is exactly as it appears?"

"You mean the authenticity of his suicide?"

"That and his presumptive culpability."

Markham settled back contemplatively.

"Are *you* not wholly satisfied?" he asked.

"I can't answer that question." Professor Dillard spoke almost curtly. "You have no right to ask me. I merely wanted to be sure that the authorities, having all the data in their hands, were convinced that this terrible affair was a closed book." A look of deep concern came over his face. "If I knew that to be a fact, it would help me to repulse the vague misgivings that have haunted me day and night for the past week."

"And if I were to say that I am not satisfied?"

THE old Professor's eyes took on a distant, distressed look. His head fell slightly forward, as if some burden of sorrow had suddenly weighted him down. After several moments he lifted his shoulders and drew a deep breath.

"The most difficult thing in this world," he said, "is to know where one's duty lies; for duty is a mechanism of the mind, and the heart is forever stepping in and playing havoc with one's resolutions. Perhaps I did wrong to ask you here; for, after all, I have only misty suspicions and nebulous ideas to go on. But there was the possibility that my mental uneasiness was based on some deep, hidden foundation of whose existence I was unaware. . . . Do you see what I mean?" Evasive as were his words, there was no doubt as to the disturbing mien of the shadowy image that lurked at the back of his mind.

Markham nodded sympathetically.

"There is no reason whatever to question the findings of the Medical Examiner." He made the statement in a forced, matter-of-fact voice. "I can understand how the proximity of these tragedies might have created an atmosphere conducive to doubts. But I think you need have no further misgivings."

"I sincerely hope you're right," the professor murmured; but it was clear he was not satisfied. "Suppose, Markham—" he began, and then stopped. "Yes, I hope you're right," he repeated.

Vance had sat through this unsatisfactory discussion smoking placidly; but he had been listening with unwonted concentration, and now he spoke:

"Tell me, Professor Dillard, if there has been anything—no matter how indefinite—that may have given birth to your uncertainty."

"No—nothing." The answer came

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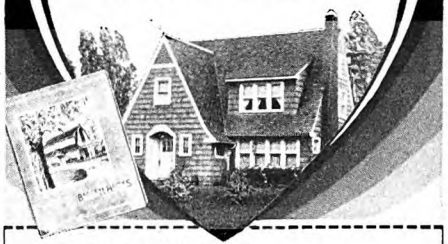

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quickly and with a show of spirit. "I have merely been wondering—testing every possibility. I dared not be too sanguine without some assurance. Pure logic is all very well for principles that do not touch us personally. But where one's own safety is concerned the imperfect human mind demands visual evidence."

"Ah, yes." Vance looked up, and I thought I detected a flash of understanding between these two disparate men.

Markham rose to make his adieu; but Professor Dillard urged him to remain a while.

"Sigurd will be here before long. He'd enjoy seeing you again. As I said, he's at 'The Pretenders,' but I'm sure he will come straight home. . . . By the way, Mr. Vance," he went on, turning from Markham, "Sigurd tells me you accompanied him to 'Ghosts' last week. Do you share his enthusiasm for Ibsen?"

A slight lift of Vance's eyebrows told me that he was somewhat puzzled by this question; but when he answered there was no hint of perplexity in his voice.

"I have read Ibsen a great deal; and there can be little doubt that he was a creative genius of a high order, although I've failed to find in him either the esthetic form or the philosophic depth that characterizes Goethe's 'Faust,' for instance."

"I can see that you and Sigurd would have a permanent basis of disagreement."

Markham declined the invitation to stay longer, and a few minutes later we were walking down West End Avenue in the brisk April air.

"You will please take note, Markham, old dear," observed Vance, with a touch of waggishness, as we turned into Seventy-second Street and headed for the park, "that there are others than your modest collaborator who are hag-ridden with doubts as to the volition of Pardee's taking-off. And I might add that the Professor is not in the least satisfied with your assurances."

"His suspicious state of mind is quite understandable," submitted Markham. "These murders have touched his house pretty closely."

"THAT'S not the explanation. The old gentleman has fears. And he knows something which he will not tell us. It was as if he were trying to convey some suggestion to us without actually putting it into words. We were supposed to guess. Yes! That was why he insisted that you visit him when Arnesson was safely away at an Ibsen revival—"

Vance ceased speaking abruptly and stood stock-still. A startled look came in his eyes.

"Oh, my aunt! Oh, my precious aunt! So that was why he asked me about Ibsen! . . . My word! How unutterably dull I've been!" He stared at Markham, and the muscles of his jaw tightened. "The truth at last!" he said, with impressive softness. "And it is neither you nor the police nor I who has solved this case: it is a Norwegian dramatist who has been dead for twenty years. In Ibsen is the key to the mystery."

Markham regarded him as though he had suddenly gone out of his mind; but before he could speak Vance hailed a taxicab.

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"I'll show you what I mean when we reach home," he said, as we rode east through Central Park. "It's unbelievable, but it's true. And I should have guessed it long ago; but the connotation of the signature on those notes was too clouded with other possible meanings. . . ."

"If it were midsummer instead of spring," commented Markham wrathfully, "I'd suggest that the heat had affected you."

"I KNEW from the first there were three possible guilty persons," continued Vance. "Each was psychologically capable of the murders, provided the impact of his emotions had upset his mental equilibrium. So there was nothing to do but to wait for some indication that would focus suspicion. Drukker was one of my three suspects, but he was murdered; and that left two. Then Pardee to all appearances committed suicide, and I'll admit that his death made reasonable the assumption that he had been the guilty one. But there was an eroding doubt in my mind. His death was not conclusive; and that house of cards troubled me. We were stalemated. So again I waited, and watched my third possibility. Now I know that Pardee was innocent, and that he did not shoot himself. He was murdered—just as were Robin and Sprigg and Drukker. His death was another grim joke—he was a victim thrown to the police in the spirit of diabolical jest. And the murderer has been chuckling at our gullibility ever since."

"By what reasoning do you arrive at so fantastic a conclusion?"

"It's no longer a question of reasoning. At last I have the explanation for the crimes; and I know the meaning of the 'Bishop' signature to the notes. I'll show you a piece of amazing and incontrovertible evidence very soon."

A few minutes later we reached his apartment, and he led us straight to the library.

"The evidence has been here within arm's reach all the time."

He went to the shelves where he kept his dramas, and took down Volume II of the collected words of Henrik Ibsen.* Turning to "The Pretenders," he found the page where the *dramatis personæ* were given, and laid the book on the table before Markham.

"Read the cast of characters of Arnesson's favorite play," he directed.

Markham, silent and puzzled, drew the volume toward him; and I looked over his shoulder. This is what we saw:

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INGA OF VARTEIG, *his mother*
EARL SKULE
LADY RAGNHILD, *his wife*
SIGRID, *his sister*
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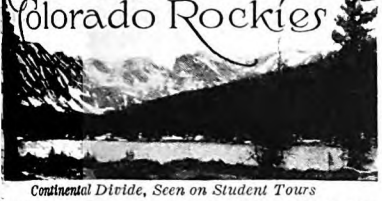

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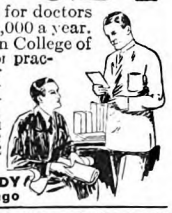

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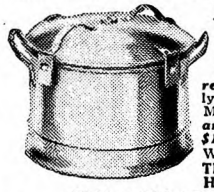

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The Waterless Cooker

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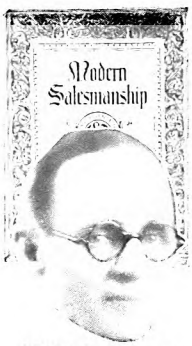

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But I doubt if either of us read beyond the line:

NICHOLAS ARNESSON, *Bishop of Oslo*

My eyes became riveted on that name with a set and horrified fascination. And then I remembered. . . . *Bishop Arnesson* was one of the most diabolical villains in all literature—a cynical, sneering monster who twisted all the sane values of life into hideous buffooneries.

XXIV

THE LAST ACT

(*Tuesday, April 26th; 9 a. m.*)

WITH this astounding revelation the Bishop murder case entered its final and most terrible phase. Heath had been informed of Vance's discovery; and it was arranged that we should meet in the District Attorney's office early the following day for a counsel of war.

Markham, when he took leave of us that night, was more troubled and despondent than I had ever seen him.

"I don't know what can be done," he said hopelessly. "There's no legal evidence against the man. But we may be able to devise some course of action that will give us the upper hand. . . . I never believed in torture, but I almost wish we had access today to the thumbscrew and the rack."

Vance and I arrived at his office a few minutes after nine the next morning. Swacker intercepted us and asked us to wait in the reception-room for a little while. Markham, he explained, was engaged for the moment. We had no more than seated ourselves when Heath appeared, grim, pugnacious, and sullen.

"I gotta hand it to you, Mr. Vance," he proclaimed. "You sure got a line on the situation. But what good it's going to do us I don't see. We can't arrest a guy because his name's in a book."

"We may be able to force the issue some way," Vance rejoined. "In any event, we now know where we stand."

Ten minutes later Swacker beckoned to us and indicated that Markham was free.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Markham apologized. "I had an unexpected visitor." His voice had a despairing ring. "More trouble. And, curiously enough, it's connected with the very section of Riverside Park where Drukker was killed. However, there's nothing I can do about it. . . ." He drew some papers before him. "Now to business."

"What's the new trouble in Riverside Park?" asked Vance casually.

Markham frowned.

"Nothing that need bother us now. A kidnaping, in all likelihood. There's a brief account of it in the morning papers. A child disappeared from the playground yesterday after talking with an unknown man. Her father came here to solicit my help. But it's a job for the Bureau of Missing Persons; and I told him so. —Now, if your curiosity is appeased—"

"Oh, but it isn't," persisted Vance. "I simply must hear the details. That section of the park fascinates me strangely."

Markham shot him a questioning glance through lowered lids.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "A five-year-old girl, named Madeleine Moffat, was playing with a group of children at about half past five last evening. She crawled up on a high mound near the retaining wall, and a little later, when her governess went to get her, thinking she had descended the other side, the child was nowhere to be found. The only suggestive fact is that two of the other children say they saw a man talking to her shortly before she disappeared; but, of course, they can give no description of him. The police were notified, and are investigating. And that's all there is to the case so far."

"'Madeleine.'" Vance repeated the name, musingly. "I say, Markham; do you know if this child knew Drukker?"

"Yes!" Markham sat up a little straighter. "Her father mentioned that she often went to parties at his house. . . ."

"I've seen the child." Vance rose and stood, hands in pockets, gazing down at the floor. "An adorable little creature . . . golden curls. She brought a handful of flowers for Drukker the morning of his funeral. . . . And now she has disappeared after having been seen talking with a strange man. . . ."

"What's going on in your mind?" demanded Markham sharply.

Vance appeared not to have heard the question.

"Why should her father appeal to you?"

"I've known Moffat slightly for years—he was at one time connected with the city administration. He's frantic—grasping at every straw. The proximity of the affair to the Bishop murders has made him morbidly apprehensive. . . . But see here, Vance; we didn't come here to discuss the Moffat child's disappearance. . . ."

VANCE lifted his head: there was a look of startled horror on his face.

"Don't speak—oh, don't speak. . . ." He began pacing up and down, while Markham and Heath watched him in mute amazement. "Yes—yes; that would be it," he murmured to himself. "The time is right . . . it all fits. . . ."

He swung about and, going to Markham, seized his arm.

"Come—quickly! It's our only chance—we can't wait another minute." He fairly dragged Markham to his feet and led him toward the door. "I've been feeling something like this all week—"

Markham wrenched his arm free from the other's grip.

"I won't move from this office, Vance, until you explain."

"It's another act in the play—the last act! Oh, take my word for it." There was a look in Vance's eyes I had never seen before. "It's 'Little Miss Muffet' now. The name isn't identical, but that does not matter. It's near enough for the Bishop jest; he'll explain it all to the press. I probably beckoned the child to the tuffet and sat down beside her. And now she's gone—frightened away. . . ."

Markham moved forward in a sort

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aze; and Heath, his eyes bulging, leaped o the door. I have often wondered what ent on in their minds during those few conds of Vance's importunate urgings. id they believe in his interpretation of e episode? Or were they merely afraid ot to investigate, in view of the remote ssibility that another hideous joke had en perpetrated by the Bishop? Whatver their convictions or doubts, they acpted the situation as Vance saw it; and moment later we were in the hall, hasning toward the elevator. At Vance's ggestion we picked up Detective Tracy om the branch office of the Detective ureau in the Criminall Courts Building. "This affair is serious," he explained. Anything may happen."

WE EMERGED through the Franklin Street entrance, and in a few mines were on our way uptown in the Dict Attorney's car, breaking speed regutions and ignoring traffic signals. arcely a word was spoken on that mentous ride; but as we swung through e tortuous roads of Central Park, Vance id:

"I may be wrong, but we shall have to k it. If we wait to see whether the pars get a note, it'll be too late. We're not pposed to know yet; and that's our one ance. . . ."

"What do you expect to find?" Markm's tone was husky and a little uncern.

Vance shook his head despondently.

"Oh, I don't know. But it'll be someng devilish."

When the car drew up with a lurch in nt of the Dillard house Vance leaped out l ran up the steps ahead of us. Pyne wered his insistent ring.

"Where's Mr. Arnesson?" he dended.

"At the university, sir," the old butler lied; and I imagined there was fright his eyes. "But he'll be home for an y lunch."

"Then take us at once to Professor Dil-"

"I'm sorry, sir," Pyne told him, "but Professor is also out. He went to the ic Library—"

"Are you alone here?"

"Yes, sir. Beedle's gone to market."

"So much the better." Vance took hold he butler and turned him toward the stairs. "We're going to search the e, Pyne. You lead the way."

arkham came forward.

"But, Vance, we can't do that!"

nce wheeled round.

"I'm not interested in what you can do an't do. *I'm* going to search this e. . . Sergeant, are you with me?"

e was a strange look on his face.

"You bet your sweet life!" (I never Heath as much as at that moment.)

e search was begun in the basement. y hallway, every closet, every cupl and waste space was inspected. completely cowed by Heath's vineness, acted as guide. He brought and opened doors for us, and even sted places we might otherwise have ooked. The Sergeant had thrown lf into the hunt with energy, though sure he had only a vague idea as to ject. Markham followed us disapngly; but he, too, had been caught in veep of Vance's dynamic purposeful-

"I light a Lucky and go light on the sweets

That's how I keep in good shape and always feel peppy."

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Famous comedian and star of song.

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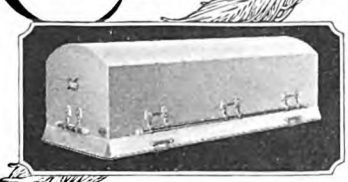

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ness; and he must have realized that Vance had some tremendous justification for his rash conduct.

Gradually we worked our way upward through the house. The library and Arnesson's room were gone over carefully. Belle Dillard's apartment was scrutinized, and close attention was given to the unused rooms on the third floor. Even the servants' quarters on the fourth floor were overhauled. But nothing suspicious was discovered. Though Vance suppressed his eagerness, I could tell what a nervous strain he was under by the tireless haste with which he pushed the search.

Eventually we came to a locked door at the rear of the upper hall.

"Where does that lead?" Vance asked Pyne.

"To a little attic room, sir. But it's never used—"

"Unlock it."

The man fumbled for several moments with his bunch of keys. "I don't seem to find the key, sir. It's supposed to be here. . . ."

"When did you have it last?"

"I couldn't say, sir. To my knowledge, no one's been in the attic for years."

Vance stepped back and crouched.

"Stand aside, Pyne."

When the butler had moved out of the way Vance hurled himself against the door with terrific force. There was a creaking and straining of wood; but the lock held.

Markham rushed forward and caught him round the shoulders.

"Are you mad!" he exclaimed. "You're breaking the law."

"The law!" There was scathing irony in Vance's retort. "We're dealing with a monster who sneers at all law. You may coddle him if you care to, but I'm going to search that attic if it means spending the rest of my life in jail.—Sergeant, open that door!"

Again I experienced a thrill of liking for Heath. Without a moment's hesitation he poised himself on his toes and sent his shoulders crashing against the door's panel just above the knob. There was a splintering of wood as the lock's bolt tore through the molding. The door swung inward.

Vance, freeing himself from Markham's hold, ran stumbling up the steps with the rest of us at his heels. There was no light in the attic, and we paused for a moment at the head of the stairs to accustom our eyes to the darkness. Then Vance struck a match and, groping forward, sent up the window shade with a clatter. The sunlight poured in, revealing a small room, scarcely ten feet square, cluttered with all manner of discarded odds and ends. A thick coating of dust lay over everything.

VANCE looked quickly about him, and an expression of disappointment came over his face.

"This is the only place left," he remarked, with the calmness of desperation.

After a more careful scrutiny of the room, he stepped to the corner by the little window and peered down at a battered suitcase which lay on its side against the wall. I noticed that it was unlatched and that its straps hung free. Leaning over, he threw the cover back.

"Ah! Here, at least, is something for you, Markham."

We crowded about him. In the suitcase was an old Corona typewriter. A sheet of paper was in the carriage; and on it had already been typed, in pale-blue élite characters, the two lines:

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet

At this point the typist had evidently been interrupted, or for some other reason had not completed the Mother-Goose rhyme.

"The new Bishop note for the press," observed Vance. Then, reaching into the suitcase he lifted out a pile of blank paper and envelopes. At the bottom, beside the machine, lay a red leather note-book with thin, yellow leaves. He handed it to Markham, with the terse announcement:

"Drukker's calculations on the quantum theory."

BUT there was still a look of defeat in his eyes; and again he began inspecting the room. Presently he went to an old dressing-table which stood against the wall opposite to the window. As he bent over to peer behind it he suddenly drew back and, lifting his head, sniffed several times. At the same moment he caught sight of something on the floor at his feet, and kicked it toward the center of the room. We looked down at it with astonishment. It was a gas mask of the kind used by chemists.

"Stand back, you chaps!" he ordered; and holding one hand to his nose and mouth he swung the dressing-table away from the wall. Directly behind it was a small cupboard door about three feet high, set into the wall. He wrenched it open and looked inside, then slammed it shut immediately.

Brief as was my view of the interior of the cupboard, I was able to glimpse its contents clearly. It was fitted with two shelves. On the lower one were several books lying open. On the upper shelf stood an Erlenmeyer flask clamped to an iron support, a spirit-lamp, a condenser tube, a glass beaker, and two small bottles.

Vance turned and gave us a despairing look.

"We may as well go: there's nothing more here."

We returned to the drawing-room, leaving Tracy to guard the door to the attic.

"Perhaps, after all, you were justified in your search," acknowledged Markham, studying Vance gravely. "I don't like such methods, however. If we had found the typewriter—"

"Oh, that!" Vance, preoccupied and restless, went to the window overlooking the archery range. "I wasn't hunting for the typewriter—or the note-book, either. What do they matter?" His chin fell forward on his breast, and his eyes closed in a kind of lethargy of defeat. "Everything's gone wrong—my logic has failed. We're too late."

"I don't pretend to know what you're grumbling about," said Markham. "But at least you've supplied me evidence of a sort. I'll now be able to arrest Arnesson when he returns from the university."

"Yes, yes; of course. But I was thinking of Arnesson, or the arrest of the culprit, or the triumph of the District Attorney's office. I was hoping—"

He broke off and stiffened.

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"We're *not* too late! I didn't think far enough. . . ." He went swiftly to the archway. "It's the Drukker house we must search. . . . Hurry!" He was already half-running down the hall, Heath behind him, and Markham and I bringing up the rear.

We followed him down the rear stairs, across the archery-room, and out on the range. We did not know what was in his mind; but some of his inner excitation had been communicated to us, and we realized that only a vital urgency could have shaken him so completely out of his usual attitude of disinterest and calm.

When we came to the screen-porch of the Drukker house he reached through the broken wire netting and released the latch. The kitchen door, to my astonishment, was unlocked; but Vance seemed to expect this, for he unhesitatingly turned the knob and threw it open.

"Wait!" he directed, pausing in the little rear hallway. "There's no need to search the entire house. The most likely place. . . . Yes! Come along . . . upstairs . . . somewhere in the center of the house . . . a closet most likely . . . where no one could hear. . . ." As he spoke, he led the way up the rear stairs, past Mrs. Drukker's room and the study, and thence to the third floor. There were but two doors on this upper hall—one at the extreme end, and a smaller door set midway in the right wall.

VANCE went straight to the latter. There was a key protruding from the lock, and, turning it, he drew open the door. Only a shadowy blackness met our eyes. Vance was on his knees in a second, groping inside.

"Quick, Sergeant. Your flashlight." Almost before he had uttered the words, a luminous circle fell on the floor of the closet. What I saw sent a chill of horror over me. A choked exclamation burst from Markham; and a soft whistle told me that Heath too was appalled by the sight. Before us on the floor, in a limp, pathetic heap, lay the little girl who had bought flowers to her broken Humpty Dumpty on the morning of his funeral. Her golden hair was disheveled; her face was deathly pale, and there were streaks down her cheeks where the futile tears had welled forth and dried.

Vance bent over and put his ear to her heart. Then he gathered her tenderly in his arms.

"Poor Little Miss Muffet," he whispered, and, rising, went toward the front stairs. In the main lower hall he paused. "Unbolt the door, Sergeant."

Heath obeyed with alacrity, and Vance stepped out on the sidewalk.

"Go to the Dillards' and wait for me there," he flung back over his shoulder. And with the child clasped closely to his breast he started diagonally across Seventy-sixth Street to a house on which I could make out a doctor's name plate.

XXV

THE CURTAIN FALLS

(Tuesday, April 26; 11 a. m.)

TWENTY minutes later Vance rejoined us in the Dillard drawing-room.

"She's going to be all right," he announced, sinking into a chair and light-

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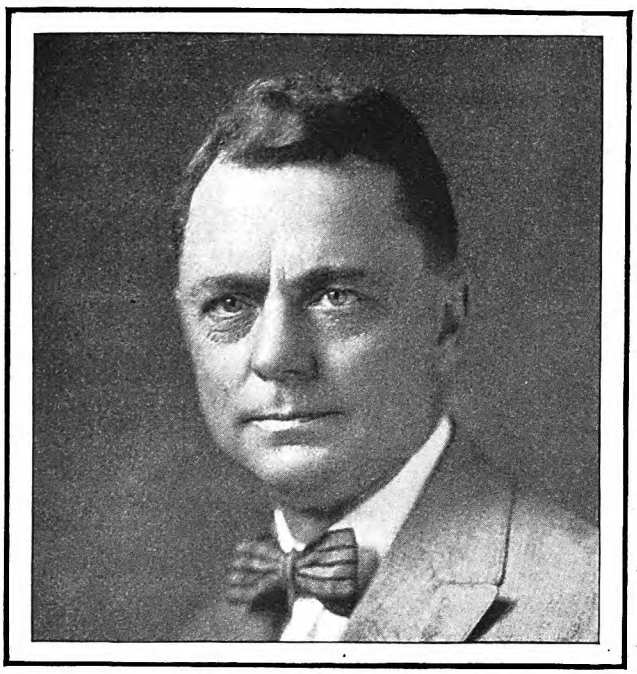

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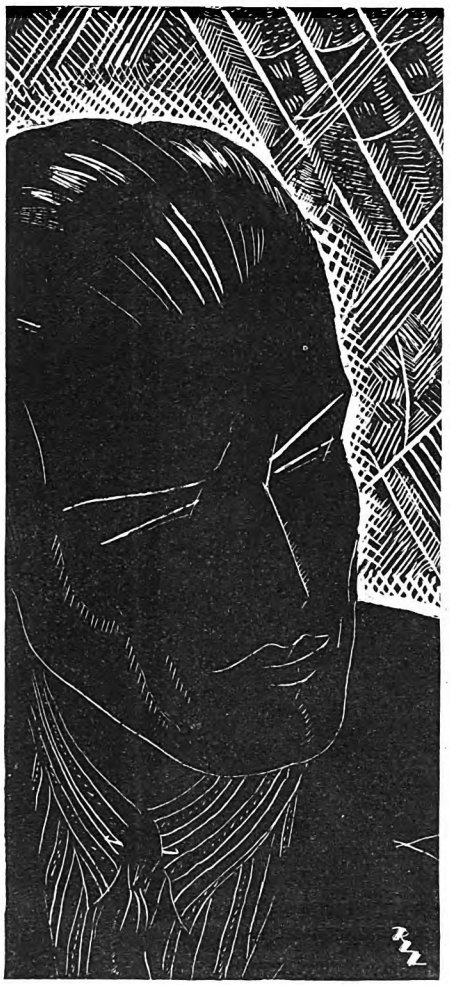

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ing a cigarette. "She was only unconscious, had fainted from shock and fright; and she was half suffocated." His face darkened. "There were bruises on her little wrist. She probably struggled in that empty house when she failed to find Humpty Dumpty; and then the beast forced her into the closet and locked the door. No time to kill her, d' ye see. Furthermore, killing wasn't in the book. 'Little Miss Muffet' wasn't killed; merely frightened away. She'd have died, though, from lack of air. And *he* was safe: no one could hear her crying. . . ."

Markham's eyes rested on Vance affectionately.

"I'm sorry I tried to hold you back," he said simply. (For all his conventionally legal instincts, there was a fundamental bigness to his nature.) "You were right in forcing the issue, Vance. . . . And you too, Sergeant. We owe a great deal to your determination and faith."

Heath was embarrassed.

"Oh, that's all right, sir. You see, Mr. Vance had me all worked up about the kid. And I like kids, sir."

Markham turned an inquisitive look on Vance.

"You expected to find the child alive?"

"Yes; but drugged or stunned perhaps. I didn't think of her as dead, for that would have contravened the Bishop's joke."

Heath had been pondering some troublous point.

"What I can't get through my head," he said, "is why this Bishop, who's been so darn careful about everything else, should leave the door of the Drukker house unlocked."

"We were expected to find the child," Vance told him. "Everything was made easy for us. Very considerate of the Bishop, what? But, we weren't supposed to find her till tomorrow—after the papers had received the Little-Miss-Muffet notes. They were to have been our clue. But we anticipated the gentleman."

"But why weren't the notes sent yesterday?"

"It was no doubt the Bishop's original intention to post his poetry last night; but I imagined he decided it was best for his purpose to let the child's disappearance attract public attention first. Otherwise, the relationship between Madeleine Moffat and Little Miss Muffet might have been obscured."

"Yeh!" snarled Heath through his teeth. "And by tomorrow the kid woulda been dead. No chance then of her identifying him."

Markham looked at his watch and rose with determination.

"THERE'S no point in waiting for Arnesson's return. The sooner we arrest him the better." He was about to give Heath an order, when Vance intervened.

"Don't force the issue, Markham. You haven't any real evidence against the man. It's too delicate a situation for aggression. We must go carefully, or we'll fail."

"I realize that the finding of the typewriter and the note-book is not conclusive," concurred Markham. "But the identification by the child—"

"Oh, my dear fellow! What weight would a jury attach to a frightened five-year-old girl's identification without powerful contribut'ry evidence! A clever lawyer could nullify it in five minutes. And even assuming you could make the identification hold, what would it boot you? It wouldn't connect Arnesson in any way with the Bishop murders. You could only prosecute him for attempted kidnaping—the child's unharmed, remember. And if you should, through a legal miracle, get a doubtful conviction, Arnesson would receive at most a few years in the bastille. That wouldn't end this horror. . . . No, no. You mustn't be precipitate."

Reluctantly Markham resumed his seat. He saw the force of Vance's argument.

"But we can't let this thing go on," he declared ferociously. "We must stop this maniac some way."

"Some way—yes." Vance began pacing the room restlessly. "We may be able to wangle the truth out of him by subterfuge: he doesn't know yet that we've found the child. . . . It's possible Professor Dillard could assist us—" He halted and stood looking down at the floor. "Yes! That's our one chance. We must confront Arnesson with what we know when the Professor is present. The situation is sure to force an issue of some kind. The Professor now will do all in his power to help convict Arnesson."

"You believe he knows more than he has told us?"

"Undoubtedly. I've told you so from the first. And when he hears of the Little-Miss-Muffet episode, it's not unlikely he'll supply us with the evidence we need."

"It's a long chance." Markham was pessimistic. "But it can do no harm to try. In any event, I shall arrest Arnesson before I leave here, and hope for the best."

A FEW moments later the front door opened and Professor Dillard appeared in the hall opposite the archway. He scarcely acknowledged Markham's greeting—was scanning our faces, as if trying to read the meaning of our unexpected visit. Finally he put a question:

"You have, perhaps, thought over what I said last night?"

"Not only have we thought it over," said Markham, "but Mr. Vance has found the thing that was disturbing you. As we left here he showed me a copy of 'The Pretenders.'"

"Ah!" The exclamation was like a sigh of relief. "For days that play has been in my mind, poisoning every thought. . . ." He looked up fearfully. "What does it mean?"

Vance answered the question.

"It means, sir, that you've led us to the truth. We're waiting now for Mr. Arnesson.—And I think it would be well if we had a talk with you in the meantime. You may be able to help us."

The old man hesitated.

"I had hoped not to be made an instrument in the boy's conviction." His voice held a tragic paternal note. But presently his features hardened; a vindictive light shone in his eyes; and his hand tightened over the knob of his stick. "How can I can't consider my own feelings. Come; I will do what I can."

On reaching the library he paused at the sideboard and poured himself a glass of port. When he had drunk it he turned

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to Markham with a look of apology.

"Forgive me. I'm not quite myself." He drew forward the little chess table and placed glasses on it for all of us. "Please overlook my discourtesy." He filled the glasses and sat down.

We drew up chairs. There was none of us, I think, who did not feel the need of a glass of wine after the harrowing events we had just passed through.

When we had settled ourselves the Professor lifted heavy eyes to Vance, who had taken a seat opposite him.

"Tell me everything," he said. "Don't try to spare me."

Vance drew out his cigarette-case.

"First, let me ask you a question. Where was Mr. Arnesson between five and six yesterday afternoon?"

"I—don't know." There was reluctance in the words. "He had tea here in the library; but he went out about half past four, and I didn't see him again until dinner time."

VANCE regarded the other sympathetically for a moment, then he said:

"We've found the typewriter on which the Bishop notes were printed. It was in an old suitcase hidden in the attic of this house."

The Professor showed no sign of being startled.

"You were able to identify it?"

"Beyond any doubt. Yesterday, a little girl named Madeleine Moffat disappeared from the playground in the park. There was a sheet of paper in the machine, and on it had already been typed: 'Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.'"

Professor Dillard's head sank forward on his chest.

"Another insane atrocity! If only I hadn't waited till last night to warn you—!"

"No great harm has been done," Vance hastened to inform him. "We found the child in time: she's out of danger by now."

"Ah!"

"She had been locked in the hall closet on the top floor of the Drukker house. We had thought she was here somewhere—which is how we came to search your attic."

There was a silence; then the Professor asked:

"What more have you to tell me?"

"Drukker's note-book containing his recent quantum researches was stolen from his room the night of his death. We found his note-book in the attic with the typewriter."

"He stooped even to that!" It was not a question, but an exclamation of incredibility. "Are you sure of your conclusions? Perhaps if I had made no suggestion last night—had not sowed the seed of suspicion. . . ."

"There can be no doubt," declared Vance softly. "Mr. Markham intends to arrest Mr. Arnesson when he returns from the university. But to be frank with you, sir: we have practically no legal evidence, and it is a question in Mr. Markham's mind whether or not the law can actually hold him. The most that we can hope for is a conviction for attempted escaping through the child's identification."

"Ah, yes . . . the child would know." Bitterness crept into the old man's eyes.

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"Still, there should be some means of obtaining justice for the other crimes."

Vance sat smoking pensively, his eyes on the wall beyond. At last he spoke with quiet gravity:

"If Mr. Arnesson were convinced that our case against him was a strong one, he might choose suicide as a way out. That perhaps would be the most humane solution for everyone."

Markham was about to make an indignant protest, but Vance anticipated him.

"Suicide is not an indefensible act *per se*. The Bible, for instance, contains many accounts of heroic suicide. What finer example of courage than Rhazis', when he threw himself from the tower to escape the yoke of Demetrius?* There was gallantry, too, in the death of Saul's sword bearer, and in the self-hanging of Ahithophel. And surely the suicides of Samson and Judas Iscariot had virtue. History is filled with notable suicides—Brutus and Cato of Utica, Hannibal, Lucretia, Cleopatra, Seneca. . . . Nero killed himself lest he fall into the hands of Otho and the Pretorian Guards. In Greece we have the famous self-destruction of Demosthenes; and Empedocles threw himself in the crater of Etna. Aristotle was the first great thinker to advance the dictum that suicide is an anti-social act, but, according to tradition, he himself took poison after the death of Alexander. And in modern times let us not forget the sublime gesture of Baron Nogi. . . ."

"All that is no justification of the act," Markham retorted. "The law—"

"Ah, yes—the law. In Chinese law every criminal condemned to death has the option of suicide. The Codex adopted by the French National Assembly at the end of the eighteenth century abolished all punishments for suicide; and in the Sachsenspiegel—the principal foundation of Teuton law—it is plainly stated that suicide is not a punishable act. Moreover, among the Donatists, Circumcellions, and Patricians suicide was considered pleasing to the gods. And even in More's Utopia there was a synod to pass on the right of the individual to take his own life. . . . Law, Markham, is for the protection of society. What of a suicide that makes possible that protection? Are we to invoke a legal technicality, when, by so doing, we actually lay society open to continued danger? Is there no law higher than those on the statute books?"

MARKHAM was sorely troubled. He rose and walked the length of the room and back, his face dark with anxiety. When he sat down again, he looked at Vance a long while, his fingers drumming with nervous indecision on the table.

"The innocent of course must be considered," he said in a voice of discouragement. "As morally wrong as suicide is, I can see your point that at times it may be theoretically justified." (Knowing Markham as I did, I realized what this concession had cost him; and I realized, too, for the first time, how utterly hopeless he felt in the face of the scourge of horror which it was his duty to wipe out.)

The old Professor nodded understandingly.

*I admit that the name of Rhazis was unfamiliar to me; and when I looked it up later I found that the episode to which Vance referred does not appear in the Anglican Bible, but in the second book of Maccabees in the Apocrypha.

"Yes, there are some secrets so hideous that it is well for the world not to know them. A higher justice may often be achieved without the law taking its toll."

As he spoke the door opened, and Arnesson stepped into the room.

"Well, well! Another conference, eh?" He gave us a quizzical leer, and threw himself into a chair beside the Professor. "I thought the case had been adjudicated, so to speak. Didn't Pardee's suicide put *finis* to the affair?"

Vance looked straight into the man's eyes.

"We've found Little Miss Muffet, Mr. Arnesson."

The other's eyebrows went up with sardonic amusement.

"Sounds like a charade. What am I supposed to answer: 'How's Little Jack Horner's thumb?' Or, should I inquire into the health of Jack Sprat?"

Vance did not relax his steady gaze.

"We found her in the Drukker house, locked in a closet," he amplified, in a low even tone.

Arnesson became serious, and an involuntary frown gathered on his forehead. But this slackening of pose was only transient. Slowly his mouth twisted into a smirk.

"You policemen are so efficient. Fancy finding Little Miss Muffet so soon. Remarkable." He wagged his head in mock admiration. "However, sooner or later it was to be expected.—And what, may I ask, is to be the next move?"

"We also found the typewriter," pursued Vance, ignoring the question. "And Drukker's stolen note-book."

ARNESSON was at once on his guard. "Did you really?" He gave Vance a canny look. "Where were these tell-tale objects?"

"Upstairs—in the attic."

"Aha! Housebreaking?"

"Something like that."

"Withal," Arnesson scoffed, "I can see that you have a cast-iron case against anyone. A typewriter is not like a suit of clothes that fits only one person. Who can say how Drukker's note-book found its way into our attic?—You can do better than that, Mr. Vance."

"There is, of course, the factor of opportunity. The Bishop is a person who could have been on hand at the time of each murder."

"That is the flimsiest of contributory evidence," the man countered. "It would not help much toward a conviction."

"We might be able to show why the murderer chose the sobriquet of Bishop."

"Ah! That unquestionably would help." A cloud settled on Arnesson's face, and his eyes became reminiscent. "I thought of that, too."

"Oh, had you, now?" Vance watched him closely. "And there's another piece of evidence I haven't mentioned. Little Miss Muffet will be able to identify the man who led her to the Drukker house and forced her into the closet."

"So! The patient has recovered?"

"Oh, quite. Doing nicely, in fact. We found her, d' ye see, twenty-four hours before the Bishop intended us to."

Arnesson was silent. He was staring down at his hands, which, though folded, were working nervously. Finally he s

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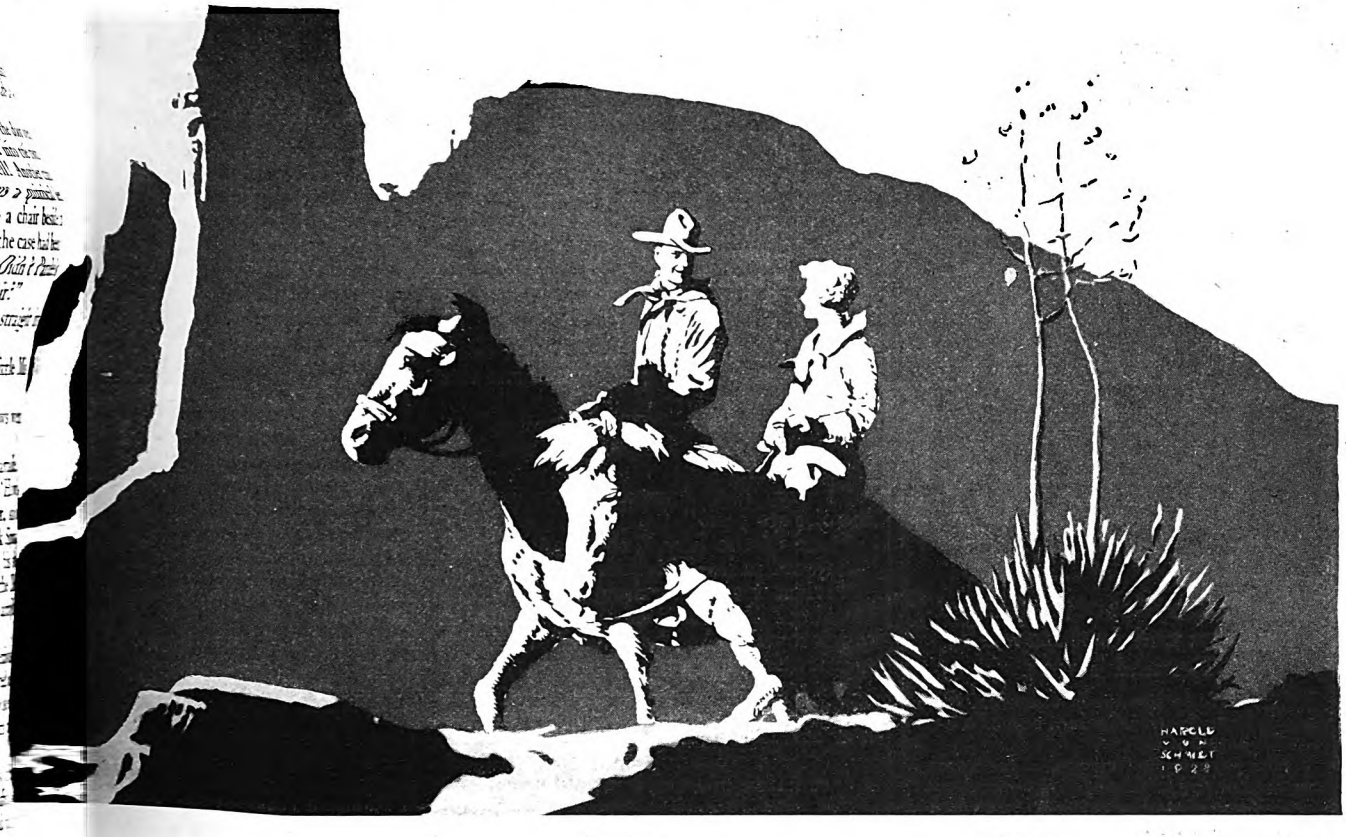

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"And if, in spite of everything, you were wrong. . . ."

"I assure you, Mr. Arnesson," said Vance quietly, "that I *know* who is guilty."

"You positively frighten me!" The man had got a grip on himself, and he retorted with biting irony: "If, by any chance, I myself were the Bishop, I'd be inclined to admit defeat. . . . Still, it's quite obvious that it was the Bishop who took the chessman to Mrs. Drukker at midnight; and I didn't return home with Belle until half past twelve that night."

"So you informed her. As I recall, you looked at your watch and told her what time it was.—Come, now; what time was it?"

"That's correct—half past twelve."

Vance sighed and tapped the ash from his cigarette.

"I say, Mr. Arnesson; how good a chemist are you?"

"One of the best," the man grinned. "Majored in it.—What then?"

"When I was searching the attic this morning I discovered a little wall closet in which someone had been distilling hydrocyanic acid from potassium ferrocyanide. There was a chemist's gas mask on hand, and all the paraphernalia. Bitter-almond odor still lurking in the vicinity."

"Quite a treasure-trove, our attic. A sort of haunt of Loki, it would seem."

"It was just that," returned Vance gravely, "—the den of an evil spirit."

"Or else the laboratory of a modern Doctor Faustus. . . . But why the cyanide, do you think?"

"Precaution, I'd say. In case of trouble, the Bishop could step out of the picture painlessly. Everything in readiness, don't y' know."

Arnesson nodded.

"Quite a correct attitude on his part. Really decent of him, in fact. No use putting people to unnecessary bother if you're cornered. Yes, very correct."

Professor Dillard had sat during this sinister dialogue with one hand pressed to his eyes, as though in pain. Now he turned sorrowfully to the man he had fathered for so many years.

"Many great men, Sigurd, have justified suicide—" he began; but Arnesson cut him short with a cynical laugh.

"FAUGH! Suicide needs no justification. Nietzsche laid the bugaboo of voluntary death. '*Auf eine stolze Art sterben, wenn es nicht mehr möglich ist, auf eine stolze Art zu leben. Der Tod unter den verächtlichsten Bedingungen, ein unfreier Tod, ein Tod zur unrechten Zeit ist ein Feiglings-Tod. Wir haben es nicht in der Hand, zu verhindern, geboren zu werden: aber wir können diesen Fehler—denn bisweilen ist es ein Fehler—wieder gut machen. Wenn man sich abschafft, tut man die achtungswürdigste Sache, die es giebt: man verdient beinahe damit, zu leben.*'*—Memorized that passage from 'Götzen-Dämmerung' in my youth. Never forgot it. A sound doctrine."

"Nietzsche had many famous predecessors who also upheld suicide," supplemented Vance. "Zeno the Stoic left passionate dithyramb defending vo tary death. And Tacitus, Epictetus, cus Aurelius, Cato, Kant, Fichte, Did Voltaire, and Rousseau, all wrote logias for suicide. Schopenhauer tested bitterly against the fact that cide was regarded as a crime in Eng . . . And yet, I wonder if the sui can be formulated. Somehow, I feel it's too personal a matter for acad discussion."

The Professor agreed sadly.

"No one can know what goes on in human heart in that last dark hour."

DURING this discussion Markham been growing impatient and une and Heath, though at first rigid and wa ful, had begun to unbend. I could no that Vance had made the slightest p ress; and I was driven to the conclu that he had failed signally in accomp ing his purpose of ensnaring Ame However, he did not appear in the perturbed. I even got the impression he was satisfied with the way things going. But I did notice that, despit outer calm, he was intently alert. Hi were drawn back and poised; and e muscle in his body was taut. I bega wonder what the outcome of this te conference would be.

The end came swiftly. A short si followed the Professor's remark. Arnesson spoke:

"You say you know who the Bish Mr. Vance. That being the case, wh this palaver?"

"There was no great haste." was almost casual. "And there wa hope of tying up a few loose ends— juries are so unsatisfact'ry, don't y' . . . Then again, this port is excel

"The port? . . . Ah, yes." Arn glanced at our glasses, and turned jured look on the Professor. "Since have I been a teetotaler, sir?"

The other gave a start, hesitated rose.

"I'm sorry, Sigurd. It didn't oc me . . . you never drink in the noon." He went to the sideboard filling another glass, placed it, with steady hand, before Arnesson. Th refilled the other glasses.

No sooner had he resumed his sea Vance uttered an exclamation of su He had half risen and was leanin ward, his hands resting on the edge table, his eyes fixed with astonishm the mantel at the end of the room.

"My word! I never noticed th fore. . . . Extr'ordin'ry!"

So unexpected and startling ha his action, and so tense was the phere, that involuntarily we swung and looked in the direction of his nated gaze.

"A Cellini plaque!" he excl "The Nymph of Fontainebleau! son told me it was destroyed in the teenth century. I've seen its com piece in the Louvre. . . ."

A red flush of angry indignation m to Markham's cheeks; and for m must say, that, familiar as I wa Vance's idiosyncrasies and inte passion for rare antiques, I had ne fore known him to exhibit such i sible bad taste. It seemed unbel that he would have let himself

*"One should die proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly. The death which takes place in the most contemptible circumstances, the death that is not free, the death which occurs at the wrong time, is the death of a coward. We have not the power to prevent ourselves from being born; but this error—for sometimes it is an error—can be rectified if we choose. The man who does away with himself, performs the most estimable of deeds: he almost deserves to live for having done so."

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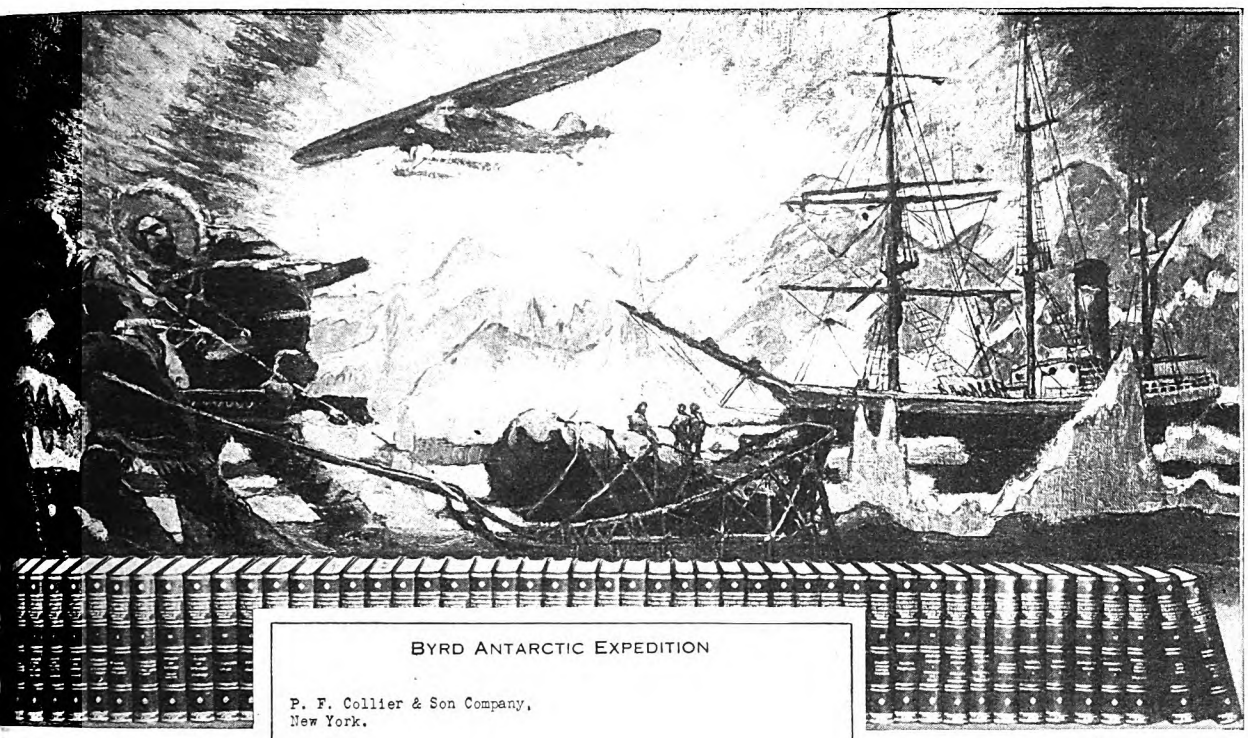

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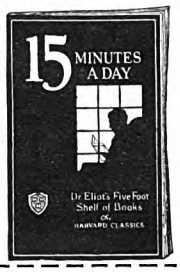

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tracted by an *objet d'art* in such a tragic hour.

Professor Dillard frowned at him with consternation.

"You've chosen a strange time, sir, to indulge your enthusiasm for art," was his scathing comment.

Vance appeared abashed and chagrined. He sank back in his seat, avoiding our eyes, and began turning the stem of his glass between his fingers.

"You are quite right, sir," he murmured. "I owe you an apology."

"The plaque, incidentally," the Professor added, by way of mitigating the severity of his rebuke, "is merely a copy of the Louvre piece."

VANCE, as if to hide his confusion, raised his wine to his lips. It was a highly unpleasant moment: everyone's nerves were on edge; and, in automatic imitation of his action, we lifted our glasses too.

Vance gave a swift glance across the table and, rising, went to the front window, where he stood, his back to the room. So unaccountable was his hasty departure that I turned and watched him wonderingly. Almost at the same moment, the edge of the table was thrust violently against my side, and simultaneously there came a crash of glassware.

I leaped to my feet and gazed down with horror at the inert body sprawled forward in the chair opposite, one arm and shoulder flung across the table. A short silence of dismay and bewilderment followed. Each of us seemed momentarily paralyzed. Markham stood like a graven image, his eyes fastened on the table; and Heath, staring and speechless, clung rigidly to the back of his chair.

"Good God!"

It was Arnesson's astonished ejaculation that snapped the tension.

Markham went quickly round the table and bent over Professor Dillard's body.

"Call a doctor, Arnesson," he ordered.

Vance turned wearily from the window and sank into a chair.

"Nothing can be done for him," he said, with a deep sigh of fatigue. "He prepared for a swift and painless death when he distilled his cyanide.—The Bishop case is over."

Markham was glaring at him with dazed incomprehension.

"Oh, I've half-suspected the truth ever since Pardee's death," Vance went on, in answer to the other's unspoken question. "But I wasn't sure of it until last night, when he went out of his way to hang the guilt on Mr. Arnesson."

"Eh? What's that?" Arnesson turned from the telephone.

"Oh, yes," nodded Vance. "You were to pay the penalty. You'd been chosen from the first as the victim. He even suggested the possibility of your guilt to us."

Arnesson did not seem as surprised as one would have expected.

"I knew the Professor hated me," he said. "He was intensely jealous of my interest in Belle. And he was losing his intellectual grip—I've seen that for months. I've done all the work on his new book, and he's resented every academic honor paid me. I've had an idea he was back of all this deviltry; but I wasn't sure. I didn't think, though, he'd try to send me to the electric chair."

Vance got up and, going to Arnes held out his hand.

"There was no danger of that.—A want to apologize for the way I've tre you this past half-hour. Merely a ma of tactics. Y' see, we hadn't any real dence, and I was hopin' to force his ha

Arnesson grinned somberly.

"No apology necessary, old son knew you didn't have your eye on When you began riding me I saw it only technique. Didn't know what were after, but I followed your cue best I could. Hope I didn't bungl job."

"No, no. You turned the trick."

"Did I?" Arnesson frowned with perplexity. "But what I don't u stand is why he should have taken cyanide when he thought it was I yo pected."

"That particular point we'll know," said Vance. "Maybe he f the girl's identification. Or he may seen through my deception. Perha suddenly revolted at the idea of sho ing you with the onus. . . . As he self said, no one knows what goes on human heart during the last dark h

Arnesson did not move. He was ing straight into Vance's eyes with trating shrewdness.

"Oh, well," he said at length let it go at that. . . . Anyway, tha

XXVI

HEATH ASKS A QUESTIO

(Tuesday, April 26th; 4 p. m.

WHEN Markham and Van I departed from the house an hour later, I t the Bishop affair was over. And over as far as the public was con But there was another revelation to and it was, in a way, the most asto of all the facts that had been brou light that day.

Heath joined us at the Distri torney's office after lunch, for the several delicate official matters to cussed; and later that afternoon Va viewed the entire case, explaining of its obscure points.

"Arnesson has already sugges motive for these insane crimes," he "The Professor knew that his pos the world of science was being usu the younger man. His mind had b lose its force and penetration; realized that his new book on structure was being made possi through Arnesson's help. A colos grew up in him for his foster son: became in his eyes a kind of whom he himself, like Frankenst created, and who was now rising stroy him. And this intellectual was augmented by a primitive e jealousy. For ten years he had in Belle Dillard the accumulated of a life of solit'ry bachelorhood— resented his one hold on everyd ence—and when he saw that was likely to take her from hatred and resentment were do intensity."

"The motive is understandab Markham. "But it does not ex crimes."

"The motive acted as a spar dry powder of his pent-up emot

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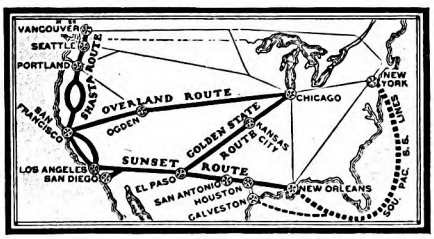

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looking about for a means to destroy Arnesson, he hit upon the diabolical jest of the Bishop murders. These murders gave relief to his repressions: they met his psychic need for violent expression; and at the same time they answered the dark question in his mind how he could dispose of Arnesson and keep Belle Dillard for himself."

"BUT why," Markham asked, "didn't he merely murder Arnesson and have done with it?"

"You overlook the psychological aspects of the situation. The Professor's mind had disintegrated through long, intense repression. Nature was demanding an outlet. And it was his passionate hatred of Arnesson that brought the pressure to an explosion point. The two impulses were thus combined. In committing the murders, he was not only relieving his inhibitions, but he was also venting his wrath against Arnesson, for Arnesson, d' ye see, was to pay the penalty. Such a revenge was more potent, and hence more satisfying, than the mere killing of the man would have been—it was the great, grim joke behind the lesser jokes of the murders themselves. . . .

"However, this fiendish scheme had one great disadvantage, though the Professor did not see it. It laid the affair open to psychological analysis; and at the outset I was able to postulate a mathematician as the criminal agent. The difficulty of naming the murderer lay in the fact that nearly every possible suspect was a mathematician. The only one I knew to be innocent was Arnesson, for he was the only one who consistently maintained a psychic balance—that is, who constantly discharged the emotions arising from his protracted abstruse speculations.

"A general sadistic and cynical attitude that is volubly expressed and a violent homicidal outburst are psychologically equivalent. Giving full rein to one's cynicism as one goes along produces a normal outlet and maintains an emotional equilibrium. Cynical, scoffing men are always safe, for they are farthest removed from sporadic physical outbreaks; whereas the man who represses his sadism and accumulates his cynicism beneath a grave and stoical exterior, is always liable to dangerous fulminations. This is why I knew Arnesson was incapable of the Bishop murders, and why I suggested your letting him help us with the investigation. As he admitted, he suspected the Professor; and his request to assist us was, I believe, actuated by a desire to keep posted, so that he could better protect Belle Dillard and himself in case his suspicions should prove correct."

"That sounds reasonable," acceded Markham. "But where did Dillard get his fantastic ideas for the murders?"

"The Mother-Goose motif was probably suggested to him when he heard Arnesson jestingly tell Robin to beware of an arrow from Sperling's bow. He saw in that remark a means of venting his hatred against the man who had made it; and he bided his time. The opportunity to stage the crimes came shortly after. When he saw Sperling pass up the street that morning, he knew that Robin was alone in the archery-room. So he went below, engaged Robin in conversation, struck him over the head, drove a shaft into his heart, and shoved him out on the range. He then wiped up the blood, destroyed the cloth, posted his notes at the corner, put one in the house letter box, returned to the library, and called up this office. One unforeseen factor cropped up, however:—Pyne was in Arnesson's room when the Professor said he went out on the balcony. But no harm came of it, for though Pyne knew something was amiss when he caught the Professor lying, he didn't suspect the old gentleman of being a murderer. The crime was a decided success."

"Still and all," put in Heath, "you guessed that Robin hadn't been shot with a bow and arrow."

"Yes. I saw from the battered condition of the nock of the arrow that it had been hammered into Robin's body; and I concluded therefore that the chap had been killed indoors, after having first been stunned with a blow on the head. That was why I assumed that the bow had been thrown to the range from the window—I didn't know then that the Professor was guilty. The bow, of course, was never on the range.—But the evidence on which I based my deductions cannot be held as an error or oversight on the Professor's part. As long as his Mother-Goose joke was accomplished, the rest didn't matter to him."

"WHAT instrument do you think he used?" Markham put the question.

"His walking stick, most likely. You may have noticed it has an enormous gold knob, perfectly constructed as a lethal weapon.* Incidentally, I'm inclined to think he exaggerated his gout, to attract sympathy and to shunt any possible suspicion from himself."

"And the suggestion for the Sprigg murder?"

"After Robin's death he may have deliberately looked about for Mother-Goose material for another crime. In any event, Sprigg visited the house the Thursday night preceding the shooting; and it was at that time, I imagine, that the idea was born. On the day chosen for the gruesome business he rose early and dressed, waited for Pyne's knock at half past seven, answered it, and then went to the park—probably through the archery-room and by way of the alley. Sprigg's habit of taking daily morning walks may have been casually mentioned by Arnesson, or even by the lad himself."

"But how do you explain the tensor formula?"

"The Professor had heard Arnesson talking to Sprigg about it a few nights before; and I think he placed it under the body to call attention—through association—to Arnesson. Moreover, that particular formula subtly expressed the psychological impulse beneath the crimes. The Riemann-Christoffel tensor is a statement of the infinity of space—the negation of infinitesimal human life on this earth; and subconsciously it no doubt satisfied the Professor's perverted sense of humor, giving added homogeneity to his monstrous conception. The moment I saw it I sensed its sinister significance; and it substantiated my theory that Bishop murders were the acts of a mat matician whose symbols had become stract and incommensurable."

Vance paused to light another cigare and after a moment's thoughtful sile continued:

"We come now to the midnight visi the Drukker house. That was a g *entr'acte* forced on the murderer by the port of Mrs. Drukker's scream. He fea the woman had seen Robin's body thro to the range; and when, on the morning Sprigg's murder, she had been in the y and met him returning from the kill was more worried than ever that would put two and two together. wonder he tried to prevent our quest ing her! And at the earliest opportu he attempted to silence her for all t He took the key from Belle Dillard's ha bag before the theatre that night, and placed it the next morning. He sent and Beedle to bed early; and at half ten Drukker complained of fatigue went home. At midnight, he figured the coast was clear for his grisly visit taking the black bishop as a sym signature to the contemplated murde probably suggested by the chess cussion between Pardee and Dru Then again, it was Arnesson's chess and I even suspect him of telling us chess discussion to call attention t nesson's chess set in case the black b should fall into our hands."

"Do you think he had any idea volving Pardee at that time?"

"Oh, no. He was genuinely sur when Arnesson's analysis of the P Rubinstein game revealed the fac the bishop had long been Pardee's sis. . . . And you were undou right about Pardee's reaction to my tion of the black bishop the next day poor chap thought I was deliberate iculing him as a result of his def Rubinstein's hands. . . ."

Vance leaned over and tapped the from his cigarette.

"TOO bad," he murmured regre "I owe him an apology, do know." He shrugged his shoulders sl and, settling back in his chair, took narrative. "The Professor got hi for Drukker's murder from Mrs. D herself. She expressed her imag fears to Belle Dillard, who repeate at dinner that night; and the pla shape. There were no complicat its execution. After dinner he wen attic and typed the notes. Later gested a walk to Drukker, knowing wouldn't remain long with Arnesso when he saw Pardee on the bridle p of course knew Arnesson was alon soon as Pardee had walked awa struck Drukker and tipped him ov wall. Immediately he took the littl to the Drive, crossed to Seventy Street, and went to Drukker's roo turning by the same route. The episode couldn't have occupied mor ten minutes. Then he calmly walke Emery and went home, with Dru note-book under his coat. . . ."

"But why," interposed Markha you were sure that Arnesson was inn did you make such a point of locati key to the alley door? Only Ar could have used the alley on the n

*It was discovered later that the large, weighted gold handle, which was nearly eight inches long, was loose and could be easily removed from the stick. The handle weighed over two pounds, and, as Vance had observed, constituted a highly efficient "blackjack." Whether or not it had been loosened and weighted for the purpose to which it was put is, of course, wholly a matter of conjecture.

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Drukker's death. Dillard and Pardee both went out by the front door."

"I wasn't interested in the key from the standpoint of Arnesson's guilt. But if the key was gone, d' ye see, it would have meant that someone had taken it in order to throw suspicion on Arnesson. How simple it would have been for Arnesson to slip down the alley after Pardee had gone, cross the Drive to the little path, and attack Drukker after the Professor had left him. . . . And, Markham, that is what we were supposed to think. It was, in fact, the obvious explanation of Drukker's murder."

"What I can't get through my head, though," complained Heath, "is why the old gent should have killed Pardee. That didn't throw any suspicion on Arnesson, and it made it look like Pardee was guilty and had got disgusted and croaked himself."

"That spurious suicide, Sergeant, was the professor's most fantastic joke. It was at once ironical and contemptuous; for all during that comic interlude plans were being made for Arnesson's destruction. And, of course, the fact that we possessed a plausible culprit had the great advantage of relaxing our watchfulness, and causing the guards to be removed from the house. The murder, I imagine, was conceived rather spontaneously. The professor invented some excuse to accompany Pardee to the archery-room, where he had already closed the windows and drawn the shades. Then, perhaps pointing out an article in a magazine, he shot his unsuspecting guest through the temple, placed the gun in his hand, and, as a bit of sardonic humor, built the house of cards. On returning to the library he set up the chessmen to give the impression that Pardee had been brooding over the black bishop. . . .

"BUT, as I say, this piece of grim grotesquerie was only a side issue. The Little-Miss-Muffet episode was to be the *dénouement;* and it was carefully planned so as to bring the heavens crashing down on Arnesson. The Professor was at the Drukker house the morning of the funeral when Madeleine Moffat brought the flowers for Humpty Dumpty; and he undoubtedly knew the child by name—she was Drukker's favorite and had been to the house on numerous occasions. The Mother-Goose idea being now firmly implanted in his mind, like a homicidal obsession, he very naturally associated the name Moffat with Muffet. Indeed, it's not unlikely that Drukker or Mrs. Drukker had called the child 'Little Miss Moffat' in his presence. It was easy for him to attract her attention and summon her to the mound by the wall yesterday afternoon. He probably told her that Humpty Dumpty wanted to see her; and she came with him eagerly, following him under the trees by the bridle path, thence across the Drive, and through the alley between the apartment houses. No one would have noticed them, for the Drive is teeming with children at that hour. Then last night he planted in us the seed of suspicion against Arnesson, believing that when the Little-Miss-Muffet notes reached the press we would look for the child and find her, dead from the lack of air, in the Drukker house. . . . A clever, devilish plan!"

"But did he expect us to search the attic of his own home?"

"Oh, yes; but not until tomorrow. By then he would have cleaned out the closet and put the typewriter in a more conspicious place. And he would have removed the note-book, for there's little doubt that he intended to appropriate Drukker's quantum researches. But we came a day too soon, and upset his calculations."

Markham smoked moodily for a time.

"You say you were convinced of Dillard's guilt last night when you remembered the character of Bishop Arnesson. . . ."

"Yes—ch, yes. That gave me the motive. At that moment I realized that the Professor's object was to shoulder Arnesson with the guilt, and that the signature to the notes had been chosen for that purpose."

"He waited a long time before he called our attention to 'The Pretenders,'" commented Markham.

"The fact is, he didn't expect to have to do it at all. He thought we'd discover the name for ourselves. But we were duller than he anticipated; and at last, in desperation, he sent for you and beat cleverly round the bush, accentuating 'The Pretenders.'"

Markham did not speak for several moments. He sat frowning reproachfully, his fingers tapping a tattoo on the blotter.

"WHY," he asked at length, "did you not tell us last night that the Professor and not Arnesson was the Bishop? You let us think—"

"My dear Markham! What else could I do? In the first place, you wouldn't have believed me, and would most likely have suggested another ocean trip, what? Furthermore, it was essential to let the Professor think we suspected Arnesson. Otherwise, we'd have had no chance to force the issue as we did. Subterfuge was our only hope; and I knew that if you and the Sergeant suspected him you'd be sure to give the game away. As it was, you didn't have to dissemble; and, lo! it all worked out beautifully."

The Sergeant, I noticed, had, for the past half-hour, been regarding Vance from time to time with a look of perplexed uncertainty; but for some reason he had seemed reluctant to give voice to his troubled thoughts. Now, however, he shifted his position uneasily and, taking his cigar slowly from his mouth, asked a startling question:

"I ain't complaining about your not putting us wise last night, Mr. Vance, but what I would like to know is: Why, when you hopped up and pointed at that plate on the mantel, did you switch Arnesson's and the old gent's glasses?"

Vance sighed deeply and gave a hopeless wag of the head.

"I might have known that nothing could escape your eagle eye, Sergeant."

Markham thrust himself forward over the desk, and glared at Vance with angry bewilderment.

"What's this?" he sputtered, his usual self-restraint deserting him. "You changed the glasses? You deliberately—"

"Oh, I say!" pleaded Vance. "Let not your wrathful passions rise." He turned to Heath with mock reproach. "Behold what you've got me in for, Sergeant."

"This is no time for evasion." Mar ham's voice was cold and inexorable. want an explanation."

Vance made a resigned gesture.

"Oh, well. Attend. My idea, as I explained to you, was to fall in with Professor's plan and appear to suspect nesson. This morning I purposely let h see that we had no evidence, and th even if we arrested Arnesson, it was dou ful if we could hold him. I knew that the circumstances, he would take so action—that he would try to meet situation in some heroic way—for the object of the murders was to destroy nesson utterly. That he would com some overt act and give his hand awa was confident. What it would be I di know. But we'd be watching him clo . . . Then the wine gave me an i ration. Knowing he had cyanide in possession, I brought up the subject o cide, and thus planted the idea in his m He fell into the trap, and attempte poison Arnesson and make it appear suicide. I saw him surreptitiously em small phial of colorless fluid into A son's glass at the sideboard when he po the wine. My first intention was to the murder and have the wine anal We could have searched him and f the phial, and I could have testified t fact that I saw him poison the wine. evidence, in addition to the identific by the child, might have answere purpose. But at the last moment, af had refilled all our glasses, I decide simpler course—"

"And so you diverted our attentio switched the glasses!"

"Yes, yes. Of course. I figured man should be willing to drink the w pours for another."

"You took the law in your own ha

"I took it in my arms—it was he You know perfectly well you could have convicted him before one of y loved juries. . . . But don't be so eous. Do you bring a rattlesnake bar of justice? Do you give a m his day in court? I felt no mor punction in aiding a monster like into the Beyond than I would h crushing out a poisonous reptile in of striking."

"But it was murder!" exclaimed ham, in horrified indignation.

"Oh, doubtless," said Vance che "Yes—of course. Most repreh . . . I say, am I by any chance arrest?"

THE "suicide" of Professor Dill minated the famous Bishop case, and automatically cleared reputation of all suspicion. The f year Arnesson and Belle Dillar married quietly and sailed for where they made their home. had accepted the chair of applied matics at the University of Oslo will be remembered that two ye he was awarded the Nobel pri work in physics. The old Dillar on Seventy-fifth Street was tor and on the site now stands a apartment house on whose façad huge terra-cotta medallions stro gestive of archery targets. I ha wondered whether the architect liberate in his choice of decorati

(*The End*)

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MORTGAGEE'S SALE

Will be sold at public auction on Friday, April 12, 1929, at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of mortgage made and executed by

The Life Insurance Policy that would have saved their home was permitted to lapse

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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President © HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.

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My Stock Market Operations

(*Continued from page 55*)

I've been the answer to a tipster's prayer.

The only consolation I have rests in the thought that there must be fifty million others like me.

Strange as it may seem in the light of my present financial status, my first ventures into the market were in the securities of some of America's strongest corporations. But I didn't know enough to keep them. These first stocks were American Telephone and Telegraph, Consolidated Gas, and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. I sold the telephone stock on a few points' advance and before the big split-up. I bought Consolidated Gas early in Coolidge's term for $65, sold it, too, after a little rise—and then saw it declare a big stock dividend, the new stock soaring above 110.

Mine is an instinct for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Also, I'm short on patience and have been slow to realize that the securities of a Grade A corporation are investments and not samples of Paine's fireworks.

I ought to have had enough horse sense to know this. But the temptation to dabble loosely in the market these past few years has been great. It is not easy to dismiss the stock market as a mere skinning and trimming emporium when every day you hear shopgirls, policemen, Turkish bath rubbers, cellists, poets, merchants, college professors, all telling of what they made in the 35-point jump in an airplane stock, and of the impending 200-point rise in the shares of the Alaskan Snowshoe Corporation, now selling at $1.98.

ABOUT eighteen months ago I got a tip on a stock called Texas Gulf Sulphur. From what my informant said I assumed it would begin soaring as soon as my order got in, and I made my first plunge, buying one hundred shares without having the slightest idea whether the corporation made parlor matches, patent medicine, or fly poison. It was my first deal on margin. For a time I couldn't sleep nights. I lay awake wondering whether there was any such corporation, whether the brokerage firm might not skip town overnight, and what would happen if the market broke some day when I was in the deep woods of a golf club looking for my ball.

Well, I sold it, impatiently, on a three-point rise. And inside of a few weeks it went to 82. Six months later it dropped to 72 and I bought it again at that price on a tip it was being pooled for a big jump. Almost immediately it dropped to 62. Feeling like a shorn lamb, and probably looking like one, I bought the stock outright. After a week or so it climbed back around 70, but it wouldn't go back to 72 and let me out without a loss. The exasperating thing about that stock was that from June until October, when the market was boiling and many securities were making new high records, it never moved more than a point either way.

Every evening we had the Texas Gulf Hour in our home. I would get the market edition, read the headline "Stocks Leap To Record Heights," and turn hopefully to the stock table to see how much leaping Texas Gulf had done. It was a non-leaper.

Finally, one day in November it started moving and I sold at 75, making a total profit of less than $300. I wouldn't have spent that much time and worry for $3,000. The day after I sold the stock it got very kittenish and went to 82. Now that I am out of it I suppose it will go to 100 or more.

MY FINEST performance in gumming up the works was in my modest dealings in a stock called Columbia Graphophone.

"Buy yourself some Columbia," a friend whispered one spring morning.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean?" I asked.

"No; Columbia Graphophone," he replied impressively. "It's on the curb. There's a pool in it. It is around 45 and is going to 100."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"I got this from a man who is on the inside."

I thought it over and didn't buy any at that time. A few months later my friend came in and said, "Well, you made a nice profit, didn't you?"

"In what?"

"Columbia," he replied. "It's 73."

"What of it?"

"Didn't you buy it?"

"I did not."

"Well, don't be a sap all your life. Get aboard now. It's still good for 25 points."

I bought one hundred shares and paid 73½. It dropped back into the sixties and gave me the shivers for weeks. Finally, I bought it outright and held it for five months before it got active. Then it suddenly moved to 80 and I sold.

The very next evening the papers told of a reaction in the market. "I guess I used good headwork in selling that Columbia," I ventured, with an air of sagacity.

Then I turned to the stock pages, gave vent to a queer, choking sound and slid slowly out of my chair onto the floor.

"What's the matter?" asked an eyewitness.

"Ecxjkluythrgezxwolipewicz," I gurgled, or words to that effect, as I pointed to this headline:

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE
DECLARES 100 P. C. DIVIDEND

Kind friends put me to bed, still gurgling, and applied cold packs to my head. "And after I had held onto the darned stuff all summer!" I kept moaning.

But the worst was yet to come. A few weeks later my friend came to me again with advice to buy Columbia. "Buy it back," he urged when I told him I had sold. It was around $79 a share then. I was just starting on a week's cruise. On the water I decided to buy in again, and from shore that night phoned Mrs. Phillips to put in an order the next morning.

"Buy at the market," I instructed her, as the stock had been quite stationary for some days.

We had a radio on the boat, and the aërial reports of market prices showed that Columbia was hot stuff. It climbed a few points every day and I spent the evenings with pad and pencil figuring my profits. When it reached 88 I rowed ashore and phoned home to show proper elation over my acumen as a Wall Street wizard.

"Well, what do you think of that jump in Columbia?" I greeted Mrs. Phillips.

"Dear, I've got some awful news for you," she replied, in tones that indicated something was wrong.

"What's happened?"

"I don't want to tell you over the phone. Wait until you come home."

"Why not tell me now?" I demanded, very much alarmed. "What's it about?"

"It's about that Columbia Graphophone."

"Woman, what about it? Speak. I cannot bear this suspense. You got it somewhere around 80, didn't you? It didn't go higher than that the day I told you to buy at the market."

Then came the bad news.

"I had to pay $89 a share for it," she said.

"Why, it only reached $88 yesterday. We should be ahead a lot of money."

"But it's a long story. I'm too upset to tell you."

"Tell me the worst!"

"Well, there was a misunderstanding over the phone when I put in the order and the broker bought more Texas Gulf Sulphur by mistake. I didn't know that until I got the report the next day. Then I was a whole day arguing with him and getting him to sell Texas Gulf Sulphur without a loss. I didn't get things straightened out to buy Columbia until this morning, an hour ago, and when I ordered it at the market I got word back I had paid $89 for it."

I TOTTERED from the telephone booth muttering to myself. The paper profits of the week were so much confetti now.

In the next two days Columbia went up a point and a half and I, timid soul, sold hardly making commissions. Inside of the subsequent three weeks it went up points! Plenty of my friends made money in Columbia Graphophone, but about I got was a pain in the neck.

I once took a flyer in United States Steel, Common, paying $146 a share for and my idea at the time was to hold it for the long pull. But in those months of sky rocket performances I soon came to regard four or five weeks as constituting a long pull. In about two weeks there was a sudden move and it went to $153. "Don't sell; it's going to $200 in a month," a taxi cab driver, or somebody, told me. I did and in the following three days it dropped to $147. Then I got nervous and sold a net profit of something like $50! In next few months it reached $170.

What makes me peeved is that I gum things up when I get reliable information, backed up by facts and figures. September, 1927, a conservative business man suggested that I buy Kennecott Copper as an investment. It was then a share and paying about 6 per cent at price. I asked for an analysis from

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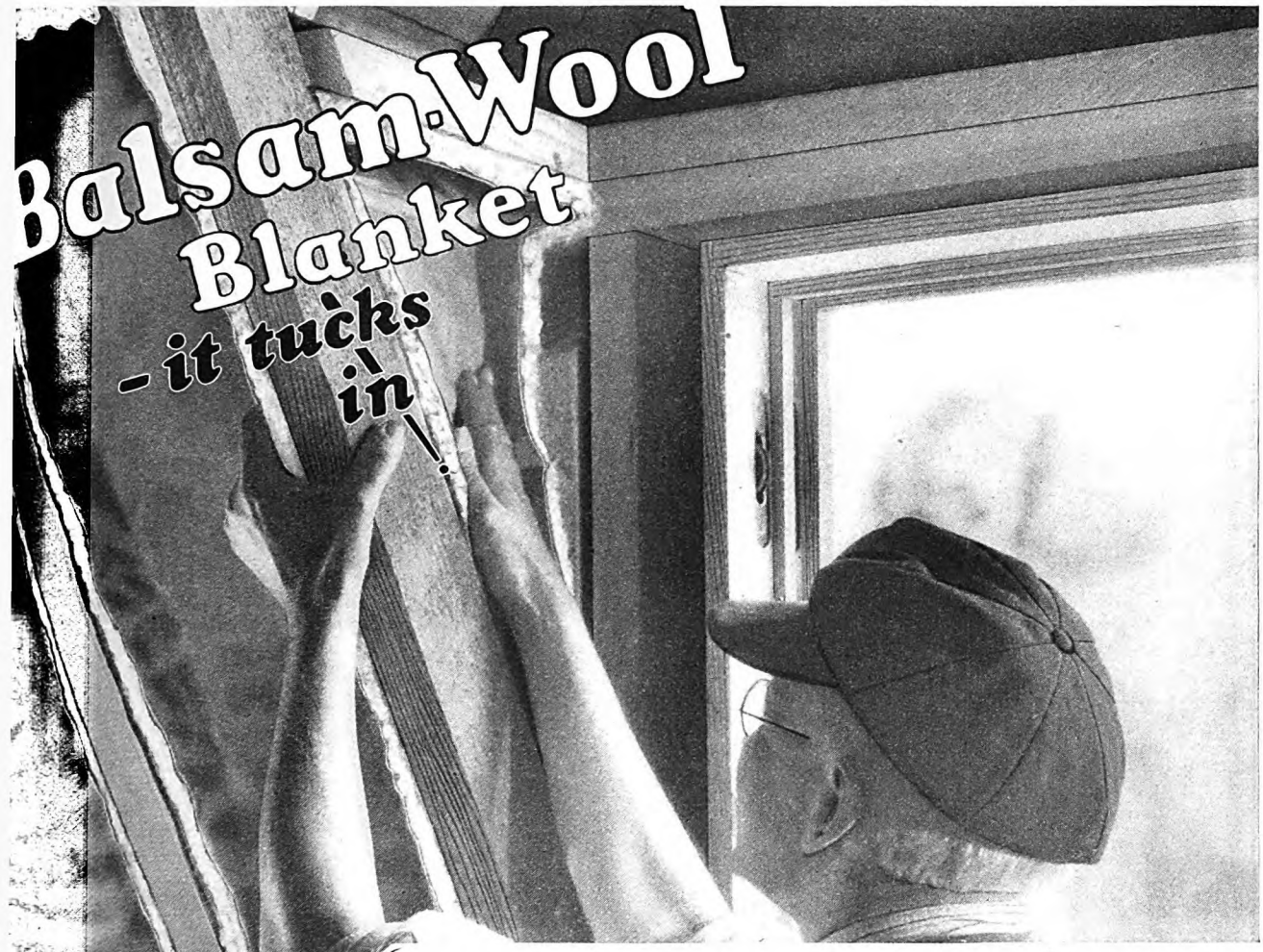

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bank and received a favorable report. Every investment house with which I talked said it was safe. But did I buy any at that price? No. And why not? Because the stock was okayed by bankers instead of by barbers.

It soon climbed to 86 and I decided to get aboard. But thinking it smart, I put in my order to buy when it reacted to 85. It never reacted and went on to 100 and ultimately to 140.

Oil stocks, of course, were my special weakness. Not the *good* oil stocks, but the ones that are here today and gone tomorrow. For the past few years all that was necessary to sell me a stock was to tell me that it was selling at $2.79 a share and was going to $1,000 by the first of the year.

I was advised to buy Radio around 130, American Linseed at 50, and Chicago Pneumatic Tool at 111. Radio went above 400, Linseed went to $180 in less than a year, and Pneumatic Tool went to $150 inside of three months. But the men who gave me these tips seemed like conservatives who knew what they were talking about. They didn't talk insanely enough. The bigger they sound, the harder I fall.

STILL, I got a lot of diversion figuring what I might have made "IF." I am a talented paper-profit rapid calculator, an able table-cover mathematician, and one of the world's best desk-blotter and scratch-pad analysts. Until very recently I got a real kick out of sitting around figuring up how many million dollars I would have *if* I had bought every fast-moving stock at the bottom and sold at the peak. That's a great national pastime these days and nights. By ignoring what I really did buy and sell, and doing pen-and-ink tricks with the ones I never touched, I was able to fancy myself on the blue Mediterranean on my Diesel-driven yacht, showing unconcern when the engineer scratched matches on the highly polished rosewood cabin.

"Look what I would have if I had bought General Motors five years ago when it was around $25 a share, and held onto it ever since through all the split-ups!" is an appeal I have made to Mrs. Phillips so often that she now threatens to leave me.

I've stopped trying to beat the stock market, however, because it cost me too much money and too many sleepless nights.

I'm not saying there isn't money to be made in the stock market. There's a lot of it there, including mine.

But *I'm* through. I've gone back to working for a living and I've resumed relations with the savings banks. National banks aren't very exciting institutions. The atmosphere isn't dazzling and you won't find any loud and animated conversationalists there. You won't hear any bedtime stories, fairy tales, or prophecies. None of the officials will greet you with the latest crop of merger rumors. Your little hundred dollars won't turn into a thousand in six weeks. But neither will it shrink to sixty-nine cents overnight. A little bit of something is better than lots of nothing at all.

That's my verdict. Maybe I'm wrong, but just the same you can pass that red-hot, straight, inside, absolutely reliable tip to someone else. My back is to the Wall Street.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I Work, My Husband Works, And Our Children Are Not Neglected

MRS. N. S. R.'s plea for help in the January AMERICAN made me feel like a direct answer to prayer! Our circumstances are so similar as almost to challenge belief. Take a look at the facts, and you will see what I mean:

Like her, I am thirty-two years old; like her, I am married, have two children, and live in a small Southern town. Unlike her—and here comes the answer to prayer!—I have a job outside my home. And I can assure you, Mrs. N. S. R., that in my town nobody looks upon me as a freak, or upon my husband as a slacker!

My two children, a girl and a boy, are eleven and eight. I have had only a high-school education plus a three-months' business course. My salary is now two hundred dollars a month. In a town of less than five thousand, this is a good income—even for a man. Will makes forty dollars more a month than I do.

And I want to make it plain that in spite of sundry neighborly prophecies, my husband has not "laid down on the job" because he has a wife who can earn money—and does. On the contrary, he humped himself hard to keep his pay envelope a notch or two ahead of mine. The truth is, Will is proud of my modest success and brags about it when he can get anybody to listen. But it was not always thus!

Thirteen years ago, when we were married, he was just as "sot" in his ideas as to what a man's wife may and may not do, with propriety, as Mrs. N. S. R.'s Jim is now. Not only that, but he was backed up by my entire family, who tried to throw the fear of God into my soul, with all the regulation bugaboos, such as, "What will people say?" and "Don't you know a man wants to do the providing for his family?"

THE only person who stood up for me was my mother-in-law, who insisted that I be given a chance to try out my plan, which, briefly stated, was to keep on with my twenty-a-week job after we were married. Will finally gave in; chiefly, I think, because he was so sure that I would soon tire of my "wild notion" and chuck it of my own accord.

But I stuck.

You see, I saw what Will didn't: that it was going to take two shoulders against our particular wheel to make a go of things. At the time we were married, Will was making twenty-five dollars a week. He had practically nothing saved up.

Once he had agreed to give my plan a try-out, nobody could have shown more thorough-going coöperation than Will did. We both got up early, and we did the housework—what little there was to do in a couple of rented rooms—together.

From the beginning, we lived on what Will made and banked every cent of my salary. At the end of the first year, we were able to make a down payment of a thousand dollars on a nice little six-room house on a two-acre lot, so we had plenty of space for flowers and vegetables.

In the meantime, I had been raised to twenty-five dollars a week and Will to thirty. Half of my salary went for payments on the house. The other half was divided between our building and loan membership and a savings account.

AT THE end of the first two years, our first baby—a daughter—arrived. I was perfectly well, so I went right on with my work until two months before the baby came. Then I got a three-months' leave of absence. When my little son arrived three years later, I followed the same program.

Of course, after the babies came, I had to have help. The middle-aged colored woman who had been doing my weekly cleaning was a good general servant and thoroughly dependable into the bargain. I arranged with her to give me full time.

In my work, I have gradually advanced until now I have charge of the work of twenty young women who comprise the clerical force at the headquarters in our town of a large automobile agency.

Each of the children has an endowment policy which will take care of college when the time comes. We are already planning to sell our small six-room house and build a ten-room brick colonial. Will and I each carry a ten-thousand-dollar life insurance policy.

Now, at this point, somebody is going to speak up and say, "But don't you pay a fearful price for all this material prosperity? Haven't you sacrificed to it companionship with your children?"

My answer is "No" to both questions. On the contrary, I am sure that I see a great deal more of my children than the women who spend half their waking hours running from bridge parties to club meetings. And I certainly see a great deal more of my children than do some of my neighbors who cannot afford help, and who are so tired and cross all the time that neither they nor the children get any fun out of companionship.

My children are sturdy and independent. From the very beginning, they have been taught to do things for themselves.

Yes, I am sometimes tired when the day is over. But so are most of the other women I know. And I defy any family to be healthier or happier than mine. That, after all, is the answer! MRS. W. A. L.

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ZANE GREY'S smashing serial
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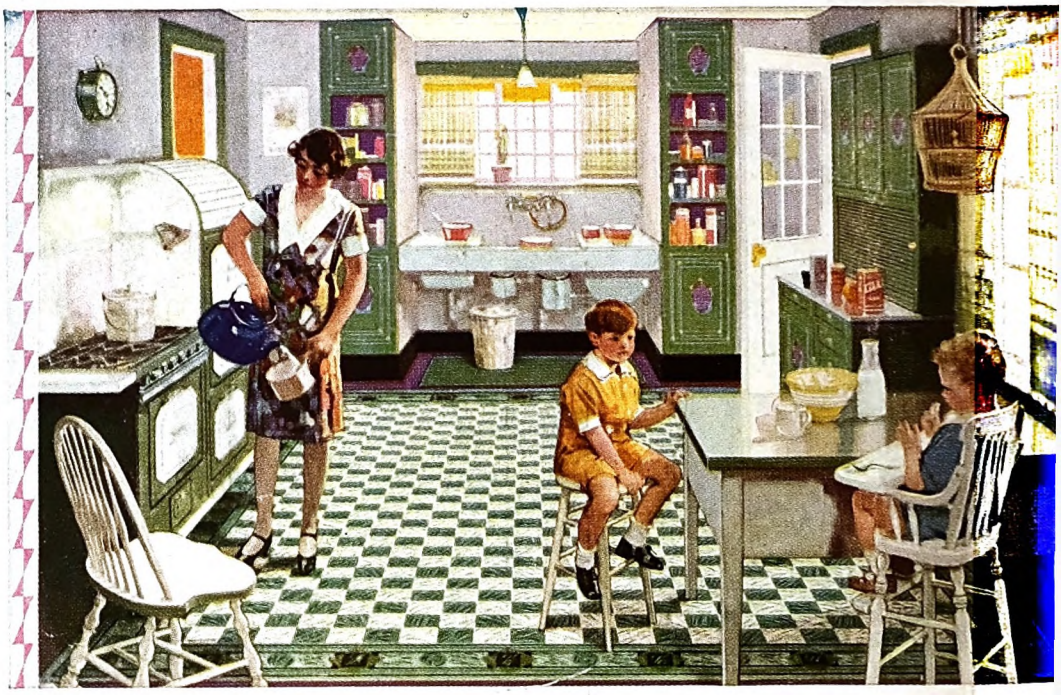
If your heart is set on having a colorful kitchen~

GREEN holds sway in many kitchens today! And in step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely new "PALMETTO" design, Rug 604, shown at the right. Here is a rug with an air of sparkling cleanliness sure to delight the modern housewife's heart.



"PALMETTO" *for the gay green kitchen now so much in vogue*

A COMPLETE new kitchen with all the up-to-date equipment shown here would, of course, be lovely. But if your budget won't permit it, don't be discouraged—you needn't give up the enjoyment of having your "workshop" gay with happy color.

For with the vogue of color have come easy and inexpensive ways to bring its magic into your home. Quick-drying paints you can apply yourself . . . inexpensive, bright-hued curtains . . . and then to complete the whole scheme a cheery labor-saving Congoleum Rug. It's truly amazing what a delightful effect even such a few changes as these can make.

Throughout the house, whatever the room, or the color scheme, you can find in Congoleum Rugs a wide variety of suitable patterns.

But it's not alone the charm of their lovely colorings that makes Congoleum Rugs so popular with the modern housewife. Just as important are their work-savin time- and money-saving virtue Designs of exceptional beau —a smooth, waterproof surfa that is a joy to clean—wear-resis ance that is unequaled—a liber money-back guarantee . . . the things have made Congoleum Ru *America's Most Popular Floc Covering*. And prices today a lower than ever before! All t popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

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The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

THE DRIFT Fence

ZANE GREY'S *Smashing New Serial*

MOLLY DUNN sat waiting on the rickety old porch of Enoch Summers' store in the village of West Fork. For once she was oblivious of the oach of the lean-faced, long-legged ig backwoodsmen who lounged there their elders.

olly was almost eighteen, and on the of a great adventure. She had been ed to ride to Flagerstown with the She had been there only once, some before, and the memory had haunted In her pocket she had money to buy stockings and shoes, which compen- somewhat for the fact that she now o keep her feet and ankles carefully n under the bench. She wore her good dress and bonnet, and though not satisfied with them, she was not ashamed.

Andy Stoneham, a tall youth with sallow face and fuzzy beard, edged over closer and closer.

"Reckon you're most orful stuck-up this mawnin'," he drawled.

Molly looked at the bullet holes in the wall of the old store. She had seen them before, and long ago, when she was ten, she had stuck her finger in them and wondered about the battle that had been fought there once.

"Goin' up o Flag, huh?"

"Do you think I'd dress up like this for West Fork?"

Enoch," said the rider, "you now thet drift fence we been earin' aboot for the last year. . . . Wal, it's more'n talk now"

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inquired Molly loftily, eyes scornful.

"Wal, you used to, didn't you? You shore look purty. But I can't see you've any call to get uppish. I've seen you in thet rig before, haven't I?"

"I don't remember, Andy."

"Then you've got a darn short memory," replied Andy bluntly. "Didn't I take you to the last dance in thet dress?"

"Did you?"

"Wal, I shore did. An' didn't I hug you in it?"

"Did you?" queried Molly flippantly.

"You bet I did."

"I've forgotten. But I've heard it said you're so big an' awkward you have to hold on to a girl when you dance. Else you'd fall down."

"Wal, how aboot kissin' you, too? Drivin' home frum the dance?"

"Oh, did you!" retorted Molly, her face hot; Andy's voice carried rather far. "An' what did I do?"

"Wal, I figger thet you kissed me back an' then slapped my face."

"Andy Stoneham, you're a liar about that first!"

"Haw! haw! . . . Say, Molly, there's goin' to be a dance next week at Hall's Mill. Come on an' go."

"ANDY, I don't like that place," returned Molly regretfully. "Besides, I wouldn't go with you, anyway."

"Wal, you shore air gettin' stuck-up. An' why not?"

"Because of what you said—about kissin' me."

"What of thet? I did an' you liked it. Aw, you're funny. Haven't all the boys done the same?"

"They have not!" declared Molly. "Who ever said such a thing?"

"I heerd Sam Wise say it. An' Bill Smith laughed, though he didn't say nothin'."

"So that's the kind of fellows you are! And you let them talk that way aboot me?"

"Wal, why should I care? You've shore been mean to me."

"Why should you, indeed?" replied Molly coldly, and she turned away.

At that juncture a horseman rode up, and his advent not only interrupted the argument, but had a decidedly quieting effect upon the other occupants of the porch. The newcomer was a lean range rider, neither young nor old, and he suited the hard country. His tired horse showed the dust and strain of long, hard travel.

"Howdy, Seth," said old Enoch Summers, rubbing his bristled chin and stepping out. "'Pears like you been humpin' it along. Whar you come from?"

"Me an' Arch Dunn just rode over from the Diamond," replied the other.

Molly's attention quickened to interest at the mention of her brother. This Seth Haverly was his boon companion, and they had been up to something.

"Wal, thar's news stickin' out all over you," drawled Summers. "Git down an' come in. Mebbe a drink wouldn't go bad."

"Nope. I'm goin' home an' get a snack of grub."

One by one the men on the porch joined Summers. The fact that Seth Haverly did not want a drink interested them as much as his arrival.

Haverly had a still, brown face and intent, light eyes.

"Enoch, you know thet drift fence we been hearin' aboot for the last year?" he asked.

"Reckon I heerd the talk."

"Wal, it's more'n talk now. Me a Arch rode along it, for ten miles, I figg Straight as a bee line. New three-wi fence, an' barbed at thet!"

"What you say? Barbed!"

"You bet."

Silence greeted Seth's nonchalant a firmative.

"ARCH had a hunch aboot this fen goin' up," went on Haverly. "An' Flag we found it was a fact."

"Wal, who's buildin' it?"

"Traft."

"Ahuh. He could afford it. W what's his idee?"

"It ain't very flatterin' to West Forl drawled Seth, with a grin. "We hee some things thet'd be hard for you cattle nesters to swaller, if they're tr But me an' Arch only had the word some cow-punchers. We couldn't get a satisfaction from Traft's outfit. N foreman. Nephew from Missouri, heerd. Tenderfoot, but I agree with Ar who said he was no fool. Anyway, asked him, polite-like: 'Say, Mist

"What'd you do if you were just about licked?" he queried suddenly. . . . "I—I'd get up an' fight some more," declared Molly

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hat's the idee of this drift fence?'—An' e looked me an' Arch over an' said: What do you suppose the idee is?'"

"Short an' sweet!" ejaculated a man anding beside Summers. "Wal, you o-bit, free-range cattlemen can put thet your pipes an' smoke it."

"Me an' Arch was sure curious aboot is fence," continued Seth. "We rode t of Flag an' started in where the fence gins. It strikes south into the timber at aft's line, an' closes up every draw ar to the Diamond. At Limestone we into Traft's outfit. They've got the half done an' by the time the snow s thet drift fence will run clear from g to Black Butte."

"Ha! A hundred miles of drift fence!" laimed someone.

"Ahuh," nodded Summers sagely. "An' the cattle will drift along to Black tte an' then drift back again."

Haverly swung his spurred boot back his stirrup and without another word e away.

Molly watched the departing rider as ughtfully as any of the others on Summers' porch. This drift fence must be going to have a profound significance for the few inhabitants along the West Fork of the Cibeque.

THEN down the road from the other direction appeared the See buckboard, sight of which brought Molly bouncing to her feet.

"Hop up, Molly," called See gayly. "We're late an' it ain't no fault of yours."

"Good mawnin'," returned Molly brightly, as she climbed to the seat beside Mrs. See.

"Mornin', lass," replied the rancher's wife. "You look like you could fly as well as hop."

"Oh, I'm on pins," cried Molly. "I'll never be able to thank you enough!"

"Howdy, Caleb," spoke up Summers. "Reckon you've got time to come inside a minute?"

"Hello, Enoch," replied See, and his nod included the others present. "I'm in a hurry."

"Wal, come in anyhow," returned Summers bluntly, and he went into the store.

See grumbled a little, as he wound the reins around the brake-handle and laboriously got down. He was a heavy man, no longer young. All the loungers on the porch followed him into the store, but Andy Stoneham remained in the door, watching Molly.

"That lout's makin' sheep eyes at you, Molly," said Mrs. See.

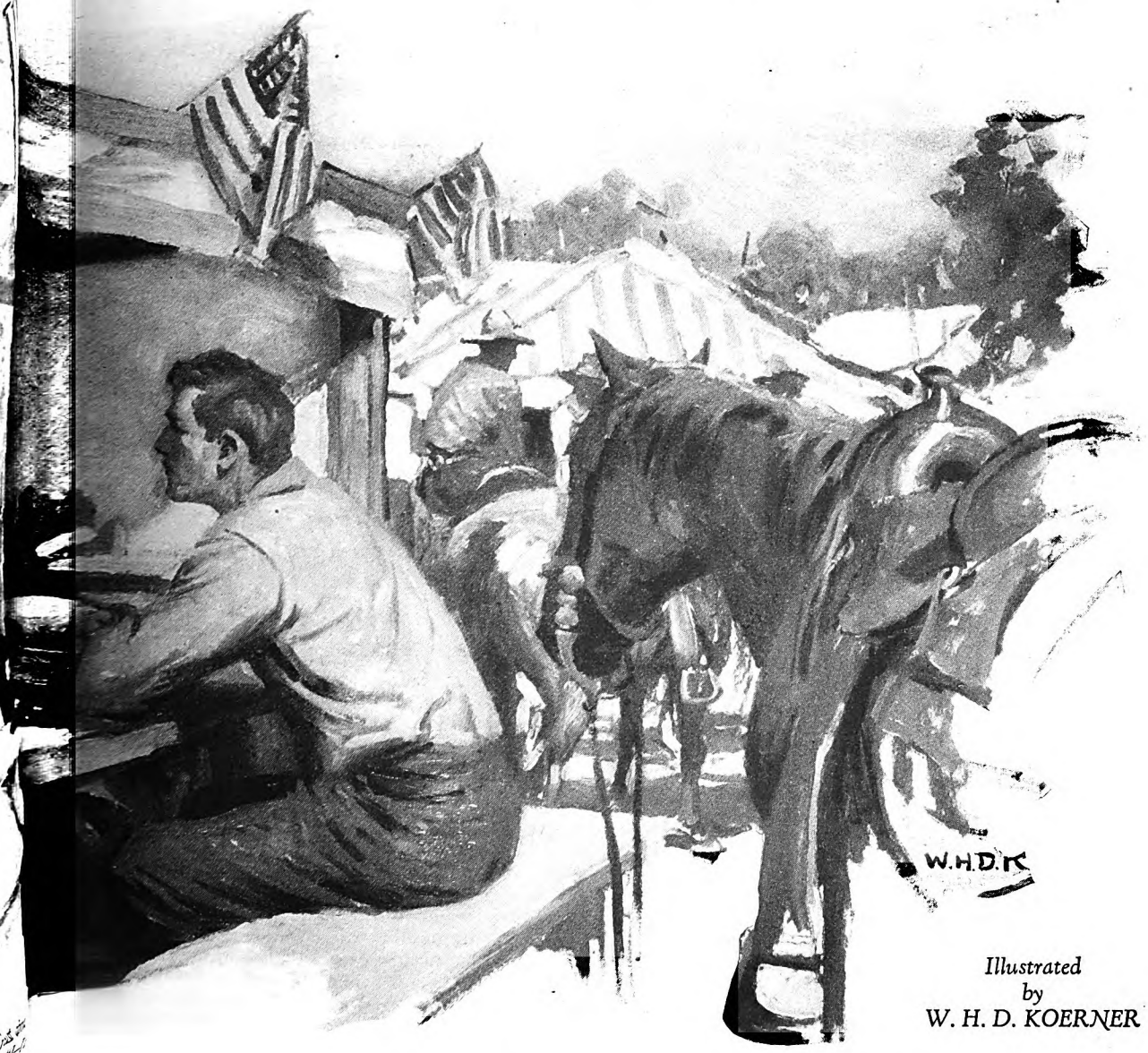
The girl did not look. "He just said some hateful things to me," she confided. "And then he asked me to go to a dance at Hall's Mill!"

"Molly, you're growin' up an' it's time you got some sensible notions," said Mrs. See seriously.

"I'm goin' to Flag," trilled Molly, as if that momentous adventure were all that mattered.

"Lass, you're a bad combination. You're too pretty an' too crazy. I reckon it's time to get you a husband."

Molly laughed and blushed. "That's what Ma says. But it's funny. I have to work hard enough *now*."



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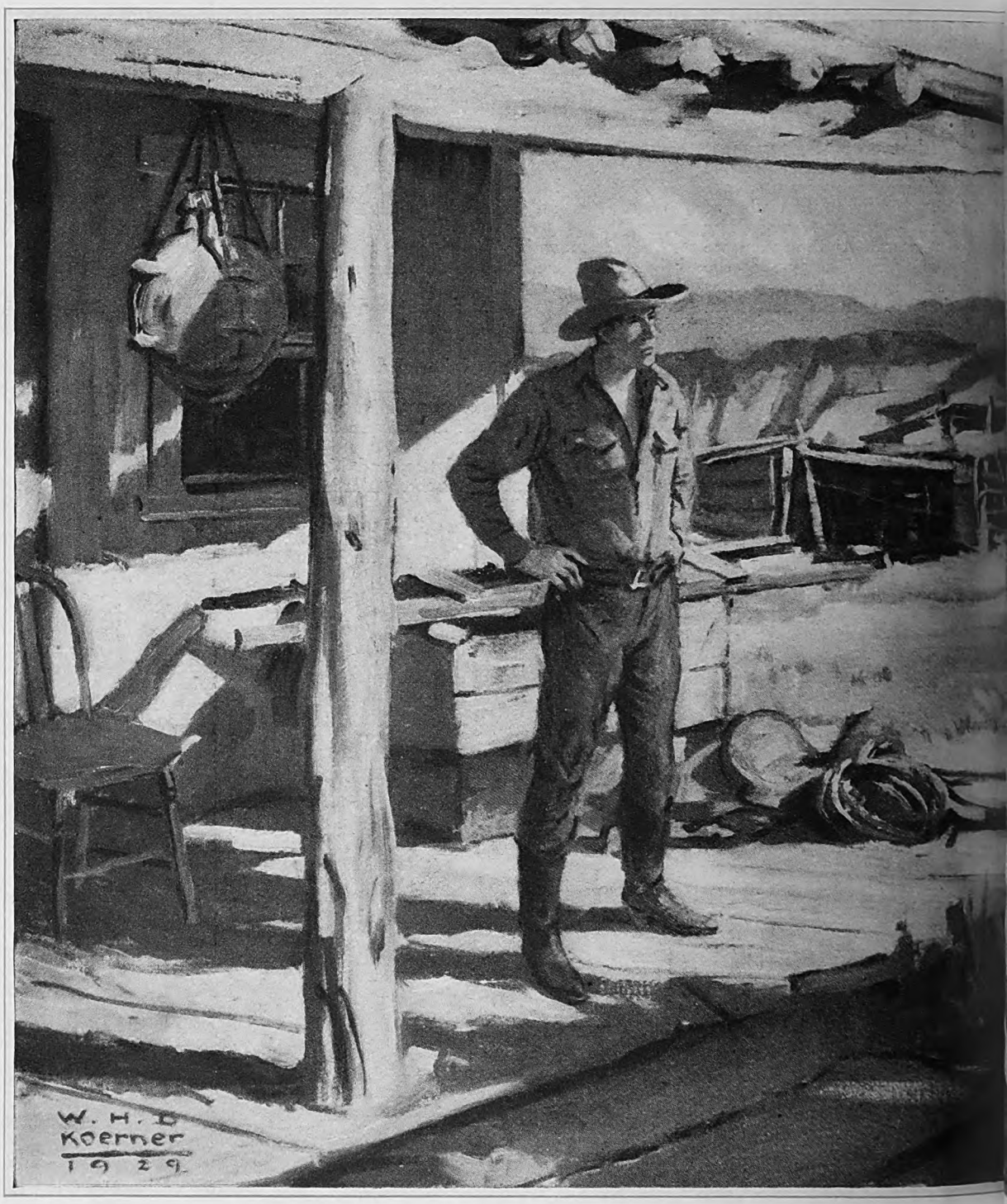

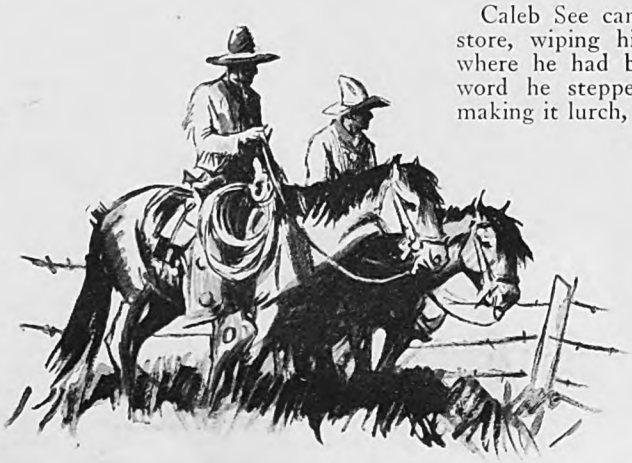

Caleb See came stamping out of the store, wiping his beard, sober of face where he had been merry. Without a word he stepped into the buckboard, making it lurch, and drove away. Molly was reminded of the news about the drift fence.

"Mrs. See," she said, "while I was waitin' for you Seth Haverly rode up. He'd just come in from the Diamond with my brother Arch. They'd been to Flag. An' he was tellin' old Enoch Summers about a fence that was bein' built, down across the country. A drift fence, he called What's a drift fence?"

While Mrs. See pondered over query, Caleb answered:

"Wal, lass, it's no wonder you seein' we don't have no fences in country. On a free range cattle trav over, accordin' to water an' grass. No drift fence is somethin' that chang free range. It ain't free no more. rough country this side of the Diam All the draws head up on top an' run into the West Fork, an' into the Cib Water runs down these draws, an' f good. Wal, a drift fence built on to runnin' from Flag down country will the cattle on top. They'll drift alon water down on the other side. they'll drift back."

"Why were they so serious abou

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Molly curiously. "Isn't a drift good thing?"

:kon it is, for Traft an' Blodgett, big cattlemen up Flag way. But olks, who live off the Diamond, it good."

st of us couldn't live much worse," Molly thoughtfully.

ı bet you could, lass. Haven't you had milk an' beefsteak, an' shoes ?"

it always, but not always. Just bare toes are showin'," said the h a giggle. "If I hadn't saved up enough to buy new stockings an' d never have come."

ly, you're goin' to have a new o," declared Mrs. See. "I didn't we're goin' to a picnic. Goin' to ime in Flag on Saturday; all kinds of excitement, most like the Fourth."

"Oh, heavenly!" exclaimed Molly rapturously. "An' to think I almost didn't come! . . . Mrs. See, you're awfully kind."

Mr. See went on with something still in his mind. "No, Molly, we've been fair to middlin' prosperous down here in the valley. But this drift fence will make a difference."

"Caleb, isn't the land owned by the government? Couldn't any man homestead it?" his wife asked.

"Shore. An' there's the rub. Traft has no right to fence this free range. But he's a

(*Continued on page 200*)

"Say, Mister, what's the idee of this drift fence?" asked Haverly

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How
We Kept Tabs on the
German Army

An inside story of the American Secret Service in the World War

By

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

"Frisking Fritz." Doughboys searching a German prisoner. Letters, notebooks, and diaries were a valuable source of information about conditions at the front and at home

IT WAS G-2 that saved the lives of thousands of American doughboys that dark, rainy September morning nearly ten years ago, when they wiped out the St. Mihiel salient in the first independent American attack of the World War. But for G-2, the United States forces would have attacked without the terrific preliminary artillery bombardment that blasted a path through German barbed wire, trenches, and concrete dugouts, smothering German artillery and machine guns.

Without that mighty prelude, they would have been struck by such a storm of German bullets and shells that their losses in killed and wounded would have been not light, but heavy; gold stars at home not few, but many. Yet that also, if it had happened, would have been because of G-2.

It came about in this way: The artillery preparation had been planned far ahead. Three thousand cannon, great and small, were assembled to fire a million shells before a single doughboy jumped off. But for a time on the day before the battle, General Pershing considered seriously giving up the preliminary bombardment, firing only a rolling barrage as the infantry advanced. The reason was simple—it looked as if the Germans had evacuated the salient.

There were signs of it; among many, the statement of a German soldier, captured three days earlier, that the Germans were tearing up narrow-gauge railroad tracks and moving them rearward. That very morning of September 11, Allied aviators flying low over German front-line trenches had not been fired upon. Perhaps there were no Germans there. Why fire a million shells into empty trenches? G-2 had reported these signs—now General Pershing told G-2 to check up on them.

Late in the afternoon, just a few hours before the bombardment was to start, G-2 reported: "The Germans have not withdrawn. They are still there." General Pershing turned to the telephone.

"Orders for the artillery preparation stand," he said.

At one o'clock in the morning, three thousand guns crashed. At five o'clock, after four thunderous hours, whistles shrilled along the forty-mile line and 200,000 infantry scrambled over the top. A few hours later G-2 laid upon General Pershing's desk a captured order marked "*Streng Geheim*," showing that

Brigadier General Ralph H. Van Deman, "Father of American Military Intelligence"

when our artillery preparat fell the German infantry w still in their trenches.

Expert American radio m listening day and night to German wireless stations talk to one another behind their fr had reported at four o'clock preceding afternoon: "All (man divisional wireless stat still working from same places." That gave G-2 a check, for it had studied Ger wireless habits for over a yea

No matter what prisoner aviators said, the Germans still in the salient. To at without artillery preparation not safe. G-2 is Army talk for telligence," which means fin out what the other fellow is u one of the most fascinatin military arts. This hitherto told story of St. Mihiel is one of many that serve to illus its workings and the vital part it played in winning A. E. F.'s battles, for, really, the A. E. F. was pretty good

THE Germans were quite befuddled sometimes, for A. Intelligence not only found out what they were up t often fooled them about what we were up to.

Some people protest to this day that "we didn't do secret stuff in Europe." Well, they don't know, or preten don't, which is fashionable in the Army sometimes. W our espionage and counter-espionage, our agents and co agents, and some surprising, gripping things can be t them now, after ten years and more. They were part of G-2B, in fact. But there were also A and C and D, all bu useful divisions of the service that did Intelligence work interesting, exciting, and important, as their story will In fact, in the World War, "spy stuff" was only one many ramifications of G-2, which was a highly organiz very modern enterprise that went far beyond the d spyglass and false whiskers. So expert is a good n

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ıtelligence service that someone at the Army /ar College remarked recently that in the ext war—if any—we may know more about ıe enemy than he knows about himself.

Without what we called G-2, no nation can into battle with assurance. Without a good telligence Service, Heaven help those who y it. There were some striking examples in e World War showing the results of a lack the right kind of service, and the well press- ented German Intelligence furnished a good ny. Germany was acclaimed as having a ır organization of superhuman efficiency, yet elligence blunders probably lost her the r in its early stages. Her entry into war at appears to have resulted from blunders in *elligence* as well as intelligence.

HE German General Staff anticipated quick victory in a short war. Yet their elligence Service failed to estimate cor- tly how long it would take Russia to bilize. When they found the Russians in st Prussia long before they were supposed be, there was a panic at German General adquarters and two corps were taken from famous von Kluck's Army marching upon is, to save East Prussia from the invader. d they stayed with von Kluck, Paris would y probably have fallen, with what further lt can only be guessed. And to complete list of errors, it is doubtful whether the corps were actually needed in East Prussia after all. many had filled Russia with spies to find out just such gs.

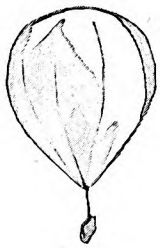
A splendid piece of stupidity made the German spies in land, twenty-one in all, utterly useless. They used so le a means of sending their reports that on the day Great ain entered the war every one was gobbled up by the ish Intelligence. So the Germans had no news of the sailing he first British expeditionary force for France. Their lligence estimates were off again in regard to Great Britain, they seem to have d to consider seriously ossibility of a long war economic blockade by Navy.

gain, German Intelli- e blundered in not ing that they could broken the French ss front with their great Skoda guns instead of using them in Belgium—so avoiding the violation of a neutral nation that shocked the world and brought in Great Britain. When the Germans used the great guns at Liege, they showed their hand and warned the French.

Testing letters for invisible writing

It was through Intelligence that the British Navy knew in advance of the German plans before the Battle of Jutland. For some days before the German fleet made its attack, the British had known through their secret service that something was up. Then at five o'clock in the afternoon of May 30, 1916, the German Admiralty sent by radio, in code, an order to all units of the fleet to carry out the plan already agreed upon. The British radio stations intercepted the message, and although they could not decode it, recognized it at once for what it was. In fifteen minutes the Grand Fleet was directed to proceed to sea "prepared for eventualities."

THE Germans had slipped in sending so important an order by radio, but they evened up by the same means. They stationed at the mouth of the River Jade a guard ship with powerful radio apparatus. Using the call letter of the German flagship, it sent out fake messages addressed to the other ships of the German fleet, which, meantime, kept radio silence. The British intercepted these messages and figured out their point of origin. If the German flagship was still at the mouth of the Jade, they thought, the battle fleet had not yet sailed. So the British believed, even on May 31, that the Germans were ready to dash forth at any moment but had not yet done so—believed it, in fact, until they almost ran into the Germans. And the Germans had not known that the British knew they were coming out. So Intelligence and counter-Intelligence made a



Illustrated by

ADOLPH TREIDLER

British sending American propaganda to the Germans. These balloons were loaded with pamphlets which were released by an automatic device over the enemy lines and behind them

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game of blindman's buff, a new game that America had largely to learn when we came into the war.

For in April, 1917, American military intelligence was a joke. In Washington, it consisted of two officers and one part-time clerk; abroad, of a few military attachés working largely on their own. The Army stepped into the baleful glare of the World War—blind. The officer who, in peace, had tried most earnestly to give it eyes to see was Brigadier General Ralph H. Van Deman, the first American Intelligence Officer. On America's entering the war, he remained at home for a while to help conquer German espionage, and then went to France.

GENERAL PERSHING sailed for France May 27, taking with him three Intelligence officers, about all there were in the country. At the height of our effort, sixteen months later, there were in France alone 287 American "headquarters" Intelligence officers, besides thousands of officers and men attached to units. G-2 had grown from the days of General Pershing's crossing aboard the Baltic, when he studied data on French and British services brought over by the Joffre and Balfour missions, and decided tentatively to adopt the British method because the British were working in a foreign country as we must. To head our Intelligence, he chose General Dennis E. Nolan, then a Major, a General Staff officer who had been with him in the Philippines.

In June and July, 1917, General Nolan and his assistants went up and down the Western Front, getting advanced instruction in the fascinating science whose rudiments alone had been practiced at home. At French G. H. Q. they learned much; then General Charteris, Chief of British Intelligence in France, invited them to see the wheels go 'round at the opening of the Flanders offensive of 1917. For the Americans this was laboratory work in Intelligence.

Amid the stress of a great battle, they saw the whole system at work, prisoners questioned, captured papers and maps examined, wireless intercepted and decoded, airplane photographs analyzed, and espionage reports from Belgium studied. So American Intelligence in France had a British basis—the regulations of the Second British Army, with some added American improvements.

At Chaumont, the provincial Lorraine small town just made American G. H. Q., in the drafty French barracks converted into American office buildings, grew the somewhat mysterious organization called G-2, G. H. Q., A. E. F.—meaning Second Section, General Staff, General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France. The first section handled administration; the third, operations; the fourth, supply; and the fifth, training.

Upon heavy oaken doors painted black—probably by chance—appeared little signs bearing cabalistic figures—"G-2-A," or simply "S. S." (popularly translated "Sh! Sh!"), and an earnest and capable lot of officers, mostly with new, shiny shoulder insignia, began putting in an eight-hour day before dinner and a four-hour evening after. They were hand-picked, personally recommended to General Nolan; former college professors, linguists, globe trotters, geographers, detectives, newspaper men, international and criminal lawyers, code experts, radio men, draftsmen, printers. G-2 had a hole to fit every peg.

THEY banded together to find out all about Germany—military, economic, political—about the *feldgrau* at the front and the *hausfrau* at home, how the Allied blockade was working, and what was happening in the Reichstag; and what it all really meant to the A. E. F. and the Allies in winning the war. They used every aid science had thought of, and invented new ones. They learned to train pigeons, to fly toy balloons, to get Germans who were tired of *ersatz* food to desert and come over, to arrange matters so that certain harmless-looking persons might hear and see many things the Germans didn't want them to hear and see, to run an extensive printing and publishing business, and to lure from captured Germans, by means disarmingly frank, confusingly subtle, or crassly alimentary, information to be utilized in making uncomfortable their late friends on the wrong side of the line.

At the same time, the Intelligence studies for the battle of St. Mihiel began—a year before the battle took place. That was a secret closely guarded, but Major Kerr T. Riggs, directed by Colonel Arthur L. Conger, commenced then learning by heart all the German arrangements in the famous salient, every twist and turn of trench, every battery position, every rest camp. He even knew about the officers' bathtubs atop Montsec. That started almost before we had any troops on any part of the front. Later the southern face of the salient, assiduously camouflaged by censorship as "the sector northwest of Toul," became the proving ground of G-2, the back lot that developed its big-leaguers. Here they experimented, sometimes amusingly, and learned and grew, keeping up with the newest tricks made in Germany, and with the fast-growing A. E. F. as well. Intelligence officers got little rest.

They slaved to placate the Juggernaut of G-2, the great wall map of the order of battle that was called the riskiest map in France. It was hidden by a sliding panel in the wall of Colonel Conger's office at G. H. Q., guarded at night by a sergeant with a Colt automatic. It was the only single map in France that showed continuously and at a glance the whereabouts at any time of every German and every Allied division on the Western Front.

G-2 had many tasks, but the most important was to keep this bird's-eye view clear, accurate, complete, and up to date day and night. If we knew where the Germans were, and what shape they were in, and knew it right, we could beat them. If we didn't—who could tell? Our best information about that usually came from the Germans themselves!

German prisoners, and papers, maps, diaries, and letters taken from them, were the best authorities A. E. F. Intelligence had; better and more reliable than spies and agents, better even than intercepted radio.

IN THE last few months of the war, man power was probably Germany's biggest problem. The losses in the spring offensives had been terrible, and they were the German Army's picked men, its *Stosstruppen*. The Allies were reinvigorated by two million fresh Americans. How long could the Germans stand the strain, and how soon must they throw in prematurely the striplings who were their last reserve?

The Americans were fighting the Meuse-Argonne, our greatest battle. After a good initial advance, we were stopped, and on October 4 attacked again. The veteran First Division struck head-on one of the great shock divisions of the old German Army, the First Guard. Prisoners taken were hurried to experienced interrogating officers working at the front. Shaken and weakened, the captured Germans talked. They were receiving young replacements, they said—too young. When trouble started, these youths ran away. That was the information we wanted.

A LITTLE earlier, in the tense summer of 1918, during the Germans' last superhuman effort to win before the Americans could intervene decisively, the importance of prisoners in the complicated scheme of G-2 things was illustrated by this hitherto untold tale:

In April and May all the Allied Intelligence Services were trying to find out where the Germans would attack next. Marshal Foch believed it would be toward Amiens, and French reserves were assembled there. But on April 23, Colonel Stanley D. Embick, of General Bliss's staff with the Supreme War Council in Paris, prepared, with the help of American G-2, an estimate indicating that the Germans would attack, not toward Amiens, but toward Paris, on the Chemin des Dames front between Soissons and Rheims, a considerable distance from Amiens. General Bliss and the entire American section of the War Council approved this paper and gave it to Marshal Foch in May. Although the British, too, were a bit uneasy, French Intelligence reported, not the Chemin des Dames, but Amiens as the danger spot, and there the French reserves remained.

On May 25, the Intelligence Service of the VI French Army on the Chemin des Dames asserted: "In our opinion there are no indications that the enemy has made preparations which would enable him to attack tomorrow." Early next morning they captured two German officers and a private soldier, and questioned them separately. The officer said there would be no attack, the soldier said there would be a big attack next morning. What a situation, said the French; which of them shall we believe? They accused the officer of lying, and gave him a "special interrogation," in other words, a course of sprouts. He changed his story, and then, at dusk, French observers saw large bodies of German troops moving behind the front.

French and British, in this "quiet sector" to rest, were ordered to their battle positions. But it was too late. The warning had been too brief, and, after terrible artillery fire, the Germans attacked at half past four next morning. The defense was insufficiently prepared, and in less than a week the Germans had flowed over the Aisne, the Vesle, the Ourcq, to the Marne, where Chateau-Thierry became part of American history. Almost the same day, the French Intelligence received from an undercover

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erman headquarters this essage: "Germans will at- ck May 27 on Chemin des mes." The message was ten ys old. It had taken the ret service too long to it through Switzerland.

HE last great German at- tack of all, the *Friedens- rm*, the "Peace Drive," to the war, came July 15, and time French Intelligence ked well, and so did Ameri- . Observation posts along front, from Château- erry to the Champagne, tted the Germans assem- g guns, shells, supplies. American Third Division ng the Marne even saw n preparing pontoons up- which to cross. Early in , Colonel Conger showed erican correspondents the plicated tabulation of man rested and tired di- ons and their whereabouts, predicted that the next ck would come within two ks.

xpectancy was tense. e prisoners had told of e rumors of an attack, French and Americans been alert July 4 and ther times. On July 14 a picked ch raiding party got into the German in Champagne and brought back a prisoners, but enough. They wore uniforms and had heavy equipment, ing iron rations. Yes, they admitted, was to be an attack early next ing, and they were to be in it. All the front the word flashed, and then Allied guns. When the Germans nced, it was to their worst repulse of They never attacked again.

man prisoners usually talked, and the prisoners of most armies, in- g the American. To be sure, two g heroes of the First Division, ed on the head and dragged "over ermany" the night before our ny attack, did not talk, and so the was a surprise and a success. But were others who forgot the exhorta- n a card that Colonel Walter H. ey, controlling censorship, sent doughboy: "If you are captured, forget as much as possible."

oners, freshly caught, nerve-shaken fed, were G-2's meat. Just out of l of battle, they must be iron men ould not answer questions, if only a cigarette and something to eat rhaps, a sleep. Most of the officers old-style Prussian non-coms were customers. But the rest would succumb to the wiles of G-2 and presently be telling all they knew, ot realizing that it had any im- e.

ners were really the German heel, for they had in their army s with no fondness for Germany— Lorrainers, Danes, and Poles— hers with little fondness for —Saxons and some of the South s. The first thing some Intelli- ficers did was to walk down a line ners asking each, "*Bist du Pole?*"

(Above) A suspect being questioned by a Belgian police officer and American Army officers. (At right) Looking for spy letters in the Army mail

All the Poles were examined immediately and told more than Germans. The French handled Alsace-Lorrainers cleverly, and many deserted to them. They deserted to us too, and a few days before our St. Mihiel attack, General Fuchs, the German Commander, ordered relief of the 77th Reserve Division because so many had walked across No Man's Land that he considered the division unreliable. Of course, deserters would talk.

So would troops just from the Eastern front, brought back since Russia went Bolshevik, to turn the man-power scale and make possible the German spring offensive. They did almost more harm than good. They had been exposed to Bolshevism, and many had caught it. Their morale was rotten. Many would not fight, surrendered readily, and told their examiners everything they knew.

IN ANOTHER way prisoners unintentionally gave information—they talked among themselves. When they were brought back from the fighting, they were questioned quickly about conditions on the immediate front, in their own units, then filtered rapidly through Division and Corps Intelligence to Army Intelligence. Here, they were assembled in large, wired stockades and winnowed carefully and expertly for every grain of news about Germany and its army. Even when they were seemingly alone in the cages, they were not safe from G-2.

In German uniforms, filthy as the rest, German-speaking Intelligence officers mingled with the crowd, listening to what they said to one another. Some Germans, usually because they wished a republic in Germany, joined up with G-2. One German university graduate who must be nameless, working for Captain Sanford Griffith, disguised himself as an officer, entered officers' prison pens, and picked up much valuable information. In return for such help, G-2 escorted two Germans to this country after the war and helped them lose themselves. Even a Republican Germany, it turned out, would have been uncomfortable for them.

One German officer was shamed on a certain occasion into telling the truth. Colonel Willey Howell, Chief of Intelligence of the First Army, told officer-prisoners they need not talk if they did not wish, but if they talked they must tell the truth. This officer gave intentionally false information. What he said was checked, of course, and next day Colonel Howell staged a little satirical comedy: the ceremony of degradation, removing the insignia of the officer who, having been treated like a gentleman, had lied. In the middle of it the officer, deeply humiliated, broke down—and talked.

A raiding party (*Continued on page* 77)

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The doctor didn't have much to say, but I could see he didn't like the way things were going

Everything Has *its* Price

Dot receives a lot of sympathy—and hands it back!

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrated by T. K. HANNA

I'VE often wished that I could have stayed dumb. When I said that to Will once, he had to be funny, of course, and say that he didn't think I'd have noticed much difference. But he was just joking; he doesn't really think I'm stupid. People who are born stupid and stay that way, though, certainly have an easy time of it. They go right on all their lives believing everything they're told. And I don't know of another trait that makes life so simple.

Mother Horton, for instance, positively lives on mottoes. Give her a cooky recipe that calls for corn sirup instead of sugar, and she's as skeptical as the next one till she's tried it out herself. But she'll look you right in the eye and tell you that kind hearts are more than coronets; though she's never seen any coronets and hasn't heard half as much about them as she has about corn sirup.

She's always saying that early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, though she knows as well as anybody else that the Prince boy, who has to take something for his thyroid and is too dumb to do anything but drive the milk truck for eight dol week, goes to bed and ge earlier than anybody el Montrose.

I used to be somethin that myself. I took it for grante the more the merrier, it's always d just before dawn, a stitch in time nine and you can't keep a goo down. It was a great shock to first time I realized that you can't relax on a motto. Some mottoes right, but there are others that, soon as you really try to rest your on them, go down under you. An doesn't seem to be any way to tel kind are which.

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It was the Carstairses that set me really wondering about this business of having children.

Helen was a Chicago girl that Bob Carstairs had married. Bob had lived in Montrose when he was a little boy, and when he came back to be manager of the power and light company's office we were all glad to see him again and crazy to get acquainted with his wife. When we heard that, though they'd been married six or eight years, they didn't have any children, I said, of course, what a pity. I shall never forget the shock I got when I found that the Carstairses pitied all the rest of us.

It came out quite accidentally when Helen and I were talking about the Bartells. Helen had been very tactful; she was lovely to all the babies, always said twins should be in the movies, they were the cutest four-year-olds she'd ever seen in her life, and so on. But when I happened to mention one day that Betty Bartell was at last going to have a baby, Helen said, "Oh, isn't that too bad!"

I said, "Why on earth?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Helen vaguely. "But it seems a shame, when they're getting along so well."

I'd always thought it was when people were getting along well that they should be having their babies.

"If the Bartells don't have a baby now, when Harry's been made assistant manager of the department and Betty's uncle has died and left her three thousand dollars, I don't see when the proper time would ever come," I said. "They'd go on and on, and probably never have any."

Helen didn't say anything; but she shrugged her shoulders in a way that was as good as saying, "Well, what of that?"

"They'd be missing the greatest thing in life," I said firmly. That was one of those mottoes, so to speak, that was supposed to close discussion. But it didn't.

"I'm not so sure," said Helen. "Who's to know it's the greatest thing in life? People who haven't any children can't have seen it, and people who have children usually haven't seen anything else."

"People who don't have any children," I said, "are lonely and unhappy in their old age."

"So are plenty of them who do," said Helen. "Look at Mrs. Wing, and Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Long, and old Grandpa Holcomb. Talk about lonesome!"

WELL, I knew that was true. When Mrs. Wing's daughter married a missionary and went to India, which must have been fifteen years ago, Mrs. Wing just stopped living for anything except May's letters. And she always cries over them. Mrs. Butler can't talk about a thing in the world but her son in Peoria and her other son in Utica. And the first year that neither of them got back home for Christmas, she nearly died of hurt and loneliness. Mrs. Long's daughter didn't turn out very well, and I'm sure Mrs. Long couldn't be any meaner or more bitter or more alone in the world if she'd never had a child. And as for poor old Mr. Holcomb, whose own grandson cheated him out of his business and put him in the Old Men's Home—!

I had to admit that having children doesn't exactly guarantee a happy old age for you, so I hurried on to another motto.

"Children," I said, "keep you young and draw husband and wife together."

"Oh, do they! Look at Rosie Merton. Do you think she looks young for her age?"

"She looks very young for a mother of four children."

"I thought you said children *kept* you young," said Helen. "Then Rosie ought to look four times as young as though she only had one. And talk about drawing husband and wife together! Just look at her and Howard. Why, six years ago when Bob and I came here for Bob's vacation, the Mertons were just married, and they used to do everything together. Rosie used to go down and help Howard in the office, getting out bills and so on. Then Howard was always knocking off a day, and they'd go off together in their flivver. And camping week-ends and all such things. I thought I'd never seen a couple that had so much fun together. Don't you remember how we used to call them the Siamese twins?"

"Well, my soul, you can't expect a woman to keep house for a family and work in a dentist's office besides, can you?" Someway, I felt quite irritable about defending Howard and Rosie. "And Howard has to make an awful lot more money now than he did then. He can't afford to knock off days. Besides, it's not so easy to be away from home overnight when you've got four babies. It isn't that Howard and Rosie don't like each other just as well as ever; but they've both got something to

Though I asked Will a million times not to stand and watch me when I was driving, he would forget and do it

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do now besides just being Siamese twins."

"That is exactly the point I was making," said Helen, "about babies drawing husband and wife together."

She stopped short and began to get red and embarrassed, and I knew that it was because she'd suddenly remembered that I had two babies of my own. She instantly began talking nervously and tactfully about how darling Jack and Jill were.

SHE was afraid she'd hurt my feelings, but she hadn't. She had set me to thinking, though. And to noticing things.

The Carstairses had the most artistic house in town—everybody said so—and a maid they'd brought from Chicago to take care of it. They'd been abroad once, so they had lots of things you can't buy in this country. They had new books and thirty-five-cent magazines around, like nothing at all, and cut flowers all winter and always a big box of two-dollars-a-pound candy.

I happened to know that Helen was thirty-two years old, and I had to admit that she looked much younger than Rosie, who is only twenty-six. And though she wasn't really half as pretty as Dulcie, she looked prettier. This was because she always had just the right clothes and took such good care of herself. She never considered a thing in buying a dress except whether it was smart and extremely becoming. She wore chiffon stockings with clocks, which made her ankles look very slim, even in the mornings. She had four different shades of powder, and had her hair waved so regularly at Ye New Beauty Shoppe that it always looked better than mine, which is naturally curly.

I don't know how the other girls felt, but what got me the most of all was the way Helen Carstairs never had to worry or plan and scheme about anything. When she went out in the afternoon, all she had to do was to dress herself. By the time I'd got the twins dressed, I'd be so harassed watching them to see that they didn't get dirty again before I was ready, that often enough I wouldn't even look in the mirror when I powdered my nose. When Helen would have company for dinner, all she'd have to do was to set the table, maybe, and fix the flowers. Mercy, by the time I'd pulled off a really fancy company dinner, I'd have had more work and worry than Hoover feeding the flood area.

If the Carstairses had been rich, I wouldn't have thought so much about all this, but Bob and Will got to comparing notes one day, and found that they cleared just about the same amount by the end of a year. Neither were the Carstairses spendthrifts, like the Bartells, putting every cent they had onto their table or their backs. They saved about the same amount we did.

No; the whole difference between us and the Carstairses was our twins. If Will and I hadn't had any children, we could be doing just about the way the Carstairses were. It wasn't, of course, that I was sorry even for a fraction of a second that we had Jack and Jill. I could think of so many moments when just having them seemed enough for a lifetime.

Nearly every winter twilight, after I'd given the twins their supper and had ours well started, I'd sit down beside the front bedroom window with Jill in my lap, and Jack, in his funny little pajamas with feet, hanging to the window-sill, and we'd watch for Daddy. Sometimes, when I'd see Will, tall and big in his winter overcoat, come swinging around the corner under the street light, look up at our window and wave to the children, I'd be so happy that I'd feel a sudden ache, way up in back of my throat.

Oh, I wasn't sorry, of course, that we had the twins. But, nevertheless, the Carstairses set me thinking. Thinking of the price that we paid for having them.

Helen could never get it into her head that I couldn't pick up and do anything I happened to feel like after my actual work was done, that I couldn't even leave the house of an afternoon, unless I took the children with me or else planned ahead to have somebody to leave them with. Sometimes she'd joke about it, hail the twins with, "Hello there, old Ball and Chain," but mostly she was tactful about it.

If there's anything in the world that's poison to me, it's to know that somebody's being tactful to me. Helen had a way of smoothing some things over and pretending not to notice others that got me perfectly wild. She'd start to suggest our doing something, then stop short and turn it off hastily into some gushing compliment about Jack and Jill. I'd have thought maybe I was unduly sensitive about it; but even Will noticed it. When Will notices tact, it must be pretty bad.

If it hadn't been for Helen's tact, I don't imagine that either Will or I would have thought of entering the country club golf tournament.

We were over at the Carstairses' one evening and they were talking about it.

"I think Bob and I'll enter the Married Doubles," Helen said. "The merchants of the three towns are putting up wonderful prizes. The first is a pair of twin beds that I'd adore for our guest-room."

Will and I glanced at each other. All we had in our guest-room was a double cot with a cretonne cover.

"When is this tournament?" Will asked. He had joined the country club for business reasons; but we almost never used it ourselves. The tournament, it seems, was six weeks off. I knew just what Will was thinking. Though we aren't such wonderful golfers, we might have a chance in Married Doubles, because we're fairly even. In most of the couples we knew of, one or the other was poor enough to be a sort of a handicap.

The Carstairses went on talking about the tournament and Will and I said nothing in words, but we kept up a kind of silent conversation with glances. And pretty soon, Will said right out:

"If we could get in some practice every day for six weeks—of course we're rusty as the dickens—"

BEFORE I had a chance to say anything, Helen rushed into the breach.

"Oh, there wouldn't be any use entering unless you got in good form first," she said. "And that would take a lot of practice. I don't imagine the tournament'll be worth the bother."

"Oh, I don't know about that; I think it'll be pretty good," said Bob, who, being a man, has to be reminded to be tactful. His wife's glance was enough to remind anybody.

"Jill did the cunningest thing this morning," she began, changing the subject with a tactful brightness that made me car-sick.

"Let's enter the tournament, Will," I interrupted her, with a kind of reckless desperation. I didn't see how on earth we could manage; but I just felt I couldn't stand one bit more of patronizing pity. And Will must have felt the same, because he said promptly:

"All right, I'm on."

When we were alone at home, we were a bit appalled at what we'd decided; but neither of us wanted to back out.

"If we could just park the kids from five o'clock till seven or so," said Will, "I could duck out of the office an hour early and we could beat it right out to the links."

"Maybe Mother'd take them for supper," I said. "It'll only be for six weeks."

Mother Horton has usually been willing to take the children any time, but she and Father Horton had stayed out in California this summer. However, when I explained the situation to Mother, she rose to the emergency like a good sport and said for us to drop Jack and Jill there each afternoon on our way out to the links and pick them up on our way back.

The Carstairses decided to practice at the same time, so that we could all go out together. The first Monday started out beautifully. Will rushed home from the office and got into his knickers. I had a cute new very light-weight sweater and skirt, and I thought we looked just as well as Bob and Helen. I put on the twins' new brother-and-sister suits and they were adorable.

WE DROPPED them at Mother's and went on out to the club in the rumble seat of the Carstairses' roadster. The clubs stuck up gayly in the front and we were all laughing and singing and foolin' and I flattered myself that Will and I didn't look like parents at all.

We went around in the foursome with Bob and Helen and beat them by eight strokes. I couldn't help gloating a little over Helen's surprise. She'd just taken for granted that we'd be dubs. She was half so pitying and tactful as we strolled back to the clubhouse.

There was just one unfortunate thing. Bob and Helen had taken it for granted that we'd stay and have supper at the club afterward, and of course we couldn't. We were keeping the twins up past their time as it was. As we'd come in the Carstairses' roadster, they had to come home too. They were very nice about it, said it didn't make a bit of difference. It really didn't amount to anything but, mere trifle, it was a little bothering. And Will said after we got home, if we were going to start getting meals at club, we might as well buy the twin beds right.

By the end of the first week, I could see that when we'd decided to be in tournament, we'd taken on something. For one thing, our pleasure in beating the Carstairses didn't last long. Our first afternoon, we happened to see the Bartletts playing. My soul, they were so much better than any of us that it took our breath away. And there was a guest from Verblen that had it all over the Bartletts like a tent.

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Will and I said nothing in words, but we kept up a kind of silent conversation with glances

lk about any of us winning the twin , I said, as we were all starting off ird day. "We'll be lucky if we're ned with the also-rans."

, is that so!" said Will and Bob to- . They're both natural-born fighters y remark was like saying rats to a of dogs. From that moment, our e began being a grim business.

two hours a day wasn't half enough. took us fifteen minutes to get out to b and another fifteen to get back. In't feel he could leave the office be- , and, though it was light till after we stayed as late as we could, it not getting the children to bed till lock. Jack's a nervous little fellow baby book says a nervous child ve plenty of sleep.

ng the twins at Mother's wasn't n either. At home I let them play in their overalls, but Mother's neighbor is a very fussy woman er wanted her grandchildren to redit to her. I found that that ractically a clean dress and suit a ich more than doubled my wash- ironing. Then, too, Mother hem so during the time she had it they were twice as hard to take e rest of the time.

care of children is much harder re tired, yourself; and I found that I was tired most of the time. You can't add two hours a day on the golf course in hot weather on top of your regular housework without noticing it. Will didn't help me as much as usual, either. Leaving the office early at night, he felt that he had to rush back at noon, which meant he couldn't help me with the dinner dishes as he had often used to. He didn't wipe the supper dishes, either, because the lawn was getting ahead of him.

And every spare second we had, day or night, he wanted to spend practicing with one club or another. My unfortunate remark about the also-rans had done the work. Will was simply determined that we should win that prize. And when Will gets an idea like that into his head, his ordinary good judgment leaves him entirely. Of course I wanted to win the twin beds too; but Will irritated me just the same, appearing to think I could shell peas with one hand while I practiced mashie shots with the other.

I certainly was doing my best. After the twins were in bed and the supper dishes at last done, it was pitch dark of course, and we would turn the flivver lights on one corner of the lawn and putt till we were ready to drop.

The trouble with trying to play golf when you're tired is that you can't play your best and that makes you cross. The worse you play, the crosser it makes you; and the crosser you are, the worse you play. It's a vicious circle, and by the end of the third week both Will and I were running round and round it, like squirrels in a cage.

And the trouble with playing partners when you're both cross is that you're very likely to blame your playing onto your partner. Whenever Will missed a putt he should have made, he was sure to say that I had talked or moved and made him miss. And though I asked him a million times not to stand and watch me when I was driving—it made me so nervous I'd flub every time—he would forget and do it.

THE fourth week was worse than the third because, the tournament being that much nearer, the situation was becoming more tense. Also, there was an added trifle which rather upset Will. Six months before, Bob had told Will about some stock to buy. It wasn't speculating on a wild tip or anything crazy like that. As Will said, it was a case of getting in on the ground floor, and was so sound that if it weren't for the twins he'd have taken a chance even if it did tie us up. But life with twins is chancy enough already. You can never tell a week ahead what you're going to have to shell out for. If it isn't adenoids, it's shoes.

"Well, I suppose (*Continued on page 172*)

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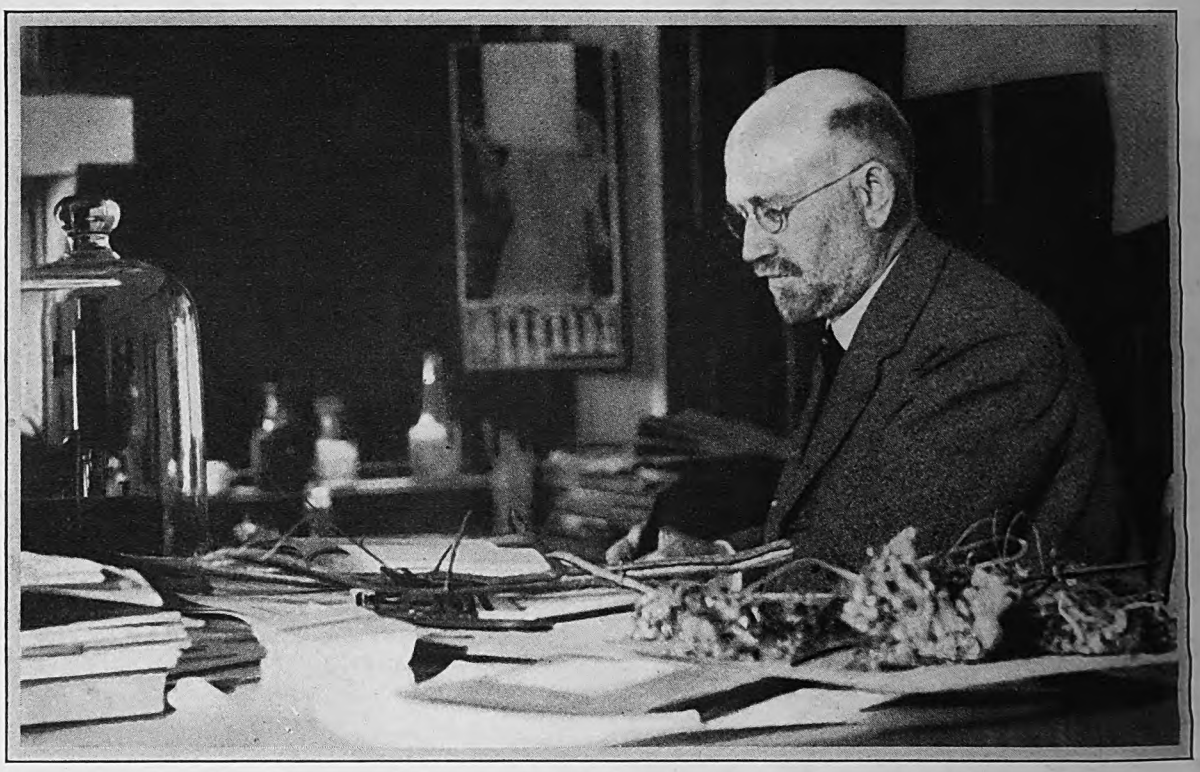
Meet Mr. Sherlock Holmes of the Plant World!



Introducing DR. RODNEY H. TRUE, famous botanist, who has solved the most amazing mysteries of plant life and tracked plant criminals whose depredations were causing huge financial losses

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

SOME time ago a badly worried builder presented himself at the office of Dr. Rodney H. True, famous botanist of the University of Pennsylvania. In his hand he carried a small parcel wrapped in newspaper.

"Professor," he began, "they tell me you know all there is to know about plants."

"I know something about plants," Doctor True corrected.

"Then maybe you can explain something mighty strange that's happened in my business," the visitor said. "I've the contract to plaster a new building just being finished downtown. A few days ago my men went to work. Yesterday when I inspected what they had done I was so surprised I scarcely could believe my eyes. Vines were growing in the plaster."

"Growing in the plaster?" echoed Doctor True.

"Yes, sir," nodded the builder. "I know it doesn't sound right, but there they were. They grew right out of the new plaster as if we had planted them there, about one to every square foot. I pried them up by the roots and plastered over the holes—and this morning a whole new crop is growing! We can't finish the wall for these plants!"

IN REPLY to Doctor True's questions the builder related how, in view of the importance of the contract, he had used unusual care in selecting his materials and in mixing them. The lime was of the best. The sand had been obtained from a proven source and most carefully screened. He had used the sand in other walls, within that month, with no such fantastic consequences.

And finally, to prove his statement, he opened the parcel he had brought with him. In it were several of the plants. The hard, dry, almost stone-like mate which the roots were imbedded in tably was plaster!

I have described Doctor True as anist. He's more than that. H solver of plant mysteries—a detect shrewd in his work as any Sherlock H in his. Also, he is a plant physi which means that he is both surge doctor in his great world of growing Plants have their ills just as peopl Likewise they have their mysteri the underworld of plantdom th some amazing criminals whose d tions have cost man uncounted th of dollars!

Doctor True got out his microso took a look at those plaster lump his visitor had brought him. The scope revealed a tiny portion o shell clinging to one of the plant r was the smallest kind of clue, but for the experienced scientist to

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ne name of the culprit growth. The lant was a species of fenugreek, ative to Asia and the Mediterranean ores, which thrives in the dry alkali il that is often found on the edge of serts.

"Asia? Deserts?" ejaculated the ilder. "But my sand didn't come om any desert! I got it right here Philadelphia!"

Nevertheless, while his bewilder-nt increased, he consented to ch a sample of the sand. It was rally peppered with the seeds of e Asiatic fenugreek!

"Any drug-stores near that sand e?" asked Doctor True.

There were—and in the drug-store sest to his sand heap the builder nd the solution of his mystery. e druggist, in taking inventory of ck, had found some horse medicine which he had received no call in rs. His customers all owned auto-biles. He had dumped the medi-e, the bulk of which had been ugreek seeds, into the vacant lot k of his store. Boys playing in lot had transferred some of the th on which the seed had been nped to the near-by sand pile. hen an odd thing had happened. seeds were many years old. The l pile was damp and the climate . Under such conditions the s were due to die and decay very kly. But along came the builder, sand. He carted it away, mixed er and lime with it, and the lime, ting to the water, had created and also furnished an alkali con-to the soil. Before the plaster, ched out over the walls, had be-e too hard, the seeds, once again eir native element, had burst in-ie.

ANY such mysteries, and others which often involve the conduct eat industries, the future of whole iborhoods, and much capital, are itted to Doctor True in the e of his work. Some of his in-gations, such as that made for uilder, are concluded within a ours; others made by him dur-ne forty years in which he has engaged in his work have re-l months and even years. He raveled tens of thousands of in many parts of this country, study and detection of plant tals.

e 1920, he has been director of otanic Garden and head of the tment of Botany at the Uni-r of Pennsylvania, which is the and one of the most distin-d departments of botany in a. Prior to that, for nineteen he made investigations into ndustry for the United States ment of Agriculture. He also d on botany at Harvard Uni-for a year; was a member of ulty of the University of Wis-for four years; and earlier extensively both in this r and in Europe. He stands front rank of American scien-

st (*Continued on page 152*)

If You Ask Me:

"It's tact, not silence, that's golden"

ALPHONSO HIGGINS was one of the "characters" in Our Town. By keeping his mouth shut he had become famous. Words were to him like carrier pigeons—to be released only singly and in some emergency. "'Fon' Higgins can keep still in seven languages," folks used to say of him. And yet when he died he was not greatly mourned. His silence had won him respect but no love.

Henry Halstead was also a marked man. Henry was downright profligate with words. I have known him to take eleven minutes to tell what he thought the weather would be tomorrow. His words were like the eggs of our New England cod. He laid millions of them a year but only a small percentage survived the spawning.

Death came also to Henry Halstead. But no great dent was left in the community life. "I guess that the 'silence of the grave' is hell for Henry," a local humorist remarked.

PERHAPS the most popular man in Our Town was John Whitney. In neither direction was he conversationally conspicuous. But he used his words well. He had a genius for saying the right thing at the right time. If you were sad he knew how to make you feel better. If you were in a temper he could "calm you down." Conversation seemed to seek a curiously high level when John was around.

I remember one talk-fest in which the character of a young woman was being torn to shreds. Appearances were against her. John's face grew dark as the tongues clacked.

"What's the matter, John?" a neighbor asked.

"I just don't like this kind of talk," he said quietly. "After all, we don't *know* that any of these things are true."

AND then he told us the story of a peasant with a troubled conscience who had come to a monk for advice. The peasant had circulated slander about a friend—only to find out later that it wasn't true.

The monk was old and wise. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," he said, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village, and drop in each of them one fluffy feather."

The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced that he had done penance for his folly. "Not yet!" said the monk sternly. "Take up your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather that you have dropped!"

"But the wind must have blown them all away."

"Yes, my son," replied the monk. "And so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped, but no matter how hard you try, you can never get them back again." . . .

The parable was like a shower on a granite walk. It washed away the dirt. The group and the gossip broke up.

John Whitney was a gentleman. Everyone loved and respected him. He left no relatives nearer than a third cousin, but his grave has never lacked flowers.

* * *

Alphonso Higgins and Henry Halstead misused their words through hoarding or waste. John Whitney used *his* words as tools for building beautiful things. And who can question that his was the better part?

As Samuel Butler wisely said: "Silence is not always tact, and it is tact that is golden, not silence."

Merle Crowell

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MARK WOODS *says* . . .

"My Money *is on the* Man *who* Believes *in* Miracles"

And this comes from a man whose amazing activities include chaining rivers to their beds, putting unruly ones back where they belong, and reclaiming acres of land eaten up by cannibalistic currents

By NEIL M. CLARK

IF YOU are like ninety-nine out of every hundred people, you have never heard of Mark W. Woods. Yet he is one of the wealthiest and also one of the most interesting business men west of the Mississippi, and he handles jobs that have excited attention even in Wall Street.

His mark (no pun intended) has been stamped on most of the great rivers of this country. Take an airplane from Omaha to Kansas City, following the Missouri River, and you will look down on no less than forty great projects directly attributable to his genius. He is *not* an engineer. But he discovered a way to tame bandit rivers, make them stay where they belong, and stop stealing millions of dollars' worth of property yearly.

He *is* a banker and business man. Therefore, he organized a company to capitalize his discovery. Today that company has contracts completed, in hand, or in sight totaling many millions of dollars.

This is not all. When rivers are harnessed, land that was worth thousands may become worth millions. In Kansas City, Mark Woods found large tracts adjacent to the river that were undeveloped. He tamed the river and is developing one of the greatest industrial districts of the middle west. That project alone represents millions of dollars.

These are some of the things Mark Woods and his organization are doing. From his youth up, he has done big things. Today, as president of the Woods Brothers Corporation, of Lincoln, Nebraska, he directly or indirectly controls a dozen undertakings, any one of which would be big enough to suit the taste of an ordinary man. He is one of the largest Corn Belt farm operators. His real estate firm has developed, sold, and re-sold a large portion of the land on which Lincoln stands. He sponsored a modern street-railway system when the traction company failed to do so. He and his brothers originated a great telephone company, and they organized a timber company that sells hundreds of thousands of ties annually to western railroads. And the Woods brothers and their associates control one of the largest coal-mining companies in the country.

You might think Mark Woods' career a complicated one. Actually, in all the essentials it is surprisingly simple. Two facts about Mark Woods flash up steadily like signal lights; almost alone, they explain every success in his career. One is his belief in promptness. The other is his profound belief that opportunity is always waiting for the man who goes gunning for it.

"Be on time in life," he says, "in both small and large things. Keep up to date; don't limp into line after everybody else has arrived. Keep your word. Be dependable. Pay every penny the day it is due, even if you have to take the skin off your back.

"A man who does that has character. If he goes into business, he will draw dollars as a magnet draws steel."

And again:

"Many people think everything has been done. They can't 'see' anything new—until it is old. Many doubt that the airplane will ever amount to much in transportation. Seventy years ago they would have said the same of the railroad; forty years ago, of the telephone; ten years ago, of the radio! They just naturally hang back.

"But the fact is, we are making progress at a furious rate. Every day brings something new. The biggest jobs are ahead. *My* money is on the fellow who believes that miracles can actually happen, even in 1929!"

VISUALIZE the man Woods. He is built on square, compact, forceful lines. His hair is dark, with scarcely a glimmer of gray. He appears to be in his middle forties, and one would never guess that he is nearly sixty. A first-rate joke delights him hugely. He has been much out of doors, often in rough country among rougher men; rugged self-reliance is stamped on his manner. He will spend millions freely to develop a promising enterprise, but may change hotels at personal inconvenience if he finds that he has been willfully overcharged a few cents!

Mark Woods started as poor as any boy can when he has nothing but ambition and energy. He was immensely fortunate in his parents. They were of long-lived vigorous, high-principled stock. His mother, past eighty, still lives. His father almost eighty-four, died only a few months ago.

"The finest parents boys ever had," Mark Woods says.

The boys, in turn, reflected credit on the parents. It would be hard to find four brothers who have all done big things consistently as they. Albert, the eldest, former university president, is now head of the Bureau of Scientific Research of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. Frank, lawyer and business man, is president of several large companies and has been closely associated with Mark in business. Mark and George have been partners for three and a half decades.

COLONEL FRED M. WOODS, father, was, in his day, the country's best-known live-stock auctioneer. At the time of Mark's birth, in 1870, the Colonel was a land appraiser and loan officer for the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. Through him, from the first Mark was thrown in contact with interesting men.

"Besides having these other duties," Mark Woods explained, "my father was superintendent of a thousand-acre farm at Downers Grove, Illinois, owned by General Alexander A. C. Ducat, a famous Chicago insurance man. There I spent most of my early boyhood.

"General Ducat often brought friends to the farm to hunt. It was my job to drive them around. One day I was driving General Ducat and Marshall Field, the merchant, over some rough ground. Like a boy would, I let my head flop back and forth at every bump.

"'Young man,' Mr. Field growled, 'if you don't keep a stiff neck, you're going to lose your head!'

"Marshall Field was not a man to make jokes. I took him in deadly earnest and for the rest of that day kept my head back as stiff as a poker. Several times in tough corners, later, I thought of what he said, and considered it excellent advice."

(*Continued on page*

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graph by Townsend

Mark Woods

MARK WOODS, of Lincoln, Nebraska, directly or indirectly controls a dozen large organizations, any one of which would satisfy an ordinary executive. These interests range from a great construction company to banking, real estate, public utilities, timber and coal companies, and an airport. When the Missouri River started eating chunks of land out of Mr. Woods farm, he got the idea of river bank protection. In ten years his construction company has saved billions of dollars' worth of property, and has done, and is planning, big, vital work on practically every important riverside in the country affected by erosion.

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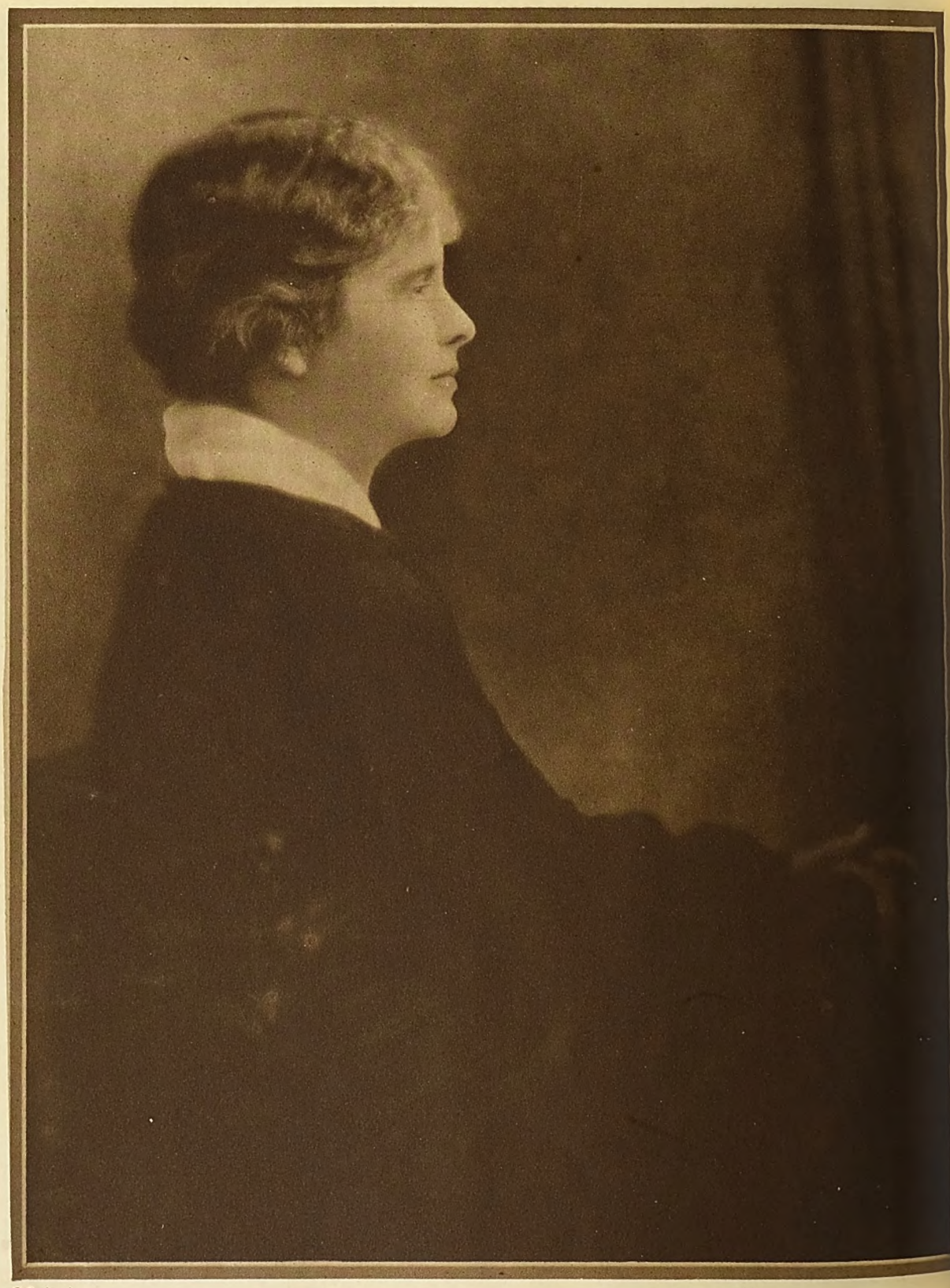

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Dorothy Canfield

DOROTHY CANFIELD is one of America's leading and most beloved novelists. Included in her books, which usually stand high up among the best sellers, are "The Bent Twig," "The Brimming Cup," and "Her Son's Wife." Also, she has written many popular short stories. In the non-fiction field her translation of Papini's "Christ" brought her wide recognition. Her latest non-fiction book is "Why Stop Learning?" For three years, during the World War, Dorothy Canfield served her country and humanity in France. She was born in Lawrence, Kansas, fifty years ago. In private life she is Mrs. John Redwood Fisher, of Arlington, Vermont.

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"Middle Age is a very pleasant change from being Young"

"WHEN you make the middle-aged discovery that the stars do not reel every time you have made a fool of yourself," says Dorothy Canfield, "you can see that there are some compensations for stiffening joints and gray hairs. There are simply no words which can do justice to the relief which comes when you stop caring so terrifically about always appearing well to others. And yet this new freedom is only a minute part of the enormous widening of life which comes when time enables you (nothing else BUT time can do it) to make a faint guess that you are not the most important person in the world. Like Pilgrim's burden, at least half your unhappiness rolls from your bent shoulders when this great truth begins to penetrate your aging mind."

I am Fifty—

And it Doesn't Hurt a Bit!

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

O YOU remember the little girl who asked her mother if you didn't feel queer for a few days after you grew up? I think of her when people ask me how I bout being middle-aged. The answer th cases is, "You don't feel anything tional. You just go on living." Such nswer probably wouldn't have satis- he little girl, nor shaken her convic- hat the enormously advanced age of y-one must be ushered in by comets, quakes, and other astrological por- And I don't suppose it will satisfy der, but equally naïve, people who ne that somewhere between forty and here comes a solemn moment when man folds her hands and thinks: h is past; old age is just ahead."

the honest truth is that there is g dramatic about the passing of the You go on living, working as usual esperate hurry to keep from being ed by all the details of life, and one g you look at the calendar and say, it's my birthday! And I'm just Aunt Ellen was when she moved to wn." Then, with a smile, "Gracious! eemed as old as Moses' wife to me! t is it I have on my mind for today? ne see. I must order a couple of tons al and go to the Children's Aid com- e meeting and get my skates sharp- and . . . there was something else oh, yes, I promised to write an article ing middle-aged."

least that's the way my birthdays me in this period of my life. I me you don't believe me. People a thirst for emotional crises. They to take lamentations at their face as sincere outpourings of the heart. it is what you want, lay down this and make your choice among a great many screeds on the direful subject of advancing years, written by young people.

But, as far as I am concerned, I had been so little aware of the drama and pathos of my situation that, until the request to write this article fixed my attention on my age, my state of mind could have been summed up by these short phrases: "Nearly fifty? So I am. What of it?"

And now comes the reminder: "But I'll *be* fifty before the piece gets into print." So I shall; but what of it?"

OF COURSE, the moment I did stop to take thought I realized that I am no exception to the laws which make all women around fifty very different from what they were at twenty. I, too, am very different. How did it happen, I asked myself, that I had insensibly passed through those years which had looked so portentous to my twenty-year-old eyes? To take, first of all, the most obvious change: the one which during all the generations of man has been the theme of melancholy poems and (so in my naïveté I had supposed) of embittered hearts—the inexorable passing from the smooth-skinned, bright-haired radiance of youth to the wrinkles and gray hair of maturity plus. Why was it that I had been so little affected by this change, traditionally devastating to women, as scarcely to notice it? I realized that mine was not the correct attitude at all. Years ago—let alone right now when my attention is called to it—I should have devoted many hours per day to tears, or at least to besieging the beauty parlors in that futile search for prolonged youth which makes such easily available copy for any writer with a turn for ironic pathos. What was the matter with me?

Consideration brought to mind several things the matter with me, along with other women of my generation who are cheerfully enjoying the middle years of life. They seem, those energetic, life-loving, work-enjoying contemporaries of mine, all to have learned somewhere a lesson which it took the war to teach me.

I SPENT a good part of the duration of the war in France, in contact with the direst needs. We, who were doing what we could to help, felt like the garrison of a besieged fort. We desperately needed reinforcements. To be of any use to us, our reinforcements must be capable of endurance, firmness of purpose, responsibility, perseverance, and self-forgetfulness. You will not, perhaps, find it hard to believe that we soon lost any enthusiasm we might have had about youth *per se*, or its physical attributes. Bright eyes, smooth faces, gleaming young hair—we came to distrust them on sight.

In our minds these pretty signs of physical youth became associated with childishness, fickleness, irresponsibility, lack of conscience. In other jobs, we admitted, young people might leap into danger more recklessly than their elders, but the inability of youth to stand things it doesn't like made them tragically exasperating to us. We could not always provide them with danger, or the "something exciting" which they required as their daily dose of stimulant; and without it they would not stick at a long, tiresome job till it was done, no matter how tragically it was needed. Would not? Apparently they could not.

Perhaps it was in those days that I got over rating fresh complexions and natural dimples at their surface value; learned to welcome with joy (*Continued on page 84*)

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NICHOLAS came into the house and called softly up the stairway: "Hoo-hoo, Nancy!" There was the sound of a gently closing door and then: "All righty; be down in a few minutes."

"Listen, dear," said Nicholas. "I brought Perry, the poor fish, home to supper." The poor fish O. K.'d this good news with, "Hello, Sis."

"Glad to have you, Perry, but don't come up. If Babsy sees you it will be all off." Nancy added a postscript: "Show him the agriculture, Nick."

All these remarks were in stage whispers as if dark deeds were brewing in the little green house on Elm Street. The two young men walked with a guilty tread through the dining-room, which showed no signs of impending dining, and out into the back yard. There Perry Deyce found it possible to speak aloud.

"See here, Nick, I'd better not stay for supper. Nance seems to have her hands full." He consulted a wrist watch. "I've got time to get to the boarding-house. I'll come some other night."

If Nicholas Folger could have foreseen what the evening would bring forth he would have accepted his brother-in-law's resignation, but he had a special reason for wanting Perry to stay this evening, so he said:

"Forget it, kid. Nancy would be sore if you ran off. There'll be something doing soon—probably Barbara delayed the game. Have a look at the garden?"

Nicholas was five years older than Nancy's brother, five inches taller, and fifty pounds heavier. He was shaggy-haired and careless in his dress, whereas Perry was neat and fastidious, with the brown hair and regular features of his good-looking sister. Nicholas was a lawyer; Perry was a teller in the Evergreen Bank. Nicholas was easy-going and good-natured; Perry full of nervous energy. Nicholas was inclined to reticence; but Perry would burst into oratory at the slightest encouragement. They disagreed on a hundred matters of minor importance, but they were united in one belief, which they never discussed, that Nancy Deyce Folger was Nature's noblest work.

Nicholas shed clothing as he walked; he left his hat in the dining-room, his coat on the back porch, his necktie on the pump handle, and his collar on a gooseberry bush. By the time he reached the little vegetable patch he was stripped for action. He rolled up his sleeves, demolished a few miscellaneous weeds, and pulled some radishes for supper. He called Perry's attention to the carrots, spoke highly of the turnips, and gave honorable mention to the spinach.

"Some garden, kid?"

"Pretty good." Perry shed no enthusiasm nor clothes and refused to soil his hands with agriculture. He stood aloof in his banking suit, and if he threw cold water on Nick's garden it was only in a metaphorical sense. All of this was an economic waste, he held. "You can buy vegetables at the market for less than it costs you to grow them, if you count your time at all. Farmers can raise better garden truck than lawyers can, anyhow."

"Yes, but you've got to consider Barbara. Spinach and stuff should be fresh out of the garden for babies. Vegetables lose vitamins or something if they get stale. Nancy can give you an earful on that. Come and look at Bessie."

The little corporal of finance thoughtfully studied this cow and vetoed her. It seemed that Bessie, too, was an economic waste. Her overhead was too much. Nicholas admitted that Bessie came high, but claimed that the baby's robust health was largely due to strictly fresh milk.

When Nancy came down she gave out one wifely and one sisterly kiss. She had brightened herself up for her men folks, but there were tired circles about her brown eyes.

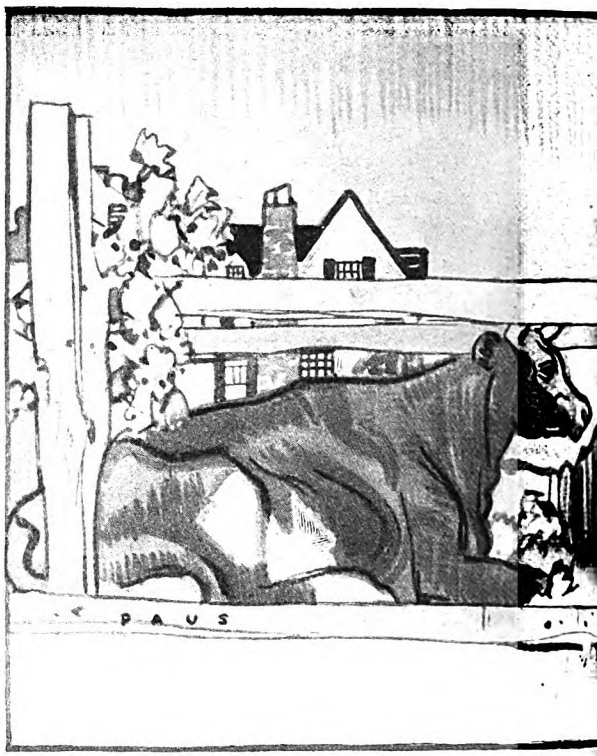
"It won't be long now till liver and bacon and garden sass," she said. "Babsy nearly finished her poor old bobbed-haired mother today. I was defeated on every front."

"Can we help any?" asked Nicholas.

"No, you fellows sit out on the front porch and quarrel about farm relief."

This evening meal was good, but perhaps not hearty enough for Perry after the delay. Supper was enlivened by ta of the misdeeds of the infant Barbara, w had made a nuisance of herself in ma charming ways and rendered life a burd and a joy to her mother.

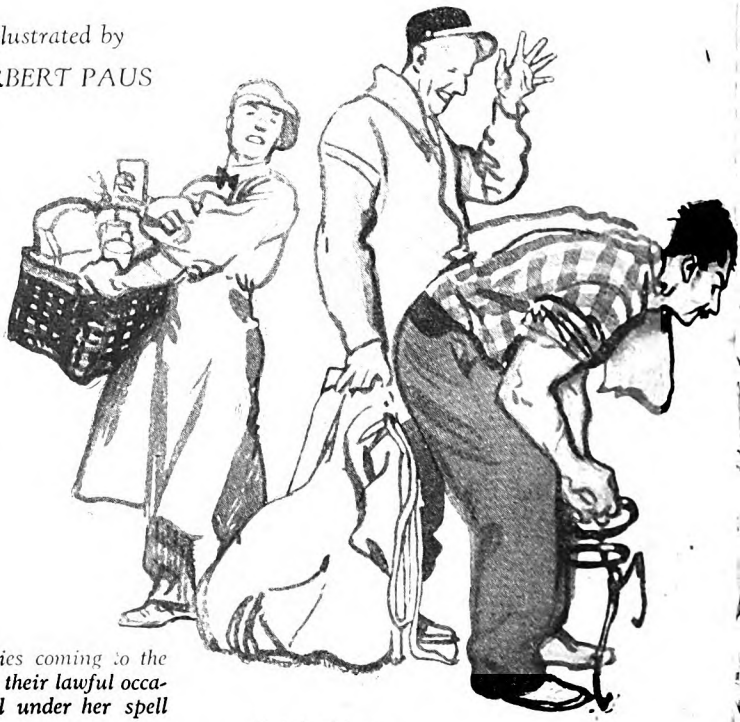
"She's big enough now to run and and bump herself. She can pull thi



Barbarous

By HOWAR

Illustrated by
HERBERT PAUS



All parties coming to the house on their lawful occasions fell under her spell

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Nicholas admitted that Bessie came high, but claimed that the baby's robust health was largely due to strictly fresh milk

Barbara

By RUBAKER

n her head, too. I can't trust her my sight a minute."

olas listened with fond attention to inating tale of how his art-loving r had tried to eat the comic sup- of the Sunday paper and had when not allowed to decorate her with colored ink.

was just too cunning for words," ncy.

achelor brother stirred uneasily in , but the infatuated parents did these warning signals.

," asked the attorney, "is the tooth getting along?"

n, folks, I want to tell you some- Perry's words dropped into the tion like a bomb and his young tense with earnestness. "It's time e up your minds to look things ace and call a spade a spade."

"My goodness, Perry! What's the matter?" asked Nancy.

"Barbara is what's the matter. She's what's the matter with everything around here." Before the Folgers were aware of their peril their guest had launched into an after-dinner speech.

Many gloomy things have been said about the wild doings of the younger generation, but it is not usual to make charges against a flapper only twenty months old.

Like all good orations, Perry's discourse fell into distinct headings, and his first topic was the economic interpretation of Babsy. It was clear that he had been storing up these grievances for some time and had arranged them in orderly fashion. Nancy and Nicholas, he recalled, had been getting along beautifully up to the time this villainess entered the scene. They had bought this little house and were beginning to pay off the mortgage. They had kept the place in good shape and made some improvements, yet enjoyed the comforts of civilized life. Then along came this bald-headed baby and stopped all progress like four-wheel brakes.

"You've paid nothing on the mortgage and even borrowed more at the bank. You owe bills right and left and you're always in hot water and walking a tight rope." Perry was apt to mix his metaphors when in deadly earnest. Nicholas had not had a new overcoat since he had this daughter, Perry said, and Nancy was getting shabby. They were letting the house run down and the green paint was coming off in flakes and they looked like poor white trash.

"You skimp and save and toil and moil and pour everything into that—that bottomless pit." Perry gestured freely toward the upper regions where the bottomless pit was located. "It's just buy, buy, buy all the time for her."

"She's a buy, buy baby," said Nancy.

"The only money you've saved in the last two years is on Barbara's fund for college, where she will be entered in the class of 1947!"

THE niece-hater further charged that these feeble-minded parents kept a cow when they ought to keep a car; they hired a man to milk in place of a girl to help Nancy with her work or a secretary at the office to help Nick and make him look like an up-and-coming lawyer instead of a failure. Barbara sentenced them to hard labor but did not let them get labor-saving machinery.

"For what you have spent on that young one you could have some high-grade bonds drawing interest and borrow on them in time of need." In short, this infamous infant violated all the economic laws. She was a liability, not an asset. He wrote her down in red ink.

"But money is not everything, you poor fish!" said Nicholas.

Perry, though a banker, admitted this truth.

"I was coming to that. There is the social side of life."

In this, too, it seemed Barbara was a total loss. Before this enemy crept in and ruined their home, Nancy and Nicholas had been the most popular young people in Evergreen. Friends loved to come to their house and they were welcome guests everywhere. There was music and dancing and laughter and song here, but now look at them!

THEY can't invite people in because they might wake up this precious darling. They can't go out evenings because there is nobody in the world good enough to leave with Barbara. Nancy had given up her music and of course they didn't have a radio. They never even went to the movies. Once they had read good books but now they only studied about how to feed babies. Or they sat around and yawned because Barbara had spoiled last night's rest.

"A person comes here after the day's toiling and moiling and craves to have a little intelligent conversation about things that really matter, and what do I hear? All the news about Babsy's tummy and

how many ounces she gained since last Thursday and how her teeth add up. You are losing touch with good friends, and friends bring business. She keeps your nose to the grindstone and paralyzes your career. How in the world is Nick ever going to be a Supreme Court justice if he has to stop to raise a baby and spinach and cows and things?"

The after-dinner speaker was becoming intoxicated by his own oratory.

"Is this a home any more? No, it's a hospital and a laboratory and a dairy lunch. You measure out vitamins and calories and you sterilize everything and weigh the baby every few minutes. Everything has to be just so for her Royal Imperial Majestic Highness. You work yourselves to skin and bones and she is as fat as a pig. You skimp and save on clothes and doll her up in silks and satins. Last Christmas you gave each other nothing but lovey-dovey looks, but you lavished costly toys on her as if you were Mr.

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and Mrs. Rockefeller."

"Uncle Perry lavished a few himself," said Nancy.

"I didn't see things so clearly then. I'm sure the whole town is talking about you. Of course they wouldn't say much to me, but everybody knows you're feeble-minded on this subject. Is it nice for a young fellow trying to make his way in the world to have folks know I'm related to a couple of nuts? With my own eyes I saw Nick showing Barbara's picture to a prominent business man. Right in our bank that happened!"

"No place is sacred to him." Nancy shook her head at that hopeless case.

"I kind of like her," Nicholas admitted sheepishly.

"You kiss the hand that bites you," said Perry. "She twists you around her fat little finger and you think she's wonderful. We win a war to free the world from autocracy and you two go and get an autocrat right in your own home."

"There are other people who think she's a nice baby," said Nick.

"Don't I know? Didn't you make me wheel her home once?" Uncle Perry's ears grew red with the memory of this outrage. "People stopped and gushed over her. One woman said she looked just like me!"

"Well, anyway," asked Nancy, "what can we do about it? We can't turn her out; she's too young."

LIKE many another able critic, Perry was not so strong on the constructive side. But he issued some fine, large thoughts (with gestures) about our duty to ourselves. We have a right to lead our own lives and express our own personalities and be masters of our own fates and captains of our own souls.

"It's wrong for people to sacrifice themselves to posterity. Society would never get anywhere that way; it would be lucky if it didn't slip back. A baby is a natural barbarian and loves to tear down civilization and destroy culture and make the world a howling wilderness."

The attorney chose to argue the case:

"But where would civilization and culture go if we didn't keep up the population? Tell me that, please."

"Babies are a necessary evil," Perry admitted, "but they should be raised by specialists and so should turnips."

Up to this point in the discourse, Nancy had been amused at her brother's outbreak. Although only four years his senior, she had mothered him since their childhood and he was always a treat to her when he tried to act grown up. But now a puzzled wrinkle came between her eyes. These were not home-grown thoughts. How did Perry get that way?

At last the lecturer exhausted his subject, his vocal cords, and his audience, and arose to go home.

"Good night, Sis," he said, remembering his manners. "I had a lovely time." Thus the economist and sociologist faded into the fragrant darkness of the summer night, leaving the pathetic parents alone with their infamous infant, their house falling to wrack and ruin, their blasted reputation—and their dirty supper dishes.

"Ouch!" cried Nancy, when the door had closed upon their severest critic.

"I never knew parenthood was a crime in this state," said the lawyer. "Let's sneak up there and take a look at the little vampire."

"All right; let's."

The guilty pair tiptoed up the stairway and feasted their eyes upon the enemy to their happiness. Barbarous Barbara had been tucked away with tender care, but she had managed to kick the covers off and had gone to sleep happy in the thought that she had outwitted her silly mother. There were dimples in her fat cheeks, her fat elbows, and her fat knees. To this feeble-minded father and muddle-headed mother she seemed the loveliest slave-driver that ever cracked a whip. They paid silent tribute to her charms, covered her lightly, and went down to do the chores.

"The joke of it is," said Nicholas ruefully, "I was going to touch Perry for another little loan. But it seems that Babsy is not exactly what you'd call good collateral."

"Nancy, that is absolutely the finest infant in circulation!"

As they washed the dishes togeth Nancy expressed the only thought whi had been worrying her.

"I wonder where Perry got those id about leading your own life and not sac ficing yourself to posterity. They ne grew here in Evergreen—that's impor stuff. Somebody has been feeding h that philosophy. Do you know whet he sees much of Dolly Lamport since came home from college?"

"Oh, Dolly wouldn't talk like t She's got too much sense."

"It doesn't sound like her, but can't tell what highfalutin notions might have picked up in that eas school. I've scarcely seen her since came back. Of course, Perry thinks world of her. He's never said so i many words, but I'm sure he'd marry if she'd have him."

"Well, it wouldn't do us any har get Silas Lamport kind of in the fa that way. If he'd give me his legal v things would go better."

DOLLY'S father was a well- owner of real estate and his bus would have been a boon to a rising y lawyer who was not rising fast enou suit his brother-in-law.

"Better use a dry towel for glasses," said Nancy. "Or maybe t somebody else. That boy never cot trusted. He's even worse than hi torious niece."

When that unnatural uncle deno Barbara as a bald-headed baby, he gerated grossly. The hairs of her were numerous enough to form a nimbus which gave her an angeli quite out of keeping with her evil r Her eyes were of a turquoise blue, too gaudy for good taste. They with innocent, girlish happiness th morning at breakfast when she cau adoring father off guard and po spoonful of liquid porridge upon h She cried when forbidden this sport, made the world a howling ness for fifteen minutes, and delay young lawyer's trip toward the s bench.

"You pack your duds and go, Nancy, "and never darken my d again." The giddy flapper blew a with her rosebud lips and tried t her milk. "Go and get yourself ra a specialist." Nancy added: "Ma just a book."

"What's just a book?"

"I mean where Perry got thos thoughts."

"It must be a pretty dippy bool Nicholas.

The barrister now departed for too-busy office, leaving his bet thirds to toil and moil in the peeli house on Elm Street. Nancy did ing and Barbara the moiling, and time was had by all but one. Th offspring was undoubtedly perv this beautiful summer morning, were trying to make good on the e tation Uncle Perry had given her

Whether it was her teeth or her depravity, she made a lot of tro the authoress of her being. S thorough, almost systematic, in h wrecking work. She tried to eat t cloth, she fell down and bumpe

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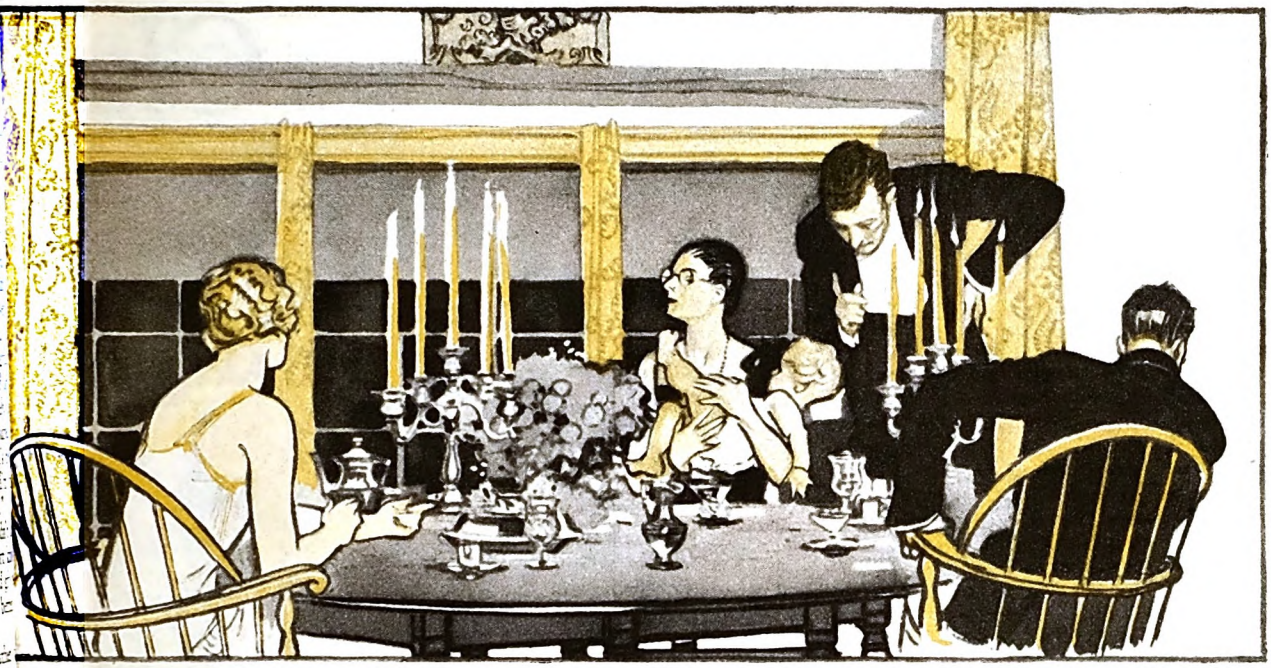


Miss Davidge tried to do the right thing by this wriggling creature, but her heart was not in her work

tally new place, and, as a crowning piece, she pulled the telephone apparatus to the floor with a delicious crash, g distress in the central office, which have delighted Barbara's soul if she d one.

ur uncle was right," said Nancy. stork came to the wrong address. ake him a bouquet."

ng Barbara's other failings was rank isy. To ignorant outsiders she was led darling with a heart of gold, and ies coming to the house on their occasions fell under her spell. The boy walked like Charlie Chaplin delight, the ice made funny faces, laundry stooped to have his ear A baby can smile and smile and lainess.

AST Nancy got the household work ler control and went out to do a lit- eting and amateur detecting. Her went along, lolling in the gocart, ased with herself, fat and fatuous, g as her just due the homage of ple-minded populace. It restored self-esteem to find her daughter ar after Perry's minority report. nen knew, of course, that she was that old frock do for another sea- Barbara was her jewel and Nancy the Queen of Sheba and a free rade. The baby had a smile and ord for all, the word being some- t sounded very much like "Glue!" was further adorned inch of dahlias which ed in her hand be- ey were not safe in l carriage. Barbara right flowers but hey should be taken . Nancy now turned yard of the widow s and was cordially by her brother's Barbara blew a nd said brightly: ly waddy glue." 'em's darlin' heart!" Mrs. McCombs.

With her knowledge of barbarous tongues Nancy translated:

"She says would Aunty McCombs stay with her a minute while Mother takes nice flowers to Uncle Perry's room."

Nancy's motives in making this visit were mixed. She wanted to show Perry that he was forgiven for last night's inexcusable conduct, to see how his shirts were holding out, and to do a little literary detecting. Examination of her brother's table revealed only the familiar books of a self-improver—some sound works on banking, a course of gymnastics for the will power, and some light fiction for a tired moiler and toiler. No dippy books were visible, nothing to make a man denounce his own flesh and blood.

Could it be Dolly Lamport after all? But that question, too, was to be answered in the negative before Nancy and her dangerous daughter reached home, for they met Dolly herself sailing down Washington Street under her own power. Dolly was of the good-looking, wholesome type, comely rather than pretty. She was most cordial to the Folger ladies.

"Nancy, that is absolutely the finest infant in circulation! I saw a baby show at Selkirk this spring and the winner wasn't in a class with Barbara."

"You're an old peach to say that, Dolly." The finest infant in circulation kicked herself out into the open air and said something nice about glue.

"What perfectly darling feet!" Dolly exclaimed. She stooped and kissed one of the darlingest of these, thus giving that conceited creature a new thrill. Barbara thoughtfully examined the freshly kissed foot.

No, it was not Dolly who had started that antibaby talk. She was no hypocrite. Besides, she asked in parting:

"How's Perry? I haven't seen much of him lately."

"Just fine," said Nancy, "but very busy improving himself."

"So I've heard," laughed Dolly.

THE Empress put out her other foot to be kissed and they started homeward. On their way they were passed by the Matson family car. Flora Matson at the wheel waved sociably, as did also her passengers, with the exception of an unidentified young woman with horn-rimmed glasses who examined Nancy with interest, as if a mother wheeling a baby carriage was a quaint custom of the natives.

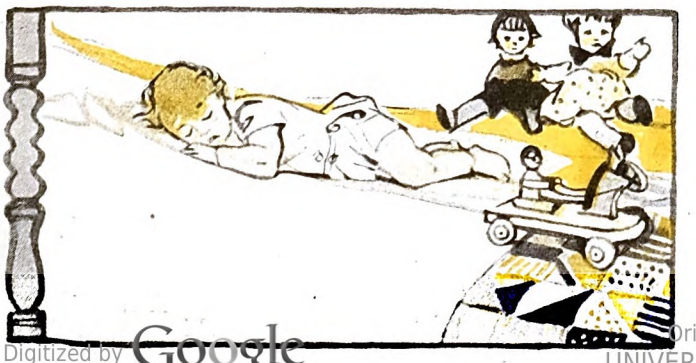
"What did she mean by *that?*" thought Nancy, referring not to Miss Matson's nonwaving guest but to Dolly's remark, "So I've heard." What *had* Dolly heard about Perry? "No, no, Babsy!" This interruption to her train of thought was caused by the fact that the gregarious girl was offering a darling foot to an elderly lumber dealer named Mr. Hegglemeyer, who did not know what to do with it.

"Who," Nancy asked her husband at their midday dinner, "is the snooty young lady Flora Matson is hauling around town?"

"It seems to me there was something in the paper about their having a guest from the East—Aw, sweetheart, nix!" This was to his only daughter, who wished to put a spoonful of spinach in his ear. "Why? Is she the one who has been poisoning Perry's mind?"

"Nick, what a perfectly massive intellect! That would make everything clear."

(*Continued on page 94*)



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The Hoofing Kid *from* Clare

EVER since I been trying to write (to keep from manual labor) I always did want to write one of those "success" Articles. They have always appealed to me as being the most interesting reading, for we all want to know just how our rich and our well-known people got that way. But I just never could get near enough to anybody that had done anything out of the ordinary to get one of those Stories.

I would pick up this well-known Magazine and read how some fellow used to work in a store and he sold more things for ten cents and five cents than he did for any other amounts, so that gave him the idea of handling nothing but things that sold for five and ten cents. It told how he had worked hard, and took advantage of his oppurtunities, and when success came one night and knocked he already had the door open. Well, you know that made mighty good reading; it inspired the young to be on the lookout if they saw something coming down the road disguised as Oppurtunity.

I forgot to tell you this fellow that grabbed Old Man Oppurtunity by the nap of the neck and pulled him in dident turn out to be a soul but Woolworth. Now he has a tower in New York where for twenty-five cents you can go and see what he done for a dime. Now, you see how those writers can take those happenings and make 'em so interesting. If I had reviewed his career, I would have just said, well, here is a Guy that was smart enough in his youth to see that just about everybody he come in contact with just had a nickle or a dime, and he said to himself, "That's the people I am going to string with till I get their dime."

Then I read where my good friend Charley Schwab just jumped from the Presidency of one corporation to another, and couldent seem to get settled, and he finally made him one of his own where he would be the President and the Board of Directors and everything—then he wouldent have any arguments with anyone but himself. Oh, and just oodles of others that had made a success, I had read about in your magazine. Even Coolidge was in there. It told how he had started with practically no political job at all. But he worked hard to hold it, and finally a better one was offered and he was right there to take advantage of it, and he had just worked himself right up, and always for the same corporation, Politics all the time. He saw that Politics was going to amount to something some day so he persevered, and had a good job for nearly six years.

I wanted to just be one of these fellows that wrote about some man that had got somewhere by "hard work, perseverance, and taking advantage of his oppurtunities."

Well, the other day I am hopping from out around Hollywood, to get away from everybody practicing talking (trying to stay in the picture business). You know, everybody out there is walking around carrying a Dictionary, learning to pronounce words, and getting what they call their "Diction" working right.

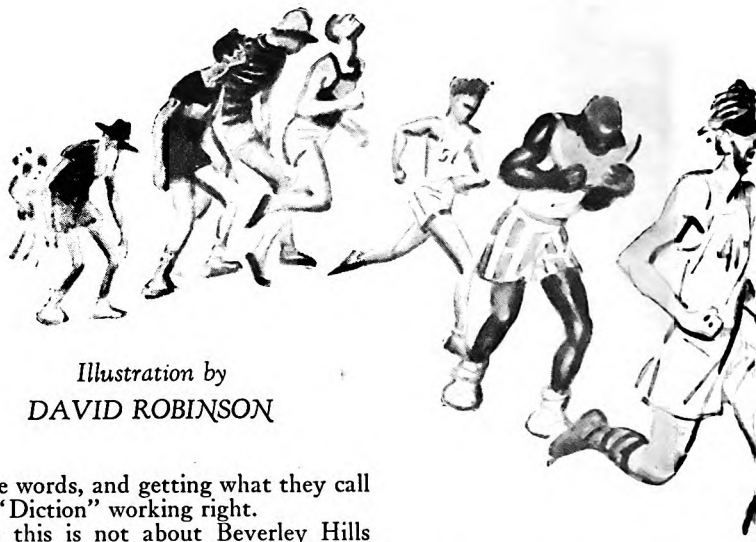

Illustration by
DAVID ROBINSON

But this is not about Beverley Hills or Hollywood. This is about Claremore, Oklahoma, a town that reached its enviable position through hard work, perseverance, and water that will cure you of everything but being a Democrat. Well, I dropped in there between gigles at something the Presidential Candidates had said seriously; I was just trying to keep my tongue in my cheek till election. So I do pop in unexpectedly on the old home and what do you think the old County seat town is doing? I see by the newspapers that they had given a big reception to their great runner, Andy Payne, right there in old Claremore, the home of Radium water, which would not only cure you of whatever you had but would enhance your sense of humor. Why, we have had men that come there on a stretcher who had never laughed at a Ford Joke in their lives, and after ten baths, had left in a second-hand one just laughing themselves into an early accident.

The Chamber of Commerce for once had joined with the Lions, Tigers, Apes, Wildcats, Rotarys, Kiawanises, and the young Democrats in giving to Andy a reception befitting one of the old Greek Hoofers in Athens when he had run in 30 or 40 miles to tell them there was a Restaurant site open up around Thermopole. I felt kinder jealoes when I read that someone had supplanted me as the favorite son. Wasent I to Claremore what the Dairy Industry is to young Bob La Follette in Wisconsin? Wasent I the local Borah? Where did Andy come to be running in grabbing my thunder?

WELL, that afternoon I drove out to the farm in the Country where Andy lived. It was about 8 miles from my old ranch place where I was born and raised. Andy's Daddy, Doc Payne, he wasent a Doctor, he was just a cow-puncher there in his early days, and afterwards got him this farm. Well, I was raised with Doc. He lived right near and used to work on our outfit and he and I pretty near learned to ride and work stock together. He is part Cherokee, and this Kid is part Injun.

When I read about some boy Claremore leading the race acros whole United States I dident know Old Doc's boy. These Kids had all up since I left there. I wondered could be, for Doc couldent run acro barn lot. Well, I went out and had visit with 'em. I wanted to see t who had I think won the greate durance test that has ever been during our or anybody else's time.

LET'S get down to what that thi It was a foot race from Los Ang New York—not direct, but around town that would dig up a few h dollars to get them to run thro When they got to St. Louis they by Chicago, to get to New York. you made that roundabout trip train, R. R. officials would think y cuckoo. When they got to Ch somebody had offered Pyle, the M $5,000, he would have had then the way of St. Johns, Newfoundl

Some three hundred left Los and I think about 50 finished. T great Marathon runners from all world entered. The race was ki over the Country as the "Bunion just because it was a freak idea being done by this fellow Pyle, sporting Writers had always tak pleasure in rawhiding. Had Tex put it on and the men run half as took twice as long, it would h down in Sporting annals as "the test of stamina and grit that been performed by man."

But Pyle put it on, so it must or a fake. You can put on a pri a Boxing match for one night a But no fake runs 86 days, with critical audience in the world them every day to see that t catch a ride, or cheat in some w of that, a test of grit that last Any other Athaletic event is ov minutes or an afternoon. Bu getting up every morning for 8 straight without a day off and

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more

By WILL ROGERS

It was a foot race from Los Angeles to New York—not direct, but around by any town that would dig up a few hundred dollars to get them to run through it

from 25 (the shortest up to 80 miles. If you ent in by a certain time lnight that night) you out of the race entirely. r time was kept each you was checked in and every day was a race of wn.

sporting writer will his head off over some all player making an rd run. What would if he had to run 80 and do it again the day, sick, sore feet, bad colds, bum cramps, blisters, no time to lay up ure 'em, always had to get out in the ng, rain, snow, sleet, desert heat, al- be there, ready to go? A Marathon hey train for years for is a little over les. Then they come in and faint, owds carry them off. You couldent n this race, nobody to carry you off. t did, you just layed there, maby ar run over you, but that was about t could expect.

INEY, our Champion, would take a r and a half to get ready to fight 30 s, with a minute's rest between hree. What would one of these cers thought of thirty minutes of il work? They even write about a Golf Game, that Stamina won out end." There is not a Golf Player uld have made this trip in a car restoratives. Baseball players t three-bagger and have to sit on ase to rest till somebody knocks a n to bring 'em in. Why, we havent porting writer that could run a catch a street car every morning k without fainting. What I mean, er did give the credit it deserved. ause it wasent popularly managed. hat did that have to do with what or fellows was going through with y? If Coolidge and the Prince of ad managed it, that wouldent de it any easier to run. You had to do the stuff, no matter what kind of publicity it got. So that's what made me think that, Mr. Editor, it might fit in with your scheme of things. It looks like I had found a man that "worked hard, persevered, and took advantage of his oppurtunities," and that's what got him not only where he is today, but from Los Angeles to New York.

He was only 19 years old, he had never raced but very little, run for his little Country High School there at Foyil, but no long-distance races at all. He told me lots about the race. The hardest day was coming into Amarillo, Texas, through the mud; then it hailed on 'em. Willie Kohlemainen, the great Finn runner, started but he dident last till they got outside the Los Angeles City Limits. (Which by the way is some race itself. You enter Los Angeles City Limits just a mile west of Phoenix, Arizona. Bakersfield is the northern boundry; they would have annexed Salt Lake but the state line stopped 'em.)

A Full-blooded Indian started. But they put shoes on him and he couldent run; civilization was too much for him. Salo the Finn that finished second to Payne in New York, Andy thinks is a great runner, and a very fine, square chap. He said they sent Policemen with him when they run into Passaic, on account of his being ahead of Salo. Some thought the people there might do something to put him out of the race. But he said he was never treated better than by the folks there, and Salo's own friends. This Gavussi the Englishman that was leading up to near Cleveland and dropped out, Andy thought he was a great runner. A colored boy, Eddie Gardner, was doing fine but the Ethiopian hospitality along the road loaded him up with too much chicken and Dumplings, and water mellon. He says, "I dont care where I finish, the Black folks will take care of me," and they did. He and Toby, a little "Jig" only 18 years old—the harlem black belt made them up a purse of over a thousand dollars. Toby wanted to run back to see what the ones in Los Angeles would give him.

AN OLD Whiskered Guy was with 'em. He claimed he had been in the Movies. He told along the road that he played Abraham in DeMille's version of the Bible, and that he was Moses in another one of Cecil's plays, by the same Author, Jeanie McPherson. Well, he was getting over big with the ones who dident remember who Theadore Roberts was, and H. B. Warner. Andy said this old Boy did kinder look like some of the pictures of some of the old diciples.

Well, Moses reached as far as Illinois somewhere and somebody spied about a yard of his whiskers sticking out of the tonneau of a charitable Lady's Sedan. He had forgot to tuck 'em all in on his run this day, so he was, as we say in Vaudeville, "Shut," or "Closed." They had suspicioned that he had done some automobiling before. But he had always nestled his spinach in with him, till this day. He claimed that it would be much against him in Pictures, when they found out that Moses had stolen a ride, but that was one of the strict rules, so Moses went back. When he got to the Mississippi it is not recorded if it opened up and let him through. But I guess he went home and shaved and is maby playing in "Our Gang Comedies," maby blacked up and is "Forena's" little brother.

They all told me out around home that the only reason Andy won the race was that his sister sixteen years old was not in. She is better than Andy.

I asked him how he did about his feet. I knew that in a long race like that, keeping their feet in good condition was the great worry. He said, "I dident have any trouble with 'em."

I then asked, "Well, what did you do to keep 'em in shape?"

"I dident do nothing. I just washed 'em every once in awhile."

Now, this old Oklahoma high-school boy outrun all the best runners in the World for an entire summer. He accomplished this by being "alert and taking advantage of his oppurtunities when it come along." But (*Continued on page 175*)

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The Lord

By HERBERT

Imperial Eagle

ABOVE the surf-bordered margin of the coast, as far as the eye could see, dark specks moved slowly in circles or wide ellipses under the pale blue sky. These specks were ospreys—large, long-winged, sharp-taloned sea hawks, watching for their prey. They looked down upon a world of ocean and beach and golden-green salt marshes: the marshes and barrier islands of Edisto, between the two rivers of that name, which came down to the Atlantic some ten or twelve miles apart. As the great birds swung slowly to and fro on motionless or languidly moving wings, the arc of their flight carried them out over the blue ocean, then in above the crawling white lines of the surf and the long chain of narrow barrier islands lying between the ocean and the marshes. Still swinging landward and rounding gracefully into the light northeast wind, they saw the marshes directly under them—a level plain of billowy, tall salt grass, through which deep tidal creeks wound like huge, blue serpents writhing across the breast of the world.

I watched the ospreys idly, yet with a certain amount of professional jealousy. They were fishermen, and all that morning I, also, had been fishing, but had caught nothing worth mentioning. Probably the ospreys would have better luck. Yet they did not seem to be distinguishing themselves. Those that were far away appeared merely as specks, but six of them—they were extraordinarily numerous that September morning—were soaring near at hand and I could follow their fortunes.

None of these had made a plunge either in the ocean or in the wide creek flowing past my camp. As they passed over me, I could see every detail of their powerful bodies and their widespread white and gray wings, and could even note the fierce look in their eyes as they scanned the blue, placid waters under them.

Suddenly I heard a shrill whistle directly overhead. High in the air, much higher than the birds that I had been watching, an osprey was circling with a large fish gripped in his talons. I knew the meaning of that whistle and I searched the air in every direction. Far off I saw them coming, the rulers of the sky, the arrogant overlords to whom the ospreys must pay tribute—two splendid bald eagles, one of them some distance ahead of the other, the bright sun gleaming on their snowy heads and tails. They swept on at high speed, their great, dark wings powerfully smiting the air; a fine and stirring sight for anyone to whom the king of birds, in the full exercise of his swiftness, strength, and skill, is always an inspiring spectacle.

To the osprey they were neither splendid nor inspiring. He had worked hard for his fish, and now he knew from bitter experience that he would have to work still harder if he wished to keep it, and that even then the chance of his keeping it was small. He did what most ospreys do in similar circumstances: knowing that in a straightaway race he would be overhauled in short order, he circled upward.

Screaming or whistling at intervals, he spiraled higher and higher as the two eagles came on. Almost directly under him they rounded up into the wind and, in wider spirals, began to climb, their big bodies slanting sharply, their heads and tails appearing sometimes white, sometimes silver. They mounted much faster than the osprey and in a few minutes had reached an altitude equal to his. First one, then the other swooped at him, while the osprey dodged and twisted, screaming shrilly. He was making a plucky fight, but I knew that it was hopeless. Another half-minute and the eagles would claim their booty.

IN THAT half-minute a strange thing happened. At the very moment when I expected to see the two eagles close in and compel the big hawk to surrender his fish, both eagles wheeled in the air and, with strong, swift strokes of their pinions, made off at utmost speed to the northward. So suddenly and so hurried was the flight that instinctively I glanced in the opposite quarter, and there, in an instant, I found the explanation of the puzzle.

From the direction of the ocean a huge bird of somber plumage was rushing toward the scene of action, a bird which to my eye appeared even larger than the two white-headed monarchs who had fled so precipitately at the very instant of triumph. The great wings of this dark newcomer drove him onward at terrific speed; he appeared at that moment irresistible, a veritable Bird of Jove swooping across the heavens. For a short distance he rushed on after the two eagles that had fled; then, swerving in their, he headed straight for the osprey.

Half closing his wings, he plunged toward the screaming sea hawk, passing close to the smaller bird that the eagle seemed to touch. The osprey dodged

Golden Eagle

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of the Air

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HEAVENEL SASS

ons beating rapidly, but in a moment tyrant swooped upon him again, and time the osprey, with a final scream of air, opened his claws and released his

y eyes followed it as it dropped like a —it was distinctly visible against ale blue sky—yet, as that huge, dark-aged bird shot downward after it, so was the speed of his plunge that the g fish seemed to hang almost motion- Twice the great bird, shooting uely across the line of the fish's de- struck at it in the air and each time issed. It fell into short marsh grass undred yards distant from me across eek, and the big bird, circling slowly to it, picked it up in his talons and d it away.

W, that was an incident which con- ined within itself and revealed within pace of a few crowded minutes a volume of interesting eagle lore. I often seen the eagle exact tribute the osprey; but I would not have this incident for worlds, because, first place, it taught me something did not know about eagles—some- that I had never witnessed before ad never seen recorded anywhere.

Erne, or white-tailed Sea Eagle

Harpy Eagle

The great, dark bird that drove away the two white-headed monarchs and commandeered the booty which they were about to claim was itself an eagle—an eagle of exactly the same kind as the two white-headed birds: that is, a bald eagle, or American eagle, as the species is often called. The bald eagle does not acquire the white plumage of head, neck, and tail, by which it is known, until it is at least three years old. In the meantime, it is of a dark brown (sometimes almost black) or dark gray color from bill to tail-tip, often appearing somewhat mottled or marbled when viewed from beneath. This is the immature plumage, the plumage of the young eagle, which, although of full size and strength, has not yet attained the completely adult estate.

The new thing that I learned that day about eagles was this: that, sometimes at any rate, these young, or immature, eagles are more formidable than the fully adult birds, so much more formidable that a single immature eagle is able to put two adults to flight.

This seems a surprising fact. I had always thought of the white-headed adults as the kings of their kind—stronger, swifter, and more skillful than the raw youngsters not yet invested with that snowy crown. Yet perhaps it is not so surprising as it appears, for, strange to say, the immature bald eagle is in most cases actually larger than the adult. The largest known specimens of the bald eagle are birds in the immature plumage. For many years it was believed by naturalists (and is still generally believed by woodsmen and sportsmen) that these brown or gray eagles were a distinct species. John James Audubon, still the most celebrated of American naturalists, fell into this error, and, in order to do honor to the most eminent American by naming the largest of our eagles after him, called the gray eagle the "Bird of Washington." Unfortunately, Audubon's compliment has fallen rather flat because all of these "Birds of Washington," before they are four years old, develop white heads and tails, shrink a little in size, and turn into bald eagles.

If the most famous of American naturalists could make this mistake about the most famous of American birds, perhaps the rest of us have some excuse for knowing so little about the bird that we have chosen as our national emblem. Certain it is that as a nation we know very little about him, while a considerable part of what we do know about him is not true. It is not true, for instance, that bald eagles are in the habit of carrying off little children; it is not true that they habitually build their nests on inaccessible cliffs and beetling crags; it is not true (except in a few restricted localities) that they are mighty slaughterers of lambs and pigs. There are other popular beliefs about the bald eagle which are as false as these.

BUT before considering what the eagle is not, it will be well, perhaps, to consider what he is; and this seems the more worth while, not only because the bald, or American, eagle is our national bird and should therefore be better known to us, but also because, of all the denizens of the air, the eagle is the most interesting to the average man and woman.

There is a potent magic in his very name. Even people who take no interest whatever in birds in general will rush madly to some vantage point and crane their necks wildly if someone sees an eagle in the distance. So has it been in all ages and in all lands. From the earliest times the eagle has been the inspiration of the

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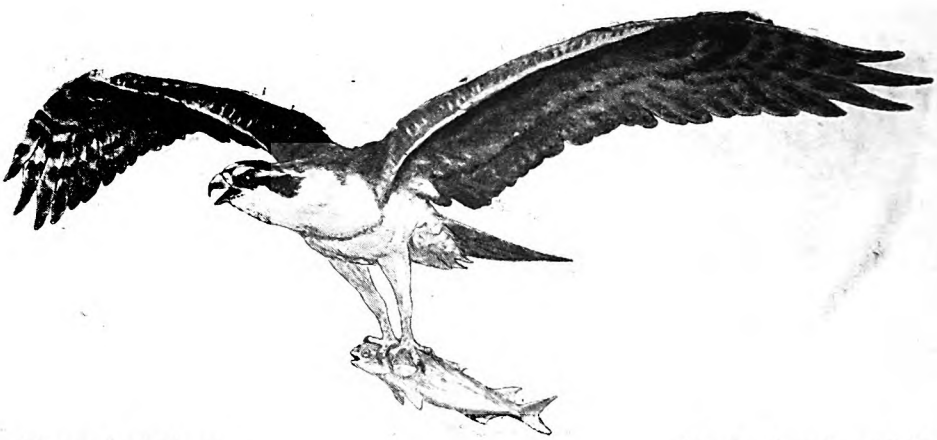


poet and the warrior. Always, in the imagination of the ancients, he was the bird of war, the all-powerful ruler of the vast empire of the sky. In him they saw combined, as in no other bird of comparable size (perhaps no other living creature), the most spectacular and impressive of the martial virtues: strength and swiftness, majesty of bearing and haughtiness of aspect, armament more formidable than that of any other inhabitant of the air. His broad-shouldered, steel-sinewed body, the fierce and proud look of him, his trenchant and deadly weapons, the grandeur of his flight when soaring among the clouds, and the irresistible power of his onset—all these things, superb and glorious, made him the very type of triumphant valor, the consummate symbol of victory.

AND so the ancients glorified him. Their poets exalted his splendor; their myth-makers spread round him a glamour of legend; their warriors found in him a potent incentive to daring deeds of arms. How far back into history the eagle goes as a symbol it would be hard to say. Unquestionably he had led great armies into battle centuries before the Persians bore him perched upon their spears at the battle of Cunaxa. He was the emblem of the ancient kings of Babylon and of Syria, of the Ptolemies of Egypt, and of Heliopolis, the famous City of the Sun. His supreme triumph of antiquity came later, with the power and the glory of Rome.

He helped make that power and glory. The eagles of Rome were part, a vital part, of Rome's invincible tradition. They were not merely symbols, standards; they were veritable gods of war. Housed in a chapel in the camp, the eagles of the Roman legion received, with the other deities, the worship of the soldiers; it was more than ignominious, it was impious, to abandon them in the hour of danger. The eagle was not only "the Roman Bird," he was also "the Bird of Jove." He was, of all the living beings of the earth, the one that was indispensable in that extraordinary ceremony, the apotheosis of the Roman emperors. From the topmost point of the blazing funeral pyre, Herodian tells us, as from a pinnacle, an eagle was let loose to soar into the sky and carry the emperor's soul to its abode among the gods.

From Byzantium, and no one knows how much farther east, to the land of the ancient Irish kings the eagle was honored and sung. Charlemagne found in the double-headed eagle, symbolizing the junction of the Roman and Frankish Empires, the most admirable emblem of his sovereignty, and it was this eagle of Charlemagne that provided the idea for the eagles of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. A thousa years later, when a new Charlemagne rul as Emperor of Europe, the eagle becar once more, as in the days of Rome, a vital part of an invincl legend—the legend of Napoleonic France. Nobody knows h many thundering charges triumphed, how many great batt were won, because the Eagles of France were as real, and glorious, to the soldiers who marched under them as, twe centuries earlier, the Eagles of Rome had been to the legions those ancient days.

All this is part of the eagle as we have him with us today—inseparably a part of him as the feathers on his head or the cl upon his feet. It is one reason—undoubtedly the princi reason—why, when someone cries, "Look at the eagle!" eve one rushes to look. The eagle has become much more tha bird. He is himself a legend, almost a demigod of nature; his great past, all that he has symbolized in history, is there our minds when we see him, and it is there whether we are dividually conscious of it or not.

It was present in the minds of the Congress of the Uni States on June 20, 1782. On that date a design for a natio coat of arms was approved by Congress. The device was scribed in heraldic language as follows:

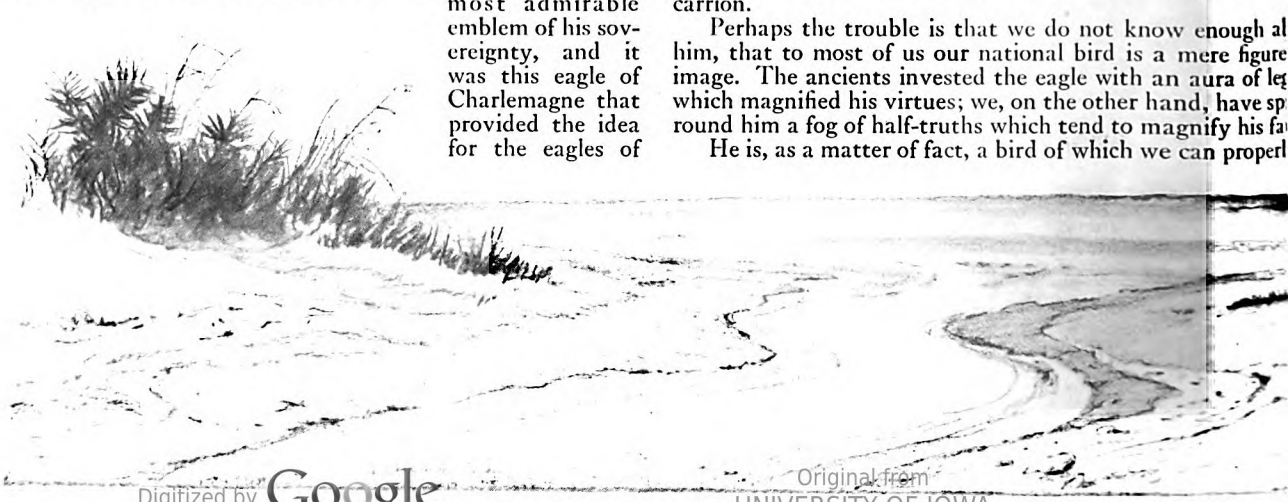
> The Escutcheon placed in the Breast of an American (the b headed) Eagle, displayed proper, holding in his Beak a Scroll, inscr with the Motto, viz., "*E Pluribus Unum*"—and in his dexter Tal Palm or an Olive Branch—in the other a Bundle of 13 Arrows; all pro

Thus the bald eagle became officially the emblem, national bird, of the United States of America; and as such h assuredly entitled in very special degree to the interest an might seem, to the affectionate regard of the people of this g republic.

HE HAS our interest, but he cannot be said to enjoy in practical way our affection. Too often, when an eagle is s he is promptly shot, for no better reason than the fact that h a big bird whose carcass, proudly exhibited, will arouse m wonderment among the neighbors. There is scarcely a man is not thrilled by the sight of an eagle in the sky or at rest u some lofty perch; but this will not save the great bird if we get within gunshot of him; presently he will come whir down, all his stalwart beauty changed to a senseless mas carrion.

Perhaps the trouble is that we do not know enough al him, that to most of us our national bird is a mere figure image. The ancients invested the eagle with an aura of le which magnified his virtues; we, on the other hand, have sp round him a fog of half-truths which tend to magnify his fa

He is, as a matter of fact, a bird of which we can properl



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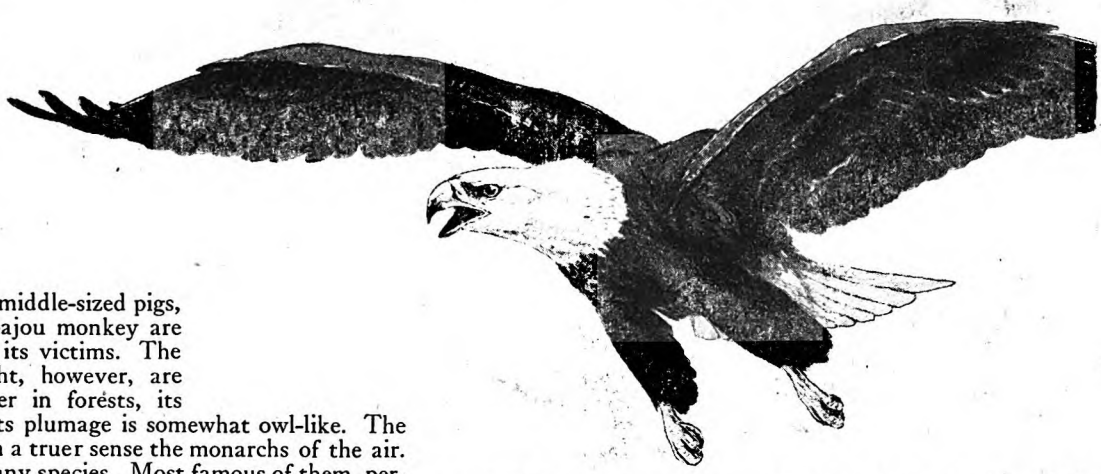
proud. He is a kingly member of a race of kings. We shall understand him better, perhaps, if we know something of that great family of royal birds to which he belongs. There are many kinds of eagles scattered over almost the entire world. Nearly all of them are birds of proud and warlike aspect, magnificent powers of flight, and formidable armament. Most powerful of all is the terrible harpy eagle of South and Central America — a huge, crested warrior of the tropical forests, sometimes called *lobo volante*, or winged wolf. So great is the strength of the harpy that it is said to kill calves and other animals of far greater bulk than itself; while fawns, goats, full-grown foxes, middle-sized pigs, and even the black sapajou monkey are often numbered among its victims. The harpy's powers of flight, however, are limited; being a dweller in forests, its wings are short, while its plumage is somewhat owl-like. The free-ranging eagles are in a truer sense the monarchs of the air. Of these there are many species. Most famous of them, perhaps, is the imperial eagle of southern Europe, central Asia, and northwest Africa, probably the bird that the ancient Romans knew. Another fine species is the black eagle, or "bearcoot" (ergut), of Asia, with which, if the tales of travelers are true, the sport of falconry reached its zenith, these powerful birds have been trained by the Kirghiz to hunt foxes, deer, and even wolves. The tawny eagle and the spotted eagle, the booted eagle of southern Europe, and the "bataleur" eagle of Africa, the serpent eagle of India, which has been known to kill even the deadly cobra, and the strange bird-nesting eagle of Malaysia, which carries away in its talons the nests of the birds upon which it preys, are other notable members of the great eagle family; while one of the handsomest species, and a close relative of the bald eagle, is the gray, white-tailed sea eagle, or erne, of northern Europe, northern Asia, and Greenland.

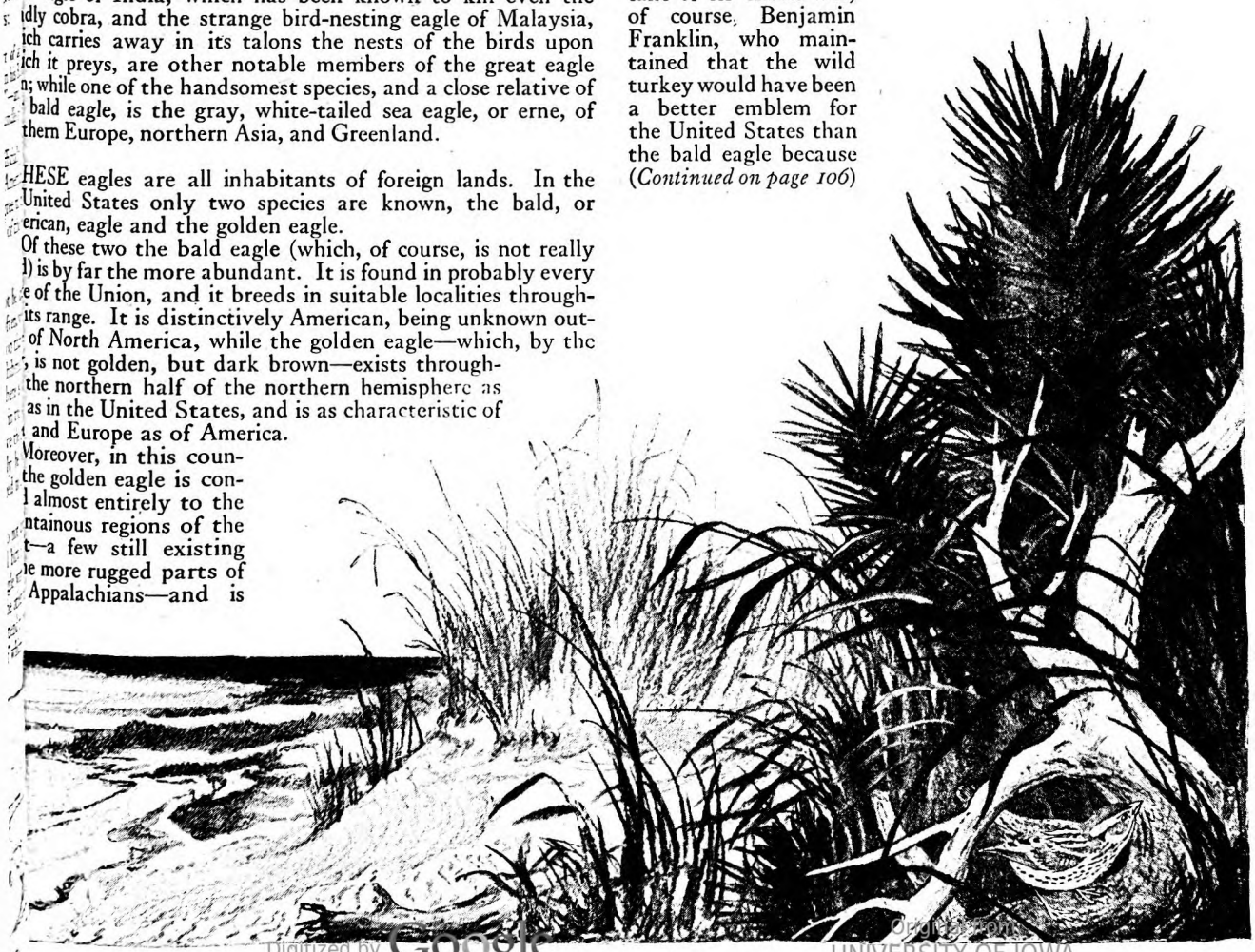


THESE eagles are all inhabitants of foreign lands. In the United States only two species are known, the bald, or American, eagle and the golden eagle.

Of these two the bald eagle (which, of course, is not really bald) is by far the more abundant. It is found in probably every state of the Union, and it breeds in suitable localities throughout its range. It is distinctively American, being unknown outside of North America, while the golden eagle—which, by the way, is not golden, but dark brown—exists throughout the northern half of the northern hemisphere as well as in the United States, and is as characteristic of Asia and Europe as of America.

Moreover, in this country the golden eagle is confined almost entirely to the mountainous regions of the West—a few still existing in the more rugged parts of the Appalachians—and is practically unknown over much the greater portion of the United States. For these reasons, although the golden eagle is a splendid bird, approaching in some respects nearer than the bald eagle to the ideal conception of the king of the air, Congress probably made no mistake when it preferred the bald eagle as the national emblem.

That choice, nevertheless, has often been criticized. The first and most important of its critics was, of course, Benjamin Franklin, who maintained that the wild turkey would have been a better emblem for the United States than the bald eagle because (*Continued on page 106*)



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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"Wimmin is funny,"
said Uncle Joe Fodder. "They takes notions
'bout things. One of 'em's love . . ."

The Woman

CONSIDERING the case in six-year retrospect, opinion has it that young Bert Seavers got all he deserved. Entirely aside from the ambiguity of this assertion, six years may seem a cruel time to suffer for one youthful indiscretion. Yet if Youth must be served, it ought to be willing to pay for such service. . . .

He was a good-looking and, in many ways, lovable lad in his twenty-fourth year. His eyes were laughing blue, his nose had an upward tilt, he wore his hats and his clothes with swank. And the town said in jest that he spent as much time in Charley Fisk's barber chair as he did at the table eating his meals.

At a dance in Foresters' Hall shortly after his arrival in Paris, Dorothy Peters declared that if he ever went to England as a double for the Prince of Wales he might fool the royal nurse—if he kept away from horses; which was just commencing to be an international wisecrack at the time and caused the new bank clerk to pay Dot Peters special attention. He did bear a striking resemblance to Britain's popular prince, and he proceeded to go about so much with the girl who first called attention to it that the rumor got out, to be later confirmed that the two were engaged.

She was a plain-faced, even-tempered, willowy girl—Dorothy—with the poise, sense, and carriage of a woman in her thirties. She had come to Paris from Foxboro to attend the local high school. She remained after graduation to take charge of a local boarding-house.

Uncle Joseph Fodder, town liveryman and philsopher, learned of the engagement from Judge Amos Farmer. The two cronies had paused to chat before the bank where Seavers worked. They saw Dorothy come from the boarding-house and start toward the business section.

"Glad t' hear it," declared Uncle Joe. "Dot's hoed a hard row since she lost her folks. She deserves some first-rate feller t' make her happy. What's worryin' me, is Seavers good enough f'r Dot?"

"Remains to be seen," the Judge said curtly. "Seems funny that Jerem Cogswell, shrewd as he is, would turn loose such a howlin' social success behind the wicket of his bank. But I s'pose the boy's bonded and can't do much mischief."

"I reckon Dot'll steady him; but I agree with you 'bout th' social business. I fiddled f'r th' dance t' Wickford, an' he sure knew all th' steps."

Winter passed. Spring mud dried a country roads; arbutus parties came, May baskets; and Memorial Day op the boating season on Lake Hatha Dot's plain face took on a look of happ and serenity that visits a woman but in her life. Then, one golden afterno July, a Saturday afternoon, young vers entered the livery yard. . . .

"CAN I get a rig, Mr. Fodder?" asked. Eyes averted, he pulled a mered-silver cigarette case from his f waistcoat to cover his embarrassmen

"Dot sure must like buggy-rid the hostler remarked, harnessing o his little Morgan mares. "It's th' rig you've had this week. Wonder sh get away fr'm her job t' th' boardin'-h f'r so much of it."

"What? Oh, yes . . . sure, she like

Uncle Joe, however, had not misse swift flush that mounted from the clerk's collar. "*He ain't takin' Dot!*" old man cried blankly, watching the clop out through the alley with after sunlight glinting on the buggy sp "If he's got some other female o string I'd like t' break his neck. M I will!"

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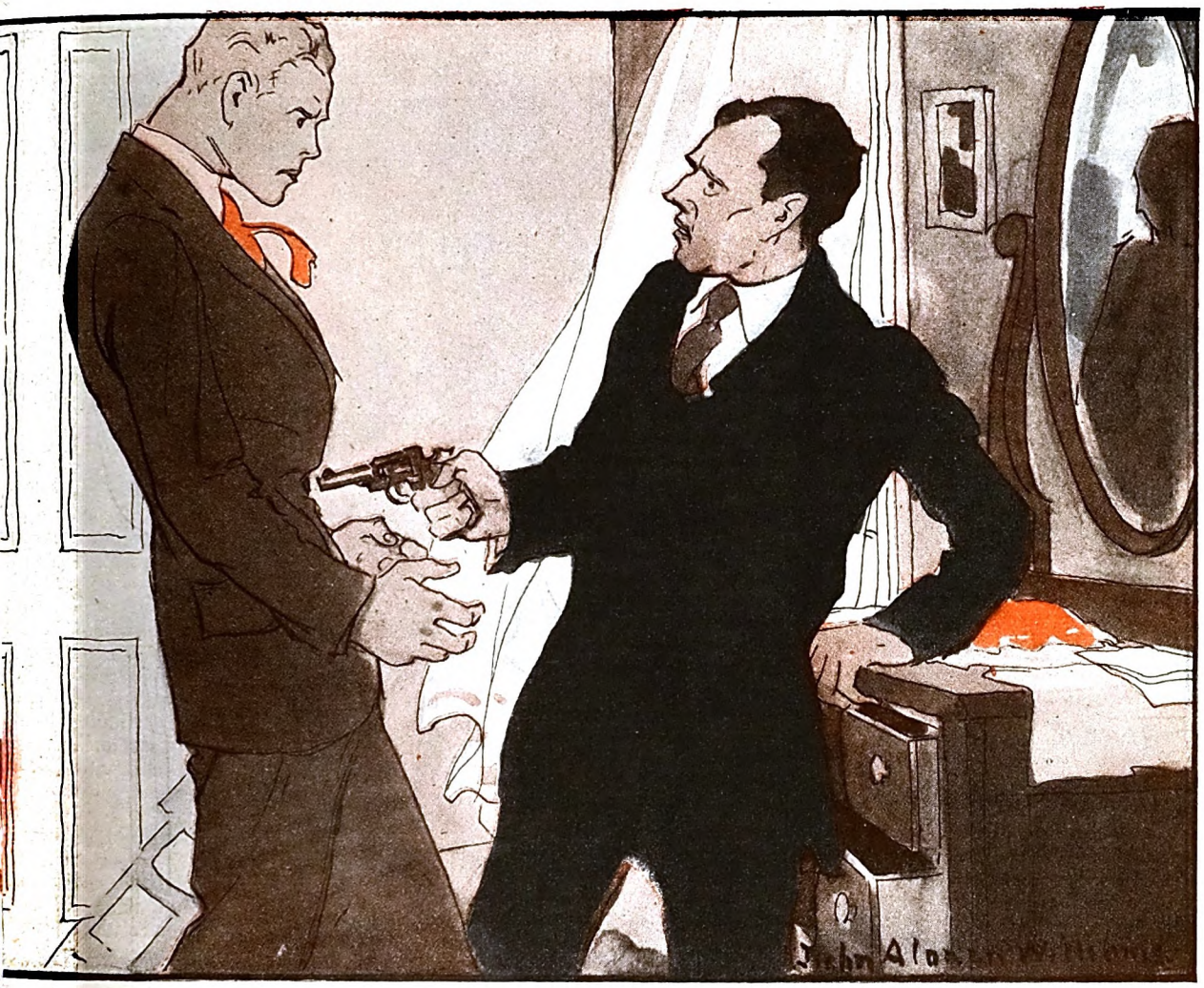

Across *the* Street

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

he revelation seemed to crash some-
g about the hostler's head. He had
'ed at the age where such trifles made
world. Half an hour he brooded over
possibility of a rupture in Dorothy's
iness. Then he started up East Main
t.

huge, white house opposite the Paris
ngs Bank and Trust Company dis-
d the sign across front clapboards:

Rooms and Board
By the Day, Week, or Month
Mrs. Dexter Mason

the deep, narrow side yard between
ouse and Calvary Methodist Church,
the turf was close-cropped beneath
naples, Uncle Joe saw a portly, white-
ady in a golden-oak rocker. She sat
sewing table, dividing her attention
een her needle and the pleasure-bent
of the sunlit afternoon.

lowdy, Joe Fodder," she greeted him.
e in and sit a spell. Take a load off
feet."

e troubled hostler fanned his bearded
n thought. "Dot an' Seavers have
-up?" he asked at once.

ot as I know of. What makes you

"Has she gone buggy-ridin' with Bert?"

"She ain't been buggy-ridin' with Bert to my knowledge since sometime in May. Shush! Here she comes now!"

A girl in a white frock and large, floppy sun hat came through the arbor at the rear of the church. She greeted Uncle Joe and pulled off the hat. As she stood fluffing up dark chestnut tresses, the old man cleared his throat.

"Seen Bert t'day, Dot?" he asked.

THE girl shook her head. "We were going over to Lake Hathaway for a boat ride this lovely afternoon; but he phoned me during noon-hour he might have to work." The girl turned her gaze unconsciously toward the bank over the way. The shutters were drawn on both windows and doors.

"Dot, ain't it occurred t' you mebbe you're takin' perty tall chances, hookin' up with a feller you know so little 'bout?"

The girl's face paled slightly. "What is there about Bert I don't already know?"

"Wal, we hate t' see you get th' short end of it. But . . . Bert ain't treatin' you square. He's been hirin' rigs off me every Saturday afternoon this spring an' sometimes evenin's. Have you been buggy-ridin' with him every Saturday this spring?"

"I'm not saying I haven't," Dorothy retorted.

"You don't need t' defend him that way, Dot. He got his third rig this week off me a half-hour ago, an' headed west when he driv out t' Main Street."

The girl leaned back against the white picket fence. Suddenly, biting lips to keep back tears, she fled toward the house.

Around four-thirty the liveryman reappeared at his stable. He told his helper about the bank clerk's deception.

"Huh!" Jim Pumpton responded. "Why didn't y' ask *me* where he'd gone. He's took to rushin' 'round that yellow-haired dame who's visitin' th' Spragues'. She comes from N' York."

Bert Seavers failed to attend divine service in Calvary Church next morning. For that matter, so did Dorothy Peters. And the two were usually seen there together. . . .

Monday morning at nine o'clock Bert was in his accustomed place at the bank, well-groomed and debonair. In the heart of the noon-hour, about twenty minutes to one, the girl crossed to the bank, and

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the episode occurred which changed Seavers' life.

Dorothy knew she would find him alone. President Cogswell went to his lunch at eleven-thirty, and Martha Prentiss, spinster bookkeeper, followed him at twelve. Bank business was always slack during noon-hour; the bank had never had a hold-up. Perhaps Dorothy had waited until then to give Seavers the chance to phone her during the morning and explain. He had not done so. When he glanced up and saw her, he recognized that her presence had nothing to do with money or her account.

"Bert . . . can I see you a minute?"

"Sure, you can see me—*in* a minute." And for the time he kept on counting bills, dropping three on the floor.

The girl came close to the wicket. She was bareheaded; the blood had fanned from her face. She leaned her wrists on the narrow brass shelf.

"Don't try to act, Bert. You know what's wrong."

It was an awkward place to call a lover to account: through the wicket of a bank. Yet the girl had to know "where she stood."

"Dorothy—what's happened?"

"Oh, Bert, stop acting—*please!* If you wanted to take Patricia Carver—"

"Who's told you anything about Patricia Carver?"

"A dozen people have tried to tell me they'd seen you with her while she's been here. I wouldn't believe them. And this morning Portia Gleason phoned me—"

"Well, all right. If it's got around to you finally, I'm telling you I *had* to do it. She was responsible for my getting this job with her uncle, here in the bank."

He failed to meet Dot's eyes, however. They were clear, level eyes—brown as cool trout pools beneath sun-flooded alders. Now tears were brimming in them.

"You never mentioned it before."

"I didn't know how you'd take it, so I kept my mouth shut."

"Have I ever taken anything you've told me, wrongly, Bert?"

"Well, the situation with Pat was peculiar. Oh, hake, Dot, if I've hurt you—"

"Bert, look at me! Don't you love me any more, Bert?"

"Sure, I love you, Dot. But—but—"

"But Patsy Carver, with her smart clothes, her marcelled hair, cigarettes, money—they've dazzled you a bit, haven't they, Bert?"

"Dazzled me?" He stopped. Someone was entering the bank. Abe Albee!

A BONY little man was Albee. His age was indefinite; he might have been in his thirties or his fifties. He had small, beady eyes and skinny fingers. The town knew he was related to one Amos Albee, a well-to-do farmer over toward Foxboro. He had once been an ambulance-chasing lawyer, Abe, but shady practices had wrought his disbarment. Later he had eked a living trading in timber.

But he bothered with no bank account. No matter how sizable the payment he received, he got the check cashed and bore off the currency. Dorothy knew him well. When his wifeless home out on the East Road had been ransacked the third time by hoodlums, the eccentric had taken a room at Mrs. Mason's.

"I left a check here f'r collection last Thursday," Abe announced to Seavers as Dorothy turned down the banking-room. "Your darn bank wouldn't cash it, but said th' money'd be here t'day. I want it. In bank notes."

Seavers turned aside, his emotions chaotic. As he crossed toward the file that kept the record of collections, all he could see was the top of Dot's head through the glass partition. It caused him to look many times through the index. . . .

"You mean you want *twelve thousand dollars* in currency?" he cried in surprise, coming back. He had found the card that affirmed the collection.

Abe's eyes came open, but Bert was too troubled to note.

"I want every cent that's due me, *in cash*," declared the weazened patron. And his tongue protruded as Bert reached for the bills.

THE check had been entered for collection and properly paid. The teller counted out the money. He had to visit the vault to make the total. Abe took the money, stored it away in a faded green wallet, went from the bank, and vanished in the sunshine. Bert stamped "Paid" on the record-card, and steeled himself for a new tilt with Dot.

"It's . . . all right," the girl said finally. "If you're only taking Miss Carver 'round while she's here because you're indebted to her, we'll let it rest there But if you want—your release—I'm willing to step aside. If it means your happiness."

Seavers could scarcely believe his ears.

"But don't forget, Bert, when I said I'd marry you and stand by you always, I meant it. If your blond creditor gets you into any sort of trouble—"

She could say no more. President Cogswell was entering the bank. back from his lunch.

At twenty minutes past three o'clock, Seavers came up white-faced to the president's desk by the window. President Cogswell was a peppery old man with iron-gray hair and granulated eyelids. He looked up sourly at the teller's interruption.

"Mr. Cogswell," began Bert, "I'm not sure . . . I've counted it over and over . . . but . . . it looks like the cash is nearly *eleven thousand short!*"

For a horrid moment the banker's mouth sagged open.

"It—it couldn't be! So much!"

Cogswell leaped up, his chair bumping over. Miss Prentiss had heard. All the currency in the bank that day was spread on the directors' table in the rear, where Bert had carried it. In a ghastly quarter-hour, Jerem counted it personally. He compared it with the records.

"What checks have you paid t'day?" he cackled. "*Big* checks?"

"The biggest check I've cashed was for Abe Albee during noon-hour. Twelve thousand dollars—"

"Twelve thousand for *whom?*" Miss Prentiss exclaimed. "Abe Albee didn't have a check in here for twelve thousand dollars—to be collected—!"

"He certainly did. The records show it."

"Get th' records!" screeched old Jerem.

"It was Abe's cousin Amos who had a check in here for collection—twelve thousand dollars. He'd sold a herd of Holsteins to a Massachusetts stock farm. *Abe* Albee's check he asked us to clear for him was for three hundred and seventy-five dollars. And here are the cards to prove it." Miss Prentiss laid the cards before them.

They looked in cold horror on the records. The card belonging to Amos Albee, not Abe—held the "Paid" stamp Bert had pounded on it.

"Lord!" he gasped weakly. "I paid the wrong man!"

"Didn't you look t' see whether th' card read Amos or Abe?" old Jerem castigated. "Where were your eyes? What was on your mind?"

Bert was about to mumble something about Dorothy's having distracted him But that would make it appear he was thrusting responsibility on a woman, a yellow thing to do.

"But Abe accepted the money without correcting me," was his lame rejoinder

"He would!—th' crooked little coot!"

"He got it by mistake. He'll have to give it back!"

"Great, if you can make him!"

"Of course I'll make him. The money isn't his."

"You can't *make* him do anything o' the sort!" groaned Cogswell. "You blandly handed it out t' him, didn't you? Did he ask f'r twelve thousan' dollars? He took what you handed him. An' there ain't a law fr'm here t' Patagonia can punish a man f'r doin' that. I been through this thing before, though not for such a sum as—"

"You mean Abe Albee can't be made to give that overpayment back?"

"He cannot! There's been several test cases tried in th' courts over just such a blunder—"

"*I'll* make him! He'll give it back or I'll strangle him."

"You'd better hold your horses. You'll only get yourself jailed for assault."

BUT Bert spilled from the bank. Across to the boarding-house he sprinted. Dorothy met him, and panic seized her when he told her in terse, abusive sentences what had happened; abusive, that is, of Abe Albee.

"He's up in his room right now. But . . . oh, Bert . . . be careful!"

Seavers got up the stairs. Abe might have been expecting such reaction, when the teller forced the door a sinister revolver lay handy on the bureau. Moreover, two suitcases lay open on the bed. Bert panted queerly.

"Mr. Albee—I want that money—twelve thousand dollars I paid you by mistake."

Abe backed toward the dresser. Bert steeled himself.

"I don't know what 'tis you're talkin' about. Whatta you mean, bustin' into this int' my room?"

Two strides took Seavers across to the shyster. But before he got his hands around the little man's throat, a leaden steel muzzle was rammed against his stomach. Albee snarled hastily:

"Reckon I ain't done nothin' criminal. *Prove* that you overpaid me my check. *Prove it, I say!* You can't swipe twelve thousand out o' your bank for your own social purposes, then come in here and pin it on me!"

It stopped Bert, that. Yes, how could he prove he had paid the cash to Albee?

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orothy had been esent, but en- ossed with her artbreak; cer- nly she could not tify as to the ecise amount of currency he had ved out to Abe. thing but the 's personal state- nt stood between and an indict- nt for theft. A ization of his mma took the ngth from him e completely the prod of e's revolver.

panic-stricken r got back to bank, forced Abe's room at point of the

Mr. Cogswell— nies I paid it to And yet I did wear I did—all same, in mis-"

Young fellers handle money t make such akes. S'pose grabbed up a t o' currency, d t' th' bank an' handed it th' first passin' . Would th' be liable f'r in' your gift? about what's ned."

Jerem was od a judge of human nature to be- is teller had been otherwise than s. Seavers dropped flaccidly into a y chair. In hollow tone he asked: e you going to fire me, Mr. Cogs-

n was a canny man, a hard man. voice held no rancor:

, I'm not gonna fire you. What's you're not gonna fire yourself. If oney's lost, I'll personally reim- h' bank with a loan. But I guess ow what you can do in turn. *You that loss back!*"

! Pay it back! But I haven't got—"

raise your pay t' thirty a week. f you alter your ways, you can t' live on ten of it."

boy's head had been clearing— to take this new bludgeon of cir- ice.

at twenty a week to pay eleven d six hundred and twenty-five would take me over *ten years!*"

u know a better way out, tell me. rgit, however, th' bondin' com- ght take more stock in Abe's de- n in your claim o' carelessness. n hirin' altogether too many rigs ng t' Joe Fodder's livery!"

ht hung over the valley when the bank. Sheriff Crumpett, ap- f what had happened, saw him teadily up East Main Street and

It was an awkward place to call a lover to account: through the wicket of a bank

go through the river bridge. On the opposite shore was wooded country—bog and deer bottom.

"Hope he don't try no flummadiddles on himself," mused the officer anxiously. "He's a good boy at heart. Only terrible thoughtless."

Where Bert Seavers went that night was nobody's business. But the town learned later that he had climbed to the top of Cobb Hill and remained there bareheaded under the stars. . . .

Dorothy was helping Mrs. Mason in the boarding-house kitchen the next forenoon when young Seavers rang the bell. A moment later he was facing the girl in the small side parlor.

"I s'pose Albee's skipped?" he said, awkwardly at first, opening that interview.

"Yes," said Dorothy. "He finished packing his two suitcases and grabbed the four-thirty train."

Silence for a moment. Bert torturing his hat. Then:

"Dorothy—yesterday at the bank—you offered—to release me from our engagement." For the first time in weeks Bert Seavers met her eyes.

With sharp intake of breath, face becoming pale, Dot backed against a table. Her work-roughened hands gripped its edges on each side of her. Yet she kept her eyes level.

"I did, Bert. That is, if—if it meant your happiness."

"I'm here—to ask you—to do it, Dot. And it's not because of Miss Carver. I haven't had much sleep the past night. I've been off by myself, getting things straight. I've faced *facts*, Dorothy. And the biggest fact I've faced is I've got to buckle down and pay off that loss. It'll take me . . . ten years," he added, with a choke.

"Bert!"

"It's one of those hard places in life like you read about in books. Only this isn't a book. I got myself into this mess, and I've got to get myself out. After all, if I'd shot straight with you, you wouldn't have come in the bank yesterday noon. If I hadn't been upset, knowing I was guilty, I'd have paid more attention to those cards of collection. So really it was my yellow streak I showed toward you that's landed me where I am. I have cheated you, Dorothy. Ten years of slaving for a measly ten dollars a week is my medicine. Well, I'll take it. And you know what it means. I can't ask you to wait that long. But I'm here to tell you there'll never be anyone else."

The girl's eyes were growing starry.

"You're going to pay off that loss, Bert Seavers?"

"The Chinese have a proverb: 'The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.' I'm going on a thousand-mile journey, Dot. And each week will be a step. Not because I'm scared of the bonding company. Because—I had it coming!"

DOROTHY'S eyes were never more level, never more like cool, brown trout pools beneath shimmering alders.

"I think I love you more right now, Bert Seavers, than I ever supposed it possible a woman could love a man."

"Will you release me, Dorothy? It's my fight. I've got to make it alone."

"You think so?"

"Dorothy! For heaven's sake, don't take it that way."

"No, Bert Seavers, I'll not release you. So long as you love me, I'll wait *twenty* years if need be, until you've won out."

He started impulsively toward her. After all, he was only a heartbroken boy with his future a mess. But he stopped before he reached her.

"If you want to wait—of your own accord—I can't stop you, Dorothy. But ten years is ten (*Continued on page 168*)

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How Ellery Walter *found out that* People *have* Big Hearts

By MILDRED HARRINGTON

"GEE, I've had all the lucky breaks!"

The boy who said these words to me had swung blithely into my office on crutches. He will have to go on crutches the rest of his life unless he learns to walk on an artificial leg. During the past two years, he has had seventeen operations on his left leg and two on his right one. They saved the right leg, but the left had to be taken off halfway between the ankle and the knee.

Twice the boy went on the table without ether to withstand an operation so painful that I don't dare try to tell you about it. For twelve months, while he was going around the world on his crutches, he cleansed and packed his wound himself. He has never had more money than would barely suffice for his immediate needs. Frequently, he didn't have that much. But every penny that he spent, he earned himself.

Three years ago he was one of the most popular undergraduates of the University of Washington. He was stroke of the freshman crew and president of his class of two thousand. A brilliant student, he was looking forward to a career as a lawyer. He had his life planned for twenty years ahead; he knew just where he wanted to be at each step of the game.

Then came the accident that smashed his splendid dreams into a million fragments and made life itself a thing of exquisite torture over a period of many long months.

And yet, after I had heard Ellery Walter's story from his own lips, I was inclined to agree with him that he is indeed a fortunate mortal!

A boy with an unquenchable spirit, with a genius for inspiring unselfishness, and generosity, and whole-hearted friendliness in others *is* lucky. Tall, and fair, and clear-eyed, he has that indescribable something, that priceless magical quality which endears him to his fellows, however casual the contact that brings them together. Colonel Lindbergh has this quality; President Roosevelt had it. It is more than personality. It transcends brilliancy. Nobody can name it; everybody responds to it.

This is the story of the response Ellery Walter found in the hearts of men ranging from stevedores and beach combers to such notable figures as Lloyd George, Mussolini, and von Hindenburg, in his twelve-month journey around the globe in search of health and a livelihood. It is a story that makes me wonder afresh at the miracle we call human nature.

Since he was fourteen, the boy has had to shift for himself. At that age he was earning his uncertain living hefting five-gallon milk containers in the toughest section of Chicago. He often slept in the nickel "flops" where the dregs of the city's underworld—dead-beats, drunkards, down-and-outers—paid five cents for the privilege of sleeping on a filthy floor in the middle of which stood a huge sheet-iron stove, red-hot halfway up its crooked length of pipe.

For several months he traveled with an ingenious young hobo who had a special talent for winding up in the most convenient jail at night. During a whole summer, he pitched fish in a big Alaskan cannery where neither the manners nor the morals were conducive to high ideals.

But through all this and more the lad wore an invisible armor that kept him clean and sweet in body, mind, and soul. He is twenty-two years old. He doesn't drink or smoke, yet he is a real man's man. Before his accident, he was a husky out-of-door chap, a crack oarsman, a star tennis player, a campus hero.

I ASKED him how it happened that he had escaped the things which most boys pick up as a matter of course. This is what he told me:

"I could see that smoking and drinking, and all the rest of that stuff, slowed a man's speed down to nothing an hour. And I wanted to travel *light and fast*.

"Besides, there was . . . my mother. When I was twelve, she made me promise her that I would live her way until I was twenty-one. 'Then,' she said, 'I want you to choose any way of living that seems good to you.' Mother was wise. She knew that if I could hold on to the things she had taught me until I was of age, I wouldn't be likely to let go of them later. A good habit is as hard to break as a bad one.

"On my twenty-first birthday I signed a little private declaration of independence. I resolved never to do the things that other people did just because they were being done by other people. I made up my mind to *choose* the way of living that seemed good to me as an individual."

A declaration of independence is no novelty in Ellery Walter's family. One of his forefathers, William Ellery, signed a Declaration of Independence in 1776. Nearly a hundred and fifty years later, Ellery Walter's widowed young mother cut loose from relatives and dependency and started out to earn a living for herself and her three small sons.

Until he was ten, Ellery lived the normal life of any boy who has a happy, comfortable home. Then his father died suddenly, leaving practically no estate. His mother, faced with the choice of living on the bounty of kinsfolk or of fending for her boys herself, left her home in Philadelphia and set out for the Northwest to start life anew. She settled in Seattle and went into the real estate business.

At the end of two years she was nicely established. Then, while the boys were away at a summer camp in the mountains she was killed in an automobile accident. Before her sons could reach home, her body had been cremated and sent East for burial.

The children were parceled out among relatives. Ellery was packed off to a young uncle in Detroit. The boy almost died of loneliness and homesickness. The youthful guardian was busy with his work in the daytime and with his friends in the evening.

But worse than the loneliness was the feeling of being a dependent. Ellery stood it for four long, miserable weeks. Then he made up his mind to run away. He knew that it would never do to go straight back to Seattle. First, he would have to throw his uncle off the trail.

"I figured that this would be easy," he explained, "as nobody seemed eager for my company anyway. One morning I went down to the bank and drew out the few dollars remaining of the small sum that had come to me when my mother's effects were sold. I planned to leave that night and go as far away as the money would take me.

"After supper I bundled up my few longings in a battered old suitcase and tiptoed out of the boarding-house. With a heavy hand, I sneaked down to the railroad station and sat around for an hour or so trying to decide where to go. Suddenly my eye was caught by a poster showing a picture of the maple sugar harvest in Maine. Fate had spoken. I walked boldly up to the agent's window and bought a ticket to Bangor.

"UP TO this time," the boy said, "I had no particular plan for the future. But that night, while the train clicked off the miles, I worked out in detail for twenty years ahead. I can remember the time when I hadn't very wanted to be a lawyer. Now I deliberately plotted my life to that end. As soon as I was fairly sure that my uncle had stopped looking for me, I would go back to Seattle, work my way through the last two years of high school and the University of Washington, and then return to the East for my training in law.

"It didn't occur to me that anything could happen to prevent my dream from coming true!

"At the end of the maple sugar harvest I set out for Seattle. But by the time I got to Chicago, (*Continued on page*

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graph by Pinchot, N. Y.

Ellery Walter

BY SHEER bravery and a merriness of heart Ellery Walter crowded suffering and disappointment out of his life. When only a child, he was allotted to an uncle, as both of his parents had died. But he relieved the uncle of the responsibility of rearing him by running away, and since then he has been on his own. He was tortured by an infected leg, endured more than twenty operations, and finally lost the leg. But he went gayly on, traveling around the globe, earning his living as he went, and also earning many friends. He is only twenty-two, but has met scores of the world's leaders, and found them all generous, warm-hearted folks. The story of this boy is the kind that strengthens your faith in humanity.

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Drawn by Joseph Chenoweth

ABOVE is a fine example of how *not* to apply for a job. The girl may be competent, but she obviously lacks good sense and good taste, otherwise she wouldn't be powdering her face before her prospective employer.

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Do You Know How to Get a Job?

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

N THE course of this year, calculated roughly from statistics based on census returns, 850,000 young men and 400,000 young women will be seeking their first jobs. By this I ot mean temporary or part-time jobs, jobs in which they hope to make suft income to be self-supporting, jobs h hold some sort of future.

fair number of these young people going to have jobs handed to them, he majority will have to *seek* and *find*. ow important it is that they not only the right job and the one suited to training and abilities, but that they know how to present themselves to est advantage. Job-seeking has be- a subject to be studied seriously. ousands of employers are all the hunting for people who want jobs. will buy your services if you have ing in that line to sell them out of they can make money. Your prob- to find the particular employer who the particular kind of work you can d the particular kind of person you

may say that there is no employer ants you, that employers in general want people who want jobs, be- you have tried a dozen of them and been turned down. After applying m you went away downhearted and that they had given you the le heart," the "cold shoulder," and t. Did it ever occur to you that *y you went at the job of applying for n the wrong way?*

HEN I was a young fellow just out of chool, I tramped the streets looking b; and I wore holes in my shoes, ndered where my next meal would om—and sometimes it didn't come of course, I wondered why other got jobs and I did not. If I could d at that time the long talk with Morgan, employment and in- relations expert, that I had the fternoon, concerning the best way bout looking for a job and the mis- hat most people make in this re- t would have been of immense help I had not talked with him very fore I realized that I had made a g mistakes in the way I had gone he job of looking for a job.

Morgan lives at Wynnewood, lvania, and has offices in the Pack- ilding, in Philadelphia, where he s his Consulting Industrial En- g practice. This means that he people about jobs.

Morgan worked in various machine shops and on contracting jobs before he realized that a technical education was necessary if he wished to get farther. So he worked his way through Washington University, training as a civil and mechanical engineer. After finishing his course, he went through a number of mechanical and executive jobs, all the way from the operation of a hoisting machine to the position of plant engineer in a big steel mill at Granite City, Illinois.

In his capacity as foreman, Morgan was compelled not only to select his own men, but also to train them and keep them happily and effectively at work. From this experience, he began, about twenty years ago, to visualize the application of the methods of mechanical engineering to human engineering; that is, to industrial management and the selection and placement of employees.

After trying these methods for about eight years in the steel industry and later in manufacturing, Morgan entered the employ of the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, where, for ten years, he was manager of the Employment and Service Department. There he and his assistants talked with a vast number of people and received more than five hundred thousand letters from people applying for jobs. Two years ago he established his own business. It is from this rich experience that Mr. Morgan tells us here a few of the things he has learned about how to apply, and how not to apply, for a job.

The "Shoe-Leather" Plan Doesn't Get *the* Job

"The first mistake that most job-hunters make—and it is made alike by those who have no jobs and by those who are seeking to change jobs—is to use shoe leather instead of brains," says Earl B. Morgan, employment expert. "The shoe-leather plan does not get results. What a jobless man should do, and what an employed man seeking a better job should do, is to make a careful analysis, first, of what he can do best, and then of the employers who are most likely to need the kind of services he can render. Having thought these points over, he should then present a written application, telling definitely what he can do and giving definite reasons why he wants to work for the firm to which he is applying."

QUITE naturally, the first thing I asked Mr. Morgan was, "What would you do if you were out of a job?"

"What I should do," he answered, "would be to write letters to at least a half dozen of the very best firms in my neighborhood, *not firms off in the distance* (unless I could make it clear that I was ready to locate there); and in these letters I'd ask for an interview, so that I might tell personally what I could do. The right kind of letter usually brings a reply.

"You may say you have written forty letters and had no replies. Well, in my judgment, you wrote either to the wrong firms or else the wrong kind of letters. The big, fundamental mistake most people make is that before writing the letter, they omit, first, to do a lot of thinking, and then to analyze themselves and the possible market for their services. Before you write your letter applying for an interview, there are many things you ought to consider, both about analyzing yourself—that is, sizing up what you have to offer—and also about analyzing your market—that is, the employers who are most likely to have work that suits you.

"You must understand, further, that the letter is simply a preparation for the interview which the letter requests. Therefore, the more thinking and self-analyzing you do in planning the letter, the better prepared you will be for the interview. I shall speak more fully, perhaps, about the letter than the interview, although they are both of one piece. The interview is just a friendly talk, with the object of gaining a more intimate personal knowledge.

"Of course, your common sense should tell you that there is no absolute, surefire, foolproof method for everybody and anybody to get a (*Continued on page 126*)

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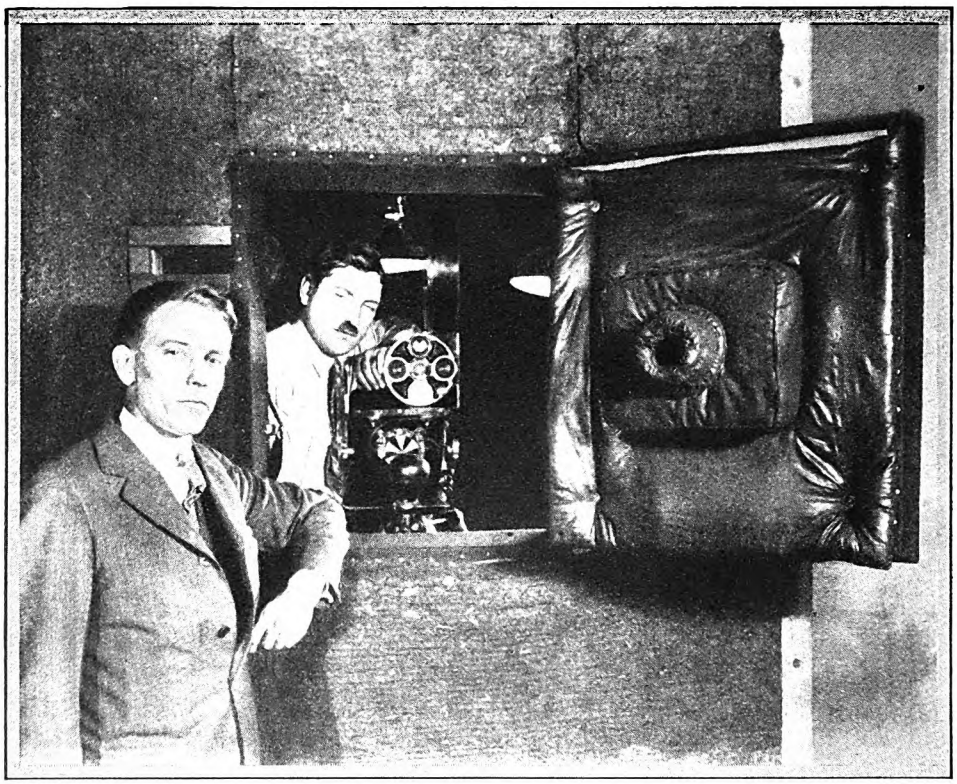

VITAPHONE PICTURES

WE HAD heard so many conflicting reports about the "Talkies" that we decided to get the "lowdown" on this sensational latest comer to the motion picture field. Almost immediately we discovered that Commander Fitzhugh Green was investigating the "Talkies" and writing a book about what he was finding out. So we asked him to tell how the "Talkies" came into being; what they are still up against; whether or not they are here to stay; and why every big movie magnate has jumped on the "Talkie" bandwagon. This is Commander Green's article.—THE EDITOR.

The Bomb *that* Blew *the* MOVIES Upside Down

By

FITZHUGH GREEN

MY FRIENDS, no story ever written for the screen is as dramatic as the story of the screen itself!" exclaimed Will Hays to a thrilled audience on the night of August 6, 1926.

He was speaking of an event that was to convulse America's $8,000,000,000 moving picture industry. For, as one of the movie magnates has since more bluntly put it: "Science was about to explode a bomb under the most prosperous business our country has ever known!" The bomb was the Talking Motion Picture.

On that night a drama was being shown on the screen of the New York movie theater in which Mr. Hays spoke. On that same night, and still in that same Broadway theater, another drama was taking place, actually, in the lives of three men who sat well back in the audience.

Before the screen drama was ended the terrific problem that faced this little group of men would also have been solved. Whether they would be rich or bankrupt, wise men or fools, successes or failures, was being decided by the large public jury who sat about them.

One of the men wiped his mouth nervously with his hand. "Maybe we'll win," he muttered.

The other two only gripped the arms of their seats more tightly and in grim silence awaited the verdict.

The men were Harry Warner and his associates in a film firm known as Warner Brothers, who make "Vitaphone" pictures. They had sunk over $500,000 in this one picture. They had invested nearly $10,000,000 in a gigantic gamble that the American public would like moving pictures that *talked*.

If they won, they would revolutionize moving pictures. If they won, a new art would be launched. If they won, a vast population of 50,000,000 movie fans would have to be reëducated. If they won—and this they did not dare even discuss with one another—they might pull the entire industry down upon the heads of those who had so patiently built it.

They had struggled for twenty years that this night might be a success. They had fought with other film firms for their own firm's very existence. One of the brothers, Sam Warner, had given his life that they might succeed.

They knew that America was too big to win by halfway measures. Stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York had been recorded for this m mentous night. $1,000 a week—$52,00 year!—had been paid for just the right *ask* the star to sing. Whether the Warn paid $5,000 or $50,000 to each star taking up this right, I am not permitted reveal; but the fee in each case was st gering. Martinelli sang just twice a received $25,000.

THE "gamblers" had to pay anot company $104,000 for permission use the music that the stars would s the period of such singing being limi to one year.

At the cost of a king's ransom they hired the orchestra of the New York P harmonic Society to provide the m which was to be mechanically proje with the films.

They had persuaded, with money cajolery, the noted Mischa Elman to them "can" the ethereal tones of violin.

And now they tensely sat and wai Literally they could be made damned on the opening night by verdict of this single New York audie And practically every expert in Am had called the effort to put talking pic across a kind of pitiable insanity.

The theater was filled; every seat

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l—and occupied. It was a ious, speculative audience, more pared to be amused by a new ntific miracle than to be enter- ed by anything artistic.

t 8:30 P. M. the lights dimmed. ces hushed. A white beam shot head and splashed upon the en. A single brief title showed; the image of a man. The man was Will Hays—walked for- d—*began to speak.*

he hush before him seemed to en.

The suspense was pretty tight, l you," laughed a friend of mine was present that night—and nothing of the human drama g on behind him. "We all felt something was bound to go g. The machinery would break n—a crash of some sort sud- y spoil it all."

t it didn't.

HE "shadow" of Will Hays nished his "shadow speech." audience applauded. As the ping died away, sweet music from the direction of the screen. iptly the motion picture of an estra appeared thereon. And nce the audience saw it was orchestra making *that* music. e-ups of famous opera singers wed. Each was *seen* and *heard.* illusion was complete.

hen the lights went up for the mission, the audience cheered, gave way to a concentrated of excitement. History was made and they were there to he event.

e second half was a conven- l screen drama—also with the talking-picture attachment.

The sound-proof camera booth is seen on the opposite page. This is part of the apparatus used in making synchronizations for Vitaphone presentations.

(Above) This photograph shows the operator's booth in a motion picture theater. (Below) The electrical apparatus used in the recording-room of a talkie studio is a marvel of delicacy and accuracy. The electrical expert in the picture is examining the surface of a record with a microscope to make sure of faithful duplication of the work of the recording artist

But before its stirring plot was done, the little group of three who sat tensely waiting, received their verdict. The uncontrollable enthusiasm of the audience gave it:

"*You win!*"

It was the first great triumph for the "Talkies," as the public instantly named the new synchronized pictures. It was a glorious tribute to the vision of the men who had backed them. It made the biggest producers in the movies sit up and rub their eyes. This thing that they had one and all condemned—all except the little group we have named—was rising like one of Aladdin's genii from the lamp of a single small company and bewitching the public.

The Talkie boom was on!

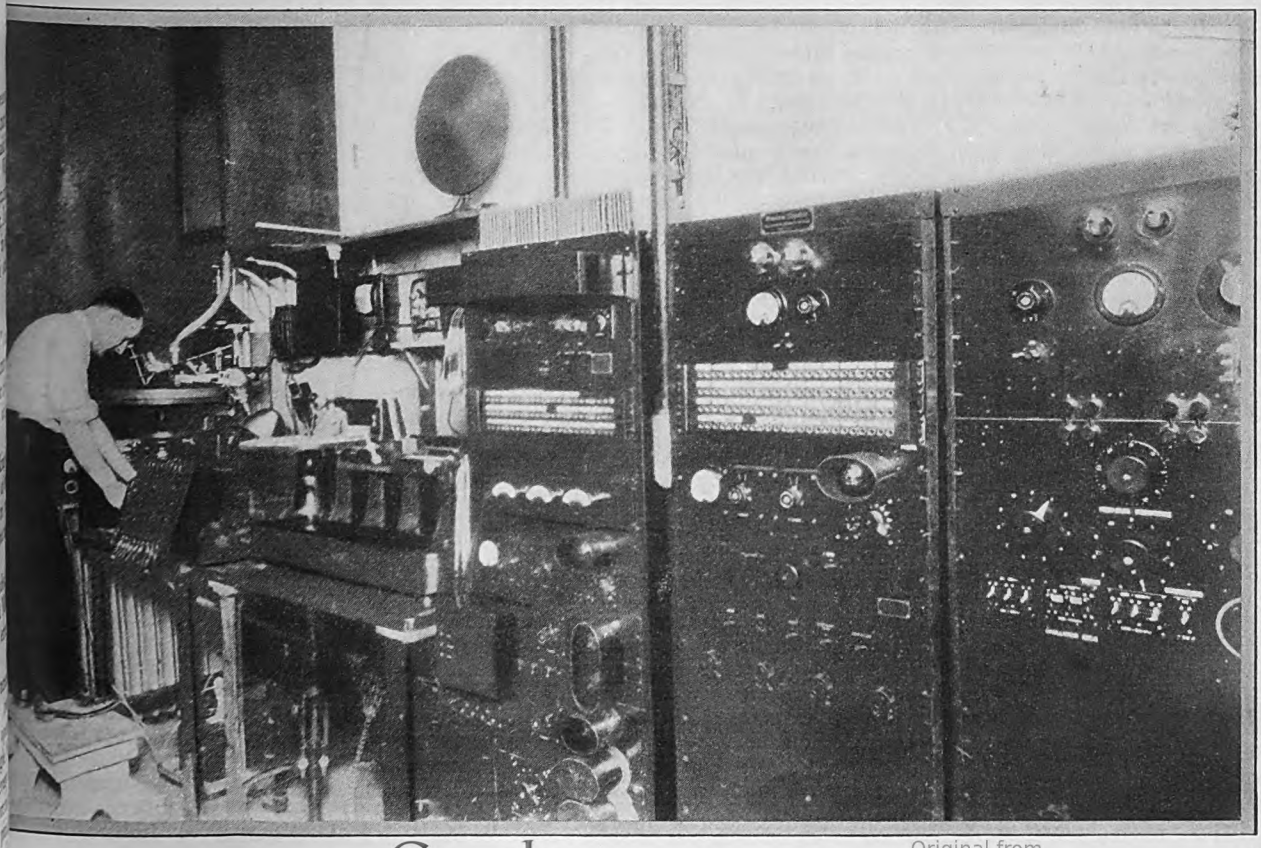
HOLLYWOOD was thrown into a turmoil. If an airship had landed from Mars there could not have been more excitement. Stars tottered on their thrones. Long-term contracts became scraps of paper. Studios were shut down.

An army of extras became a howling mob of hopefuls. Maybe they could talk! Maybe their voices were better than their looks! Perhaps the new art would seize the unknown just as in its infancy the old art had! Their ages ranged from fifteen to eighty. But perhaps age didn't matter in the Talkies! None knew. Not even the directors knew!

And nobody knows today.

One superbly beautiful girl who had been making $4,000 a week for three years lost her temper completely before the casting director.

"You (*Continued on page 118*)



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THE MARK on the Window

A STORY

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

I SHALL always remember this case, for it was one of the most remarkable that ever happened in Virginia. It turned on a tragedy that outraged the dignity of the state, and it presented a problem that we could not solve.

Judge Benton Woods had been shot down before a window in the courthouse.

It was a ruthless, cold-blooded murder, with no reason for it either in interest or passion that the world could see. The man was an irreproachable public servant; just and honorable, in the evening of his life, and at the very close of his career—for his successor had been elected and he was bringing his term to an end with the adjournment of his court.

It was night when the judge was killed.

It was his custom to remain in the courthouse in the evening and work on his chancery cases. There was a little chamber on the second floor, adjoining the great court-room, in which he kept his books. It was before the open window of this room at night, with his big oil lamp on the table behind him, that he had met his death.

He had been shot from the street as he stood speaking to the people from this window.

The lead bullet from one of the long deer rifles of the time had gone entirely through his body and lodged in the wood of a poplar panel behind him. He was dead before anyone could reach the chamber, lying motionless on the oak floor.

Nor was there any mystery about the assassin.

It was clearly one of the crowd below, who had come in with their rifles and were firing in that riot. The final word of this sentence is descriptive. The demonstration in the street before the courthouse could be called nothing less than a form of riot. It was intended, by its very aspect of violence, to raise the country, if its persuasive effect on Judge Woods should fail. But it was not intended, in any manner, as a personal threat against the judge, for the people, without exception, held him in high regard.

This fundamental fact was established beyond doubt.

The persons taking part in this assembly were all known to one another. The identity of each one was established. He could be pointed out and named. And the persons to bear arms had been selected and their precise part in the demonstration laid out in advance.

There was no hothead and no doubtful character in that company of armed men who had marched in from the land along the Ohio to make this demonstration.

They were of the pioneer stock of Virginia, fearless, determined men, deeply moved by a continuing outrage; but they did not go about in the night to do a murder. And, besides, this demonstration, with its unforeseen tragic sequel, had been considered and planned out, after counsel with some of the best men of the county. Even the officers of the court were cognizant of it. The clerk himself had been an instigator of it. The settlers along the water front of the Ohio had supported him at the polls, and he had been in sympathy with their position. He was not impressed that the demonstration would move the judge to any corrective act, nor, in reality, that Judge Woods could effect any corrective act, if he wished. But he thought the demonstration, if it had the aspect of violence, would force the Government to take a hand in the matter.

IT WAS an old feud that had developed into this violence. The river was the great highway on which the steamboats from New Orleans traveled to Fort Pitt, and the settlers along the river and these boats were continually at war.

In flood water the boats, keeping toward the shore to avoid the current, overthrew the flooded cabins of the settlers with the wash of their paddle wheels. The settlers fired on the boats, and the boats c presently to barricade their decks an carry sharpshooters; and so, while ginia was at peace, the highway of river was at war.

There was flood water when tragedy occurred.

For a week the valley of the Ohio been inundated from the heavy rains. barricaded boats traveled over the f and the settlers' houses, already de the water, were overthrown.

The intolerable situation could be no longer; and, on a night agreed, men marched into the county se make their demonstration before judge. They had been advised to it the aspect of violence, and so

Amid the shouting and the wild firing of rifles the judge was seen to sway a moment at the window

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Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

r deer rifles for that purpose.
they gave it that passionate
They called out the judge and
ed for the protection of the law.
dge came to the open window and
ed them. But he could offer them no
in his court. The highway of the
s under the authority of the Federal
ment. Their petition should be
ed to the Congress at Washington,
to him.

was a tumult in the street, and
e shouting and the wild firing of
e judge was seen to sway a mo-
the window and fall backward
room.

rowd poured into the courthouse
he stairs into the court-room. But the judge was dead, as I have written, when the crowd came to him—lying prostrate on the oak floor with a bullet through his body.

The tragedy lay like a sinister shadow on this frontier of Virginia, and the authorities sent for Colonel Braxton to sit as a special judge here and bring the murderer to justice.

The reputation of this eccentric lawyer added a new element of interest to the mysterious affair. It came on, ahead, before him, colored with exaggerated and imagined incident, and we looked to see a sort of ogre out of a fairy story land from the river boat; for he traveled on the yellow highway of the river.

But the imagined Goliath, after the manner of such fancies, crumbled before the reality in life.

A big, soft-spoken man with a drawling voice came down the plank from the river boat. His aspect did not greatly impress us, for the governor or any of the large public figures of Virginia might have looked like that. But there was something about the way the man conducted this affair that did impress us. It impressed us with a decidedly unfavorable impression.

He acted like a man in fear.

It seems a severe thing to write down that verdict, for courage on the frontier of Virginia was held to be very nearly at the top of all human excellence. It came to our attention in the man's opening conduct of the case, and it increased in its impression as the proceedings in the case advanced. There could be no doubt about it. He acted like a man in fear!

And he disappointed the people in another manner:

IT WAS supposed that he would make a great speech from the bench, in eulogy of Judge Woods and in condemnation of this outrage. The crowd filled the court-room to the door, to hear him. It applauded as at a public meeting when he came in and, if he had spoken, it would have carried him on a wave of feeling.

But he did not speak.

He did not, in fact, go at that time on the bench.

He called the sheriff and the clerk and went into the chamber where the judge had died. He stood before the open window, where Judge Woods had appeared above the mob, looked at the mark of the bullet on the wall, listened carefully to all the details of the tragedy; ordered the court adjourned, and went down to the tavern.

But he did also a thing that impressed us with his sense of fear:

He directed the sheriff and his son, the deputy, to attend him, and he walked between them to the tavern.

It was a scene that made a bad impression. Did he regard the whole community of us as assassins that he should thus so conspicuously protect himself? And, withal, we began to feel a sort of gathering contempt. The sense of it deepened when he kept secluded in his room and when he went out that evening to walk with the sheriff and the deputy, with all the loitering persons warned away.

Still, the gossips were divided in their verdict.

Here was perhaps only a becoming modesty in a stranger who would presently be the storm center of this affair. It was clever business, this unpretentious entry. Tomorrow he would make his great speech from the bench, and, after Judge Woods' murder, there was some excuse for these precautions.

But this latter was felt to be a lame addenda to the comment.

Fear we could not put up with.

But the people, and even the idle about the tavern, respected Colonel Braxton's wish. And when he went out with the sheriff and his son in the evening, no man loitered on his heels, and the people with-

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drew about their affairs. And so we awaited the tomorrow.

There was a great crowd in the court-room on this morning; a greater crowd than on the day before, for the whole county had come in, drawn by the lure of the tragedy and the desire to see this stranger who had been selected to sit as special judge.

But what could he do?

The chimney-corner experts and the loiterers about the taverns had considered that, and they concluded that the mystery was a thing beyond him. He could do nothing but deliver his great speech, set in motion the usual inquisitorial machinery of the law, and take the defeat that awaited him. It was a case for Solomon, these experts said, referring to the only book they knew. And in its puzzling features it seemed a thing no less.

The bullet that had killed Judge Woods had been cut out of the wall and lay on the bench. It was the lead bullet of the deer rifle of the time.

But from what rifle had the deadly thing been fired?

Every man that had come in with a rifle was known, and these weapons, to be found in every house, were all alike, made in Baltimore for the frontier trade, of the same pattern and the same caliber of ball. And beyond these settlers in the demonstration there were a thousand of these rifles on the Ohio, as like in every detail as a handful of peas—the deer rifle of the time, with a long stock, or the stock cut down.

It *was* a case for Solomon.

And there was no Solomon sitting in Virginia, the chimney-corner experts said with pertinent comment, in their summing up.

ONE must realize the profound obscurities of the thing:

A released convict, sentenced by Judge Woods, might have taken a revenge like this; but there was no such person among the settlers who had marched into the county seat. Someone from a river boat might have fired the shot, to put the landsmen in the wrong; but there was no boat tied up on the Ohio and no alien from the river in the place.

The life of the community must be understood:

Every citizen was known, a stranger could not enter unnoticed. Such an hypothesis had to be excluded.

And there was another thing to realize: The demonstration in the street was a deliberate affair, handled calmly for a desired effect. The very officers of the court had been consulted. As I have written, the clerk of the court, Mr. Chapman, had been freely talked with; and he had suggested the aspect of violence, not, as he frankly said, to influence Judge Woods, but to get the matter before the Congress. The Government could not ignore a river war, nor overlook an armed rising, if it appeared that the frontier was determined. But, like other men, the clerk could not imagine this tragic outcome of the thing. It was a result wholly unforeseen, and he deplored it with every manifestation of regret.

It had been undertaken with extreme precaution: There was no ball in any rifle; a powder charge only had been used for this aspect of violence. And yet here was Judge Woods shot down! The loom of the mystery, as one considered it, deepened and became more impenetrable; and beyond this mystery of the act, there lay, also, the mystery of a motive.

And so the puzzling thing turned back on itself.

What could Colonel Braxton do? No man could find a way in this dark *cul-de-sac;* neither Solomon nor any special judge that the authorities of Virginia could send in! And so the people crowded into the court-room to see what this substitute for Solomon could do.

There was a breathless interest when Colonel Braxton entered.

He came in with the sheriff and his son and, passing through the crowd, went on the bench. He put down some articles before him: a bit of paper and a piece of wood about a foot long and some two inches in width. He set the lead bullet on the fragment of paper to hold it down. The court was opened, and the people composed themselves to listen to the great speech that by custom he should now deliver.

But that day was freighted for us with the unexpected.

This inscrutable special judge said nothing.

HE SAT for some time looking at the lead bullet, the bit of paper, and the piece of wood, and then, vaguely, about the court-room: at the sheriff, fingering his hat; at the clerk, writing with three fingers, for the index finger was bound up from some minor injury; at the tall settlers standing behind the crowded benches; at the door to the clerk's office opposite the chamber where Judge Woods had died. And finally he spoke.

But it was to open no oration.

It was to give a direction that at first amazed us, and then, as we understood its intent, lowered our respect.

He ordered the settlers who had come armed in the demonstration before Judge Woods to bring in their rifles, and, as if he feared a further violence, he added that every officer of the court should do the like—come in also with his rifle. And this was not the only precaution of the apparently fearful man. He adjourned the court until the afternoon and, going down from the bench, locked himself into the clerk's office, and set the clerk's assistant to keep watch before the door.

I cannot tell you how astonished the people were.

We went out with a feeling of disgust.

A judge who went about between the sheriff and a deputy, called upon the officers of the court to come into his session armed, and then, while he waited for the security of that guard, locked himself in behind a door was, for all his reputation in Virginia, a poor cowardly creature of no worth.

Besides, of what use was it for the settlers to bring in their rifles? Did he expect the guilty one to go white in his court and confess the crime when he was confronted with the bullet lying on the scrap of paper? Was there, perhaps, a charm of magic scrawled on this bit of paper that our timid Solomon had put down before him when he had come up on the bench! . . . And this piece of wood! Did the man intend to whittle?

The loiterers about the tavern laughed.

We no longer held this Colonel Braxton in our respect; but our curiosity remained. It remained with a consuming interest.

What further absurdity would he be about?

And so the people returned, crowding into the court on this afternoon. But it was a changed and disillusioned concourse. Our high regard elevating this special judge had slipped away. Nevertheless, his directions had been carried out. The settlers were in the court-room with their rifles, and every officer of the court had likewise brought in his weapon from his house. They made, thus, a group of armed men standing opposite across the court-room, as if they opposed one another in some feud, likely, on the moment, to break out.

The settlers were two to one in number over the officials of the court. But the weapons were the same, for this western border of Virginia was a game land and every citizen kept a deer rifle in his house, all of the same caliber and pattern—an octagon iron barrel, half stocked or with the wooden stock extending to the muzzle.

Colonel Braxton went on the bench and ordered the rioters to bring their rifles before him. He would make sure, evidently, that no one among the settlers had his rifle loaded.

How careful for his safety was this imported Solomon!

One could feel about him the undercurrent of contempt. But the dignity the people held. The settlers came forward, and handed up their rifles. Colonel Braxton glanced at each weapon a moment, long enough, we thought, to see it were loaded, and returned it to its owner.

It was like a trivial inspection at muster.

And then, weakly, as it seemed to us, as if he would cover his concern for safety with a show of equal treatment of both sides, he directed the officers of the court, also, to pass before him with their rifles.

They followed when the settlers had gone back to their places by the wall, each one in attendance, from the deputy by the door to the clerk of this circuit court. Colonel Braxton, glancing at the weapons as they were handed up, returned them with no comment.

HE DID not speak and there was no sound but the footfall of each person passing before the bench! What evidence sign could he be seeking? What clue dicatory of the assassin of Judge Woods?

Evidently none, for, as I have said, rifles were all of the same make and pattern. But he could take this precaution against a loaded rifle in the court-room and evidently, from what we have observed about the man, this was his intent.

While the men went back to their places he sat looking at the articles before him: the bit of paper, the bullet on it, and the piece of wood.

Then he spoke, looking down at the clerk. And at his words the sagging interest of the court-room flashed like a fire into life.

"Write out an indictment," he said.

The clerk got on his feet astonished.

"An indictment, Your Honor?" he echoed.

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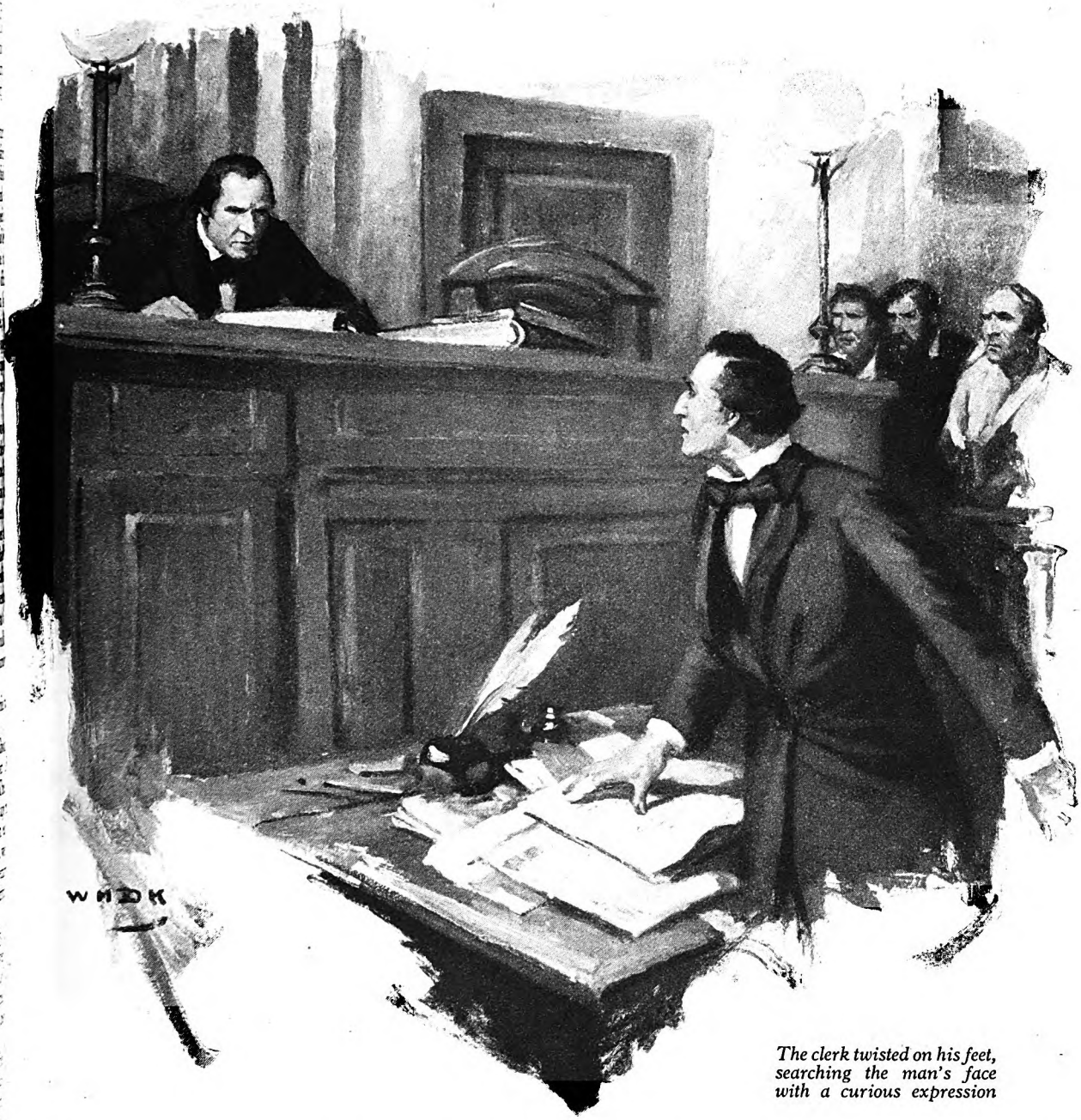

The clerk twisted on his feet, searching the man's face with a curious expression

s."

clerk twisted on his feet, searching
in's face with a curious expression.
ainst whom? Against what one?"
voice halted and jerked.
ite it in blank," replied Colonel
n.
blank!" The clerk repeated it. "A
oe indictment. There is no such
cognized in a Virginian court."
ere is not," replied Colonel Brax-
Write it in blank."
e was now a tense silence.
y eye turned toward this inscruta-
re on the bench, and somehow that
ook on a new and commanding
No feature, and no aspect of the
d changed, and yet he seemed,
w, suddenly to dominate the court-

clerk sat down at his table and
write. But he was shaken, like us
this new dramatic tension, and
with its injured finger trembled
ork.
ote on and the silence deepened.

We could hear the scratch of the quill pen on the foolscap, and we could note, as with a sharpened vision, his puzzled features twisting about his face, as if his mind, independent of his writing fingers, labored at this dark enigma. Then the scratch of the pen slackened, went on, and finally ceased. The man stopped. His face had now a certain determination in it. He put down his pen, and looked up at the bench And when he spoke, there was a queer note in his words.

"YOUR Honor," he said, "do you know who killed Judge Woods?"

Colonel Braxton did not seem to regard the man.

He looked instead at the people crowded into the court-room, with their strained, silent, expectant faces; for this thing had taken an immense unexpected swing up into the light, and they were overcome by their amazement.

It was a moment of the highest tension, but Colonel Braxton took no attitude of either tone or manner from it. He spoke in a leisurely voice, as one about a commonplace, with no gesture and no emphatic word.

"I am about as tall as Judge Woods," he said. "I placed myself in his position before the open window. I knew where the fatal shot had entered his body, and where the bullet had lodged in the wall behind me; and it was at once evident, from a line drawn through the wound of entry to the mark on the wall, that the bullet had traveled on a level, and not on a slant, from below. And so it was at once clear that Judge Woods had not been shot from the street. He had been killed by someone who was practically on a level with him."

He paused as in reflection.

"There was another thing; but it was not clear and it could not be taken as decisive. The bullet did not seem to have been fired from directly before the open window. The wound of entry was precisely on the median line of the chest. But, in its exit, the bullet did not strike the spine. When (*Continued on page 80*)

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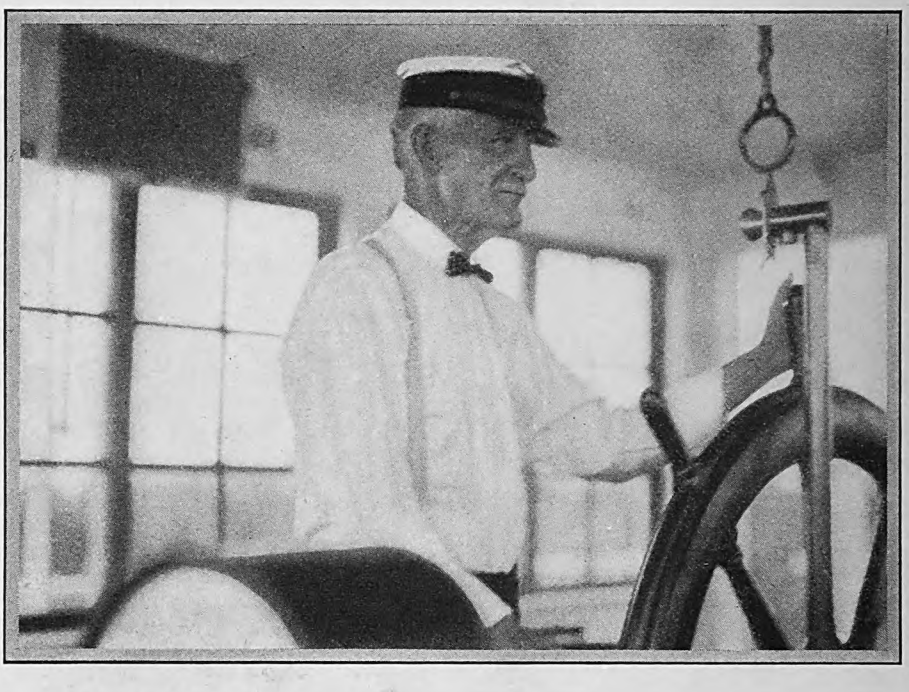


Captain TOM GOOD one of the greatest rivermen the Mississippi has ever known

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

Fifty Years on the

THERE was a chill at the break of the day and a chill at the end of the day.

Gulfward-bound from the Rockies, alone and in a small boat, I had put the Yellowstone, the Missouri, and half the lower Mississippi behind me. The thunderstorm which had blotted the morning star and tumbled me out of a tentless camp an hour before dawn left a cold drizzle in its wake. Then the drizzle had been strangled by the fog, and the lapping, clinging mists had thickened from fluttering curtains to sodden blankets.

Sight was quenched—drowned. Only sound remained, and not much of that. Not much for a little while, I mean. The whouf-whoufing of a tawny spiral of swirl and the plunkity-plunk of a submerging and emerging snag were all that broke the rhythmic lapping of the wavelets against the thin skin of my steel skiff. I avoided the stab of a swiftly materialized "sawyer" with the quick flip of an oar. ("Sawyer" is the name given by Mississippi River boatmen to a snag so lodged that the upper end of it rises and falls under pressure of the current, like the back of a man sawing wood.)

Rather good sport, drifting in the fog, I told myself. Much preferable to a soggy camp. How quiet it was! How peaceful . . .

Sudden and savage as a thunderbolt came the blast of a whistle. The throb of engines and the hippo-like breathing of exhausts warned of the imminent menace lurking behind the fog-mask. Intending to drift quietly along under the bank, I had been carried by the suck of the channelward current into the steamer path.

Putting all of my two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and beef behind my stroke, I pulled desperately on a right-angling course that would carry me clear of the path of destruction. Leastways, I thought I was floundering into unoccupied water, until a drawling voice, scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary conversation, filtered down to me through the fog.

"If you don't ease down a bit, young man," it cautioned, "you're going to ram one of your Uncle Sam's lighthouse tenders, and that's a serious offense."

I sensed that the owner of that voice was amused. And well he might hav been. For the thinning mists revealed that my frantic rush for safety had bee carrying me straight into the side of th object I was trying to avoid.

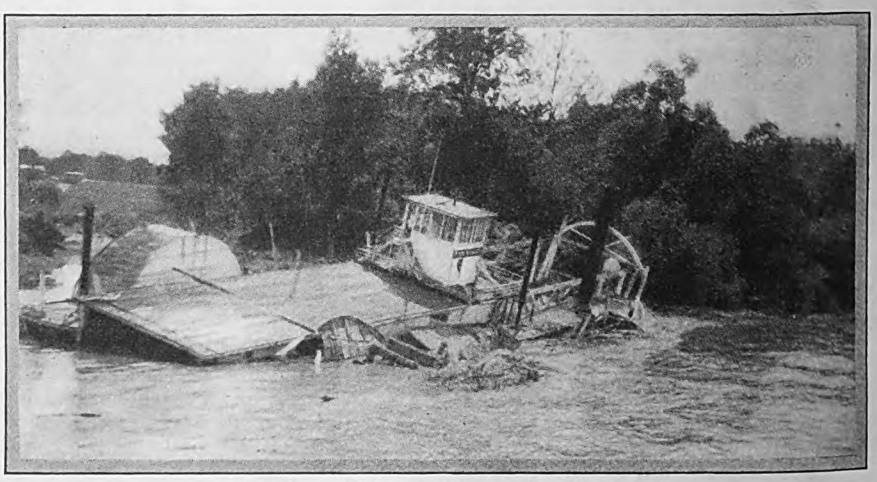
Again the voice of the unseen speak oozed down out of the fog:

"Ease round to the sta'bo'd side an the boys 'll give you a hand to the dec Been looking for you two days. Superi tendent in St. Louis suggested I pick yo up for a day or two and let you see he we keep the lights a-burning on the Mississip'."

AND so I came to the United Sta lighthouse tender Oleander and Ca tain Tom Good.

He was ringing up the engines for h speed ahead as I mounted to the p house—a tall, slender, wiry, iron-gray m whose only unrhythmic movement wa whip-snappingly quick re-squaring of muscular sho ders every t they relaxed inch from t wonted poise military alertn

"Great ja you've had d from the Yel stone," he sai he dropped a smeared win "Must have t smart work to from swam that little boat in the m where the Ye stone tumble the back of Rockies. I you weren't a



"Hell and high water" have got in their work

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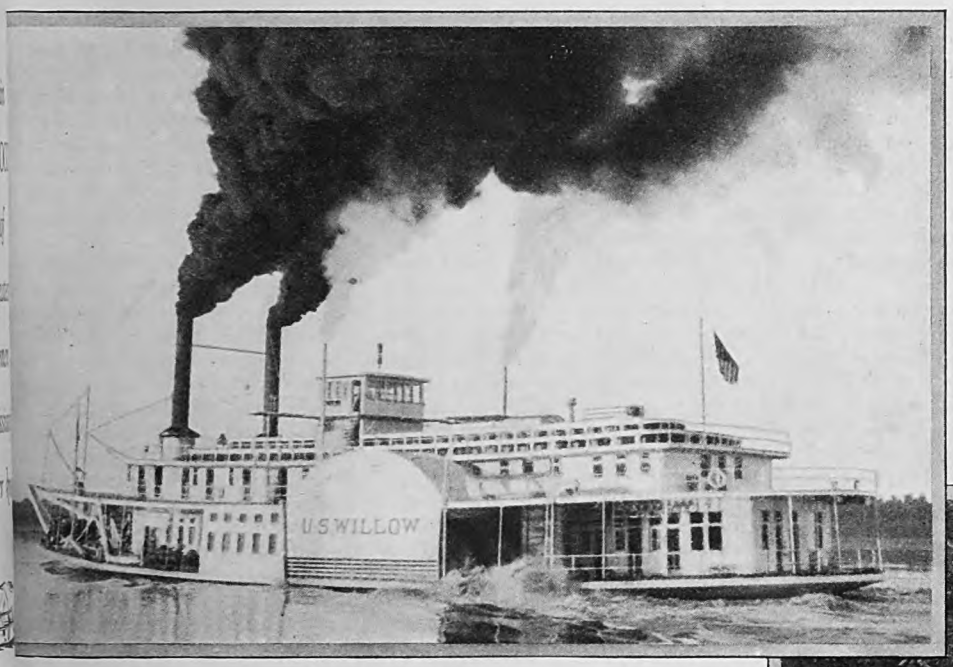
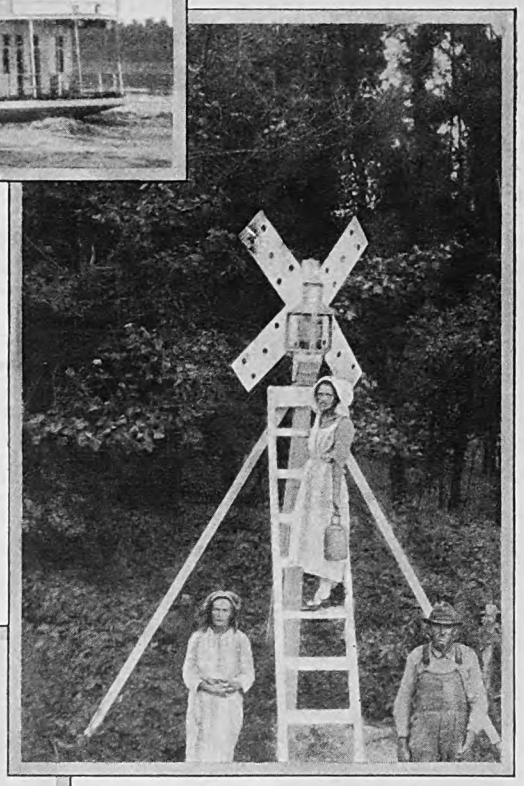


(Left) Captain Good's new tender, the Willow, in which he patrols a thousand or more miles on the lower Mississippi

(Below) A river light and its keepers There are about 700 of these "aids to navigation" in Captain Good's district



)l' Mississip'

at the oars the way you kept from caught broadside by that 'sawyer' a inutes ago."

the flicker of a smile twitched the s of the grave mouth at my gulp of shment, but as he went on I sensed the inward grin.

s, I saw you before you saw me. was partly because I was looking and partly because I've been ng through fog close to fifty Just a matter of getting—"

en it's really true," I broke in, rk Twain wrote, that a Mississiver pilot can see in the dark at and in the fog like a—" I for lack of a comparison.

man can see through a thick fog re than he can see through a came the reply to my unquestion; "but in a light fog is one, trained eyes can see than others. If Sam Clemens nething like that, it was nearer in many things he wrote about er. Most of the truth that there said in jest, and I don't believe knew himself just where truth and jest began. Droll fellow, emens, and a lovable one, but of a pilot than—than that old ammy waiting over there for ans. . . . Huh! Pomp Brown drunk again."

ED when the nose of the der and that of its skipper —and saw fog. Then the cuoud-like umbrage of a pecan sheer of a cutting bank, and the rms of a light station all took fore my straining eyes; and he generous bulk of "ol' Carrie," who was as much of Mark Twain!

Mincing in precarious balance down the swaying gangplank, Mammy Carrie waddled aboard to make her official report.

Yeah, her wuthless niggah wuz drunk again, but since de light had been kep' buhnin' she reckoned it wouldn't make no great difruns to Cap'n Tawm, speshly since that light nevah had gone out for nigh on twenty yeah.

Giving a light stand a new coat of white. This form of light is successor to the old lantern hung on a pole

Captain Tom shook his head and looked stern, but deep down somewhere I knew there was an inward grin. True, "4XY" never had been reported out, he admitted; but the light stood in Pomp Brown's name, and that was the second time in a year that Pomp hadn't appeared in person.

If a steamboat came along in the dark some night and missed its bearings for lack of a light, there would be a wreck —and maybe a hundred lives lost. How would Pomp Brown like the responsibility for that on his soul? Now there was Jim Brownslow. He had ten lights and never left one for the tender to move back. Jim had been asking for a couple of more lights, now he had his new launch, and "4XY" would just round him out. If Pomp Brown . . .

Speechless horror at the thought of the hundred dead from the wrecked steamer gave way to vocal anguish at

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the threat of the loss of the light. Pomp Brown would be kept on the job if he had to be drug to it by the scruff of the neck. "'Foh Gawd, Cap'n Tawm . . ."

His lesson driven home, Cap'n Tom r-leased the thumbscrews, handed the old negress the new burner and wicks she had asked for, patted the fat shoulders, and sent her back down the plank. With a gesture half weary, half whimsical, he passed a hand over his bronzed forehead before replacing his cap.

"Seven hundred lights between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans," he sighed, "and some hundreds of keepers. And every keeper has to be gone at differently to drive home responsibility and keep him up to scratch. Twenty-five years of bucking 'em up and they aren't quite perfect yet. Not quite—but improving all the time. Before I'm through, perhaps . . . But run along and look at your quarters. There is just time for a bath before breakfast."

A STEWARD shepherded me along to the largest stateroom I had ever occupied on a steamer. A gargantuan steel bed and chairs matched the room, but a something less than boy's size bathtub was in ridiculous contrast. I bathed in sections!

"You took so long that we were afraid you got jammed in the bathtub as the first tenant of our guest cabin so nearly did," the Chief Engineer said, as I went in for breakfast. He then explained how the spacious quarters turned over to me had originally been provided to accommodate President Taft on his historic voyage down the Mississippi.

"Make everything as large as possible," had been, in effect, the orders wired from Washington when it had been decided that the Oleander was the most suitable of the available craft for the presidential cruise. The job had to be rushed through in Cairo, Illinois, which was not a rushful town. Knocking the partitions out of two or three cabins had solved the stateroom problem, and finding in a second-hand store the bed and chairs of the fat lady of a defunct side show, solved that of the furniture. The only hitch was over a bathtub. If the giantess had possessed anything of the kind, it had been disposed of elsewhere. None of even an average size was in stock in Cairo, and the one ordered by wire from St. Louis failed to arrive in time. The Lilliputian fount from which I had just emerged was the best that could be provided at the last moment.

There were several versions of what happened to President Taft on the occ sion of his first dip, but all were agre that he made the serious mistake of tryi to bathe the whole of his considerable bu at once. He actually succeeded in getti *into* the tub—but it took Archy Butt, secret service man, and two or three sta governors to overcome the suck of t vacuum beneath and drag him out.

NOSING and sounding for shifting cha nels, moving light stations, repleni ing stores, commending this keeper for zeal, scolding that one for his negle Captain Good had worked the Olean down a score of winding Mississippi mi by the end of the afternoon. Twe lights, across the spinning spokes of t big, double steering wheel, we swapp yarns about the queernesses and cuss nesses of rivers we had known. I am explorer of rivers; my passion is to foll them from their sources to the sea. In parts of the world I have studied rive matched wits with them in my efforts trace a brook through mountain pass then to valleys, and finally, the br having become a river, to ride it out to ocean.

"Funny old bag-o'-tricks, the Mis sip'," said Captain Tom, as his eyes

Centennial Bend, where the river, to the left of Point Scudder, now flows in the direction opposite to its former course. This famous "cut-off" is the place where old-timers tell you a ship going downstream when the break came met itself coming up. The present channel is shown in white; the channel before 1876 in dark gray

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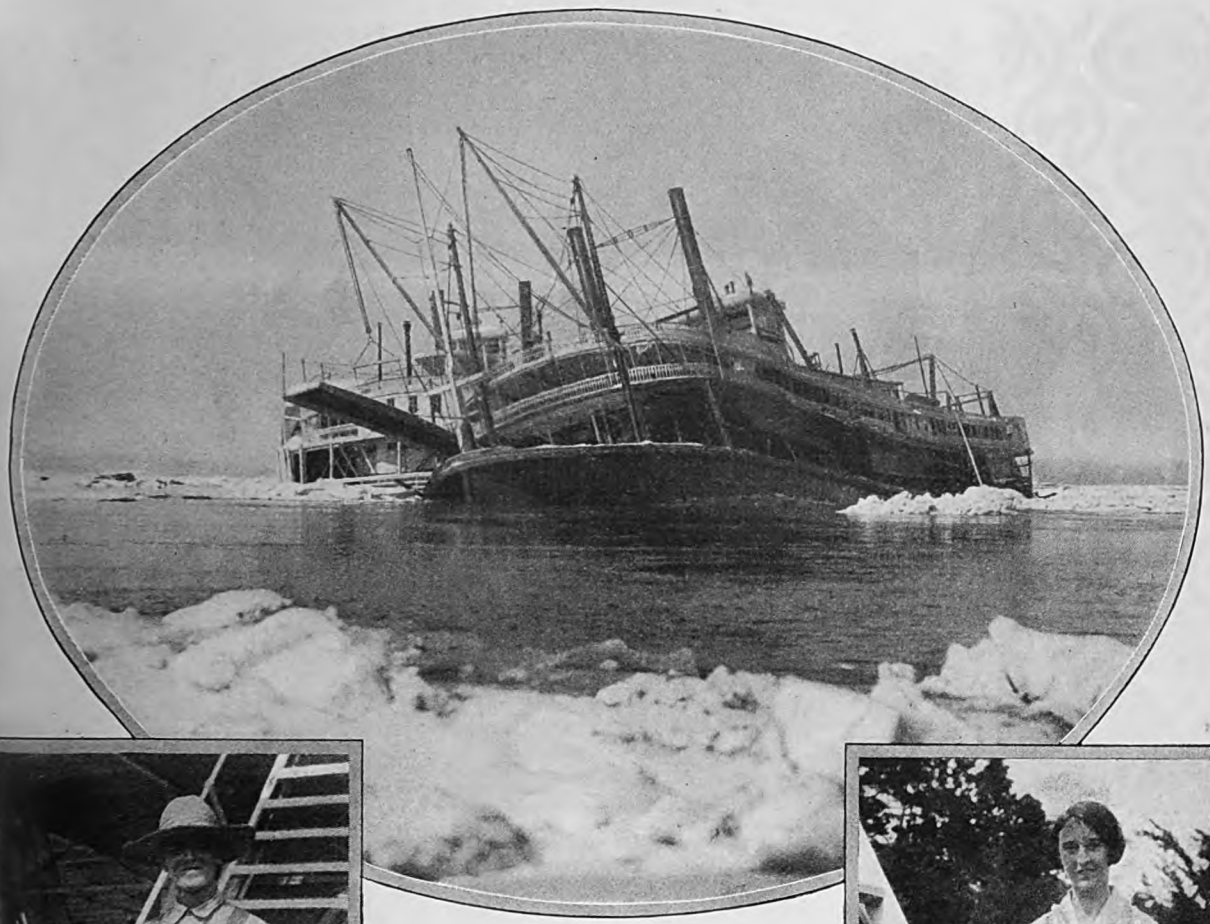

A Mississippi River steamer stove in by the ice. This mishap occurred near Memphis in 1917, a year of heavy ice. (Left and right) Keepers of the lights. Captain Good has built up such fine morale among his keepers that not one light was reported missing even at the height of the great flood of 1927—this despite the fact that banks were constantly caving, which required the frequent re-location of lights

forth across the turbulent yellow ing miles wide between the Mis- d Kentucky shores. "You've heard of how it cut off a bend Vicksburg two miles on a shallow er chute; but did you know there stretch, not far above Memphis, you now actually run for miles im where the river used to flow pposite direction? A breaking t two points on a double oxbow ed the trick, but you have to id down on the chart to under- how it happened. The flood he juggling came in '76, so the giv en the name (which it still ent ennial Bend. They used to about how a boat that was river at the time the break self going up!

"Sam Clemens wrote of the way the river used to chuck pieces of Arkansas and Tennessee back and forth at each other, and of how he tried to find a man in the town of Napoleon ten years after that burg had been washed away altogether.

"Sam was slow getting the hang of the river jargon, which was maybe the reason he picked on the simplest of the lot, Mark Twain, for his pen name. 'Riverese' is a queer lingo; a real 'sailor of the sail' is just as baffled by it at the start as a landlubber. But it's easy enough once you get the swing of it. 'Mark Twain' indicates that there's only twelve feet of water covering the rising bottom. A hump of sand under water is a reef; out of water it is a bar. When a bar gets a grassy growth of young willows, it is called a towhead. When cottonwoods choke out the willow, and silt and rotting vegetation form a soil, the one-time reef attains the dignity and name of island.

"A chute is a narrow back-channel on one side of an island. If it carries water enough, a boat may frequently save many miles and much time by using it. Directing a boat 'down the shape of a bar' or 'along the shape of a bank' means that it should run fairly close and follow the contour of bar or bank on a parallel course.

"Of course this all reads about like a cipher telegram until you get the hang of it. A good few of the lights (since they're named from sunk steamboats or plantations) have female names, and these ladies get some funny things said about them every now and again. I've never heard the last of the time I dictated to my clerk that —but I'll show you the note just as it was manifolded and sent out from the Superintendent's office in St. Louis."

On a much-folded-and-fingered sheet of paper I read the following:

From Seven Oak Light to middle of Longwood Bunch, when about two-thirds way over pull down gradually through the opening. This is shaping Fanny Bullitt's Towhead.

"Of course, (*Continued on page 134*)

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About the time the poor boob of a husband begins to take an interest in dressing gown and house slippers, the wife is ready to step out

I'm one of those Boob Husbands!

By W. O. SAUNDERS

Illustrated by
H. TEMPEST GRAVES

I AM a horrible example of that modern social calamity—the tired husband. Call me the boob husband if you please. I am one of those tragic domestic figures they used to call the "tired business man." That was a joke; the old boy who was tired was not the business man—it was the husband, for the emancipated wife has got our wind. That's the real truth about it.

When I was married, at the age of twenty, I had a sneaking, sinking feeling in my heart because my wife was twenty-one; I shuddered from an obtrusive notion that I should live to see my wife grow old. And I have lived to face the distressing fact that my wife lives to see me getting old while she persists in getting younger every day.

Time was when the married female of the species was faded at thirty and settled in her ways. But those good old days are gone forever. The modern wife at thirty has only begun to live; by the time she is forty she has begun to display pep and stamina in ways that astound and appall her faltering mate.

Come ten o'clock P. M. and I am ready to go to bed. Come ten o'clock P. M. and the wife has just settled down for a three-hour session with the radio or a popular magazine. Or if there is company I begin to yawn and get fidgety and the wife is too mortified for words. She opines that I might make an effort for politeness' sake and keep my eyes open for a few hours at least one night in a week.

The pumping of a jazz orchestra and the bright lights and laughter of a dance at the country club fortnightly keep me going for only two hours at most. Then I'm ready to flop, and if the wife doesn't watch me I'll be piled up on a settee in a lounge-room, or tilted back in a chair in a dark corner of a veranda farthest from the music.

I did just that, one night not so very long ago. It was one of those card dances and I had filled out the entire twenty-four numbers on the card, slipping in a couple of stags for the seventh and eighth numbers. That released me for those numbers and I sneaked off and settle a divan in a nook in the conservatory the shadows and partly concealed some potted palms. I intended merel relax and get a fresh start for the n number. And bless my soul, I dozed o sleep and didn't wake up until the m mission at the conclusion of the thirte dance. The wife was furious, and couples knew that I was a boob, if didn't secretly suspect that I had take more liquid soothing sirup than I c stand up to.

I CAN'T make my wife or anyone seem to understand that there earthly sense in beginning a dance a P. M. and carrying on until one o o'clock in the morning, when they just as easily start at seven-thirty or and be all set to go home by midnigh have an early dinner and by seven- on the night of the dance I am in m edo and rearing to go, while the wi tles down to a reading of the afte paper, including the installment daily serial and the working out cross-word puzzle.

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'Isn't it time for you to dress?" I be- to say to her about nine o'clock. She ps the paper in her lap for an instant, veys me with pitying eyes, and says: Why, my dear, there is plenty of time; wouldn't find anyone but the care- er at the club if you went so early. l you never learn?"

t is the middle-aged married man and the middle-aged wife who is content to le down. About the time the poor b of a husband begins to take an in- st in dressing gown and house slippers wants an easy-chair and a bridge p all his own; about the time he is con- ed that there is no place like home no price too high for good box springs mattress, the wife is beginning to feel oats and is ready to step out. And her dear feminine illusion is shattered n she discovers that the Old Boy can't so fast, so high, and so often as he to.

D so, when I get a chance to get off to the seashore for a rest, I catch a when events conspire to keep the good home. And then, when things shape the good wife can get to the sea- I find a great pressure of business ep me home; because I know the dear n have a better time with the daugh- and their crowd than she could have the Old Man yawning around and ng about going to bed around ten —and the moon not scheduled to until one G. M. They always have to to see that darn old moon rise at the ore.

m convinced, out of my own life, my vations, and my personal intimate views with scores of my fellow mid- ged male sufferers, that the greatest le of modern times is the rejuvena- of the middle-aged female. She can up later nights, dance longer, eat and stay fresher than her younger daughters. She can endure more discomforts of the road and tourist hotels than any old-time commercial traveler or any circus performer.

I planned a great vacation last summer. It was to last for a week and I cut it short after three days. I just had to cut it short. For I am considered something of a celebrity in the frog pond where I make my splash, and the hotel press agents at the seashore where I registered made the most of me.

Every day I would pick up one of the daily papers published near by and find myself written about or quoted by some lively reporter, and the newspaper account would invariably end with the line: "Mr. Saunders is a guest at Atlantic Beach Hotel, accompanied by Mrs. Saunders."

Now, Mrs. Saunders wasn't with me at all, and when this reportorial error occurred, not once, but several times in succession, I became terribly uneasy. For should one of those newspapers get back home and eventually reach Mrs. Saunders, I would have to do some tall explaining. Besides, I was getting tired of vacationing, getting fidgety; my thoughts were on the business back home. And so I cut my vacation short and got back home before the inquisition.

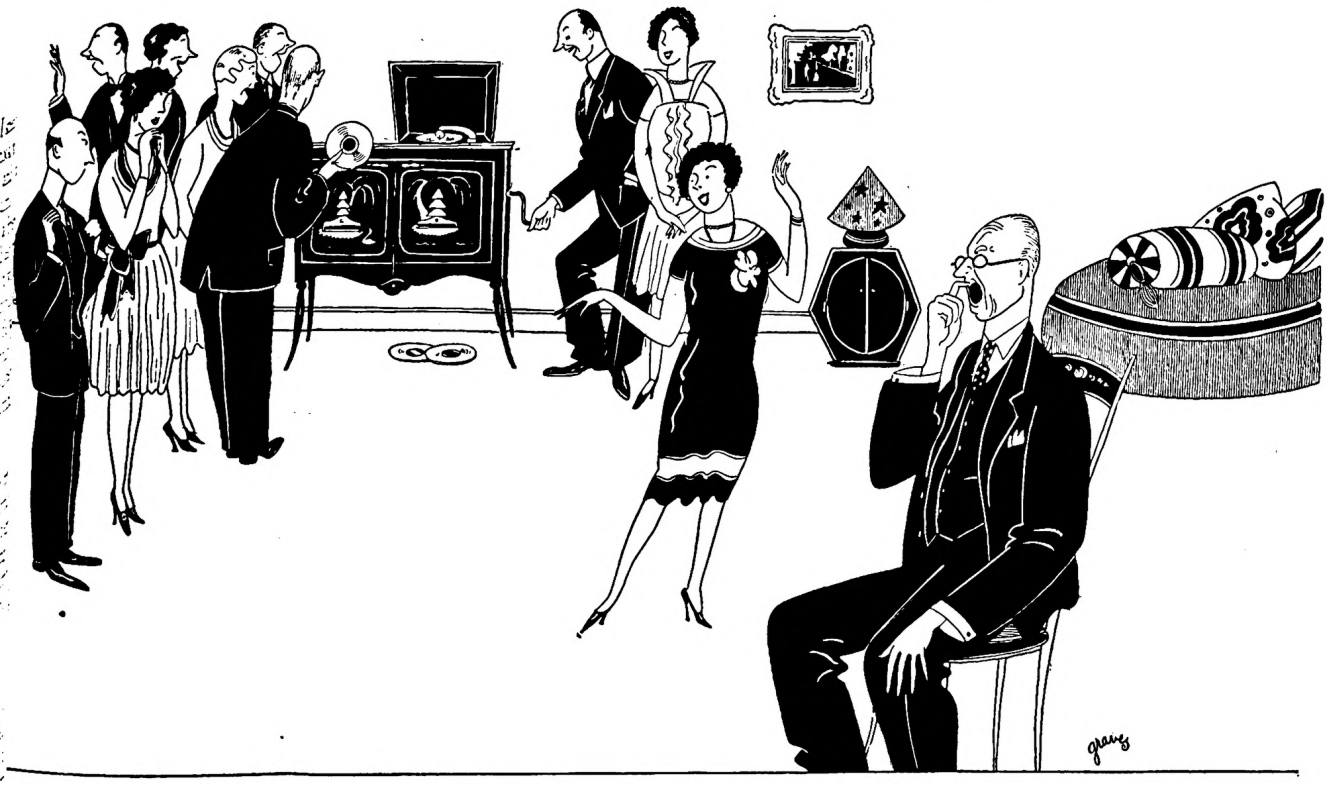
"Served him right," said one of my neighbors who never goes away from home for a vacation and who thought it a pretty howdy-do that I didn't take my wife to the seashore with me. The fact of the matter is, my wife was *at* the seashore —two hundred miles farther up the coast. It took me a full quarter of a century to learn that there is no real vacation for a man who takes his wife on his vacation with him—if that man is of middle age.

It may be all right for fresh young things who have not awakened to a realization of the sad and humiliating truth that youth is not eternal; and it may be all right for old folks who go early to bed and have learned not to expect too much of each other in the way of diversion and entertainment. But the middle-aged husband who is cajoled into taking his wife with him on his vacation, or accompanying the wife on hers, is cutting out trouble for himself and making himself ridiculous in the eyes of his wife and his social world. Make no mistake about it. For women don't wear out today like they used to, but men do.

I SHUDDER to think of an experience last summer when the wife and I were invited to a house party at Cape Henry. The invitation came from Louis and his jolly wife, Bill, and as we hadn't seen either of them for several years, we accepted their invitation with alacrity. What a treat it would be to sit on a screened porch surrounded by sand dunes and scrub oaks, listen to the murmur of the surf, and indulge in reminiscences! And then early to bed, with a window open to the sea, to be lulled to sleep by the breakers and fanned by ocean breezes! Poor simp!

We arrived at Hotashell Lodge on Saturday afternoon, had a dip in the surf, ate a supper of ham and sardines while looking with rapture on an ocean full of seatrout, pigfish, and porgies, and then sat on the screened porch and chatted until about nine P. M. I was hankering for that bed, all dank and smelly of the sea and with windows opening on the beach, when a car drew up in front of the lodge. The motor was stopped, the lights dimmed, doors slammed, and a crowd came laughing up the walk. And then another car, and another—and another. And crowds, crowds, crowds. From out of the night came twelve or sixteen couples and numerous unattached males for an evening with Louis and Bill.

I had eyed (*Continued on page 164*)



The gang kept that infernal machine going until three o'clock in the morning

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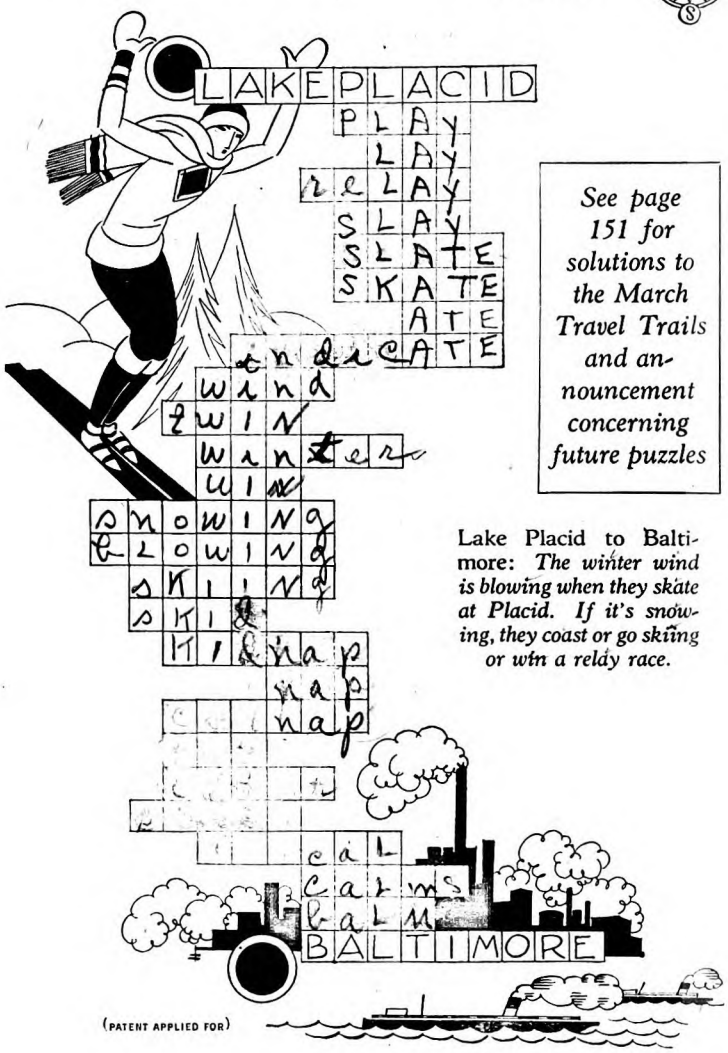
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

Travel Trails

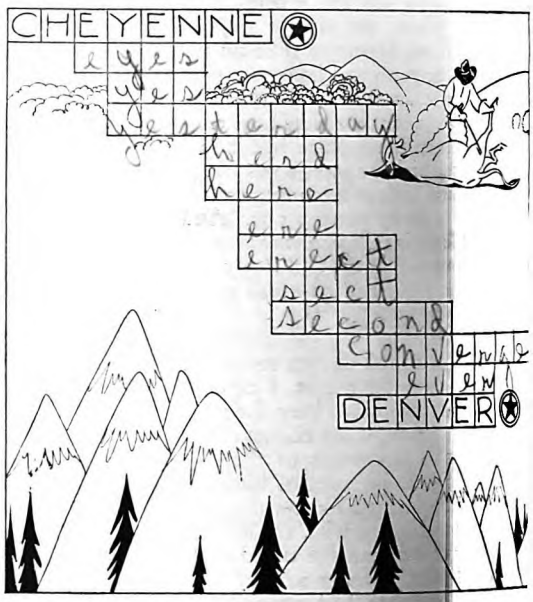
By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

Take Pleasant Trips via Travel Trails



See page 151 for solutions to the March Travel Trails and announcement concerning future puzzles

Lake Placid to Baltimore: *The winter wind is blowing when they skate at Placid. If it's snowing, they coast or go skiing or win a relay race.*



Cheyenne to Denver: *She said yes the second ere he branded his herd.*

The clue sentence accompanying each trail contai some of the words for its solution. Use as many wor of the clue sentence as possible. Otherwise, use a word from a standard dictionary. Proper names a not allowed unless included in the clue sentence. T solution of these trails will be published in next montl issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

HERE are more pleasure jaunts for you on the "Travel Trail." Stay at home and go places! Or, if you must actually travel, lessen the tedium of the journey with the solving of the "Travel Trails" on this page.

Last month several hundred thousand readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, with their families and friends, took a "Travel Trail" trip from New York to Palm Beach, and liked it. Next month, you are invited to ride with Paul Revere from Boston to Concord. After that (beginning with the June issue) this page will be devoted to the "Travel Trails" submitted by you readers.

How to Follow a "Travel Trail"

Each word must have the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must carry down vertically at least three (more where possible) consecutive letters from the word above, as illustrated by this sample:

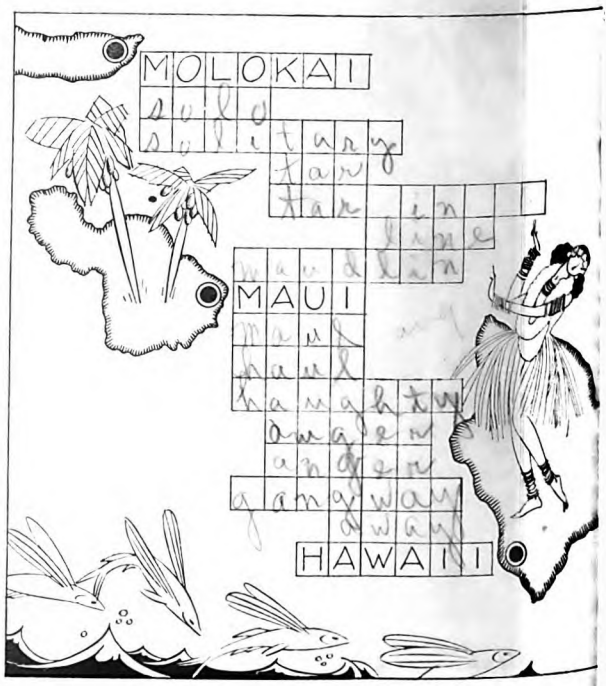
CANTON

TONNAGE

UMBRAGE

COLUMBUS

TONNAGE carries down *TON* from CANTON. UMBRAGE carries down *AGE* from TONNAGE. COLUMBUS, the destination, carries down *UMB* from UMBRAGE.



Molokai to Hawaii: *As the ship sailed away, a haughty tar sang a maudlin solo in anger.*

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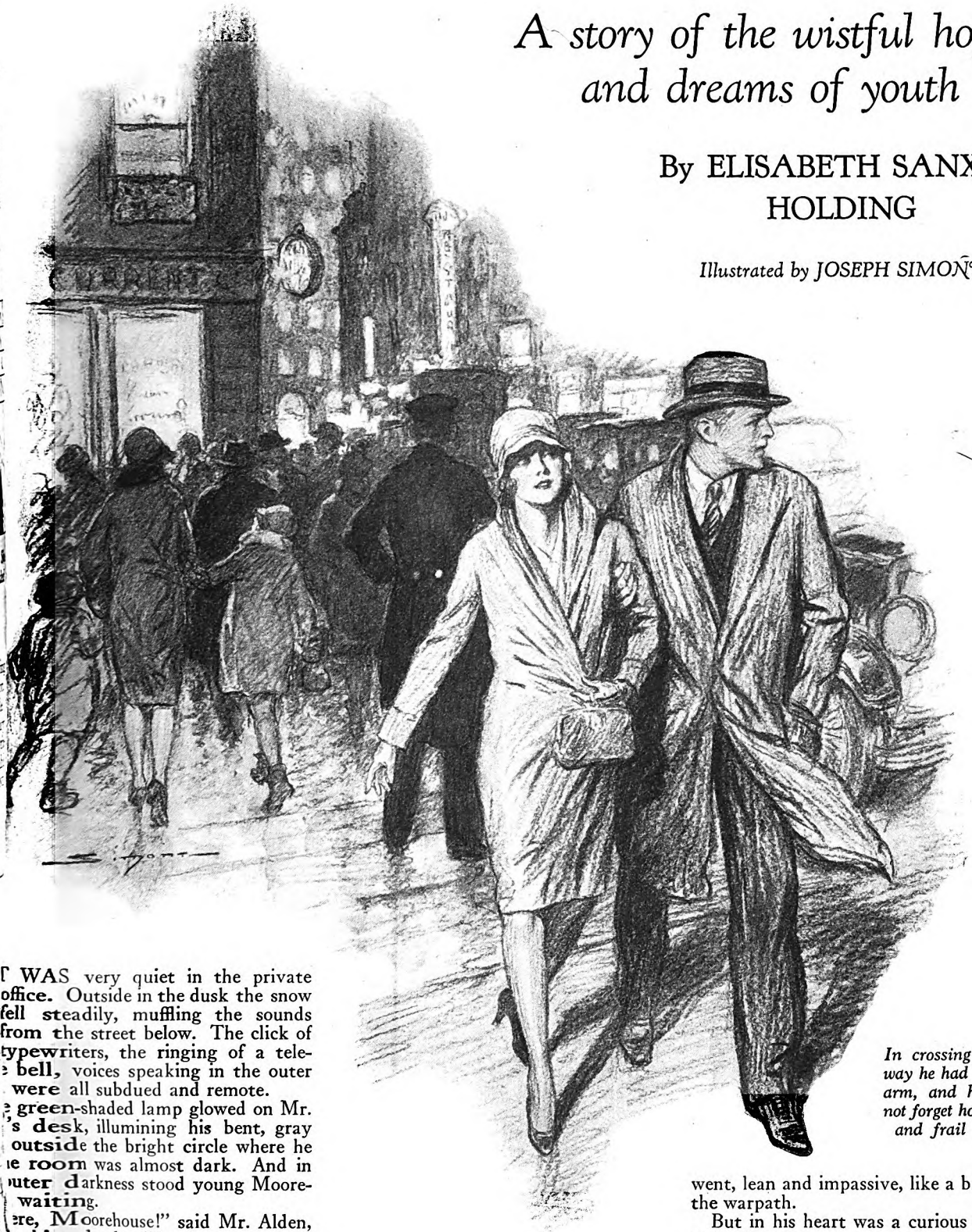
The Sin of Angels

A story of the wistful hopes and dreams of youth

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT



In crossing Broadway he had held her arm, and he could not forget how slight and frail it felt

T WAS very quiet in the private office. Outside in the dusk the snow fell steadily, muffling the sounds from the street below. The click of typewriters, the ringing of a tele- bell, voices speaking in the outer were all subdued and remote.

green-shaded lamp glowed on Mr. s desk, illumining his bent, gray outside the bright circle where he e room was almost dark. And in uter darkness stood young Moore- waiting.

ere, Moorehouse!" said Mr. Alden, his head. "Just run over to ell's office with these papers. Tell wa t these corrections initialed. long now! I want 'em back before

s," said Moorehouse, and with an idde d, "sir."

olde the papers and put them into ket, and went into the outer office hat His shabby overcoat he left hanging on its hook; hard as nails, young Moorehouse was, scornful of any weather.

He ran down the one flight of stairs to the lobby, shouldered his way none too gently through the crowd of home-goers and out into the street. The snow was falling thick and dry; the street was a forest of umbrellas, through which he went, lean and impassive, like a brave on the warpath.

But in his heart was a curious trouble and pain:

"Thin slippers and that little coat," he said to himself. "Darn little idiot!"

He had seen her when she was going out to lunch, marching along like a little soldier, so straight and smart in her dark-blue suit. And as if she had somehow known he was there, she had looked back, halfway along the corridor, and smiled at him.

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"Hello, F. L. Moorehouse!" she had called.

"Hello!" he had answered curtly.

He was very angry with her for going out like that. At intervals, all the afternoon, he had thought of her, had recalled, so vividly, her gay little face, her careless smile, her light, sweet voice. She could be different. He remembered that day, a month ago, when he had met her downstairs in the lobby, had seen her so downcast and subdued.

"It's been an awful day!" she had told him. "*Everything's* gone wrong."

Said that with a tremor in her voice. He had walked to the subway with her that evening; in crossing Broadway he had held her arm, and he could not forget how slight and frail it felt.

He saw her often at her desk in the office next to Mr. Alden's. He had to go in there almost every day to speak to their manager, and he always stopped on his way out to speak to her. At first, he had stopped because she was amusing, but after a while he stopped because he must.

He would stand there; she would talk to him with cheerful impertinence; he would be cool and aloof with her. But ever since their first meeting he had been aware of that queer sympathy between them.

Certainly, they had never spoken to each other with any sort of kindness; she was sometimes a little malicious in her teasing; he was curt and offhand. Yet all the time it was there, that half-bitter understanding, as if they were allies.

WELL, he wanted no ally. He wanted to get on in the world, wanted to get to the top, and that had to be done alone. He had been brought up on a poverty-stricken Maryland farm, the last remnant of a fine old estate. He had been the youngest of three brothers. Nothing had been given to him: he had had to fight for every least advantage. His family was on the down grade; his father had died bitter and discouraged, his mother had been perpetually dejected. But young Moorehouse meant to make a place for himself. He had come to New York five years before, a shabby, silent boy of nineteen, his young mouth already grim. He had met with cold and hunger and uncounted rebuffs, but he had held on and he had done well.

He had sent money home to his mother as long as she lived. She was gone now; he had nobody left with a claim upon him. He was unhampered, free to follow his self-appointed way.

And going to keep himself unhampered and free. Not his business if that girl behaved like a little idiot.

He went with the papers to Wendell's office, got his business done, and set off back to Mr. Alden. The snow was falling faster now.

"She must have been out in bad weather before this," he said to himself, "and it hasn't killed her. Not my business, anyhow."

He ran up the stairs of the building, and he wanted to go by the door of her office without looking in. But he could not. He turned his head, and saw her there, all alone. She raised her head; he saw her face stained with tears, her eyes heavy.

"Hello, F. L. Moorehouse!" she called, in a cheerful voice.

"Hello!" he answered, and stopped in the doorway.

She looked at him steadily and kept on smiling, with desperate defiance.

"Aren't you staying pretty late?" he asked.

"Well, it's the last letter," she answered, still in that cheerful voice. "I'm just finishing up. I'm fired!"

He was silent for a moment, staring at his shoes.

"I'm sorry," he said stiffly.

"Well . . . nobody asked . . . you to be!" she answered.

"I *won't* be a fool!" he said to himself. "It's not my business. I can't do anything."

But he could not leave her. He came into the room, to her desk, stood beside her. For a moment her eyes met his with that valiant defiance, then, abruptly, she laid her head on her folded arms, shaken with sobs.

"I don't really . . . care!" she cried. "I can find another job—a m-much better one."

HIS hand rested on her shoulder; his heart beat so fast, with a sort of fear.

"Have you got . . . people . . . to look after you?" he asked.

"No!" she said, in a muffled but still defiant voice. "And I don't need anyone to look after me."

"Yes, you do!" he said.

His hand tightened on her shoulder; he bent, so that her hair brushed his cheek.

"Poor little kid!"

"I'm not!" she said stoutly. But her hand reached up and caught his sleeve, clung to it, as if that were somehow a comfort to her. And he was shaken to the soul by the strangest pain and pride.

"Look here—!" he began.

Then he saw by her wrist watch that it was six o'clock.

"I've got to go!" he cried, dismayed. "The Chief's waiting for these papers. . . . Look here. How much longer will you be?"

"Oh, about fifteen minutes!" she answered, smiling at him through her tears.

He went back into the private office, handed the papers to Mr. Alden, and stood waiting.

"It can't be . . . love," he said to himself. I don't even know her name. It can't be . . . that."

"Very well, Moorehouse," said Mr. Alden.

"Good night, sir," said young Moorehouse.

He put on his shabby overcoat and his soft hat and hurried out, ran headlong down the stairs to the lobby.

"It can't be—that," he said to himself.

Only, no one else had ever clung to him like that, no one else had ever turned to him in a dark hour.

"I've always liked her," he thought. "Ever since the first time I saw her. But . . . it can't be that. I don't know her."

But he did know her. From the very beginning he had understood her, the valor and loyalty of

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spirit. From the very beginning her gay, mocking face, her careless voice had haunted him. And since he had seen her in tears, he dared not deny the reluctant and half-angry tenderness that filled him.

"Little idiot!" he said to himself. "In weather like this!"

He had noticed, earlier in the day, that one of the shops in the arcade of the building was selling umbrellas at "reasonable prices." And he went in there now.

"For a gentleman or a lady?" asked the girl who came to wait on him.

"A lady," he answered, in his curt way.

But he did not approve of any of the umbrellas made for ladies. They were too small, he thought, too flimsy. He wanted something that would protect every inch of her, so that not one flake of snow should touch her little fair head, or brush her cheek. So he bought a man's umbrella, a sturdy, serviceable umbrella of black silk.

It cost him far more than he could afford. Indeed, he had no money at all to spare. The expenses of his mother's last illness had heavily burdened him, and he had not yet recovered from that. He needed a new overcoat; he needed so many things; he needed, though he did not know that, a really good dinner.

His vigorous young body was poorly fed; he was hungry, not only in body, but in soul, a lonely, gallant, blind young creature, recklessly ready to spend his youth for a chimera.

"What can I do, anyhow?" he thought, in despair. "She wants a lot, a girl like that. And I haven't anything. Not now. Not yet."

He was twenty-four now, and only a junior clerk. But he was going to get on, to get to the top.

"If I don't make a darn fool of myself," he thought.

He stood by the cigar stand, waiting for her to come down. But, in his stubborn young pride, he wished to look as if he were not waiting. He lit a cigarette, and, opening an evening paper, stood as if arrested by some startling news.

"Just this once," he thought. "She'll find a new job somewhere—and I'll never see her again. But it's such a bad night, and she's just lost her job. . . . This once."

This once he would take her to the subway, shield her dear head from the snow, feel her hand on his arm—this once.

"Ah, Moorehouse!" said Mr. Alden, stopping beside him.

Moorehouse folded the paper slowly.

"Where do you live, Moorehouse?"

"Uptown, sir. West Ninety-"

"I'll take you up," said Mr. Alden. "My car's waiting. Come on! Come on!"

And young Moorehouse came.

THE snow drove against the windows of the car with a dry hiss; everything outside was muffled and muffled. And through it now rode young Moorehouse in luxury new to him, and painfully disturbing.

Mr. Alden had offered him a cigar, and he sat back in his corner, smoking it, riding in warmth and softness and mild silence through the snowy dark.

"By heaven, *I'm* going to have this, some day!" he said to himself, and Mr. Alden, glancing at him, saw his young face stubborn and grim.

"Let's see. . . . You've been with us—how long is it, Moorehouse?"

"Three years, sir."

"Three years," repeated Mr. Alden. "You've done well, my boy."

"Thank you, sir," said young Moorehouse, reddening a little.

"You'll get on, Moorehouse."

"I mean to, sir," said young Moorehouse.

Again Mr. Alden glanced at him.

"Well," he said, and fell silent for a time. "The thing is, my boy— Sometimes we think we're 'getting on,' and as a matter of fact, we're going down. Losing something. . . . Paying too dear. . . . Money's an expensive thing to buy. . . . Makes me think, y'know: 'Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels.' . . . Eh?"

"I'm not much of an angel, sir," said young Moorehouse, with a faint smile.

"You're young," said Mr. Alden.

But Moorehouse did not quite know what he meant by that. He was a little surprised to hear Mr. Alden repeating verses, and a little at a loss. So he said nothing. The snow fell thick outside; around each light he saw it, swirling furiously.

"SHE must be halfway home by this time," he thought. She must have gone alone, in her silly little slippers, with the snow falling on her rakish little hat, falling damp on her flimsy jacket. She had gone home—to what? She said she had nobody.

"What can I do?" he asked himself angrily. "I'd have been a fool not to come—when the Chief asked me. It's important."

Unfortunate, though, that this opportunity should come just on this day, when she had lost her job, when she had cried.

Mr. Alden began to talk again, and the tenor of his talk was unmistakable. He was approaching the subject of that job in Chicago, that job which young Moorehouse had had his eye on for a year.

"No family, Moorehouse? No ties? No?"

"No, sir," said young Moorehouse. "Nobody."

"Tell you what," said Mr. Alden. "I'd like you to come along home to dinner with me, Moorehouse."

Young Moorehouse's plan for the evening had been a meager dinner at a cheap restaurant and an adjournment to his chilly, bare little room to read commercial law.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"I'd like my wife to see you," said Mr. Alden. "You're just about the age our boy was . . . when he went to France. . . ."

He gave the chauffeur directions through the speaking-tube, and the car turned. They drove on without talking any more until they stopped before a solid old house in the East Seventies, and the chauffeur jumped down to open the door.

Young Moorehouse was not accustomed to having doors opened for him; nor was he accustomed to houses like this. It might have been the very reality of his restless dreams, this bright warmth and color, this dignity and space. He stood in the hall, in his shabby overcoat, his hat and the umbrella in his hand, and from a room at the left came a gray-haired lady.

"Young Moorehouse, from the office, my dear," said Mr. Alden.

She smiled at him kindly.

"Come in!" she said.

But he could not. Suddenly he thought that perhaps that girl would have no dinner at all. Here in his (*Continued on page 160*)

She was still in the empty office, eating a sandwich. "Have a bite?" she asked

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Big Yawn Manor

My Little Place Away from it All

Never before had I such an ideal place to work, and never before did I loaf so consistently!

By H. I. PHILLIPS

THERE is a popular notion that if a man has a "little place away from everything" he will do better work—particularly if he is a writer. Quiet is held to be a first aid to concentration! Foliage, flowers, fresh country air, and beautiful sunsets are believed by an incredibly large number of people to produce inspiration, eradicate listlessness, relieve that tired feeling, give one vim, and draw forth testimonials beginning, "Before I went away from it all I didn't accomplish much in life. I just couldn't get going. A friend advised me to buy a little place in the country. I did so, and now look at me!"

Nearly all creative workers subscribe to the theory that they function on all eight cylinders only when in some isolated shack six or ten miles from the nearest delicatessen store, newsstand, butcher shop, or stationery store and where it takes a long-distance telephone call to get the baseball scores.

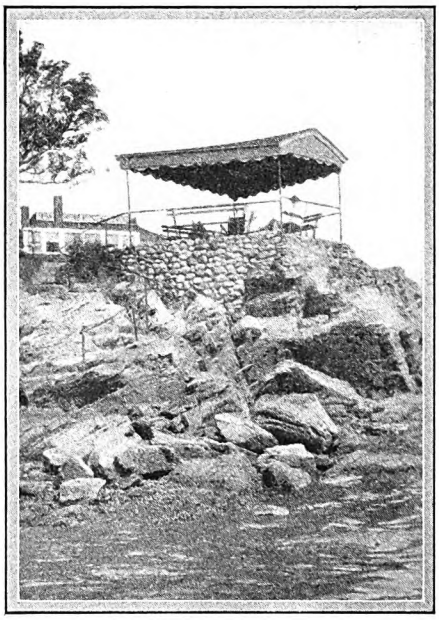
It's the boloney, if you ask me.

I have a friend who believed for years that what he needed to put himself across in a big way as a writer was the ripple of a brook. I have another who felt he would never be the man he should be, creatively, until he had an old-fashioned well. And I know an artist who sincerely feels that all he lacks is a cow. In fact, nearly all the authors, illustrators, playwrights, actors, and composers of my acquaintance have little places in the country, are about to have 'em, or have just sold 'em. All up-on-their-toes real estate agents know that the way to dispose of "the farm nobody wants" is to take pictures of it and circularize columnists, authors, poets, cartoonists, and magazine artists. They're easy picking.

The big farm agencies in this country have a list of writers as live prospects. They know very well there is something about an artistic life that makes a man or woman unhappy until he or she has purchased a run-down farm at twice its real value, and discovered that it is a liability entirely surrounded by heavy foliage in summer and snowdrifts in winter!

It is impossible to sell many of the deserted farms in my part of the country to farmers or children of farmers—they know better—but a snappy agent can interest a poet, a magazine editor, a story writer, or a dramatist in them without half trying.

Whenever you pass a particularly isolated farmhouse that shows evidence of having been painted, reshingled, and equipped with blue blinds, you can safely assume that it has just been bought by somebody who does things with pen, brush, or typewriter.



The summer house on the rocks at Big Yawn Manor

No longer is it logical to assume, when passing an ancient farmhouse in Connecticut, for instance, that the group standing about the cow are the farmer and a few fellow members of the State Dairymen's League. It is probably made up of a newspaper columnist or play reviewer and some members of The Book of the Month Club!

WHEN a stranger drops in at any farm these days for a quart of milk, a sack of apples, or a dozen fresh country eggs, the chances are better than ever that all the tenant will have to offer will be an engaging triolet, a couple of funny stories, or an article on the decay of the drama!

The question that puzzles me is whether the number of creative people buying farms each spring exceeds the number selling them in the fall.

It is amazing how many otherwise intelligent people are positive that the only reason they have not written the Great American Novel is that they have had to live in a comfortable apartment with all the modern improvements, instead of in an isolated ruin in the deep woods without gas, electricity, or running water.

It is disturbing to realize that the country is full of people who really believe that what has held them back from producing the dramatic knockout of the year is the fact that they have a conveniently located home, rather than a place that can be reached only after a hard struggle.

I had the farm bug for years. I answered hundreds of advertisements and welcomed thousands of photographs and details. Give me the location and dimensions of a farm in my part of America today and I will give you the quoted price within $50 and tell you what you can get it for within $5.75. I have become a sort of farm critic. I know all about what it costs to shingle the place, trim the chimneys, repair the fences, fix the well, make the kitchen livable, and restore those colonial doors.

IT ALL came about in this way: It dawned on me one day that I had not won any of the Pulitzer prizes and had turned out only a few books, none of which ever brought a third statement of royalties. My ambition was to write a great play. It was always a question of doping out the plot tomorrow. One day I sat down and tried to reason out why I had not accomplished much. That I had been lazy, pleasure-loving, or incompetent never seemed to enter my head. I thought it over and came to the conclusion that it was because of the lack of shade trees, well-water, meadow larks, a tin letter box on a white post, creaky stairs, an old-fashioned fireplace, and a kitchen sink with a pump handle to it.

It seemed to me that an old oaken bucket, an artistic weather vane, a pitchfork, a spinning wheel, a leaky roof, some rag carpet, a few pieces of old harness, and plenty of lilac bushes would make a new man of me. I felt that crickets, frogs, the call of Bob White, the purl of a brook, and the rattle of a few particularly loose blinds would do me a lot of good.

In the last three years I probably visited and inspected a hundred farms. You can tell me anything I don't know about colonial fireplaces, kitchens of the General Putnam era, and bedrooms of the type Washington slept in. I can squint at a farm out of one eye now and tell what it will cost to make it comfortable.

Whenever I answered an advertisement and ran up against a farm that even the original Colonial Wars owner was disappointed in, the argument always advan

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y the agent was, "I know, but think what ou could do with it for a little money. ook at the fun you would get by carry-g out your own ideas!"

And nearly always there would be this matic punch: "Why, there's Mr. Thing-mbob—you must know him—he bought farm ten miles from here for $5,000. All e walls had fallen in and the roof had en blown away. He spent $350 on it, d last Thursday afternoon he was offered 0,000 and a bonus of $1,000 if he would ve out in ten days."

HAVE had countless narrow escapes from signing up for farms ranging in e from ten acres to one hundred. The sest I came to a deal was when I found ittle place in northern New York. It s the typical "little place away from rything."

The house had a decided list to starboard. had been abandoned years before by a mer who knew when he had had enough, was one of those places that needed a of fixing. But it had a big oak tree in it—the sort of oak I had always wanted my very own. I opened negotiations the place and was about to sign on the ed line, when I motored out one rainy it to give it another look. That settled My advice to every city dweller with rge to buy a farm is to go out and look at a drizzly night. This one in a black npour gave me the creeps. It reminded of the setting for a mystery play. I ed it full of clutching hands, grinning ls, slamming doors, trick panels, eerie s, and green lighting effects. Even ak tree lost its charm. It was getting in the season anyhow and this visit d me toward farms for that particular

ith spring there came the vernal urge . Numerous farm agents had my ss left over from the last season and flooding me with photographs. Then at two weeks in an old pre-Civil-War ouse. It cured me. All my days were pretty much used up driving eight or ten miles over terrible roads on errands to the grocery, pharmacy, or general store, and my nights were spent investigating strange noises.

My impression is that at least once an hour my wife would nudge me and ask in a hoarse whisper, "Was that a shot?" This is a most disconcerting query in the dead of night.

"Was what a shot?" I would ask in an annoyed tone.

"That sharp report. Listen!"

And then I would have to listen for twenty minutes, during which period blinds would rattle, stairs would creak, furniture would snap, and the wind would make most uncanny noises in the treetops. We left that farm flat as soon as possible and returned to the city nervous wrecks. Mrs. Phillips still thinks the place was haunted. She says she didn't tell me at the time, but she heard footsteps in the attic regularly every morning at 4:30.

Anyway, we cooled to the farm idea and last spring I decided that "the little place away from everything" should be at the shore. I have always liked rocks, waves, ships, seagulls, fishermen, wharves, lobster pots, foghorns, and that sort of thing. So we turned our attention to waterfront property and finally located and bought a place in the quaint old town of Milford, Connecticut, two and a half hours by machine from Broadway as the "bull" flies.

IT IS situated on a point of rocks jutting out into Long Island Sound. There is a view straight down the Sound for thirty-five miles. On a clear night the Stratford Shoals Light seems to be blinking so near I could snare it with a quoit. Across the Sound can be seen the sand beaches of the Hamptons, Port Jefferson, and the Sayville wireless towers. There is not a room in the house without a window commanding a water view. Isolated from the main arteries of travel, it is quiet and charming.

It has everything! No better sunrises and sunsets are on tap anywhere. It is extremely restful!

But what of it?

What difference has it made?

Did it give me a rush of bright ideas to the head? Was I stirred by it to bigger things? Did it make me feel full of pep and ambition?

Did I find the swishing of waves, the glory of the sunsets, the breaking of the surf against the rocks, the salt sea air, and the quiet just what I needed to put me in the mood to set new records of endeavor and attainments? Away from the cramped apartment in the noise of the big city, was I able to do more work than ever? Don't be silly!

I never did less work in my life. I moved into this "little place away from everything" in May and remained until October, and during that time I fell so far behind in my work that I am still trying to catch up.

I had heard a lot about "getting into the great outdoors where there's room to stretch and think." I never had any trouble about stretching in the far-away places, but I found I can think faster in a telephone booth. At "Big Yawn Manor" (as I named the place) I didn't think fast; I merely thought longer. My thoughts took more time to pass a given point. Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker," will always seem to me like that of a man who went into the country to do some great work. He is thinking what a mistake he made.

The author in one of his most unproductive moments

What was wrong about this "little place away from it all"?

Too much scenery.

Too many beautiful sunsets.

Too many moonlight nights.

Too much comfort.

I'm no casual sunset fan. Once a sunset gets me, I am with it to the finish. My motto is, "If your business interferes with your sunset studies, give up your business."

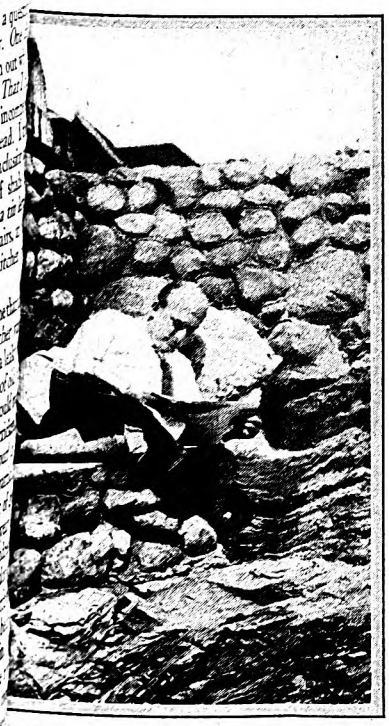
Moons also work havoc with my best intentions. A moon has its moments in the country, but you have to be at the seashore to see one at its best. All of last summer's moons spent most of their time right out in front of my place, and they seemed to be putting on a special benefit performance for me. Sunsets fascinate me, but moons knock me completely geegaw!

I'M CERTAIN that nearly every evening when I firmly resolved to go up to my study and turn out a story, a full, half, or quarter moon came up and spoiled everything. At a conservative estimate, I spent thirty nights doing nothing but sitting in a rocker gazing at moons and moonlight effects on the water.

I don't mean to say that I just lay around all the time and did no manner of work. Any man who has bought a place in the country knows better. I did plenty of work, but it was of the manual order: porch painting, screen fixing, errand running, and all that sort of thing.

We bought the place in the dead of winter, and, of course, it needed a lot of overhauling. They all do. But little did I know how much.

Within ten days of the purchase there were so many carpenters, shinglers, cabinetmakers, painters, floor scrapers, heating experts, awning makers, furniture men, and plumbers (*Continued on page 114*)



authors grow indolent. Mr. Phil- t his literary chores in a rocky nook

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The Trail Eater

A story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

PART V

DURING the night there came a lull in the blizzard. The day of the Sweepstakes dawned, a strange, ashen-gray day with leaden horizons. In the air was a touch of foreboding, as if some malign presence had but withdrawn to bide its time. Yet, despite the underlying threat of the elements, the judges early sent out word that the race would begin promptly on the scheduled hour of noon.

An hour before the start, the wind came blowing out of the North again, whipping Front Street into a lane of dancing colors. Flags of all nations snapped from lines stretched zigzag overhead. Red, white, and blue bunting billowed from the fronts of business houses. Pennants of green and gold flapped from the arms of telephone poles. And high above the white roofs a score of flagstaffs vibrated to the tug of the Stars and Stripes flinging their vivid challenge against the arctic snows.

Beneath these rainbow flutterings surged the fur-clad crowd, laughing, shouting, singing to the lively music that blared from the saloons along the row. Though there was no grandstand to receive the spectators, eleven o'clock found them packed solid along the ropes that formed a lane from the starting place on the ice of Bering Sea.

In front of the judges' stand, racing drivers were already swinging their teams in—lines of superbly trained, lithe-limbed, thin-flanked dogs, groomed to a hair and stripped to their twelve-ounce racing harnesses. At every new arrival a cheer burst from the watching crowd, a cheer that was both for the dogs and for their tense-faced driver standing behind the handlebars, furred and mukluked, with his starting number showing on two white squares, one sewed on the back and the other on the front of his parka.

The Sweepstakes photographer bawled directions over the hooded top of his camera as he snapped a picture of each team. The official marker hurried about, daubing each racing dog with the color allotted his owner, a precaution which made it impossible to substitute fresh dogs out on the Trail.

The stand reserved for the Queen and her court was still empty; but the other, directly across the tape, was slowly filling with racing officials, officers of the Malamute Club, and newspaper representatives. Band music—movement—color—and a wild, cold wind across the snow! Waving flags against a sky growing darker! And under the carnival clamor, the sinister threat of the North—the cruel something that added a savage tang of danger to the thrill of the race!

Presently, interest was centered on the arrival of Rance Herrington.

Splendidly furred and crimson-sashed, the gold king swung up to the judges' stand behind his champion string of twenty Siberians. With a sweeping gesture he acknowledged the cheers that were for the dogs only, then turned the team over to its driver to be photographed. But the driver was not Slim Carvey, as everyone had expected. The man who took the handlebars was Jake Minton.

A growl of astonishment and incredulity rose. "Hey, Rance! What kind of trick are you trying to put over on us this year?"

The crowd took up the yell indignantly; but Herrington, sullen and flushed already from early drinking, ignored them. He stood with Luce Barton, his head inclined to catch the lawyer's low-voiced remarks.

Ten teams were already drawn up—ten double lines of glossy-furred dogs, with lolling red tongues and white fangs gleaming. Among the three teams stood out, each lead d carrying on his collar the crimson black rosette of the Syndicate kennels.

Time went by. The watchers bega tense to a new interest. Where was Kerry Wayne? Had the Trail Eater backed out at the last minute? They were asking one another these questions, when someone came down and spread the incredible report that Duna was dead—Duna, on whom Kerry had based all his hopes of the race, found hanging over the wall of his stall!

Sympathy swayed the throng. Why, Kerry thought more of that dog than of anything else in the world! Poor old Trail Eater, hoodooed from the start! Fated to go first on a trail already heaped with blown snow. Left without a leader on the day of the race!

Thus the talk was going when he came—a slim, fur-clad figure behind the handlebars of the frailest-looking racing sled Nome had ever seen. His colors, blue and gold, dyed the sash about his waist. But he bore no resemblance to the laughing impudent Kerry Wayne who had joked the Sweepstakes crowd the year before. His eyes were tired and red-rimmed, and above the fur ruff of his parka his lean face showed nearly as white as the square on his breast that carried the unlucky starting numeral, "1."

HIS dogs, eleven crossbreeds and huskies, already blanketed against the impending blizzard, padded softly, as if they too, were subdued by their leader's death.

Kerry swung in before the judges' stand.

Instead of an immediate cheer, something like an awed gasp came from the spectators. At the head of that meager team with the blue-and-go d rosette of the dead leader on his colla stood Tokon of the Broken Tusks, Tokon the Kil'er, Tokon the Quitter, hitched, a spike leader for the first time—and in the A Alaska Sweepstakes!

The sheer gameness of the still-faced young fellow gripped the throats of the sporting crowd. As one man they burst in a mighty cheer, that went rolling on the wild April wind.

Tolovana, dressed in a boy's parka and mukluks, was whacking Kerry on the back. "Go to it, kid!" she pronounced heartily. "I've got an extra thousand, and I'm stringing right on your nose." Then, rising on her toes, she whispered in his ear: "Little Barbee just slipped me her ninety dollars, and asked me to put it on you for first."

Kerry turned to her eagerly. But she had darted back into the crowd, and Barbee herself, in her white furs, came hurrying toward the judges' stand. She paused to look at Kerry's team, then she ran to him, holding out her hand. Her clasp was boyishly hearty. Her violet eyes glowed with admiration. "You glorious gambler!" she exclaimed. "Remember, Kerry: '*I ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well!*' *I know* you're going to win!" she added, and was gone.

The hubbub of excitement was suddenly pierced by the clear peremptory fanfare of trumpets. In the hush every head turned toward Barracks Square. "The Queen!" . . . "Here comes the Queen!" The murmur swelled to an approving roar as the Sweepstakes pageant swept into view.

Swiftly down the alabaster roadway it came, a snow-white processional primitive as that of some ancient Norse goddess: the head, two trumpeters in close-fitting white buckskin; then twenty young men, strong, lithe-stepping, splendidly barbaric in pelts and mounted heads of white arctic wolves. They were

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The murmur swelled to an approving roar as the Sweepstakes pageant swept into view

wo and two with bell-hung harnesses that jingled to ting as they drew the royal sleigh draped with polar s. On this moving throne six lily-furred maids of about the feet of the Sweepstakes Queen, a smiling, ly pagan empress of the snows sitting high in her ap. On her blowing red-gold hair was a crown of ry; in her gloved hand an ivory scepter tipped with green and gold.

nd blared, and cheers hit the air, while the jostling, ng crowd parted to clear a passage down which the marched to the vacant stand. The Queen mounted opied throne; her maids grouped themselves about er wolf steeds, transforming themselves into a guard ook their places at her back.

GGGG!

berating on the cold, rushing air came the announce- on. In the judges' stand the starter came to his feet, in one hand, watch in the other. He raised the to his mouth.

minute! *Get on your mark!*"

sp tones fused the spectators into a fiercely wait- K erry's face was alert, anxious. "Steady, boys! " His gaze was fixed on Tokon, up in the spike of rem bling team; Tokon, who stood like a statue, his yes looking straight ahead.

. . . *seconds . . . left!*"

o ched, his chest against the handlebars.

— two—"

ter counted out the last five seconds. Tokon suddenly looked back at his master, then lowered his body like a panther ready to spring.

"*Three . . . Four—GO!*"

Kerry whistled as the Queen's flag dropped. A shove, a kick-off, *and Tokon leaped to a flying start!*

The crowd gasped. Then—bedlam of music, cheers, shouts! Caps in the air and pennants snapping! And, dashing down that human, yelling lane, a sled with a clinging driver behind a swift, blurred string of dogs!

The first entry was off on the frozen trail that led to the Arctic Sea!

THE second start was made amid unabated enthusiasm. The third brought increased excitement—it was Slim Carvey taking out the second Syndicate team—tall, sinewy, supremely confident, behind twenty-two powerful malamutes. "How to bet?" the gamblers asked themselves. It seemed certain that one of the Syndicate teams would win first place. The Siberians had come in for the big prize last year—driven by Slim. But now Slim was driving a new team. Should they bet on the champions of last year, or on the man who drove them?

It was the man, the dare-devil of the Trail, that they cheered into the thinly falling snow.

Slim was followed by Jake Minton. At the starter's call, Jake swung the champion Siberians into line—twenty perfectly matched dogs, with plumes arching, prick ears up, every line of their trained bodies suggesting speed and endurance.

The fifth to start was Harry Dunn, driving the team Rance Herrington should have taken out.

Midas Bernard's team, driven by Hinkey Scott, went sixth.

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After its departure a few of the spectators ran shivering to their homes; but these were only the frailest of the women and the smaller children. The crowd, the Sweepstakes Queen, and her *entourage* remained in the falling snow, faithful and enthusiastic until the last of the eleven entries was speeding on its course.

Then, through the thickening white, they all bolted back along flag-fluttering Front Street where the arctic blizzard was already ripping down the gay banners.

About the big, red-hot stove in the Golden Sands, men stamped the snow from their clothing and began to make themselves comfortable before the twelve-foot betting board that occupied one end of the main saloon. It was through the figures on these boards that Nome watched the race. Each entrant was allotted a line on the board on which appeared his name, his driver, the number and kind of dogs in his team, the odds for or against him, and a section for each of the twenty-six telephone stations along the Trail, together with the miles between them.

In these sections, as the word came in over the line, the bookmaker chalked up the time, first of the arrival, then of the departure of every team: At the telephone beside the Golden Sands board the bookmaker was already sitting, with the clamps over his ears, awaiting news of the racers now out on the blizzard-torn course. As yet no figures marked the columns. No report had come in. But speculation centered on Kerry Wayne and his outlaw leader.

AS TIME went on and still no report came in, the big room became quieter. Faces took on a strained, listening look. Herrington and Luce Barton sat at a table near the telephone. Rance kept Kelly busy bringing drinks to him, but Barton did not touch a drop of anything.

Time grew leaden in passing, and the telephone bell remained silent. Tension grew. The blizzard increased in velocity. Men paced up and down the big room, pulling out watches, thrusting them back, snatching them out again. Betting ceased. Men left for other saloons, but returned almost at once, snow-plastered, cursing the weather. Never had Nome experienced such a blizzard. . . . Three hours—and no word! What was happening out there on the Trail?

Suddenly the door was flung open and an excited man shouted, "Entry No. 2—running up Steadman Avenue, without a driver!"

Everyone talked at once: "Poor fellow—his dogs got away from him! . . . Turned tail and ran back before the blizzard!" . . . "The Colonel has sent a Fort team out to look for the driver."

When the excitement had died down the crowd once more fell into silence. Herrington, far gone in drink, sat at his table with his head in his hands. Barton sat opposite him, his pale eyes fixed on the bookmaker.

An extraordinarily heavy blast forced smoke from the stove in a pungent cloud. In the midst of it the telephone rang. Every man leaped to his feet and rushed toward the board. The bookmaker held up his hand for silence. He put his lips to the mouthpiece and began writing down the message that came riding through fifteen miles of blizzard.

"Yes—yes! Go on! Yes—I've got it! All right. . . ." He rose and picked up a piece of chalk. Opposite Entry No. 11 he placed a circle under Station Cape Nome. In it he traced: "O-U-T."

He elaborated this on the board below:

"No. 11 arrived Cape Nome, three dogs frozen in flanks, two dead. Has withdrawn from race."

Entries 9 and 10 reported immediately from Safety. Both teams were in bad condition and were resting there until the storm abated.

During the wait that followed, conversation and speculation were renewed. After the third ring the bookmaker turned to the name of Slim Carvey and began to put down figures that told of his arrival at Hanley's Cabin, forty miles from Nome, after nearly five hours bucking the blizzard. Two of his dogs were frozen slightly in the flanks.

A cheer went up. Herrington ordered drinks for the house. Betting became lively, and there was increased speculation as to the fate of the other teams. No. 8 withdrew at Safety with six dogs badly frozen. Where was Jake with the champions? And where was the Trail Eater?

The next telephone message brought the answer: Jake had arrived at Hanley's with three dogs on his sled. The blizzard out there was increasing in violence.

At the bottom of the board the bookmaker added:

"Jake Minton reports tracks running off Seal Bluff. A two-hundred-foot drop here to broken ice of Bering. Kerry Wayne undoubtedly gone over."

* * * * *

When Kerry found the lifeless Duna hanging over the stall wall in the Kashim, grief blotted from his mind everything but the pitiful, furry body of his dog growing cold in his arms. Faithful, sturdy little partner dying in the performance of duty; quelling Cultas, leaping too far over the stall wall, hanging, gasping, crying for help while his master slept.

Fate had dealt Kerry its hardest blow just when he needed every faculty of mind and body for the struggle of the Sweepstakes Trail.

As he thought of this, something happened to him. For the first time, he permitted his intelligence rather than his heart to sit in judgment on past incidents—his intelligence, which had, during all his training, been aware of a sinister undercurrent directed against him. He had been double-crossed in the betting for place and jockeyed into going first on the Trail. He had been "framed," so that Kitty Kramer had learned his time at least for twenty-six miles. The Syndicate had tried, and failed to keep him from getting Wally's dogs. And Fate, first in the form of distemper, then in the form of death, had taken sides with his competitors.

A slow, mounting rage took possession of him. He felt himself standing with his back to the wall, fighting not only the odds and hazards of the Trail, but dishonesty and trickery as well. Then, oddly enough, from all this there emanated, like a current from a battery, something which charged him with a sense of power, a sureness of invisible strength, a ruthless determination not only to go through, but to *win*.

When he drove his team down to the judges' stand this morning, he was only dimly conscious of the reaction of the crowd; he hardly heard the thundering tribute to his sportsmanship. He did not recognize it as a tribute. His mind was on the race—until Tolovana Belle came up and clapped him on the back. Good old Tolovana, to think of her putting up an hundred thousand on him for first, and after she knew Tokon was to be. Her friendship, her confidence, imbued him with a new confidence in himself. And Barbee! With her handclasp, her luminous violet eyes that told of her faith in him!

He was holding her in his thoughts when the starting gun electrified every fiber in him. Challenge pounded through his blood. The fighting forces of his body and spirit rushed to meet the impending issue.

The flag dropped. A blast of music . . . the full-throated roar of the crowd, and Tokon—his crouch, his leap, his great start! Kerry's eyes filled with tears. What a leader! What a thoroughbred! He wanted to shout his triumph and relief to the skies as he left the roaring mob behind him.

"Atta boy, Tokon! You're there, old man! You're a wonder!"

AS THE team cleared the town, Kerry began to steady his leader down to a swinging trot. "Easy there, Tokon, plenty of time. Steady down, old fellow."

Flurries of fine, dry snow blew across his vision. The increasing wind hit him on the quarter, stinging his face, ruffling the exposed hair on his blanketed dogs, flinging them at an angle that kept him shifting his weight to prevent traveling sideways. But now that he was really under way that was daring and reckless in him exulted in the wild joy of the day. He thrilled to the feel of the sled beneath him, slim, racing sled, limber as a whip, strong as steel, that flung him over the rough ice trail. Like a bareback rider on a bareback horse, he rode it through the storm, swinging up on his feet, bending forward, swaying from side to side as the wind tore at him.

He leaned to one side as he whipped around a curve. There lay the Fort, with the wind wrenching black smoke from chimneys thrust above the snow. Beyond the barrack he halted the team and quickly snapped about each dog's flank protectors. He looked at his watch—the first four miles covered in twenty minutes! "Fine, boys! Great work." After patting heads he whistled the team off again and the sled came by him, swung to the runners.

"S-t-e-a-d-y, Tokon. . . . Steady down, boy. It's a long way to Candle, and we don't need to hurry yet. Those fellows behind us'll have to grow wings on their tails to catch us."

Another mile fell behind. The wind hit terrifically from the side now, charged with fine snow. Hoarfrost covered the red-and-gold rosette on Tokon's collar and tipped every hair on the muzzles of his dogs. Tiny particles of ice rimmed the

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Every mile or so, Tokon halted of his own accord and the team dropped in the trail to paw off the accumulation.

They went on. The smoking whiteness grew so thick it blotted out every landmark. Kerry could not see beyond his leader, yet he knew he was passing the Cape Nome Eskimo village; challenging yelps of native dogs came through the storm. Head down, the leader quartered the blizzard, padding steadily through snow-whirling space. Long stakes loomed and passed—lengths of pipe that marked the Trail.

On . . . on . . . down the hidden coast. Tokon disappeared . . . Karluk and Cultas dimmed . . . were gone. Two by two the other dogs vanished, until even the wheelers, Mukluk and Queenie, were blotted out in the fury of the polar hurricane. The sled leaped and lunged onward, apparently of its own volition. A queer, uncanny feeling pricked along his spine. He began to doubt the presence of his dogs. Were they really there drawing him, or—?

HE COULD stand it no longer. He halted the team and, clinging to the side bars, began fumbling his way forward to lay hands on the dogs. So strong was his illusion of aloneness, he was almost surprised when he encountered the crouching Mukluk and Queenie, both rubbing ice from their eyes with their forepaws.

When he reached Tokon, the leader was biting ice from between his toes. Kerry knelt on one knee, sheltering him as he cleared his muzzle. The other racers had at once thrust their heads against him, whimpering their age-old fear of the growing blizzard. But not Tokon. In the lee of Kerry's body he got to his feet, shook himself, and looked steady-eyed at his master.

Though Kerry, blinded in the white thickness of the gale, didn't know exactly where he was, he knew the husky had unerringly found the staked trail. But miles ahead lay Oomiak Lagoon, the place where they must swing inland. They'd be heading straight into the teeth of the storm then. Would Tokon face it—or would he obey the instinct of his kind and run before the wind, taking his team with him?

Alone in the vortex of the storm, Kerry looked into the frost-rimmed eyes of his leader, and suddenly threw his arms about Tokon's neck. "You'll ake me through, old nan," he said.

But he didn't know imself whether his ords were a statement or a question.

He struggled on, icking now with one ot off the runner to elp the dogs along. t last he noted the ind striking more om the front. Tokon was swinging! . He was boring raight into the blast. iddenly something e a cold, rushing ver of powdered ass swept Kerry off s feet. Sled, dogs, d driver went skitring like a wounded armigan across ooth, black ice. miak Lagoon!

Now the blizzard ped upon him with reased venom. It ve charges of frost wder full in his face, ging him like a llion needles. It led him, rammed breath down his oat, drew it back t of his body, ped him this way that. It yanked sled-covering aside packed snow into ty nook and crevice. It was the protean North mocking him—the North, grown diabolically malicious, deadly.

But after a time a new thought edged in on him—the Trail should climb a hill, run along the ridge for a way, then slope down and swing out on the salt-water ice again. He was almost certain now that they should be going downhill. He had an uncomfortably vivid memory of a place where the Trail ran close to Seal Bluff, and the bluff itself fell abruptly to the sea, two hundred feet below. It was here that the wind had combed frozen snow out over the rim in a great downward curl, a treacherous, unstable shelf. If a team were blown too close to that—

If only he could see for a moment! He braced himself on the runners, releasing his hold an instant to rake his mittens across his eyes. But in that instant a roaring, ripping blast tore him from his place; his sled swept the wheelers off their feet and went swinging far out to the right. He threw himself toward the handlebars, caught them—and the snow gave way beneath him!

Blinded, smothering, he clung with one hand to the sled. While the other clawed for the bluff, his (*Continued on page 176*)

Everything was sliding and churning under him. . . . Inch by inch they were slipping. . . .

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An artist, an author, and a jolly sailor man—that's "Cliff" Ashley, the world's champion knot tier

Clifford Ashley Has Tied Every Knot Except the Nuptial One

IF YOU were to go into any first-class art gallery in New York City and ask, "Who is Clifford Ashley?" you would be told that he is one of the outstanding painters of the day—a man who has won world-wide fame for his pictures of old whaling vessels and the fast vanishing sailors who manned them.

Ask the same question in almost any book store, and you will get an answer something like this: "Ashley? Oh, he's the chap who wrote 'The Yankee Whaler.' Most authoritative account ever published of the old whaling days on the New England coast."

Go to New Bedford, Massachusetts, the home of the whaling industry since the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, put your query, and you will probably be greeted with open astonishment and even indignation. "Don't know who Cliff Ashley is?" an old salt will exclaim. "Say, that boy can tie more different kinds of knots than anybody else in the world. Why, he *invented* more than half the knots known today. He's just patented a kind of braid that they're going to use in upholstering automobiles and furniture. Folks say he'll make a fortune out of it."

New Bedford is Clifford Ashley's home. He was born there, as were his father and his grandfather before him. And in New Bedford a man who can invent a useful or a beautiful knot is more important than the painter of a prize-winning picture or the author of a dozen best sellers.

Clifford Ashley's remarkable trio of achievements has grown out of his passionate love of the sea. As a stripling of twenty, Ashley sailed on an old square-rigger, tasting for himself the thrill of portless roaming. It was on this voyage that he learned at first hand many of the things that he paints into his pictures and writes into his books. It was also on this trip that he made himself master of every sailor's knot known up to that time.

This is the story of his career as a tier of knots.

As his birthplace indicates, Clifford Ashley comes of blubber-hunting ancestry. Two of his uncles were whalers, captains of their own vessels. It was one of these uncles who started the boy on his career as a knot tier. When the youngster was four years old, this uncle promised him a longed-for boat model if he would learn to tie a reef knot. Now, as any sailor knows, a reef knot is decidedly no knot for a child to sharpen his wits or his fingers on. Nevertheless, young Ashley won the prize before his uncle's promise was a day old.

When the other uncle put into port, he taught the boy how to make sennit—that is, the art of braiding rope. Presently, this uncle was ready to leave on a long whaling voyage. His sea chest was packed and ready to carry down to his ship riding at anchor in the New Bedford harbor. Clifford could not bear to have his lessons interrupted by his uncle's departure. He begged to be taken along. But with his fifth birthday just around the corner, his parents decided that he was a little young to adopt the rough-and-ready life of a sailor.

When they refused his request, the boy disappeared. His uncle could not find him to say good-by. Going upstairs to fetch down his chest, the departing uncle found it unusually heavy. He opened it and discovered his small nephew curled up inside sound asleep! It almost broke the young stowaway's heart when they unpacked him and put him to bed.

When the boy was seven, he needed a canvas for a circus he and some of his friends were working on. His father, a carriage maker, had a number of pieces of tarpaulin which he used for protecting the tops of vehicles awaiting shipment. He agreed to lend the tarpaulin to his son to be used for the "big top." A roping was required around this canvas.

Both uncles were away. The boy went down to the wharves and dogged the footsteps of a certain sailor until he had mastered the art of splicing.

From then on, he shadowed any New Bedford sailor who put into port with a new knot or a novelty in sennit work. The result was that by the time he was fifteen or sixteen, many an old tar was willing to take a lesson in knot tying and rope braiding from young Ashley.

When he was twenty years old, he had already spent three years in Wilmington, Delaware, studying painting under Howard Pyle. He now felt the need

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tting away from his brushes and of put-
ng himself more closely in touch with
e life he was so eager to make live
ain on his canvas. He knew that he
uld always want to paint the sea, and
ps, and seafaring men. With both
ries and illustrations already appearing
several leading magazines, he broke
ay and signed up for a year's voyage
the Sunbeam, one of the last of the
alers.

nce at sea, with sailors for his daily
panions, his old interest in knot
g was revived. As luck would have
he skipper of the Sunbeam was a man
ous for his skill in tying knots. Young
ley learned all that his captain could
h him. Presently he began to invent
knots.

hen he got back home and took up his
ting and writing again, he still found
to work out new wrinkles in knots and sennits. Other knot enthusiasts and experts urged him to make a record of his fascinating inventions. This was the beginning of his idea of writing a book on the subject. In the process of assembling his material, he sold to magazines several articles on decorative and useful knots.

Some of the knots and braids that Mr. Ashley has created are so important that they have been patented. Others are so decorative that they are being put out by manufacturers of ornamental cord and braid both for finishing upholstery and for ornamenting women's clothes.

At present, Mr. Ashley can tie more than three thousand knots. So far as is known, nobody else in the world can approach this record. Until very recently, it was thought that a triangular or three-sided sennit could not be braided. Mr. Ashley astonished manufacturers by producing this braid for which they had long been looking. Another of his inventions that has attracted widespread attention is the sennit which is round on one side and flat on the other. This braid is particularly adapted to use in upholstering automobiles and the like.

"It is perfectly natural for a boy to like to tie knots," said Mr. Ashley during a recent exhibition of his pictures in a New York gallery. "Personally, I would rather be without my purse than without a piece of string in my pocket."

The Old Dartmouth Historical Society Museum has always had a collection of sailors' ropes and knots for the benefit of those interested in the rigging of sailing craft. It has begun on a new collection which, when finished, will be the biggest and most complete in the world. And every knot in the new collection is to be tied by Clifford Ashley!

MILDRED HARRINGTON

Seeds Have to Be 100% Pure to Get by Mrs. Pattison

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

For over twenty years Mrs. Pattison has been sampling and testing seeds, and woe betide the weeds when she gets on their trail!

THEL ELY PAT-
TISON is said to
be the only woman
world to have her
seed testing and
ing workshop for
ercial purposes—
nternational Seed
g Laboratories in
ork City.

Pattison works
eds of the "forage"
with seeds of fancy
or airplane fields,
ourses, athletic
and race tracks;
ith all kinds of
ble and flower

he average person,
re just seeds. But
Pattison they are
ure wealth of the
, food for human
and fodder for

aboratory is more
testing station.
art of her work to
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f the farming
to determine
ns for planting.
esides being re-
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she is consult-
well, to many
governments. This end of her
grown so rapidly that she is now
g to open laboratories in Paris
mburg to take care of it more
y.

gan her unusual work as a tempo-
stant in the seed laboratory of the
ent of Agriculture in Washing-
ton. In a few months she had dug so deeply into her job that she passed the civil service examination without having had any previous scientific training.

"I had only a high-school education," said Mrs. Pattison, "and it was not until I began to see that in my temporary work at the department I had stumbled upon something big enough, and broad enough, and *alive* enough, to occupy me happily all the rest of my days, that I went to Purdue University for a special course in botany.'

Mrs. Pattison's work in the government laboratories was such a success that when she had been there only two years, she was lent to the State of Virginia to establish a seed laboratory in Richmond. This was shortly after the Virginia Seed Laws went into effect.

State seed laws are very strict. And it is easy to see why this must be so, for one shipment of untested seed might contain enough seeds of a troublesome weed to spoil the crops for every farmer in the country for several seasons. Mrs. Pattison's first work was to educate big seed companies to conform with the state laws, and to show them how to simplify this conformity by establishing testing laboratories of their own.

As an example of how necessary seed testing is, she told me of a big golf club that wished to reseed its greens. The committee selected what they believed to be a good seed for the purpose—and it *was* a good seed. But before planting they brought a sample of it to Mrs. Pattison's laboratory for testing, and thereby saved themselves hundreds of dollars and a great deal of

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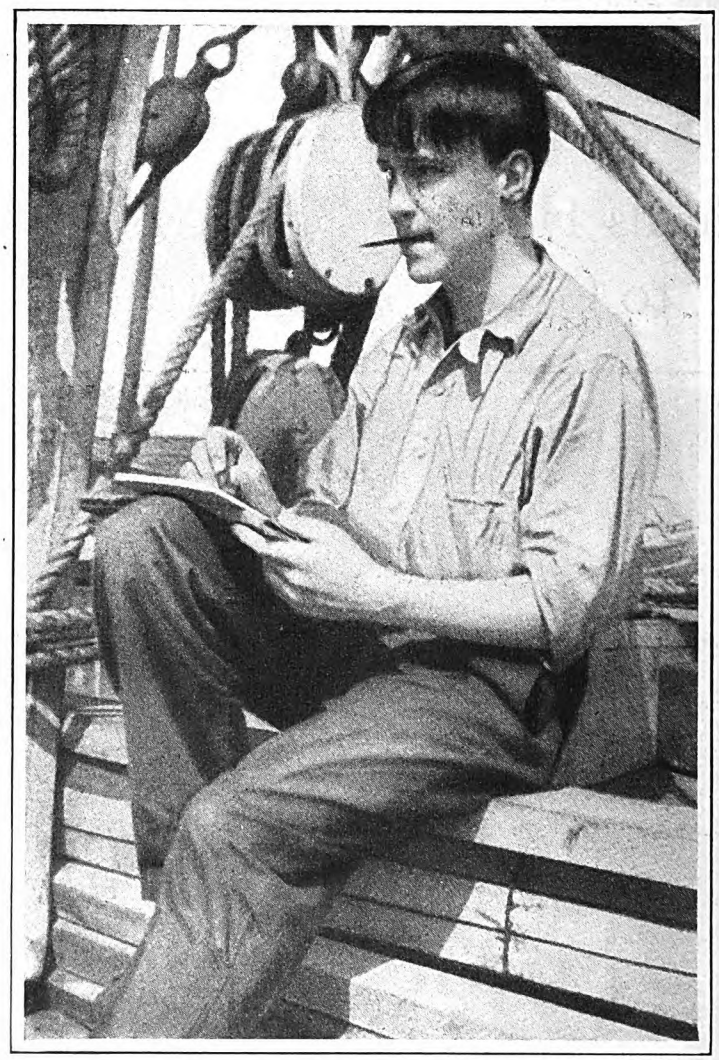
trouble. For what they had bought was eighty-five per cent pure bent, with a germination of eighty-five per cent. But the remaining fifteen per cent happened to be an annoying and prolific weed!

Mrs. Pattison's associations with merchants and users led to the next step of her career. She became an executive in one of the largest seed corporations in the country and, as the only woman in such a position, she carried the laboratory of that corporation to *second place* on a recognized international list of fifty-three outstanding testing laboratories. The work was surpassed only by that of the United States Department of Agriculture.

As further preparation for her commercial work, she took a "vacation" one summer and went to the International Seed Congress at Cambridge, England.

ESTHER MELBOURNE KNOX

A Boy Illustrator Who Illustrated a Boys' Book



Ever since he was three years old Albert Schafenberg has been drawing pictures. It might be said of Albert that he was born with a pencil in his hand

ONE day about a year ago, a fourteen-year-old boy in New York City picked up a book written by another fourteen-year-old boy and thereby probably changed the whole course of his life. The book was written by David Binney Putnam; the boy whose life it so profoundly affected is Albert Schafenberg. This is the story of what happened to Albert.

Ever since Albert was three or four years old, he has been drawing things. To him the most fascinating thing in the world is trying to put down on paper the endless procession of pictures that pass through his mind. As soon as he read David's book, his imagination got busy making pictures of David and of the adventures he describes in his account of the voyage of the good ship Morrissey to the arctic circle. On this voyage, which was headed by David's father, the members of the expedition encountered Eskimos, polar bears, and walruses—all of which David tells about.

Albert saw a picture of David and made a big pencil sketch of it. He also made some drawings of the scenes called up by David's story. It occurred to Albert that David's father might be interested in knowing how much another boy had enjoyed his son's book, so he wrote to Mr. George Palmer Putnam. In the letter, he enclosed the drawings which he had made.

Now, David's father happened also to be his publisher. Mr. Putnam was so well pleased with Albert's sketches that he asked the young artist to call within a week and bring with him a number of his drawings. But although Albert had been drawing all his life, he didn't have a single thing that he could take to the publisher.

"But what had you done with all the pictures you had made up to this time?" I asked him.

"Oh, when I was very little" he told me, "I usually drew on the wall, or the floor, or even on the chairs. Since then, most of my sketches have been made on the margins and covers of my school books. The others I threw away about as fast as I made them. You see, I have never had any lessons in drawing. I just made pictures because making them was good fun."

However, Albert was not in the least daunted by the fact that he had no pictures on hand. He put in a busy week drawing, and by the time appointed to see the publisher, he had about a dozen sketches ready. For the most part, they were studies of photographs of the ship and crew of the expedition which Mr. Putnam was to head to Baffin Land during the summer.

Again Mr. Putnam wa enthusiastic about Albert work. The publisher aske the boy if he wouldn't lik to illustrate the book whic David was writing for pub lication in the fall. C course, Albert was delighte He was even more delighte when Mr. Putnam calle for his secretary and dre up a regular he-man co tract for him to sign.

Albert worked during t summer months while M Putnam and his Morriss expedition were explori the Northlands. Eve photograph of David a of the happenings of t trip that he could lay hands on Albert transfer to his drawing pad.

When David and his ther came home, th brought Albert so m material in photographs stories that he was k busy for weeks drawing illustrations for Dav book which has rece come off the press.

Being an illustrator Albert's chief occupa just at present, but assured me that he is in ested in many other th For example, there are marionettes which he his twin brother, Otto, contrived so that they form very amusingly miniature show. A wrote Tony Sarg, th mous marionette and pu show man, a letter about what he Otto had done. "I was perfectly with Mr. Sarg," Albert said. "I told him that we made the curtain fo stage out of an old silk dress of Moth

Mr. Sarg was so much interested boys that he invited them to his ment and took them to his own p show.

But to his drawing Albert devote his spare moments. Like other boys age, school and books occupy the part of his time. He goes to the school in New York and finds it interesting. He admits that som his lessons bore him, but as a gener he likes them.

MARY AUBREY P

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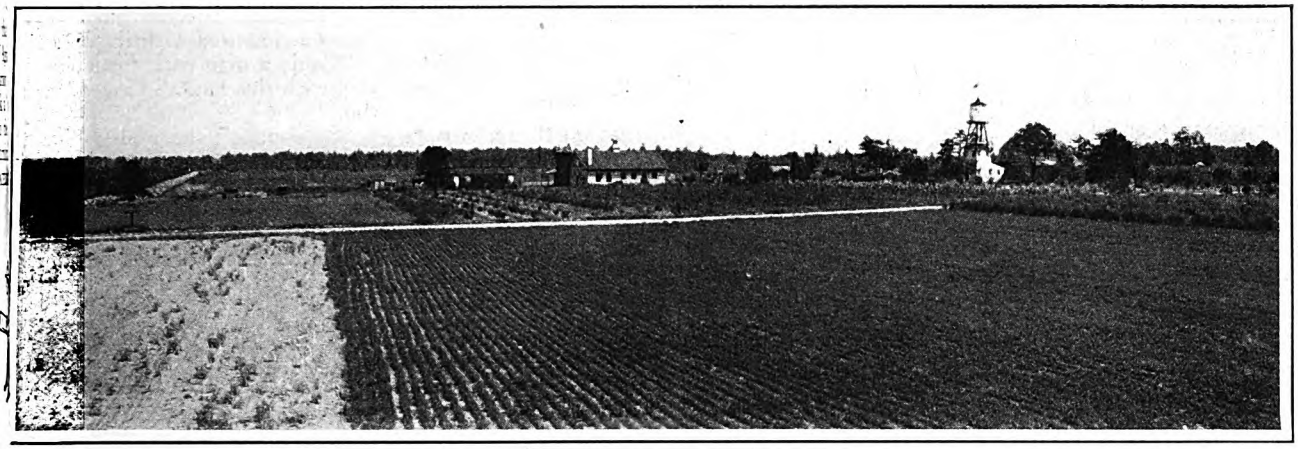


This experimental farm was utterly worthless for agricultural purposes before the Fullertons took charge of it

On Long Island's Worst Ten Acres She Runs a Model Farm

NE afternoon in early August, 1905, a woman homesteader on the north shore of Long Island was surprised her husband return from work sev- ours before the usual time.

e man waved a small piece of paper e the eyes of his wife. It was a mes- rom Ralph Peters, President of the Island Railroad, and read as follows:

> l the worst ten acres on the north shore which to establish Experimental Farm

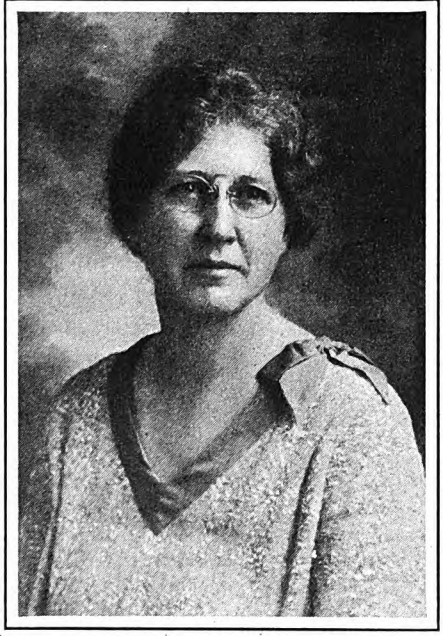
B. Fullerton, then special agent of ilroad, stood with his wife in silent nt on the porch of their little home. ulfillment of the order meant the ng up of old associations and the ing of a rough life in the waste But the woman made the final de- Turning to her husband, she said, n shall we begin, dear?"

h Loring Fullerton, the wife, suc- her husband as Director of Agri- of the Long Island Railroad, when s placed on the pension list re- Her appointment came as a re- om the railroad for having settled loneliest and most desolate spot of sland and made the land yield a d successful crop.

y, Mrs. Fullerton manages two tration farms at Wading River and d, Long Island, where she raises usand varieties of plant growth. In n, she is a college classroom lec- d the author of several books, and y known in agricultural circles.

n I look over the farms today," s. Fullerton, "I wonder how in the e ever did it. Even the United overnment told us crops would ow on sour soil.

ident Peters told us something 'I am told the land is worthless, nt to demonstrate that it is good o be turned into market gardens, hards, vineyards, and dairies. n plete daily records, not only of



Edith Loring Fullerton, who succeeded her husband as Director of Agriculture of the Long Island Railroad

ordinary farm operations, but of details of victory or defeat in the fight with injurious insects and diseases, the quantity of crops gathered, and their packing and shipping, so that I may pass this information on to the public. Grow vegetables native to the temperate zone, and some from China, Japan, and the Southern states, that have never been grown in this latitude. Go to it!'

"Well, several days later, my husband and I started out to find the ten worst acres of land on Long Island. We left our two small children in the care of a kind neighbor, and for one whole week we drove by horse and buggy, tramped, and asked hundreds of questions.

"Finally, the Wading River plot was recommended and, later, purchased. It was a wilderness, a mile and a half from a drink of water, covered with trees, brush, and stumps. On September 1, we started out from our home near Huntington with the efficient aid of but one colored man. We were armed with an ax, bush scythe, whetstone, snath, and, last but not least, the lunch basket.

"While I went around and tied white rags on the trees to be spared the woodman's ax, I gave the site for the house serious consideration. The next day we succeeded in getting four men to help clear the land. More men were added to our gang, and my husband had already arranged to blow up the tree stumps with dynamite.

"As the work of dynamiting the stumps proceeded, the curiosity of the people who lived in the surrounding country increased. When they were asked what all the shooting was about, they would say: 'Aw, they're plantin' dynamite an' raisin' hell, an' that's all they ever will raise!'

"Late in October, the ten acres had been cleared of underbrush. Then, the well was dug, and we had a five-thousand-gallon tank installed, the water being pumped into the tank by a gasoline engine. After exactly seven hundred and ninety-seven stumps had been blown out of the last acre, we sent the following message to President Peters:

> No. 1's ten acres cleared, plowed, disk-harrowed, cross-harrowed with a spring-tooth harrow, and drilled with rye in sixty-four and one-half working days from the start of clearing.

"At the end of November, I heard of a five-room portable house for sale, and we bought it. It arrived like a pack of playing cards; but it was erected in two days. We kept warm with oil stoves.

"When spring arrived, several fires gave us bad scares. Also, deep sea fogs swept in and slowed up the work to some extent; but the place began to take on an air of prosperity.

"By this time the farm began to attract attention. Among the visitors were a United States forester, several members of the Board of Education of the City of

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New York, and an assistant United States agrostologist. They could not see how it was possible to grow things on a soil that had been declared sour.

"Among the vegetables grown during the summer were the Japanese *udo*, Bermuda onions, and *pe-tsai*, the Chinese cabbage. We planted seeds from nearly every state in the nation."

Several years later, Experimental Station No. 2 was started at Medford. This was established because the wiseacres said: "Well, Fullerton, maybe you can make things grow on the north shore, but you cannot do it on the sands of the center section. That is burned-over pine, and there isn't two inches of soil."

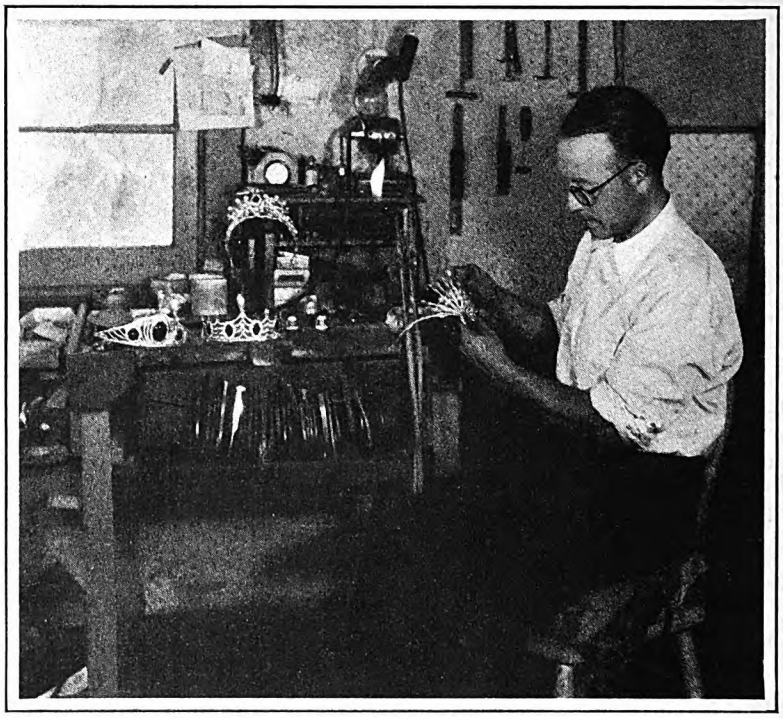
Again, ten of the worst acres were picked out and another farm was developed in the same manner as the first. During this period, Mrs. Fullerton not only supervised a large part of the operation of both farms, but edited The Agronomist, a small paper which kept the people who had become interested in th farms acquainted with the developments

"Could a man with small means do a well with this land?" I asked Mrs. Fuller ton.

"Of course," she replied, "we accom plished in one year what a man might tak several in doing. But there is nothing from the five-room portable house to th five-thousand-gallon tank, that a man i moderate circumstances cannot have."

ROBERT H. DENEHEY

He Turns Out Crown Jewels by the Bushel



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Willy Petersen-Fagerstam, of Hollywood, chief jeweler to the movies, fashions gems of every style and period out of glass and paste and solder

WILLY PETERSEN-FAGERSTAM was working on Noah's distaff. It was twined with the emblematic serpents, set with sapphires and rubies. It glittered with gilt paint. The Russian crown jewels were dumped in one corner of the small, dusty workroom, while a snuffbox of Louis XIV sparkled on the table next to a tray of diamond bracelets of genuine Lorelei Lee period.

This is the man to whom half of Hollywood goes when it wants an exact reproduction of the Koh-i-noor as it was when it was presented to Queen Victoria in 1850; or if it wants perfect re-creations of jewelry of any period. He is known as the Paste Gem Man of Hollywood.

Five years ago, he arrived at the center of motion picture activity on foot, weary and with hardly a cent. Today, the pathway to his little two-acre estate in the San Fernando Valley is well worn by seekers of his imitation jewelry. He is arranging to erect a business block in a neighboring small town.

Willy Petersen-Fagerstam is small and Danish, with shy mien and large horn-rimmed glasses. He turns out amazing pieces of brass and glass, of silver and solder, in an incredibly short time. Hours mean nothing to Mr. Fagerstam, and often he works far into the night, with his wife, Gussie, by his side, stringing pearls, handing him implements.

"I order most of my supplies from abroad," he said. "Czechoslovakia gives me the best things, and very cheap, too. I get them by the gross. Paste jewels, mosaics, miniatures."

He picked up an imitation of the Koh-i-noor, an absolute duplicate, even to the faulty cutting that reduced it from nine hundred carats to its two-hundred-odd carats of today. Another pseudo-famous stone bore a tiny, and authentic, crack. He tossed them back into a glittering heap of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, all spurious.

"But I do more than reproduce snuffboxes and diadems," he went on. "The motion pictures demand novelty. That is what I supply. They like creative things, that smack of the boulevards of Paris. Therefore, I make things like this." He held forth an ebony cigarette holder, a foot long, festooned with silver and rhinestone chains. Mr. Fagerstam created the first anklet, popularly known as "slave bracelet"; also, a jeweled slipper heel which opens, revealing small compartments for powder, rouge, and lipstick, is his creation.

Five years ago Mr. Fagerstam was working in a jewelry store on Hollywood Boulevard. His discoverer was a technical director from one of the film studios who was in search of a man to reproduce, at short notice, the crown jewels of Louis XIV. Mr. Fagerstam made the reproductions, and successfully, with the result that most of the big film studios are now his clients. He rents pieces to them for the length of time it takes to make a picture, at a price of from two dollars to a great deal higher.

Apprenticed from the age of fourteen to a jeweler, and his fath in the craft before hi he worked eleven hour day and five on Sunda until he was nineteen, order to learn the bu ness. He attended t University of Cop hagen in spare tir Having exhausted museums of his nat Denmark in his quest gem lore, he hiked ab Europe in an effort satisfy his overwhelm desire for knowledge. visited museums in (and Stockholm. F them he went w sketchbook and avid to the museums of I don, Vienna, Bet Paris. He has b amply repaid for wageless apprentices

Arriving in New Y he and his wife set forth for the west, via the Twentieth Century Limited, on sturdy feet. It took them four we reach Chicago. Mr. Fagerstam thou San Francisco was the logical place an enterprising jeweler to commenc career. The walk had weakened him, his wife prevailed upon him to take train, which he did. Because of a purse, she preferred to walk the rest o two thousand miles.

He went to Los Angeles, working walking down the coast. There he Mrs. Fagerstam, who had taken ten w to journey by foot from Chicago.

Before long, a real estate salesman persuaded them to buy two acre property in San Fernando Valley. I there that Mr. and Mrs. Fagerstam a small cabin.

Prosperity having touched them, deservedly, eight months ago they st building a bigger house. The work is most important, Mr. Fagerstam sons. After that comes the living-r with its corner fireplace and the mountain stream, natural to the which has been introduced there. I into a shallow cement pool and spark gayly as the artificial gems with whi custodian works.

DOROTHY SPENS

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Children especially need soup rich in healthful vegetable foods!

Why are school children everywhere being taught to "eat their vegetables"? Because in vegetables nature stores the iron, the calcium and other minerals required to build sturdy, active bodies.

When you cook vegetables in water and then throw it away, you lose a valuable amount of the minerals which the water has absorbed. But in soup most of this is saved!

So you see why a well-made vegetable soup is so beneficial for the children. In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they receive the full strength of all the leading garden vegetables — fifteen of them in the one soup.

In addition to this, they enjoy the invigorating qualities of piping-hot soup, which acts as a wholesome stimulant to the appetite and digestion. It's a wise mother who gives her children Campbell's Vegetable Soup regularly and often.

And how they love this soup! No trouble to get them to eat their vegetables this way! It tastes so good that it disappears almost in the wink of an eye! And you know what a comfort that is. For their luncheon or supper here is just the thing—it contains so much real food of the right kind.

Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then it's all ready for the eager young appetites! 12 cents a can.

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

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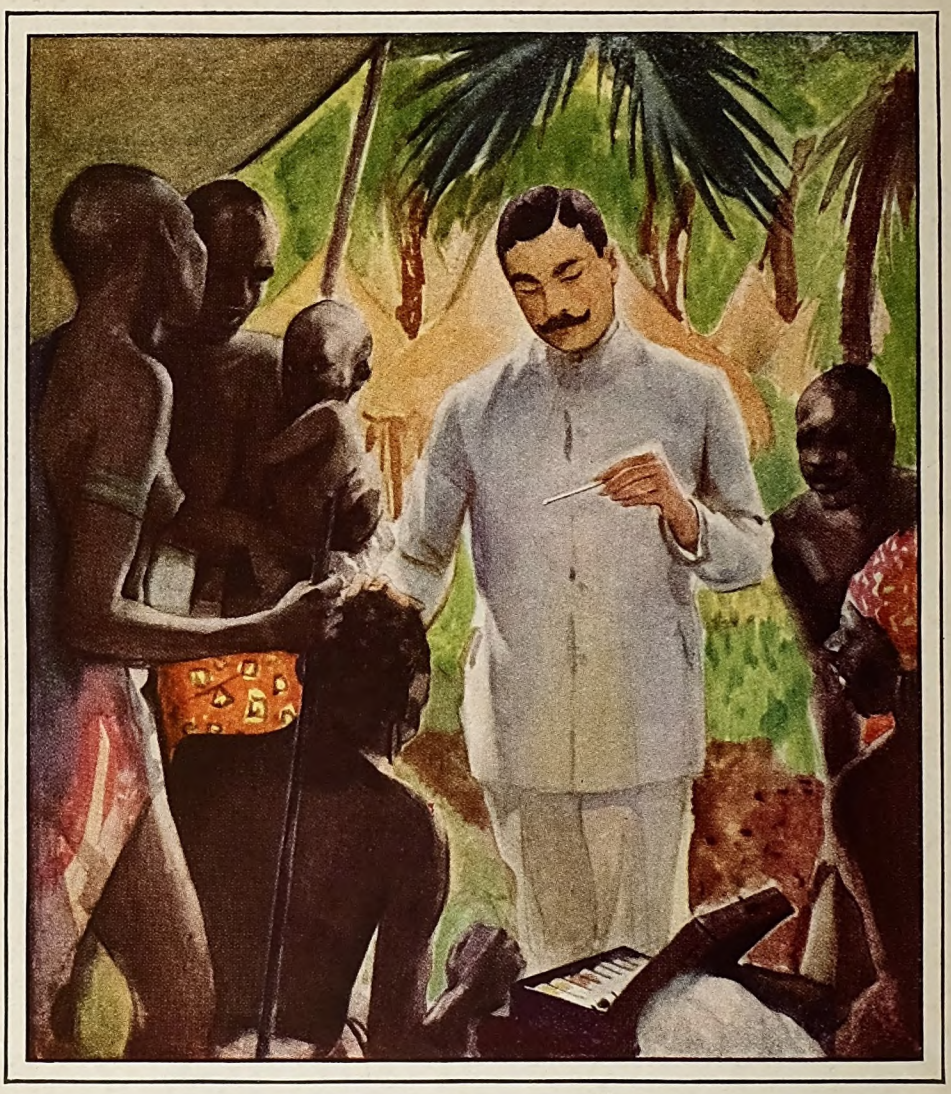

FOR US
HE FOUGHT AN ENDLESS BATTLE
WITH DISEASE

On May 21, 1928, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi died in Nigeria, Africa—across the world from his birthplace in flowery Japan. He had landed in Africa only a few weeks previously in an endeavor to find the cause of the African form of yellow fever, and, if possible, to defeat it.

In the pursuit of these researches he fell a victim to the very disease he was combating. But even then he insisted on continuing his self-appointed task until death brought to a glorious close a career which had won him renown throughout the entire world.

For more than 20 years Hideyo Noguchi served a science that safeguards life. In the far places of the world he fought an endless battle with disease. For us, he faced an infinite variety of dangers. But no problem proved too abstruse for his keen, alert mind. No task too difficult for him to undertake. No service too arduous. And his researches, carried on throughout the length and breadth of every continent, have proved a immensely valuable contribution to the growth o preventive medicine.

Doctor Noguchi has added one more name to the great list of heroes who devoted their lives to battlin with disease, with the purpose of finding means for th conservation of health. The medicinal products result ing from such heroic efforts had to be provided by lab oratories commanding all the necessary equipment t meet the latest and most exacting demands of medica science.

It has been for over three-quarters of a century th privilege of E. R. Squibb & Sons to co-operate wit the heroes of medical relief and to make available t the entire medical profession the great discoveries such men as Noguchi. *The Priceless Ingredient of Eve Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker.*

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO TH MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 18

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How We Kept Tabs on the German Army

(*Continued from page 19*)

that brought back shoulder straps and papers from dead Germans got from G-2 a passing mark for the evening. From a shoulder strap with a numeral and from a little brown book, the order-of-battle experts could deduce a whole division. They preferred, of course, live prisoners to question, whence the invention of the trench raid, to get some.

Before the St. Mihiel attack, the Germans had shown signs of demoralization, and the question was whether they could stand repeated Allied blows. Intelligence officers turned the salient inside out, as a detective "frisks" a crook, and found an important confidential general order signed by Ludendorff, dated September 4, only eight days previous, including this paragraph:

> It is on the main line of resistance and behind that line that we must hold. There is the place where we must aim straight, without wasting ammunition, and prepare resolutely for the hand-to-hand fight.

That order revealed two important things: The principal German plan of defense against future Allied attacks, the "elastic system," and an ammunition shortage of serious proportions. Later, more orders and papers were captured, stressing the need of saving ammunition and the importance of resting the wearied troops, signs that the great machine was running down.

Other scraps of paper captured at St. Mihiel told the inside story of the German defeat by the British before Amiens, August 8. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had sent General Staff officers to investigate. Their reports of the German weaknesses discovered had been circulated along the front, including the St. Mihiel salient.

Another scrap of paper helped in getting them: A map showing the German fortifications and defenses in the salient, trenches, dugouts, barbed wire. This also was "*Streng Geheim*," not to be taken into front-line trenches, where risk of capture was greater, so a copy says.

G-2 textbook said: "Correspondence between soldiers in the field and family and friends at home constitutes one of the most important sources of information regarding the enemy." So letters were sought everywhere—including the pockets of souvenir-hunting doughboys—and carefully analyzed. German soldiers' letters sometimes, despite censorship, of troop movements, whether our artillery was effective, whether losses had been heavy, and whether they were well fed and felt like fighting. Letters from home dealt mostly with food, or its lack, but often passed on valuable news from mutual friends in other units.

Scraps of paper made trouble for Germany throughout the war.

The Marines owe to a captured German officer's letter their nickname, "Devil Dogs"—translated from "*Teufelhunde*," promptly handed to correspondents by publicity service, like everything else in the Marine Corps, "always faithful."

Historically, probably the most valuable German document captured by Americans is General Fuchs's report to Hindenburg and Ludendorff of how the Americans gave his Army Detachment C such a drubbing at St. Mihiel. G-2 reprinted it in English and circulated it to American generals and staff officers, a select reading public.

G-2 got secrets not only from scraps of paper, but out of the air. Some of its best work was intercepting and decoding German radio. On March 11, 1918, the Germans commenced using a new code that was absolute Greek to the Allies. This looked like the forerunner of the anxiously awaited spring offensive, and French, British, and Americans put their best men at work to solve it.

On March 13 our intercept station heard one German station sending another a message in the new code. Then, to our amazement, the reply came: "We haven't received new code books yet. Please repeat in old code." The sending station repeated the message—in the old code, which we knew like a book. Putting the two together, our experts got not only the meaning of every code group in the first message, but also the system used. We sent what we had learned to the French by telegraph and to the British by airplane. Three days later, all three were reading the new code almost as well as the Germans. When the great offensive finally started on March 21, their messages were being read all along the line.

CODE and cipher reading was so highly developed in the World War that it is doubtful if radio will be used much in the next one. It is too risky.

The British Admiralty was especially clever at deciphering codes and finding out what the German fleet and submarines were up to. "Room 40" did this work very quickly, and little has been said about it. Russian divers got the German code from the stranded cruiser Magdeburg in 1914, and often after that their code-books were fished up from submarines. The American G-2 got from a Zeppelin a code-book that nearly sank all the submarines.

In October, 1917, the last great German Zeppelin raid was a failure, and most of the fleet were brought down or had to come down. One landed at Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the American training area in Lorraine, and the crews were nabbed before they could destroy all the contents of the gondola. By diligent search, Colonel R. H. Williams, later American Chief of Intelligence in occupied Germany, found a map showing the area allotted to each submarine in the North Sea, then a code-book telling how to decipher messages from them and how to send messages to them.

From Chaumont, Lieutenant Colonel N. W. Campanole, head of American espionage, rushed the precious papers and books to London. Admiral Sims, American naval commander, was away, but his aide jumped from a sick bed to take them to Room 40. Then began a drive on German submarines. Obeying orders in their own code, they came to the surface amid destroyers waiting to pounce. Their movements were almost invariably known.

But the Germans intercepted radio too, and found Americans rather good game because inexperience, or something, made them too gossipy—some thought radio was a party line in a country district. During the Meuse-Argonne we captured a German report that gave the Allied order of battle pretty well and apologized for having been unable for a week to identify by radio one of the American divisions.

We played into the German hands once during the race for Sedan at the end of the war. The late Brigadier General J. C. Rhea—then with the Second Division—and his staff established headquarters in a farmhouse just vacated by the German General commanding an opposing and now retreating division, who, before leaving, had promised the French owner and his wife that he would not allow his artillery to shell their farm. So General Rhea and his staff sat down contentedly to supper with the family. Came a whistle and crash, and the farmhouse walls shook. Then another; and another. The Germans were shelling the farm. The party finished supper in the cellar. Then the sergeant in charge of the wireless station appeared, pale and worried.

"Sir," he said, "while I was away that new corporal assistant of mine sent this message to the artillery—in clear."

The message gave, in plain English, the exact location for the night of the new front line and of General Rhea's new post of command, at the farm, which it named. It had been sent only a few minutes before the shelling started.

"Send this message at once," General Rhea said to the sergeant, "also in clear."

He wrote a fake correction of the front line and announced that General Rhea had moved to another farm about two hundred and fifty yards away. Soon afterward shells stopped falling around his farm. Ten minutes later they commenced to fall around the other farm, to the discomfiture of several newly arrived officers who had not been warned. No more messages in plain English went from the Second Division's radio.

G-2 LISTENED in not only in the air, but on the ground. It tapped telephone wires in the German trenches, and heard conversations that way or by microphones. Listeners got to know the voices of Germans who used the telephones, and they tried hard to distinguish new voices that meant a relief and a new division in the trenches. When the Tenth Division, one of the Germans' good ones, entered the line before St. Mihiel, our listeners spotted the voices, and G-2 put down one more indication that the Germans expected trouble.

All along the front, specially trained men spent the day hidden in some high nook, eyes glued to high-power "scissors" glasses, watching the enemy lines for every tiniest movement—the flash of a gun, the appearance of a single truck, even of a

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squad of men. Every morning they sought for new trenches dug during the night. Always they were looking for something new, for changes in the enemy's arrangements indicating his plans.

In the last two years of the war, the best eyes of the Army were sometimes in the air. Aviators who saw and came back and reported what they saw, or took photographs of it, were of great value. G-2 became expert at pasting together these pictures taken from on high and reading into them the proper meaning. One sort of blur meant an ammunition dump, another sort, a battery position. Trenches and barbed wire were easily recognized.

German newspapers gave G-2 valuable information about moods and tenseness in the surrounded Fatherland, and occasionally they gave military information —this usually came from those published in small towns where the censorship was less astute. About the time that we broke the new radio code of the Germans, before their spring offensive in 1918, one such newspaper gave to us desired information and to advocates of strict press censorship in war a good argument. British and French wanted to know where the Germans' shock divisions were located, for that would indicate their plans. Chief among these were the five Guard divisions. Four of them had been located; everyone sought the fifth. One day G-2, wading through newspapers from all over Germany, came upon this paragraph describing some festival in a small town rather far from the front:

> The occasion was made more enjoyable by the music of the Guards' band.

The censor had probably thought he had done his duty by keeping out the number of the Guard division. He would have, had G-2 had no other sources of information. But Intelligence work is very much like a jig-saw puzzle. You put it together, here a little and there a little, a prisoner's statement, a quotation from a letter, a German censor's slip, an intercepted wireless message—and behold! you have the key to something you want to know—perhaps only the position of a single battery, perhaps a whole plan of battle.

AN ARMY always needs maps, and it was part of G-2's job to furnish them. So Intelligence went into the printing business, and between July 1 and November 11, 1918, alone, turned out over five million maps. They had to be accurate, above all, and detailed, if possible. They were of all sorts and sizes for all purposes, from the microscopic maps that showed every kink in a trench, almost, and every good-sized shell hole, to maps of the whole of France. General Bullard's Second Army alone on the last day of the war was publishing daily 33 periodic maps, from 50 to 4,000 copies of each.

Most of this work was done by the Base Printing Plant at Langres run by the 29th Engineers, who handled that end of the A. E. F.'s publishing business and had frequent scares lest some spy steal their maps. If any tried, none succeeded.

By no means all the information G-2 received, weighed, and dispensed daily could be mapped. G-2 published what were practically four small daily newspapers. First was the secret Summary of Intelligence, for generals and the General Staff only, which gave the most important news of the day about the Germans on all fronts. Then came the Summary of Information that went to all the Divisions and dealt with the Western Front only, and contained translations of captured German documents and all manner of information. A printed review of the world press, German and Allied, was circulated at G. H. Q. only; and last of all was the summary of Air Intelligence, gathered by our aviators.

G-2 not only found out about the Germans, it helped them to find out the wrong things about the A. E. F. Counter-Espionage, part of G-2-B, worked against German spies and agents, but G-2-D, Press, Censorship, and Propaganda, fooled the Germans whenever they could be fooled.

The American official communiqués were news and propaganda blended. A G-2 officer had for his job nothing else than preparing them. Usually General Nolan—sometimes during the Meuse-Argonne, Colonel Howell—checked them; occasionally they went to General Pershing; and once, at the end of the victorious second day at St. Mihiel, General Pershing himself wrote the communiqué, wording it so as to give the Germans, who had it by eleven o'clock that night by radio, the impression that the battle was to go on next day, when actually we were already moving troops away from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne.

THE A. E. F. was probably the best advertised army in history. Nearly a thousand writers visited it at one time or another, of whom thirty-one were rated "Accredited" and four hundred and eleven "Visiting Correspondents." All were guided by the communiqués to some degree, yet the communiqués seldom told the whole truth. They told our side of it, or so much of it as was good for Germans, Allies, and our own people to know. Propaganda is part of war.

G-2-D's propaganda got better and better, and in the last three war months American material was playing the biggest part in the consummately clever campaign conducted by the late Lord Northcliffe. In that time we dropped three million leaflets behind the German lines from airplanes and from toy balloons, nine feet long, weighing four pounds and having a slow-burning twelve-inch fuse that could be adjusted to drop a load of pamphlets. The French had a special hollow 75-millimeter shell that they filled with leaflets and shot into the German lines.

Much of the propaganda used by British and French as well as Americans was of American origin—for example, the speeches and notes of President Wilson about peace and a democratic government in Germany. We sent over a denial that we killed our prisoners, as rumored, and the Germans countered with the same thing, each to encourage desertion. We got the best results by sending over copies of a General Order signed by General Pershing, directing that German prisoners should get the same food as American doughboys, then describing that food. Many underfed Germans who deserted or surrendered easily, produced that leaflet from their pockets as a sort of meal ticket.

G-2 made the Germans think we would attack in Alsace to reach the Rhine, though actually we were preparing for St. Mihiel. Major General Omar Bundy, commanding the 6th Corps, and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Briant H. Wells, were sent with other officers to Belfort, where they established headquarters and drafted plans, while parties from seven American divisions reconnoitered the French trenches. Then Colonel Conger wrote General Pershing a letter outlining the plan, whereof he made a carbon copy. He threw the crumpled carbon paper into the wastebasket of his hotel room in spy-infested Belfort and went out. When he returned, the carbon was gone. The Germans moved three divisions to Alsace and until the end expected an attack there that never came.

Similar tactics confused the Germans before the Meuse-Argonne. Colonel Conger sent wireless messages about a fake "X Army" and contrived fake airplane reconnaissances and tank concentrations indicating converging attack on Metz, at the same time that correspondents' dispatches tried to draw attention to that German fortress.

THAT was one of the outstanding single exploits of G-2 in France, but probably by and large, in steady influence upon the ending of the war, its major accomplishment was the order-of-battle map. G-2 knew the present condition and past history of every division on its front, what sort of fight it might put up, probably what its orders were. More, it knew generally what divisions were coming up behind the front, which is part of the story of G-2-B.

Since the war, G-2 has fallen upon quieter days. Recently a Corps Intelligence officer complained that "all I do now is answer questions from writers." Even the name is less used, for the organization directed now by Colonel Stanley H. Ford is called usually the Military Intelligence Division. As General Churchill has outlined it, M. I. D. is ready to answer the question, "What is the situation today?" regarding any country, and "What is the future situation likely to be?" Its strategic index strives to cover no fewer than 484 points that should be known about each foreign country in case of war. The planning section furnishes the War Plans Division of the General Staff with information to use in deciding what we should do in case of war.

But M. I. D. does little or none of what is popularly termed "secret service work." That ended with the war, and the story—some of it, at least—is another story.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "How America's Secret Agents Caught Germany's Master Spy" is the title of Mr. Johnson's article next month. In it he relates one of the strangest and most exciting dramas of the World War—a drama which took place in Switzerland, the battleground of the spy and his enemy, the counter-spy. The German master deceived the Allies about a great German offensive; he trapped more than a score of the best French spies; baffled the entire Allied intelligence service. Then came his downfall! A great story, told fully for the first time next month.

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Wait to Buy

Make this FREE 7-day test first to prove to yourself the supremacy of this unique shaving cream. Mail coupon

GENTLEMEN: Our success has been based on a unique selling olicy—that of *proving* our case at our expense, rather than by ying at once for a sale.

We have urged "Don't buy yet—first let us prove to you the erits of our case, *without risk.*" And our confidence, and the periorities of our product have won 86% of the men who have ade our test.

The coupon is for your convenience. It brings a liberal tube t our expense. Use it seven days. Then, if convinced of what claim, you will want to buy. Many men who never clipped advertising coupon before in their lives, are now the greatest osters of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

5 unique advantages

1000 men were asked what they ight in a shaving preparation. ith their specifications, our huge oratories began. After 129 experiments, success came. These are the five things we achieved, all in one noteworthy shaving cream:

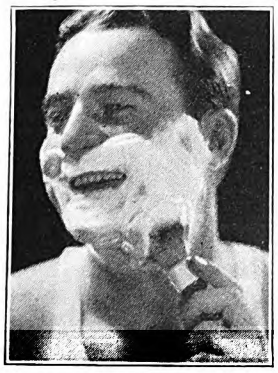
1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2: Softens the beard in one minute.
3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Please make the test

You may be happy with your present shaving preparation, still find this one better. You risk nothing in trying. *We* take the chance. So won't you mail the coupon, please?

LIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast ednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., ne; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time; 7:30 m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., le over station WEAF and 39 stations w th The National Broadcasting Co.

th final touch to shaving luxury, we d almolive After Shaving Talc—espe- ne Try the sample we are sending free be of Shaving Cream. 4325



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3031, Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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(Please print your name and address)

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The Mark on the Window

(*Continued from page 53*)

I considered how it happened that a bullet fired near the median line of the human body in front did not lodge in the spine, instead of passing entirely through the body, I made some inquiry about the exit wound, and I discovered that while the bullet had entered on the median line, it had come out at the left of the spinal column. Consequently, it seemed at least persuasive evidence that the shot had been fired diagonally from some position to the right of the open window, and not directly in front of that window.

"This could not be precisely certain, as Judge Woods might have turned at this moment. . . . However, it was worth looking into.

"There is a vacant house to the right, diagonally across the street, and I determined to examine it. I did not wish a number of people present who might crowd in and destroy any evidences, so I asked the sheriff and his son to go with me to the tavern, and later to assist in the examination of the house."

THERE was profound silence in the court-room, as we began to understand a thing that had misled us. He went on:

"We found the house closed, with a door at the rear fastened with an iron bolt. This bolt had rusted, and some force had been required to push it back. On the step by this door we picked up a bit of paper with a tiny smear of blood on it. It is here on the table before me."

He indicated the bit of paper under the bullet.

"We entered the house and went to the second floor. Here, in a room facing the courthouse, we found the window raised about four inches, and, on the sill of this window, impressed in the soft wood, which was beginning to rot, we found the mark of a rifle barrel . . . a half-stocked rifle, for the print was the print of the iron barrel, and the iron barrel would not have touched the wood if the stock had extended to the muzzle.

He paused again and indicated the piece of poplar wood beside the other articles on his table. Then he went on:

"We knew now that Judge Woods had been shot from this window, and that the rifle used was a half-stocked deer rifle. This information, however, did not greatly advance us, as half the rifles of this type in Virginia are made thus—with a half stock or cut down to half stock—to reduce the weight of the weapon."

He paused again.

"But there *was* something in this print distinguishing and peculiar. There was a straight mark in the center of the print, parallel with the borders of it, and running entirely across the sill, making a long scratch in the center on the print of the soft poplar wood."

He leaned forward and, taking the piece of wood from his table, held it up for all to see.

It was the sawed-out segment of the poplar sill of a window, soft as if turning to rot, and on it the print of a rifle barrel, with a scratch traversing the center of it clearly visible.

Colonel Braxton went on:

"Here was the indicatory sign by which this rifle could be distinguished from all others. There was evidently something on the under side of the barrel of this rifle near the muzzle that had scratched the wood when the assassin had pushed the barrel across the window sill, something hard and sharp attached, as I have said, to the under side of the iron barrel near the muzzle.

"I came on the bench then and ordered all the deer rifles brought before me, not only those of the settlers who had appeared in the riot before the courthouse, but also all the rifles of the officers of the court, for I had, I thought, a further indicatory clue."

And again he included the bit of paper beside the bullet on the table.

"What did that bit of paper with its slight blood stain indicate. It meant something, lying there beside the door. What did it mean? Evidently, one thing only. The iron bolt fastening this door to the vacant house was as I have said, rusted. It had been difficult to thrust back, and therefore the one endeavoring to thrust it back had used some force and, in consequence, when it broke the rust and went suddenly back, the finger of the hand on the bolt struck the staple of the bolt and was injured. It bled. The one endeavoring to enter had wiped the blood from his finger on this bit of paper."

His voice was now slow and deliberate, like the pronouncement of a Fate:

"To find the assassin of Judge Woods, then, it was necessary only to find the man who had an injured finger and a half-stocked deer rifle with something on the under side of the barrel, near the muzzle, that would make a scratch parallel with the print of its barrel."

COLONEL BRAXTON turned sharply on the bench and, looking down at the clerk at his table, suddenly addressed him:

"Write the name of Horace Chapman into the blank of your indictment."

The whole crowd in the court-room moved as with a common impulse.

We had not before this taken any particular notice of the clerk. But we now saw that he was trembling and that his face was coated over with an oily sweat; and we marked the sheriff and his son on either side of him.

He got on his feet, and we could see his bound-up injured finger. And we could see that his deer rifle, which the sheriff held up before the court-room, had originally been a whole stock; but that the stock had been cut down and that the iron staple near the muzzle, which had held the wood, had been broken off—but not entirely broken off, for a sharp point of it, in the center of the barrel, remained.

The clerk, unsteady on his feet, stuttered before he could get his voice:

"Horace Chapman!" he said; "Horace Chapman . . . that is my name. . . . Why should I kill Judge Woods? What motive could I have to kill Judge Woods?"

COLONEL BRAXTON did not look at the man. He looked at the crowded room.

"I thought about the motive," he said, "and so, while the clerk here went with the others for his rifle, I put his assistant outside, as though to guard the door, and locked myself into his office to see if I could find the motive that had moved the man to kill Judge Woods. . . . And I found it. Judge Woods's term was about to expire. It is a custom for the judges to examine and certify the clerk's accounts correct for their term.

"The clerk here has been robbing the people. His accounts have been falsified. He was on the point of discovery. He knew that Judge Woods would find his dishonest transactions and send him to the penitentiary, when he came to look at the books. He also knew that if Judge Woods were out of the way and his order had showed that his accounts had been examined, and found correct, the new judge would not go behind that record. And so, in a desperate corner, he encouraged this demonstration, and under the cover of it shot Judge Woods and forged the order approving his accounts.

He stopped, took a folded paper from his pocket, and laid it on the table.

"Here is the forged order . . . signature of Judge Woods inked in over pencil tracing."

There followed a scene of drama which I have met no equal in any imaginary tragedy.

The trapped clerk began to scream, stagger about his table.

"You forced me to write my own indictment," he cried, "to write my own indictment . . . to write my own indictment on which to hang me!"

It was the one thing in all the abominable affair that seemed an overwhelming horror to the man.

And Colonel Braxton answered, now—in our reversal of feeling—dominant, inscrutable, like an avenging Nemesis behind the world.

"Yes," he said, "I forced you to write your own indictment . . . for it was an ancient custom of our fathers, in a particularly atrocious and cold-blooded murder, to compel the guilty man to dig his own grave before they hanged him!"

WE SHALL SOON PRINT another of Will Rogers's articles—one of the most amusing and the most philosophical pieces that he has ever written. It is entitled "The Grand Champion," and it is packed with the Rogersesque wit and keenness of observation that have made him the foremost humorist of today. Until the article appears we leave to your imagination who, in Will Rogers's opinion, is the grand champion of the United States.

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Happy Days

Blossoms, blue birds, spring joys and the returning sun tell of the approach of Easter. The season demands self-expression—gifts, compliments and social services.

For the social side of Easter we commend the sealed-up sweets in that famous metal box containing

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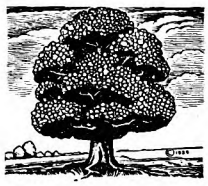
THE DIFFERENCES THAT GIVE LEADERSHIP

CHRYSLER MOTORS



All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

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DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

THESE are the *differences* which make Chrysler Motors products each far and away the head of its particular field.

First, the *difference* in *appearance.* Chrysler distinctive and individual style and beauty—in no sense a chance creation — trace directly to those canons of classic art which have come down through the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged.

Next, the *difference* in *performance.* Chrysler Motors engineers introduced more than five years ago, smoothness and speed and acceleration, which obsoleted all previous conceptions of what a motor car could and should do.

Chrysler Motors performance — and that includes as well, Chrysler ease of handling and control, safety, dependability, economy and long life—outdistances all others today just as far as the first Chrysler was ahead of the cars of its time.

The genius of Chrysler Motors engineers, with the myriad of developments and betterments they have pioneered and perfected, maintains this leadership secure.

Further, the *difference* in *value.* The means to that end is the pooling of all the human, mechanical, manufacturing and financial resources of all the units of Chrysler Motors, under one personal head, with the one object of attaining a common standard of high quality holding down overhead, sharing the results of research, experiment and engineering, increasing efficiency, and *above all, giving greater value to the buyer*

It is because Chrysler Motors cars are better-looking and greater value both in performance and in price, that public acceptance identified Chrysler Motors as the vast new economic force in the automotive industry.

The motoring world has indorsed by generous patronage Chrysler Motors accomplishment of a *better public service*

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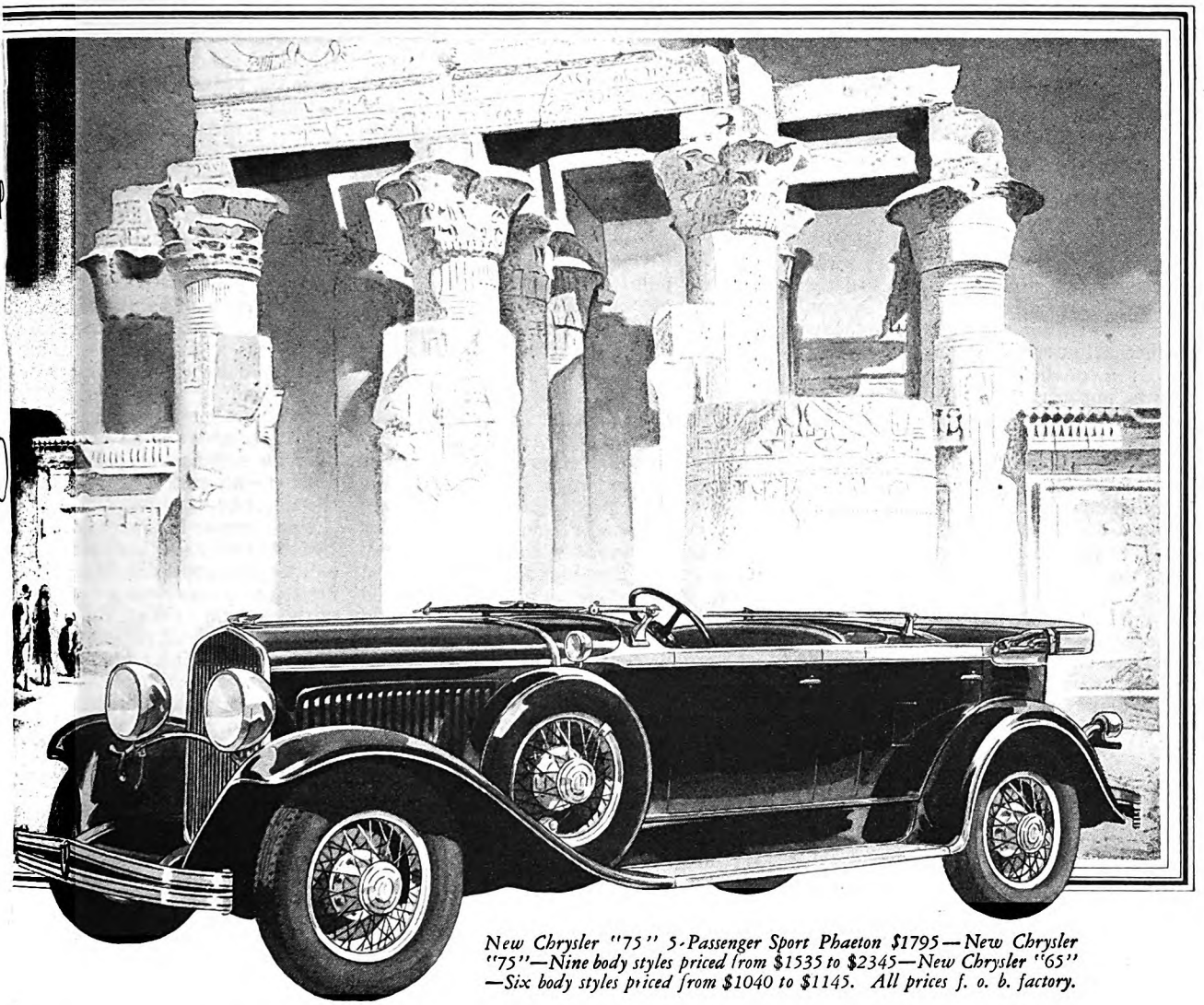

New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton $1795—New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345—New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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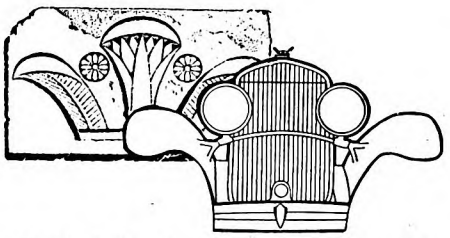
ot claiming too much to say that t significant factor in bringing to ca the automobile style leader- f the world is the original mode Chrysler introduced.

er beauty—no chance creation— cing from the origins of classic applied by Chrysler to the n motor car—is universally con- o be the most striking new thing mobile design the world has seen.

ew Chrysler smartness and obvi- le authority thus attained have uch to make Chrysler cars so e to women, as well as to men.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.

It is particularly the natural desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

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Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.

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I Am Fifty—and It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!

(*Continued from page 29*)

any signs in a human countenance which showed that its owner had been pried loose by disciplining years from our universal starting place at the center of the universe. This habit persists.

There is always a great deal of work that needs to be done, in every sort of field, if the world is to be kept from becoming quite intolerable. Hence there is a steady demand for those human qualities which seldom flower into usefulness until there are some gray hairs on the head. Not only war workers, but the whole world, loves, pathetically depends upon, and richly rewards a quality almost impossible to youth, but very natural to middle-aged tastes, and that is—dependability.

Remembering the heartfelt liking we had in our war work for the plain, middle-aged faces of the women who could be counted on to stick it out, no matter what came, I do not, now that I, myself, am a plain, middle-aged woman, feel desolately that the world has no more welcome for me.

I have now only to pay the simple price of actually carrying out what I have promised to do, and of doing my share of what there is to be done, to see in many, many human eyes a welcome, the warmth of which quite ignores gray hair and wrinkles.

A YOUNG poet would, of course, be quite horrified at my cold, resigned satisfaction. Such a welcome would to him seem the meanest substitute for that always given to rosy cheeks and supple young limbs. Have not the poets always cried out on the frightful tragedy of having been alluring once and being so no more? Yes, sure they have. But bring to mind the fact that 99.5% of good lyric poetry, especially of the somber type, is and always has been written by very young people. When they write about the horror and tragedy of leaving youth behind, they are brilliantly improvising on a subject they know nothing about. When I was their age I suppose I felt just as they do, or I would have felt so if I could have conceived of myself as ever being as old as I now am. But—at this point one of those perfectly ridiculous stories which all families acquire comes to my mind—the flat comment made by a mother of our acquaintance about the approaching marriage of a daughter who had been teaching school for years. "Yes," said the mother contentedly, "I'm glad Marion is going to be married. It'll be such a nice change for her."

As always with family stories, even absurd ones, which get quoted for a generation, there is more in this one than meets the eye. One of the many things which nobody (especially those poets) ever tells you about being middle-aged is that it is such a nice change from being young. Honestly, I mean it. Why not admit it? One of the traits of human nature about which there is absolute unanimity of opinion is its love for change, its never-failing tendency to get tired of what it has had and be ready for something new. This is not only one of the most universally recognized desires of our race, but also one of the most imperious. Food, shelter, and change—we might list thus the three most vital human needs. We must work or fight to get food and shelter. But change is provided for us effortlessly by the procession of the hours and years.

We have all seen the transition from happy childhood to youth oiled to painlessness by this pleasure in something new. Why did nobody ever tell me that if I let myself live naturally, I should slide with the same painlessness from youth to middle age just at the time when I had had about enough of youth?

WHEN you were too old to play with dolls and to spin tops, weren't you, just between ourselves, getting a little tired of dolls and tops? I was. A decree from on high permitting me to remain always at the doll-playing age would not have been received with any joy on my part as I approached adolescence. And yet no child ever more passionately loved play than I. But being human, I could have enough even of a good thing. I'd had all I really craved of hide-and-seek and tag. Now I wanted to see what it would be like to go to parties and have beaux.

It did not occur to me—this is a theme never mentioned by those always-young poets—that if it were possible to have enough of dolls and hide-and-seek, it might also be possible to have enough of going to parties and having beaux. Did I say such a possibility was never mentioned by poets? It is hotly contradicted by them.

Poets, of course, don't call things by their ordinary names. Instead of saying: "At the Thingumbobs' bridge dance a good time was had by all," they burst out with:

> Within those halls where beauty, jest,
> And song their court were wont to keep;
> Where oft with rosy feet would creep
> The dawn, while revels banished sleep. . . .

They can't even hold hands without stepping up the voltage to:

> Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
> And the loves that complete and control
> All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
> That wear out the soul.

It all sounds so shimmering, so glamorous the way they put it that their trusting readers develop a moon-calf fixation. Long after they are old enough to know better, they go on dressing and acting as if life were one perpetual, grotesque "baby-party."

Writing their verses at an age when sleep-banishing revels are the only things they are capable of enjoying, poets shudder at the notion of ever becoming fed up with that sort of thing. At the very idea, 'Their souls shrink back aghast" (as they would put it). Just as a child's would, if he could bring himself to believe he might ever so far degenerate as to prefer reading Shakespeare to playing blindman's buff. But people with some experience of life really ought to know better.

I do not mean by this comparison to belittle the glorious insanity of young love, or the child-passion for play. As well be little the beauty of moonlight and dawn It would be a tragedy to have misse either of these sacred and wildly love elements of life. But, honestly, it woul also be a tragedy never to have had any thing else. When I was a young lady- that is what we were thirty years ago— was anything but superior to the pleasur of young ladyhood. I "adored" openi the long pasteboard box which meant bouquet from an admirer. I loved mapl nut sundaes to distraction, and the never was a girl, I am sure, who mo heartily delighted in West Point hop The sound of a band—the louder a brassier the better—playing the Washin ton Post, and the advance towards over an expanse of polished floor of partner—no matter who—filled me w the sincerest rapture.

But suppose for a moment that a mi cle were performed and that I should n look as young as I did then, and should invited to dance once a week for the r of this session at West Point, as I used do. Well, with all respect for West Po cadets, if you think I'd jump at the char you'd better guess again. I'd rush int as enthusiastically as I should carry ou sentence to play tag for an hour a d The dancing—I could stand that, fo still like to dance, although I really tennis better—but all the rest of it! Co I, for my life, keep my face stra through some of the conversations I member hugely enjoying on the terrac Cullom Hall between dances. They sweet, harmless, amusing memories often think of those days as I pass up down the Hudson now, on my pro middle-aged errands all connected the hard work which is the core sustaining heart of healthy middle ag

From my train window I look up a terrace of Cullom Hall and wave gre to the girl leaning soulfully over the with a murmuring cadet beside her. a friendly greeting, but a little am and very, very resigned, not to sa lieved, to have her and her favorite an ments up there, out of my way, an cluttering up my present life with her and her bouquets.

"ENOUGH'S enough." And "eno as good as a feast"—and better. do we recognize those universally acc axioms as true about everything e the period between twenty and thir

Perhaps because traditions come very far back. Before the days of de and oculists, hygiene and balanced the period between twenty and thir time of superabundant physical vi was the only one that was compara pleasant. Before that period, you w dependent. After it, if you were a you had a toothache; failing eyes ma lag behind the rest of the tribe in hu rheumatism stiffened your sword an you began to suffer internally fro results of unspeakably bad food. woman, you were pretty well wo with much badly-cared-for childbir to speak of having lost most of you

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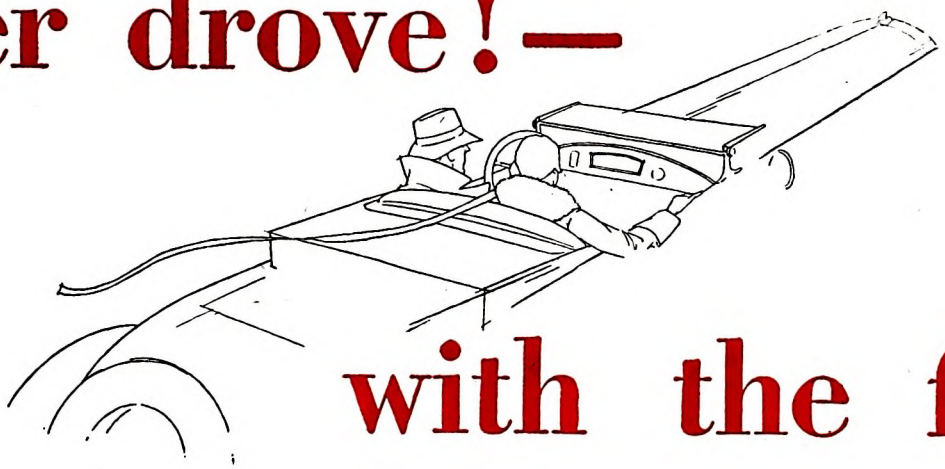

with the first-year feel in every mile

e announce the New Mobiloil—an oil so startling in performance that the superlative statements we are dy to make about it are actually conservative.

For example, when we say that with regular drain- and refilling, plus common-sense care, this New biloil will keep the first-year feel in your new ine for at least 30,000 miles, the facts are that in a at many engines the New Mobiloil has kept the t-year feel for more than twice this distance.

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Try this New Mobiloil. It will help save your good engine from growing old before its time. Mobiloil—the World's Quality Oil—is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

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IT costs nothing to make this comparison. After a seven-day trial, we feel certain you'll thank Colgate chemists for their many years of research. They've proceeded along natural, common-sense lines, creating a moisture-laden lather utterly different from the ordinary air-filled lather. New friends are being won daily to Colgate's, not by lurid claims, but by vastly superior shaves—smoother, closer shaves that last longer—keep you well-groomed from morning until midnight.

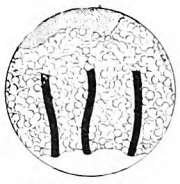
Compare with ordinary lather

We invite a critical comparison—your present lathering contrasted with the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



COLGATE LATHER
Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out by millions of men.

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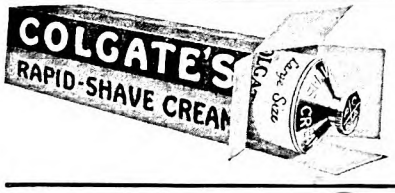
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name.....

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and hair and just about all your interest in life from lack of physical vitality.

Now, of course, a reasonable amount of physical vitality is rather necessary for the enjoyment of life. It is possible that a very great many generations of ailing thirty-to-forty-year-olds might establish a tradition that would take more to destroy than the modern two or three generations of life-enjoying, normally well, and active older people. At any rate, as late a generation as mine found the tradition of the physical forlornness of middle age, and its consequent total forlornness, entirely unquestioned. Nobody around me in my youth gave me any idea that in middle age I could still be quite naturally playing tennis, riding horseback, skating, and mountain-climbing. I cannot now imagine what I thought was going to happen to prevent my going on with that sort of fun and with the physical vitality which follows on it. What did happen, I now ask myself, to our mothers and grandmothers (for that matter, to our fathers and grandfathers) so that at fifty they never left the house except for a walk along a sidewalk? As soon as I put that question to myself, I know the answer, and so do you: *They* never did anything else when they were twenty!

IT IS true I don't engage in sports as ferociously as I did when I was twenty, and for a good reason. I don't need to, or care to. At twenty I was like nearly everybody else of that age, frightfully uncertain—half of the time at least—of deserving to be in the world at all, and frightfully anxious to prove my worth to myself in the only way youth knows—by beating somebody else at something. Like most of my contemporaries, I was not really enjoying what I did, but uneasily seeking in everything an opportunity to justify myself to myself.

Here is one of the pleasures of middle age of which nobody breathes a word to you beforehand: The deliciousness of outgrowing that neuralgia of youthful pain at being surpassed in anything! The serenity of pleasure taken in other people's accomplishments unspoiled by the aching comparison of them with our own!

This change is not due to any growth in conscious capacity for magnanimity—rather to the fact that moderately successful, healthy-minded older people have settled into the ocean level best suited to their own specific gravity; have found an excuse for existence in some job that the world seems to want done, which, after a fashion, they seem competent to do. What heartache comes to the mother, engrossed in successfully bringing up happy children, if another woman can drive a golf ball farther than she? To state such a question is to laugh at it. Yet from such things come at least half of the tragedies—real ones, too—of youth. Now, in this meditation on middle age, I encounter a quite providential fitting together of years and tastes. Just as, somehow miraculously now that I have come to the age when any fourteen-year-old boy can skate faster than I, I don't care if he does!

My gentle old uncle, when the cat had settled down to sleep in his favorite soft chair, used always to leave her there and sit on a hard chair till she woke up and went away. When we remonstrated with him, he answered, "A cat has so few

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The "Left-behinds"

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, ved unmistakable signs of failing health. His or suspected the cause at once. A searching ination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. erculosis. He was ordered to give up his ness immediately and go to a sanatorium for er treatment and care.

uncle of the young man was greatly shocked n he heard the report. It didn't seem possible it could be true. He asked for the evidence. handed him x-ray photographs which ed that his nephew's lungs were seriously ed. The uncle asked permission to show hotographs to his own doctor.

n that doctor saw the photographs he said, right thing was done. Your nephew will bly get well. Now, what have you done for an's family, especially the children? Have een examined? You have no time to lose. tuberculosis may not have made any seriroads on their health as yet, it is hardly vable that his wife and children are ly free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

ar there will be a great forward step in the battle tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the —the family and friends of the stricken person— fore the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but e disease may be latent.

tions for the prevention of tuberculosis—natate and local—will warn people of the infection ay follow living in the same household or assowith one who is suffering from tuberculosis.

Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-A—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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n the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Let them play as they learn

says famous psychologist to mothers

"THE easiest way for a mother to teach her children effective habits is to make a game of the whole thing," says Lillian M. Gilbreth, noted authority on child guidance. "Let them play as they learn."

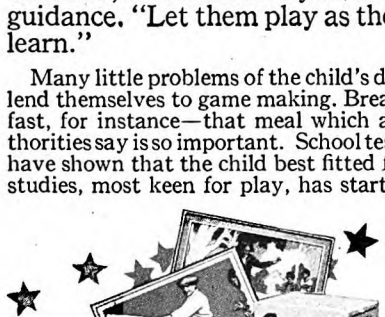
Many little problems of the child's day lend themselves to game making. Breakfast, for instance—that meal which authorities say is so important. School tests have shown that the child best fitted for studies, most keen for play, has started out with one certain thing—a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. That is why, in over 70,000 schools, this rule hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

So mothers sometimes say, "Now eat your nice hot cereal. It's so good for you."

Approached this way, youngsters have been known to give a push to their hot cereal—Cream of Wheat, or oatmeal, or whatever it is—and say "N-o-oh! I don't *want* it."

Today, coaxing is no longer necessary. The new psychology solves the problem. By making a game of *hot, cooked* cereal mothers are leading children to eat the right breakfast.



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A club that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now.

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Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy children need. All real food.
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Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

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Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name .....
First name *Last name*

Address.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

pleasures compared with those open to me." I have something of the same feeling about the boy who beats me in a race on the ice. He does *so* enjoy beating somebody. And there is so much else I can enjoy of which he doesn't dream. For one thing, right here and now on the ice, I can consciously, disinterestedly, relish the physical delights of the exercise, the miraculous knife-edge poise, the gliding speed, the tingling air, the beauties of the frosty trees. I enjoy these things far more than he does, or than I did when I was his age, freed as I now am from his single reason for being on the ice: either beating, or learning how to beat, somebody else.

Understand me, I don't at all make the preposterous claim that middle age is more enjoyable than youth; or that I enjoy my corner of the ice-pond—where my fun consists of executing neatly a few figures dependent on skill rather than strength or speed—more than that magnificent, long-legged kid out there, racing from one end of the hockey field to the other in eagle-like swoops. He is enjoying a wild, physical intoxication which gets considerably dimmed by the years. And he is not hampered as I am by the need to favor a bad knee. But as far as that goes, physical intoxication is not so wild as that of a group of quite little children who, with glowing faces of pure joy, are merrily scuffling along on a slide at one end of the pond. The point I wish to make is that we are all, in our different ways suitable to our ages, having a glorious time, and that the young couple who swing dreamily around and around, hands clasped, are not the only ones to enjoy the ice.

I USE skating, of course, as a convenient symbol for the way life is taken at different ages. Now, you will note that all those age-groups on the ice, I, the oldest, am the only one who has the notion that *everybody* is having a good time. Although the fourteen-year-old boy may be amused by "the kids without ever skates," he is not sorry for them, because he remembers that ages ago he used to joy sliding and consequently guesses they do. But it is real pity he feels for poor fish who's got tied up with a girl has to steer her around. And probably pity is even greater for the gray-haired woman sticking off there by herself in corner, who seems to think that the circles is skating. The young know, of course, that the hockey-playing boys who have not yet found their mates are having some sort of childish good time because they too, before this new year came into their lives, thought it was. But as they glance at me, I can see in young eyes the conviction that it must too awful to be so old as to have grown with your first love far behind you.

The trouble, you see, is that the young trust the future. Young people seldom They are afraid to. They are so immersed with the present that what they can now this instant seems lost forever. play at life like beginners at bridge their anxiety not to miss a trick pour out trumps and honors—anything not to lose the lead. Compared with Charge-of-the-Light-Brigade tactics spider-like seem the seasoned players carding so calmly during the early letting their opponents wreck their

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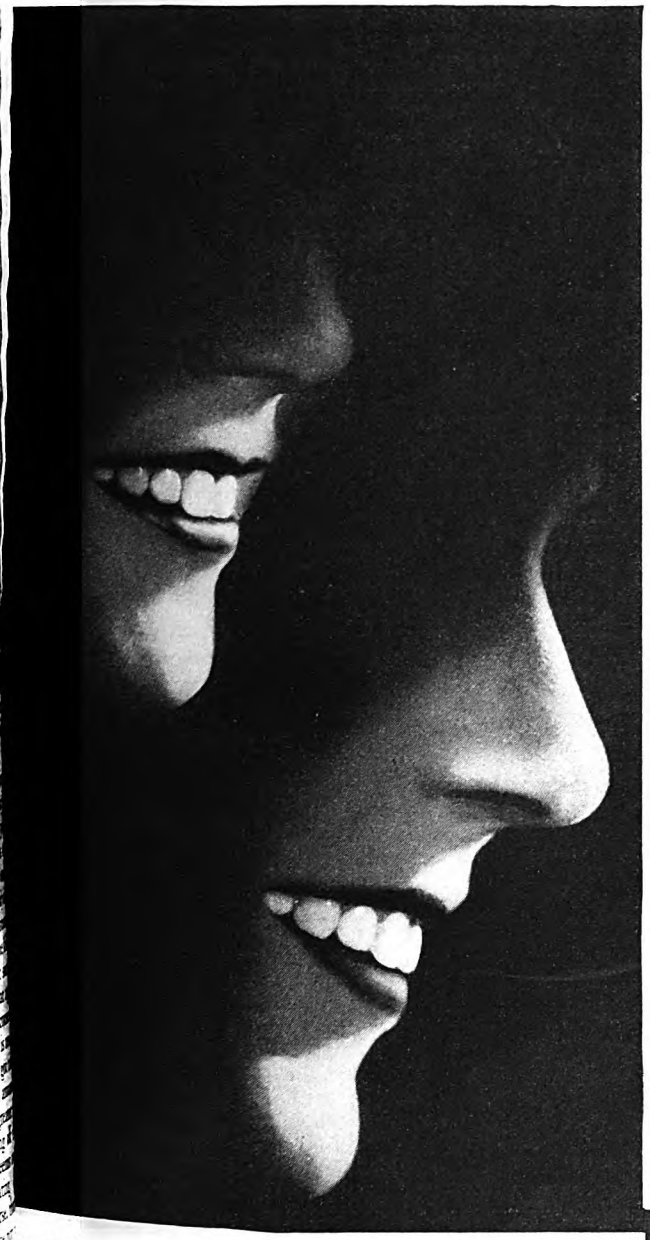
Why this penetrating foam



CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH

In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know—that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

*Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.**

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

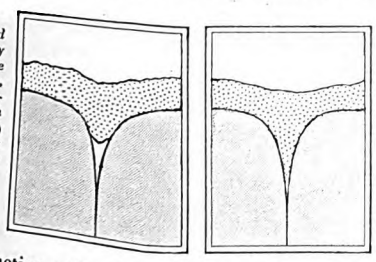
When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's, please try it. The 25c tube is economical—contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. Or, mail the coupon below for a generous free tube.

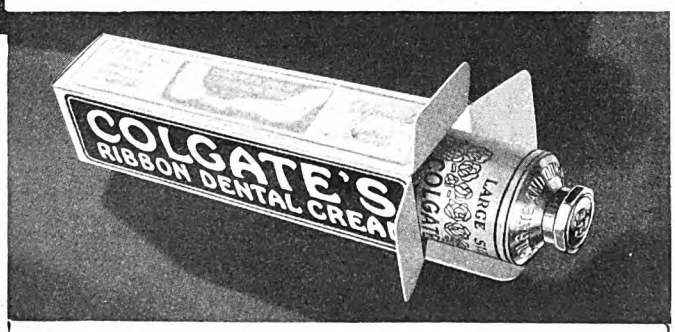
ow Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach



atly magnified ture of tiny h crevice. Note e ordinary, tgish tooth- e (having high face-tension") to penetrate n where decay start.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

The function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct an acid condition of the saliva; no dentifrice can restore the normal hardness of the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is false and misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1602, 595 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

On this page are illustrated a few distinctive examples of fine watches with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other Wadsworth models will appear in succeeding advertisements.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company, Dayton, Ky. Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

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establishing their own strength for the vital struggle.

"'Twon't last. Nothin' does," is a middle-aged dictum, abhorred by youth, that has more powers of consolation than youth can guess. When you stumble upon the middle-aged discovery that the stars in their courses do not reel on every occasion when you have made a fool of yourself, you can see that there are some compensations for stiffening joints and gray hairs. There are simply no words which can do justice to the relief which comes when you stop caring so terrifically about always appearing well to others. And yet this new freedom is only a minute part of the enormous widening of life which comes when time enables you (nothing else BUT time can do it) to make a faint guess that you are not the most important person in the world. Like Pilgrim's burden, at least half your unhappiness rolls from your bent shoulders when this great truth begins to penetrate your aging mind.

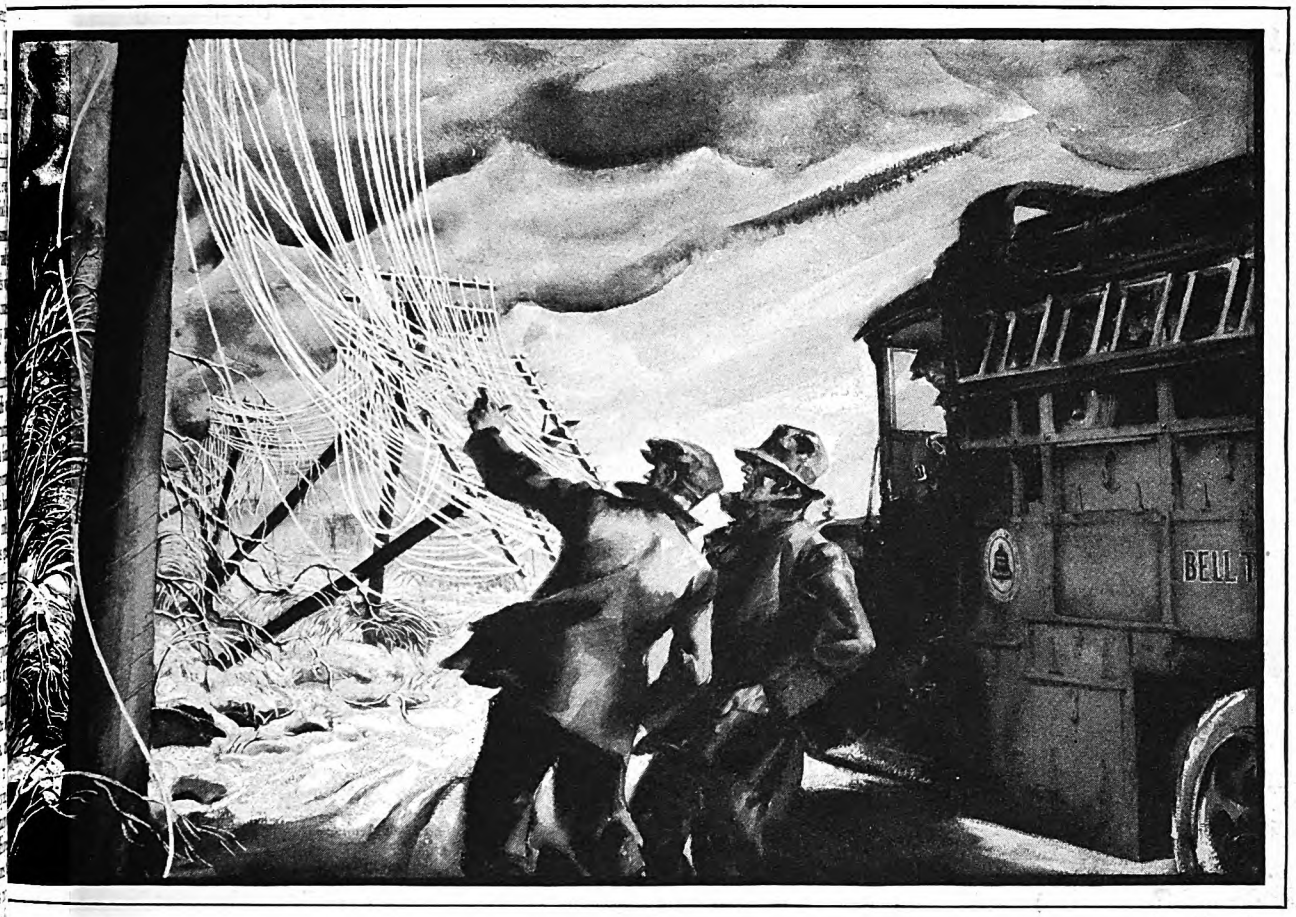
But, you ask, is it not painful to realize this? Deprived of the life-giving sense of your own supreme importance, is life worth living at all? Is it true, as people say, that youth is naturally happier than age because the one lives on hopes, the other on memories, and that while you can change hopes to suit yourself, memories persist in staying more or less the way they actually happened?

Stuff and nonsense! Hope's always left, no matter what afflictions have come out of Pandora's box. It's not a question of an age limit. From cradle to grave the favorite slogan of every mother's son and daughter is always: "I know I used to be a dub, but I've learned from my mistakes. Hereafter everything I tackle is going to go over big." Middle age has, true enough, left behind the stimuli which gave youth its zest, but it has plenty of thrills of its own—thrills which youth cannot know because youth is wrapped up in itself. There's all the difference between spending your time in a room hung with mirrors and looking out from the top of a mountain. I admit it is seldom warm and cozy on the mountain-top, but the view is, perhaps, on the whole, finer than anything that can be found in a looking-glass.

The disinterestedness in judgment, the pleasure in beauty even if you can't get something for yourself out of it, the flexible, free *interest* in the complex spectacle of life—it would be cheap to buy these qualities at the price of heart-felt sorrow over lost dancing days. But you are not called upon to buy them at any price at all. The mere passage of time provides you gratis with all these new pleasures.

BUT what about the horror of old age, its skeleton form so much nearer at fifty than at twenty? Don't you feel that you have one foot in the grave? And how can that situation be anything but terrifying?

The first answer to these questions is that the capacity for fear seems to diminish with experience of life. I can be sure only of my own case, and yet I believe, from observation, that this is nearly universal. It is a well-established fact that primitive peoples suffer much more from fear than civilized men. And I am sure that even well-cared-for, cherished children in comfortable homes know the depths of terror as few grown-ups ever can. We should go mad if we had to continue



Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

All was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a spring sky, rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and sent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews came. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13. New Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Maryland and West Virginia, 12. In record time, 1000 men were stringing insulated wire and temporary cables along the highways, on fences and on the ground.

Within 72 hours the isolated exchanges were connected and the 11,000 telephones back in service. Then, while the temporary construction carried on, neighboring Bell System warehouses poured out all needed equipment, new poles were set, new crossarms placed and new wire and cable run.

In any crisis there are no state lines in the Bell System. In all emergencies of flood or storm, as well as in the daily tasks of extending and maintaining the nation-wide network, is seen the wisdom of One Policy, One System, Universal Service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal of the Bell System. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

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Norman Rockwell tells *Jim Henry*

JIM HENRY—*famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. . . . This photograph shows him talking to Norman Rockwell, the famous painter. . . . Mr. Rockwell is seen working on a painting for the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post.*

"I can put more *Chuckles* in my pictures when I've had this COOL shave"

NORMAN ROCKWELL:—"Sure, Jim, I'll give you the dope on the artistic shave. . . I like to paint hoboes, but I certainly don't like to *look* like one. . . That's why I shave carefully—every day. . . Being a particular cuss, I've experimented with shaving creams almost as much as I've experimented with colors.

"I guess I was one of the first to try that Menthol-iced of yours. . . I don't know what's in the cream, but I do know that it gives my face a keen cool tingle that I've never had from any other shaving cream. . . There's a real kick to it! Some day, maybe, I'll do a painting of a happy shaver with his tube of Mennen. You know, Jim—that would be a self-portrait!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

THERE is a dash and a cool invigoration in Mennen Menthol-iced that is typically young—modern! The lather has a "get-up-and-go" feeling to it that fits in with young ideas. Menthol, blended into the cream by a secret process, gives your shave a mountain-air COOLNESS such as you never felt before! The minute the rich creamy lather bubbles up from the brush you'll say to yourself, "Here *is* something different!"

Dermutation Improves Shaves!

MENNEN Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams have Dermutation — a three-way shaving improvement — exclusively Mennen's. . . . Dermutation 1. Softens the beard. 2. Lubricates the razor blade. 3. Invigorates the skin. The proof is in a trial. *Send the coupon!*

After the shave—Mennen Skin Balm. *It protects the skin and removes "face shine" . . . non-greasy.* Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder that does not show. . . Great after a bath, too!*

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. D-2, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Norman Rockwell say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name.....

Address .....

live with the imaginary terrors of childhood, the awful ones we all had as children, of which we seldom spoke, but which we all remember: The Old Man who lives in the attic after dark; the Policeman who will get you; the Something lurking in the dusk that will spring out at you from behind that door. And the real terrors of childhood—the dentist, the bullying big boy, the possibility of being found out by your parents in a lie. . . . I honestly believe that if I should learn, this moment, that I had but an hour of life before me, I should be incapable of being as frightened as I have been many times in my childhood. And I was not at all a timid child.

No, fear is another thing which, for the most part, you outgrow when you are rescued by time from being the center of everything. As a little child, you, yourself, are about all you have experienced of the world, and when you are really in the grip of fear, there is nothing else, nothing, in all the universe but you and the torture you are enduring. We know this, not only from memories of our own childhood, but from the utter agony on the face of a frightened child. But when you have, stored away in your memory, years of human life, they stand by you when you, yourself, are threatened. Even the possibility, which seemed appalling to you when younger, that you, yourself, your sacred self, may be annihilated, cannot entirely blot out all that will remain—music, love, work, the aspirations of your race.

THE years have made you aware of such an infinite number of things greater than yourself that they bring down to quite endurable dimensions the thought of your possible disappearance. I think the reason we seldom in all our lives see on any grown person's face the anguish we often see on children's is that we grown-ups don't feel it. We have learned of so much else in the world besides ourselves that what happens to us, let it be what it may, *cannot* stir us to the madness of despair felt by a small child who has missed going to the circus.

This steadily continued change in human personalities explains, perhaps, why middle-aged people do not noticeably fear death more than they ever did . . . in fact, in most cases, vastly less. And as the alarm about the dullness and loneliness and misery of old age, experience has taught us, whether we will or no, something which takes the edge from that fear. Having arrived at an age which seemed to me at twenty as forlorn as eighty does to me now, and perceiving that a change in tastes and desire has gone along with change in age, I cannot help guessing that if I continue to yield myself naturally to the rhythm of the years, I shall find an inner time-table making as close and accurate a connection for me then as now.

Presumably, I shall no longer be able to skate and play tennis, perhaps not even engage in the work which now gives significance to my life. Well, many years of changing tastes behind me are a reminder that, even so, all may not be lost. Isn't it possible that (as I now look back on my youth) from some quiet corner of impersonal meditation and contemplation, my seventy-year-old self may look back at my middle-aged self rushing about energetically and give to it a friendly wave of the hand?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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urn it to colder *and it is!*

Frigidaire alone offers the new Cold Control

New Frigidaire Cold Control *speeds he freezing of ice cubes and desserts*

simple dial, with a lever turned the movement of your finger s, regulates the temperature of freezing compartment of the w Frigidaire.

Six Freezing Speeds

l this is what it does. If ice cubes needed quickly, just turn the r to "colder", and a generous ntity of full-sized Frigidaire es are frozen with even greater d. And in the freezing of des-s, this same simple device gives control of freezing time.

ffered only in Frigidaire

is just one of the mechanical riorities that make daire automatic, prac-simple and serviceable ...superiorities that have made Frigidaire the choice of more buyers than all other makes of electric refrigerators combined.

New, Low Prices

Quantity production has enabled us to offer new, low prices... and values far beyond former standards. The New Frigidaire is more beautiful than ever and unbelievably quiet. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. And the New Frigidaire can be bought today on the easiest of terms.

We want you to see the New Frigidaire and find out about the new Cold Control ...how it operates, and the added convenience it affords. We want you to learn about the many new desserts and salads that can be frozen so easily and quickly.

Send for these two books

You can get complete facts at any Frigidaire display room, or if you will mail the coupon we will gladly send you copies of the recipe book and the Frigidaire catalog without cost. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. C-102, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me copies of the Frigidaire Recipe Book and the new catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

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If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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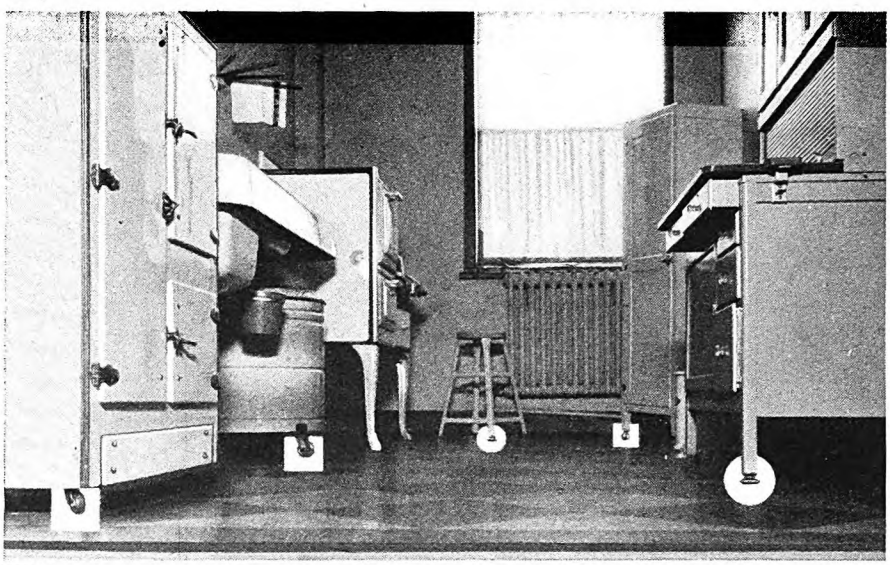
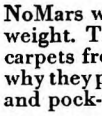


These modern linoleums cost money—protect yours with Bassicks

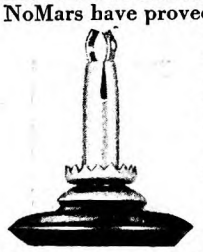
THOSE bright linoleums that liven your rooms and beautify your home. They cost money of course, but they are worth every dollar they cost. Certainly they are worth preserving. That's why linoleum men urge the use of Bassick Casters and NoMar furniture rests. They know Bassick Casters save linoleum from scratches and scars... know that NoMar Rests prevent ugly dents and breaks in linoleum where heavy furniture stands. The cost is small. They will add years to the life of your linoleum—and they lighten housework, too. Ask your hardware or house furnishing dealer—he knows.



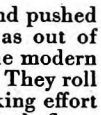
NoMar Rests—the last word in floor protection

NoMars were invented to spread furniture weight. That's why they save the pile of carpets from matting in unsightly spots—why they protect linoleum from being pitted and pock-marked.

The smooth surface of NoMars is carefully bevelled. The edges are rounded. There's not a single sharp angle to scratch, tear or cut. In kitchens, living rooms, in business offices . . . wherever floors deserve care, NoMars have proved their worth. Use the coupon below to get the whole story... or go to your hardware or house furnishing dealer for your first set.

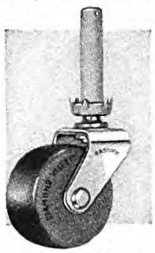


Furniture rolls so easily on Bassick Casters



Furniture that must be tugged and pushed and hauled across the floor is as out of date as the old time ox cart. The modern way is to install Bassick Casters. They roll so lightly... without back breaking effort ... without damage to the most costly floor. Can you afford to keep on pushing and dragging in this modern age?

Let us send you our new service booklet with its helpful ideas. Just clip and send the coupon. Or, better still, go to your dealer and get the Bassicks you need . . . enough for every piece of furniture that must be moved.

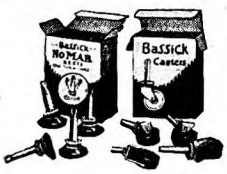


BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS

NoMars are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Four sizes for light, medium, heavy and extra heavy furniture.

Size	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Width of Base	1¼"	1½"	2"	2½"
(set of 4)	$0.75	$0.80	$1.05	$1.50



CASTERS

Bassick casters are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Many styles; three sizes, for heavy, medium and light furniture. Write for the new Bassick Caster and NoMar furniture rest booklet to guide your selection.

Bassick Casters, NoMar Rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

You may send me the illustrated new service booklet which tells where and how to use Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ *State* _____ A-2

Barbarous Barbara

(*Continued from page 33*)

A mystery cannot live long in little Evergreen, and it was soon revealed that brother Perry was indeed extremely attentive to Flora Matson's guest and second cousin from New York City. Her name, it seemed, was Rena Davidge and she was the finest flower that civilization and culture had produced up to the middle of August. Miss Davidge had not as yet decided which of the various arts and sciences she would pursue, if any, but she was living her own life and developing her personality and taking a good look at the crudely elemental cultural life of the West. Evergreen was a disappointment at first; it was crude but not so elemental as hoped. Instead of cowboys shooting up Main Street, there was a traffic cop and a stop-and-go signal.

ON THE other hand, Miss Davidge was delighted to find that this cultural desert contained one oasis, one kindred soul who liked to talk about things of the mind and spirit.

"And that," Nancy told her husband, "is none other than our Perry. Flora introduced her at the bank to cash a check and now he's around there every night talking about things that really matter. Perry says she's much more intellectual than the Matson family."

"That would be possible."

"Don't snicker, dear. Think of the position I'm in. Here I've been worrying for years for fear Perry would throw himself away for some brainless flapper, and now he's lost his head to an intellectual giantess who doesn't believe in babies. I asked him whether he wouldn't like to bring Dolly Lamport around to supper some night soon and he said he'd rather bring this Rena Davidge. He said Dolly was a perfectly nice small-town type but she lacked horizon."

"What's the matter with Dolly's horizon?"

"It's not wide enough, according to the latest report. She's short on background too."

Nicholas made a crudely elemental joke about the large amount of ground the Lamports had, both background and foreground, and was told not to be rural.

"Of course you didn't invite this Miss Davidge to supper?"

"Of course not. Cultivated people don't have supper. I invited them to dinner. Thursday night."

"But why?"

"Because I've got to look her over and see whether she will do."

"Couldn't you examine her without inviting her to s-dinner? Must you see her eat?"

Nancy held that this was one of those things which no man could get through his crudely elemental head.

"But what," asked the alarmed husband, "would I talk about?"

"Anything on earth except your darling daughter. We've got to prove that she's all wrong. I'll tuck Babsy away early and we'll pretend we haven't a descendant to ruin our lives. Of course I had to ask Flora Matson too, but she

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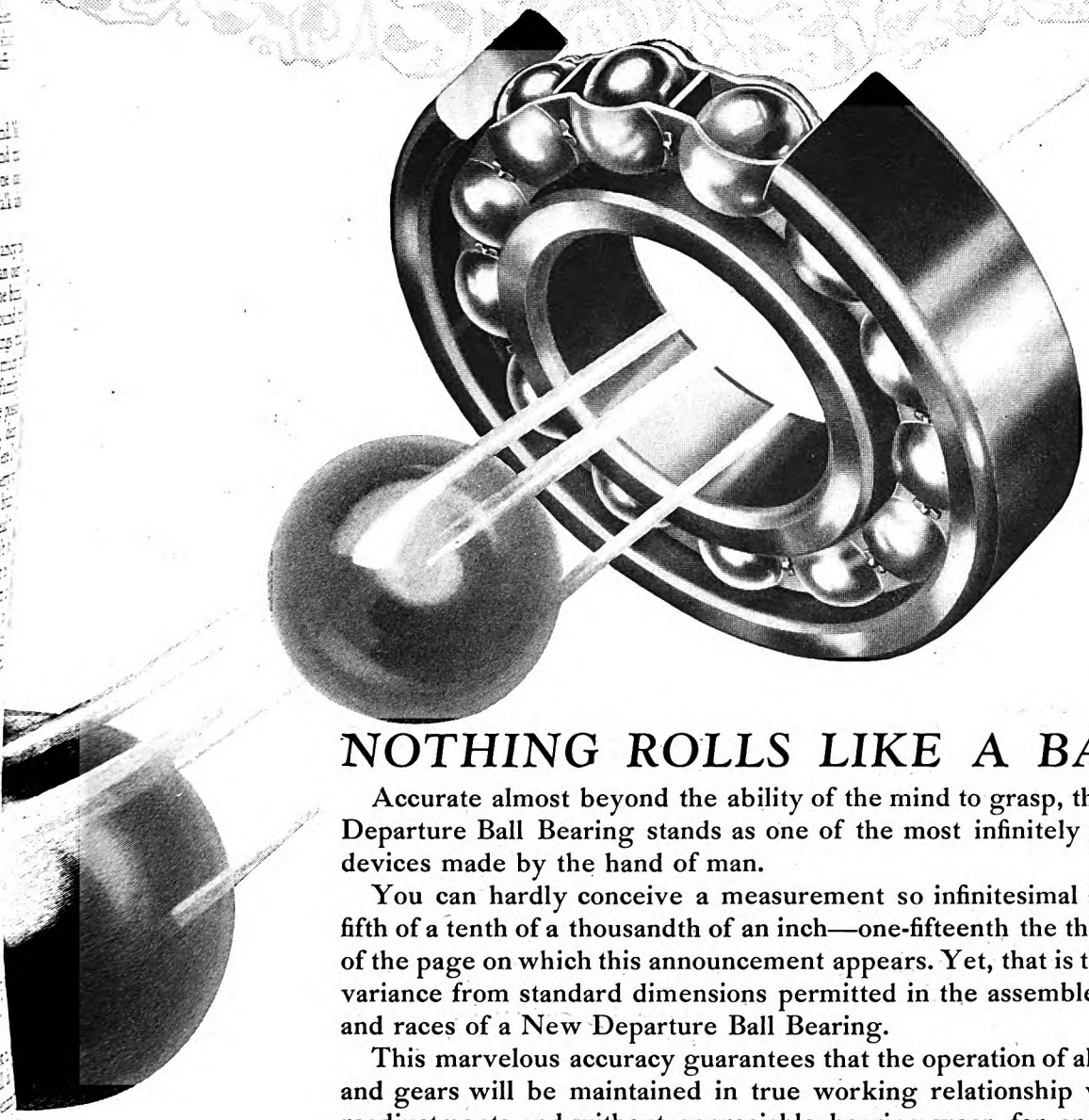
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Accurate almost beyond the ability of the mind to grasp, the New Departure Ball Bearing stands as one of the most infinitely precise devices made by the hand of man.

You can hardly conceive a measurement so infinitesimal as one-fifth of a tenth of a thousandth of an inch—one-fifteenth the thickness of the page on which this announcement appears. Yet, that is the total variance from standard dimensions permitted in the assembled balls and races of a New Departure Ball Bearing.

This marvelous accuracy guarantees that the operation of all shafts and gears will be maintained in true working relationship without readjustments and without appreciable bearing wear, for an almost indefinite period.

Whether you are a manufacturer or operator of a motor car, electric motor, machine tool or other mechanism, you benefit substantially by these rigidly maintained standards of quality, if your machines are equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.,
BRISTOL, CONN.
WORLD'S LARGEST BEARING MANUFACTURER

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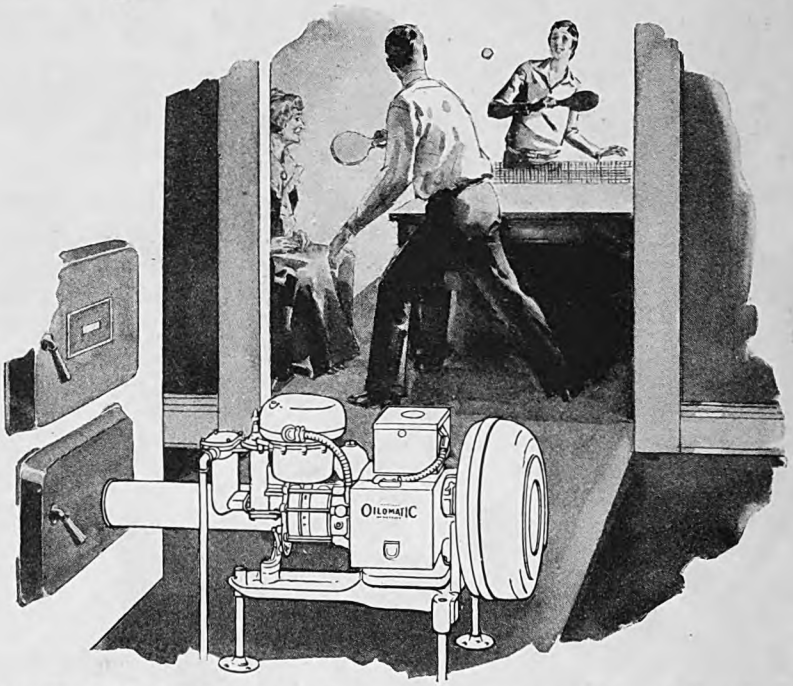
10 years

and more than 80,000 owners

beyond experiment



WILLIAMS Oil-O-Matic heats more homes than any other make of oil burner—that's your best guide in selecting oil heat.

Williams Oil-O-Matic is not an experiment—it has been thriving on the market for more than 10 years. More than 80,000 owners have tested Oil-O-Matic under practical working conditions, give it wholehearted endorsement. Architects and heating engineers approve it with enthusiasm.

Master of All Domestic Heating Tasks

Williams Oil-O-Matic is entirely automatic—takes over the entire heating job, does it without human aid—automatically turns itself on and off—maintains healthful even temperatures you desire—unusually quiet—dependable—thrifty of economy fuel—built to outlive your whole family. May be installed in your present heating system.

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Genuine Williams oil heat at a price any man can afford to pay

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clined. She said Rena and Perry didn't have to drag relatives around every place they went. So there'll be just the four of us—won't that be jolly?"

"Very jolly," replied Nicholas in the tone he used for floods, tornadoes, war, famine, and railway wrecks. He made one last protest against this outrage. "They probably don't want to come to this s-dinner any more than we want to give it."

"What," asked Nancy, "would become of social life if people did only what they pleased? You're as bad as Barbara."

THE fatal Thursday dawned hot and humid, and Barbara's voice rose with the sun. She promptly took charge of Nancy's busy day and did her best to ruin it. Perhaps it was the heat, but it seemed as the baby foresaw her evening's banishment from civilized society and took revenge in advance by making trouble in all the dear familiar ways and inventing new ones, such as climbing on a chair and upsetting a water-filled vase of flowers.

When Nancy, in desperation, put the little nuisance out into the back yard, Barbara retaliated by getting stung by a bee. Before her hectic day was over, Nancy was willing to admit for the first time that being the mother of this maiden was a full-time job and left no room for giving parties.

To add a charming little touch to the day, Mr. Sam Chatfield chose this occasion to say that the time was now more than ripe for a substantial payment on the butcher bill. At six o'clock the ice cream had not yet come and Nicholas had to telephone and use threatening language. Barbara had to be put away earlier than usual (against her better judgment) and Nicholas had to be told three times it was time to dress for dinner. Nancy had made her brother and husband agree to wear their tuxedo coats by the simple device of telling each that the other would. In the final race with time, when every moment was precious, Perry brought his first friend ten minutes too early. Nancy had to greet them in her apron and cook's complexion and then set them aside to cool on the porch.

"Why didn't she stay in the cultured East and let us alone?" she asked her husband, who was cracking the ice. Nicholas did not pretend to know the answer to that one.

"As far as I am concerned," he said, "she is as welcome here as the whooping cough."

Yet when the four young people had assembled, it suddenly seemed worth the trouble. Out of the difficult circumstances Nancy had achieved a table bright with flowers, candles, and gleaming wedding silver, and a collation of cool salads and iced coffee fit for an August night. Perry was in his element, proud of his guests, his sister, and even his brother-in-law. The two men, on their best behavior, steered clear of controversial subjects and didn't fight at all.

Nicholas showed splendid self-control under provocation. Miss Davidge asked:

"You have a baby, haven't you, Mr. Folger?" While Perry creaked uneasily in his chair, Nicholas hesitated a moment and answered: "Yes." He managed to convey by his manner: "Now that you mention it, I believe we have." He

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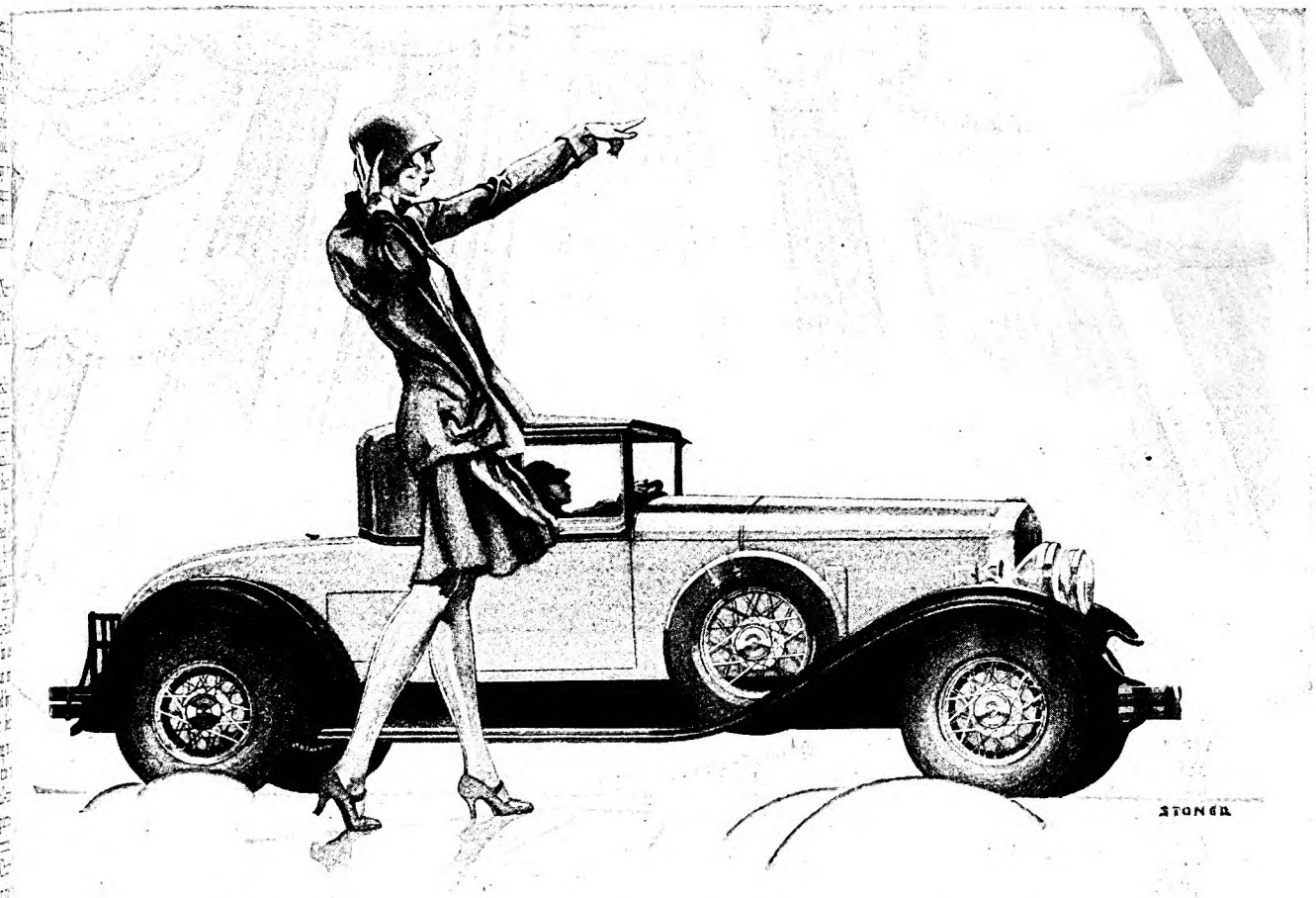

Youth and progressive Americans acclaim the AIRPLANE FEEL of air-cooled motoring

ENTHUSIASM is running high! Everywhere you hear, "Have you tried the airplane feel of the new Franklin?"

Those who have experienced this amazing new-type performance agree that the air-cooled motoring of the new Franklin—with its greater power, faster acceleration, ability to maintain high speeds continuously, greater efficiency and complete reliability—is the most forward step in automobile travel since Franklin introduced the first six-cylinder engine.

Today—with the magnificent beauty, the luxurious interiors, the restful comfort and thrilling performance of Franklin—the sensational low prices have established new fine-car standards which are revising all previous conceptions of motor car value. See these astonishing new cars—then if you will take one ride you will have a new appreciation of quality-car ownership—you will know the unique *airplane feel* of driving a Franklin.

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FRANKLIN

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Widespread interest in newly discovered health value of Japan Tea

Many thousands are now profiting by this simple safeguard against several common maladies

It has created widespread interest — this recently discovered health value in simple Japan green tea. Day after day letters come pouring in to us from every state in the union.

So many men and women suffer from these everyday minor maladies. So many are glad to learn that flavor-laden cups of good old Japan green tea are a protection against them. Scientists now know that this familiar tea is rich in the precious food element Vitamin C—an element which is lacking in most of the foods which we eat.

"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

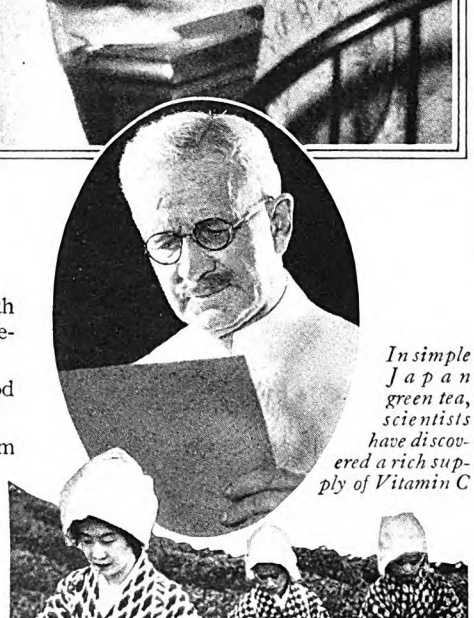
Everyday ailments

Loss of energy that so often brings with it lethargy, lowered vitality, poor appetite, sleeplessness, nervousness.

A sallow, muddy skin that mars good looks.

Pains in the joints and limbs that seem like rheumatism.

To many who suffer from these ailments, the discovery about Japan green tea has come as welcome news. Good old Japan green tea is certainly no sovereign remedy. But today it is known to be rich in precious Vitamin C—a protection against these maladies.



In simple Japan green tea, scientists have discovered a rich supply of Vitamin C

Try this simple plan

Only a small group of foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a few fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan green tea that grocers sell brings an abundance of it.

If you are "run down" and easily tired out, if your complexion is sallow, if you are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains, try this simple plan: Drink tempting, fragrant cups of Japan green tea, *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich supply of Vitamin C. In a few weeks you will probably feel more vigorous, more healthy —and look it, as well. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in this country, Japan green tea comes in several grades — in packages under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Bldg., Chicago.

not show pictures of his treasure nor give out any of her vital statistics. Instead, he remarked: "I suppose you find Evergreen quite different from New York." Not a brilliant observation, perhaps, but it would serve as a subject-changer. Perry looked relieved as they skated safely over the improper dinner-table topic of Barbara.

It was not exactly a feast of reason and a flow of soul. If Rena Davidge was an intellectual light, she kept her dimmers on so as not to dazzle persons with limited backgrounds and horizons. Through all this excessive politeness the two possible sisters-in-law were sizing each other up. Both knew this, yet the surface was as smooth as a mill pond. It is a gift women have.

Nancy honestly tried to be tolerant, but her verdict was unfavorable. She did not believe that Rena Davidge was an intellectual giantess, if she did wear wise horn-rimmed glasses and flat-heeled shoes. "How could Perry, with a good fighting chance for Dolly Lamport, think of marrying that girl? And spending a lifetime with that laugh?"

That laugh was not Miss Davidge's best feature. It was a mirthless little explosion that seemed insincere.

"That reminds me," Nicholas was saying, "—well, no it doesn't either. Excuse it, please."

"The poor dear," thought Nancy, "wanted to tell that cute thing that Babsy said."

Miss Davidge's explosion was a little louder than usual. It rang through the ruined house that had once been a home. From somewhere in the upper regions came a bitter cry of protest.

"I'll just step up and quiet her," said Nicholas. "Pardon me."

"He always welcomes an excuse to take a look at his child," Nancy explained. "Perry thinks he's weak-minded on the subject."

"The daughter fixation, of course," said Rena Davidge, and dropped the subject as too deep for Evergreenhorns.

After the guests had departed, Nicholas made this point in trying to explain his conduct:

"In the first place, she brought it all on herself by waking Barbara up with her cackle."

"And in the second place," Nancy replied, "you couldn't stand it any longer and had to show off."

But what was this crime against civilization and culture that Nicholas had committed? When he went upstairs to put a muffler on his noisy daughter, it was obvious to society that he was not succeeding notably. If anything, the bitter cry of Barbara was louder than ever, for Nicholas had neglected to close the door of the Imperial Bedchamber. Perry mopped his face desperately and said that it certainly was hot. But after about five minutes, the distressing noise ceased and presently one could hear the sound of Nick's oversized feet descending the creaky stairway. It seemed as if this minor social crisis was safely passed.

Nancy saw a look of relief upon the face of her fastidious brother; then suddenly his mouth opened in astonishment and he flushed to the very tips of his ears. She had to turn half around to see her in

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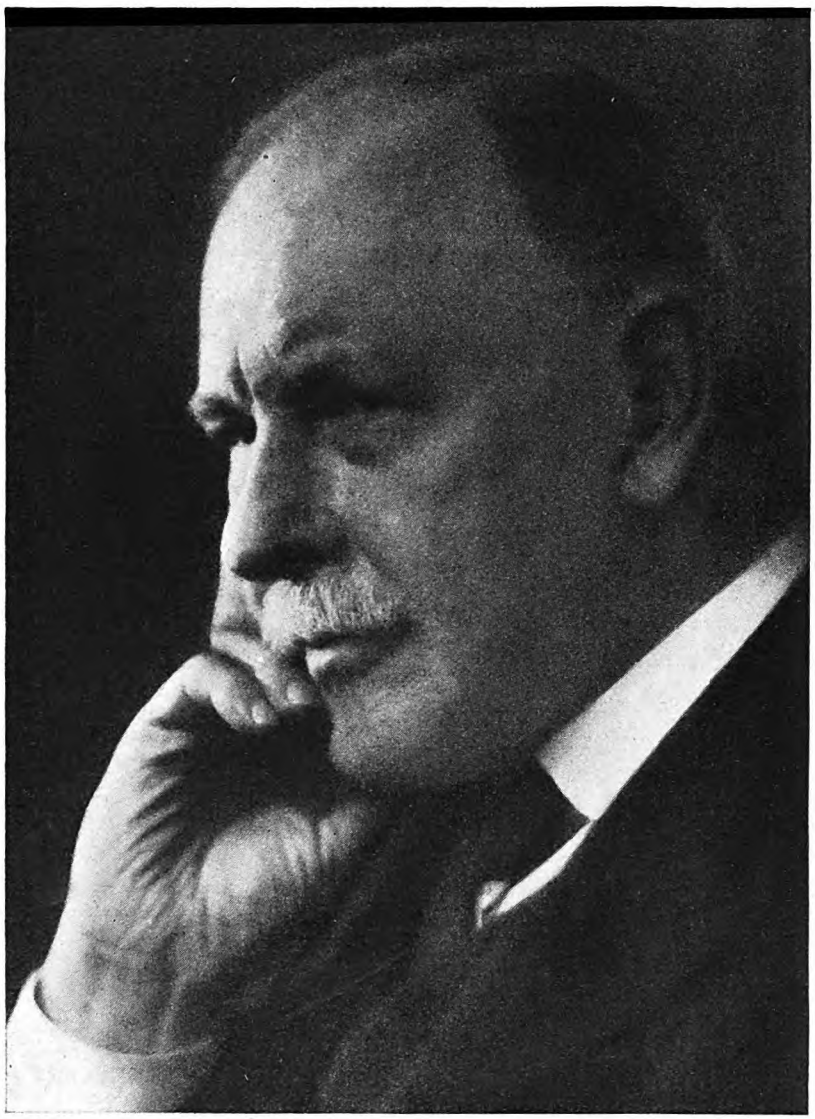
I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

ean H. H. RUSBY, M.D.

Professor of Physiology in America's largest university



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

ROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica nd Dean of the Faculty in the College of harmacy, Columbia University. Formerly rofessor of Materia Medica, University and ellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, nd expert on medicines for U. S. government.

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R. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American cal world. His contributions to the ical literature of medicine are monu- al. Today he is a distinguished dean professor of physiology at Columbia ersity.

r 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, is been teaching and expounding the of yeast as a natural food-corrective onstipation. And in corroboration, a t survey in the United States showed half the doctors reporting prescribed yeast as the great corrective food for ed intestines and related ills.

ischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike or killed yeast, it contains millions of active yeast plants. As these live plants pass through your system they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

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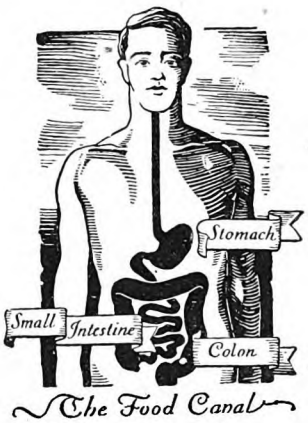
For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-63, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of ills start, as intestinal poisons flood the system! But here yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy.

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Brings a new meaning of "QUIET"

1 SILENT POWER: Simple, vibrationless, quiet, even when starting and stopping. You need never give a thought to it.

2 A COLD-KEEPER: A wonderful economy feature of the Kelvinator. Acts as a constant reservoir of cold.

3 A TEMPERATURE WATCHMAN: Your Kelvinator will always maintain an even temperature. Never high enough to permit harmful bacterial growth—never low enough to freeze and spoil your food.

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5 BEAUTY: The New Kelvinators are beautiful. Simple, yet distinctive, with a marvelous finish. Fitted with handsome, powerful hardware that will gleam cheerfully through the years.

6 UNUSUAL DESSERTS: Kelvinators are generously powered. They provide an ample supply of ice. And there is also plenty of room to prepare dainty desserts for every meal.

You can't believe your ears when you first hear the New Kelvinator running. It is so quiet that you can scarcely realize that here is machinery that is working. For the Kelvinator engineers have achieved a new standard of quietness.

This quietness is typical of the wonderful perfection in the construction of the New Kelvinators. Dependability, sturdiness, convenience, beauty, long life—all the qualities which have made Kelvinator the accepted standard everywhere, have been developed to an amazing degree in this remarkable new machine.

In truth, the New Kelvinators should be seen to be appreciated. Ask the nearest dealer to explain their many points of superiority. Let him tell you, too, of their remarkably reasonable prices. And of the generous terms on which they can be installed. You will be most pleasantly surprised. Let us send you our interesting, free booklet, "The Effect of Refrigeration Temperature on Food and Health." Simply send your name and address to the Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich., or to Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario.

THE NEW KELVINATOR

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

coming husband. There was a look of fatuous pride upon his honest face, and in his arms the finest infant in circulation, tropically clad in a single garment about as big as a special delivery stamp.

Thereupon Nancy's polite little party collapsed in hideous ruin and combustion. Rena Davidge said: "How cunning!" and exploded one of her artificial laughs. Barbara looked at the author of this queer noise and a look of pleasure came upon her tear-stained face. In all her twenty crudely elemental months she had never seen anything like this goggle-eyed creature which emitted fascinating rackets. She stretched dimpled, chubby arms toward the mysterious stranger and fervently cried: "Glue!"

"And then you," said Nancy in the post-mortem, "after all you had been told had to go and hand that baby to Rena Davidge. You didn't even stop to wipe her sloppy face—I mean Babsy's."

"How did I know she was going to kick the lady in the chin?"

Nancy with difficulty repressed a smile; evidently this atrocity was not without its pleasing side. The truth, of course, was that Babsy was simply indulging her new passion for having her foot kissed. She showed speed but little control and the darling foot caught the culture fiend on the chin and jarred her equanimity. Uncle Perry gave a cry of anguish that was practically a groan. He looked at the floor as if hoping that it would open and swallow him up, but the Folger home was not equipped with any such convenience. He just sat and suffered while his half-witted brother-in-law deposited the almost naked baby in his lady friend's arms.

Miss Davidge tried to do the right thing by this wriggling creature, but her heart was not in her work. Barbara reached for her spectacles, grabbed the silverware, tried to help her eat her ice cream. When Nancy removed the offensive infant, Barbara set up a howl and refused to be comforted. She had no interest in mother, father, or Uncle Perry. She lavished her unrequited affections upon the girl from New York. At the earliest possible moment the guests took their departure so that the Folgers could put their pest to bed. Miss Davidge's polite adieu was frosty, and Perry's face bore the look of one sorely stricken.

"It ought to show him what kind of girl she is." Nicholas had removed some of his finery and was now helping with the dishes. "There's something wrong with any woman who doesn't love babies."

"Yes, but look how it proves her theories—how babies destroy culture and civilization. I'll bet she's got Perry tied up tighter than ever. It will be a long time before we see him at this house in ruin again."

It *was* a long time—to be accurate, it was two hours. The last chore had been done and Nancy and Nicholas, tired and depressed, had decided to call it a day when the bell rang and Perry hailed them through the screen door:

"Not gone to bed yet? May I come in?"

"Now, look here, kid," said Nicholas, "if you've come here to bawl us out, you can beat it. Nancy is too tired to stand anything more tonight. I made a big mistake; let it go at that."

"No, no, Nick; it's all right. Everyt

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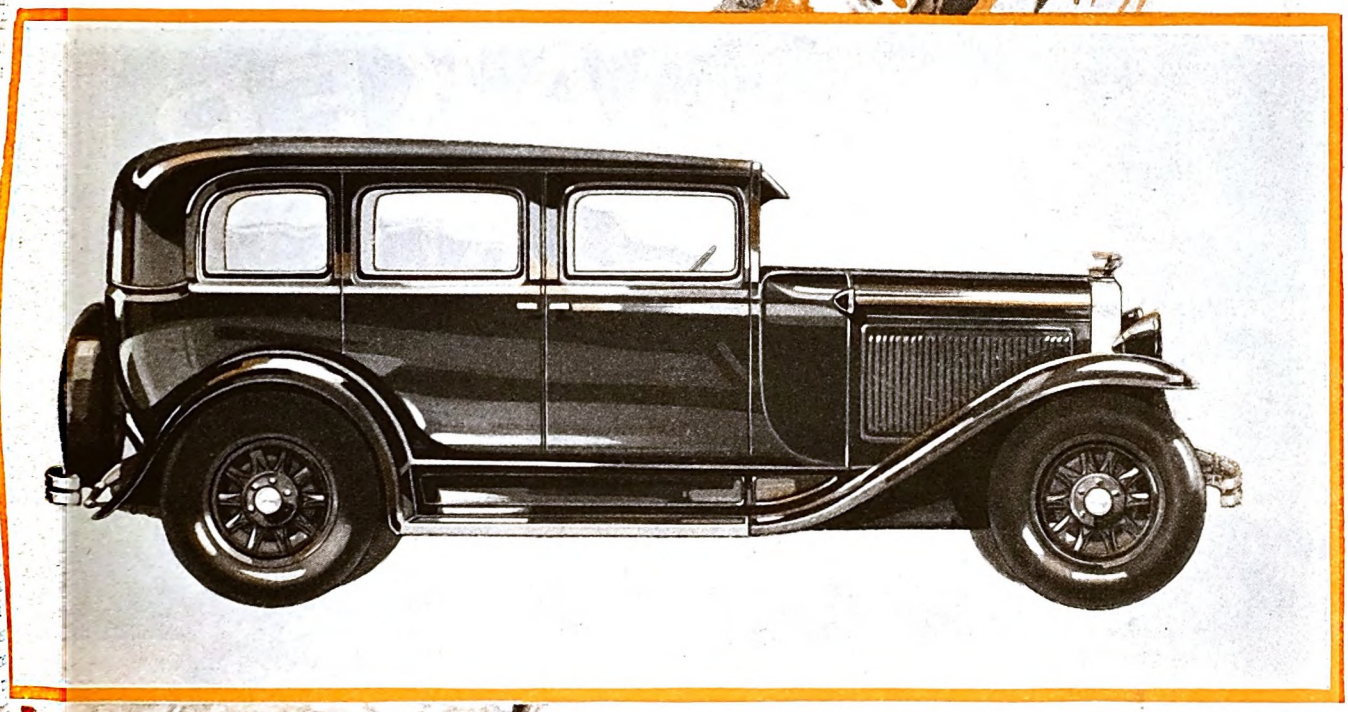
It Even Has That Big Car "Feel"



Body by Fisher

The New Pontiac Big Six has the long, low lines and the graceful proportions of a big car. It has the speed, acceleration and ratio of power to weight that give it big car performance. It has still another big car advantage which is equally important in winning the whole-hearted approval of that great group of progressive Americans who form its market. It even has that big car "feel."

The New Pontiac Big Six has this "feel" because it is powered by a big, new L-head engine with a larger, highly perfected carburetor and because its mechanical features include the famous Harmonic Balancer, a counter-weighted crankshaft, balanced rotating parts, the G-M-R cylinder head, the Hotchkiss drive, noiseless, protected internal four-wheel brakes and others too numerous to name.

Its big car "feel" is one more advantage which is attracting forward-looking people to the New Pontiac Big Six. It is one more proof that now you can *step up* in motor car quality without leaving the low-price field.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH.

The New PONTIAC BIG SIX

$745 2-DOOR SEDAN

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WHEN thee sees this sign by the highway, it reminds thee that Quaker State Motor Oil may be obtained nearby. This oil, my friend, will prove a boon to thy motor.

For "There is an extra quart in every gallon." Let me explain this to thee:

Quaker State Motor Oil is put through a special process of refining, beyond the point where the refiner ordinarily leaves off. By this added process a quart or more of material, of little or no value to thy motor, is removed from each gallon. So in a gallon of Quaker State thee gets none of the usual waste, but four full quarts of lubricant—in truth, an *extra* quart!

It will be well for thee to know, also, that Quaker State Motor Oils are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude, the value of which is two to three times as much as that of the crudes from which most motor oils are made.

It is the part of thrift, then, for thee to seek out Quaker State filling stations. At these stations, thee indeed gets more than thy money's worth, and gives thy motor a treat in the bargain!

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

35¢ PER QUART

Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make and type of tractor a longer life and a merrier one.

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ll right. I'm the luckiest guy in the
ld!" It was dear that here was a
ing man who was master of his fate
I ca ptain of his so ul.
Wh at happened, Perry?" asked Nancy
erably.
We ll, Rena was pretty sore when we
her e and I had to stand a lot of snooty
: lik e, 'Aren't fathers funny? They all
k t heir own babies are the best that
t liv ed,' and stuff like that. Then, about
time we got to the Matsons' gate
started to high-hat Sis. She said Nancy
a perfectly nice domestic type but—"
She can go chase herself," said Nich-

That," answered Perry, "is what I
her. And she did so. I'd swallowed
s long as she stuck to Nick and Bar-
n. But Sis—well, that will be all about
a. As I said to Dolly Lamport—"
Wait a minute," Nancy interrupted.
of a sudden you're dragging in *Dolly*."
Well, of course I had to go around and
Dolly what a darn fool I'd been lately,
there she was sitting on the front
h. She was sweet about Rena up to
e I told how Barbara came in and
ed her dinner, and then she said:
you mean to tell me she wouldn't
er hold that baby than eat? The girl
be a nut!' Dolly says that's the
t baby in the Mississippi Valley. I
you it made me pretty proud to be the
e of Barbara!"
icholas started to make an ill-natured
rk but was suppressed by his wife,
now grabbed her brother by the wrist.
Don't be so long-winded, dear. Are
rying to tell us that Dolly has prom-
to—?"
Yes, Nance. I asked her before, but
ut me off, and now she says maybe
better before I get caught by some
witted lady who doesn't know a
grade baby when she sees one. I
she's really marrying me for the
"

CHOLAS stopped pumping his broth-
er-in-law's hand and asked: "What
u mean, title?"
Aunt Dolly.' She says we must buy
se here in the block so she can run
ery few minutes and kiss her niece's
ng foot. Mr. Lamport says all right,
ake that up in the morning with his
lawyer." Perry poked his brother-
in the ribs. "Meaning the Old
"

nle the attorney for the Lamport
sts basked in his new honors, Perry
d his sister to his pleated bosom.
m very happy," said Nancy. "She's
nderful, big-hearted, whole-souled
d she's got more brains than a dozen
Davidges. I'll turn you over to her
row. That mothering job is done."
was just a suspicion of a sob in her

very hing will be easier now, Sis.
be very jolly here. We'll have
ter and music and dancing—" he
his voice in an old fox trot they used
e and they swung into the familiar
m.
—" said Nicholas, but the warning
me too late. From the chamber up-
came a long wail of protest. Her
Imperial Majestic Highness was
g down another decree!

* * * * *

Their vacation fare bought this fine car

LAST YEAR the Lymans went to a summer resort on the train. This year the family invested their vacation railroad fare in a good Pledge-backed car and will drive through Canada on their vacation—as well as enjoy short trips many week ends.

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1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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MAYOR WALKER CHRISTENS AS NEW YORK THRONGS

15 Cars, 19 Pilots Start Gruelling Transcontinental Run

Carry Nation's Good Will Greetings Across Country to Los Angeles' Mayor

60 Goodrich Tires Bear Brunt of Coast-to-Coast Battle Against Roads

Massed thousands craned curious necks and watched in City Hall Park . . . Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, lifted the traditional bottle . . . Fifteen cars, gleaming in new, fresh dress of silver paint, stood waiting, engines throttled down.

Crash! The bottle smashed on the radiator of the foremost car. A cheer rose from thousands of throats.

The Silver Fleet was christened!

Little time was spent in ceremony. Mayor Walker shook hands with the fleet commander. Signed New York's "good will" greeting to the Mayor of Los Angeles.

Pilots slid behind their wheels. Engines hummed a higher tune.

Then, one by one, like airplanes taking off, the cars wheeled into line, swung away on the first leg of a journey lasting many months . . .

Dramatically, thus began the most thrilling endurance demonstration any manufacturer has ever undertaken.

Not a demonstration of cars . . . but of the tires they roll on!

Not a single car . . . but fifteen . . . stock models of the leading makes.

A dramatic performance run . . . to demonstrate stamina . . . wear . . . durability . . . in the face of over whelming odds.

Down the Atlantic Coast to Florida the fleet will swing. Around the Gu to New Orleans. Across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona . . . into Californi

Then back . . . in a zig-zag cours across the country, that multiplies th continent's width many times.

Months of the most gruelling tir punishment the Fleet pilots can find

Through every climate, every wea ther, the country knows. Over road the nation boasts about . . . and over back trails where only trouble is en countered.

Through slush and snow, rain an mud. Ice-sharpened ruts and glassy wet asphalt. Cold and snow in th mountains. Heat and sand in the des ert. Good roads . . . bad roads . . . n roads . . . but always plugging on, de

CRASH! THE FLEET I New York ceremony snapped ju traditional bottle over the Fla

"BETTER GO THIS WAY!" *A native advises a better route . . . but the pilots can't be swerved from their course. A closed road means a tough road . . . so the Fleet rolls on! That's just the kind of going they're looking for.*

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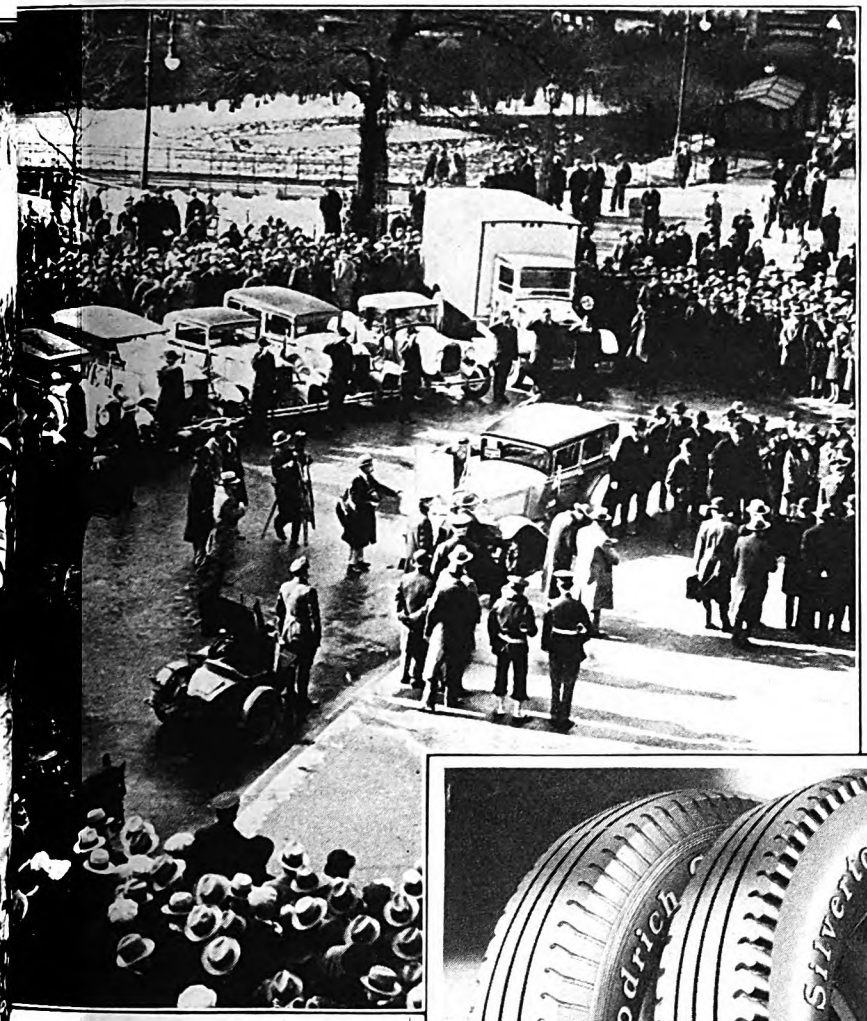
THE SILVER FLEET CHEER OFFICIAL SEND-OFF



IRISTENED (above). Here's ore Mayor Walker broke the ip of the Silver Fleet.

erately seeking the hardest test of an and car and tire . . .

And why?

Simply that you and your fel- w motorists everywhere may have ought home to you . . . conclusively! . the sort of stamina that is built to every Goodrich Tire!

That you may follow, month after onth, the record of Goodrich Tires *der far harder service conditions than u will ever have to face!*

That you may see, in short, proof of e unsurpassed dollar value of the es bearing the Goodrich name.

Talk to your Goodrich dealer about the Silver Fleet. Ask him about its schedule . . . when it will arrive in your city. See the same tires that the Silver Fleet rolls on . . . identical casings directly from his stock. Let him point out why Goodrich can undertake such a tour.

Then when the Silver Fleet rolls in . . . be on hand! Pick out the companion car to the one you drive. Talk to its pilot. Watch his demonstration. Ask him about the conditions he has had to face . . . and contrast them with your own.

Lieut. H. R. Schaeffer, Fleet Commander

In the meantime, you can follow the thrilling progress of the Silver Fleet in the pages of this magazine.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements. Silvertown De Luxe, for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the nation—the choice of millions of car owners. Goodrich Cavalier, a new low-priced, high quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Ask your Goodrich dealer to show you these tires. He carries the size you need in stock.

Goodrich Silvertowns

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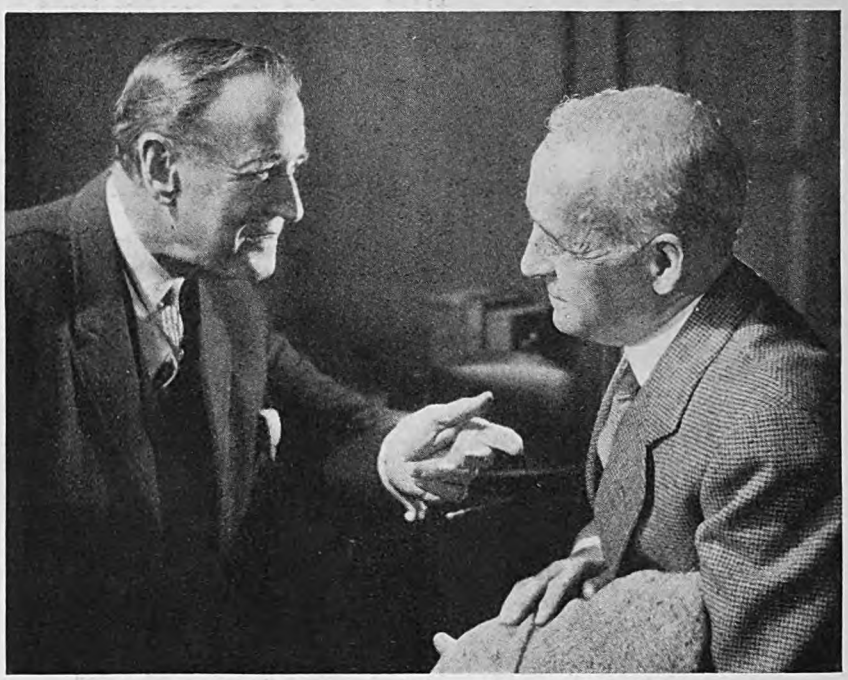
Have You Tried This *Drugless* Way To Instant Sleep?



Induces Immediate Sleep . . . Makes You Feel Like a New Person All Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 50 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day; Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. A-13
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*)

The Lord of the Air

(*Continued from page 39*)

the latter was, so he declared, a coward and a pirate.

Franklin did not in this matter display the practical wisdom which generally distinguished him. The bald eagle is not a coward. Franklin saw the tiny kingbird attack the eagle with impunity, and he apparently forgot those occasions when he himself had beaten a hasty retreat before an angry bee or wasp. The philosopher was equally unjust when he undertook to apply the principles of human ethics to an animal far removed from the human species, even so highly developed an animal as the eagle. If we do this consistently, we shall soon find that only the weakest and most helpless animals are commendable, since the stronger and abler ones make ruthless use of their strength and speed.

THE eagle is king and he enforces his sovereignty. He is the mighty, the irresistible, lord of the air; and he acts the part, and acts it boldly without apologies to anyone. If we must blame someone for it, we must blame, not the eagle, but Nature herself, who gave the privileges of kingship to the swift and the strong. The larger, more important truth, which Franklin missed entirely, is, of course, that the eagle cannot be conceived of and comprehended within the limits of its natural history.

The eagle, the whole eagle race, has been lifted far above fact, far above biological actuality, by the tradition, the poetry, the immeasurable glamour of all that it has signified in the past. It is not the eagle of the naturalists who sits above our standard; it is the eagle of song and story, the eagle of legend and history, the great bird of proud and dauntless mien which, through many centuries, has typified strength and swiftness and all the virile attributes of the warrior, that mien which for us typifies, above all else, freedom.

Let us, however, get back to the eagle of flesh and blood, the bald eagle as he actually is in life. He, also, is a fine bird though perhaps not so perfect as the sublimated eagle of legend, and it is high time we knew him better. The bald eagle is really abundant only in certain regions generally near the coasts; yet he occurs fairly frequently in many parts of the United States.

There is no well-authenticated instance of a bald eagle's carrying off a child; he comparatively seldom nests on crags (in this respect he has been confused with the golden eagle) but nearly always builds his nest in trees; he does not feed habitually upon lambs and kids, though he has been known in certain thinly settled regions to kill these animals. As a rule his diet consists of fish, varied, especially in winter, with waterfowl such as wild ducks and coots, and he is always more abundant near the sea than in the rugged mountain fastnesses where the average man pictures him. It is not true that eagles disdain all food except that which is completely fresh, or that their refined nostrils cannot tolerate the smell

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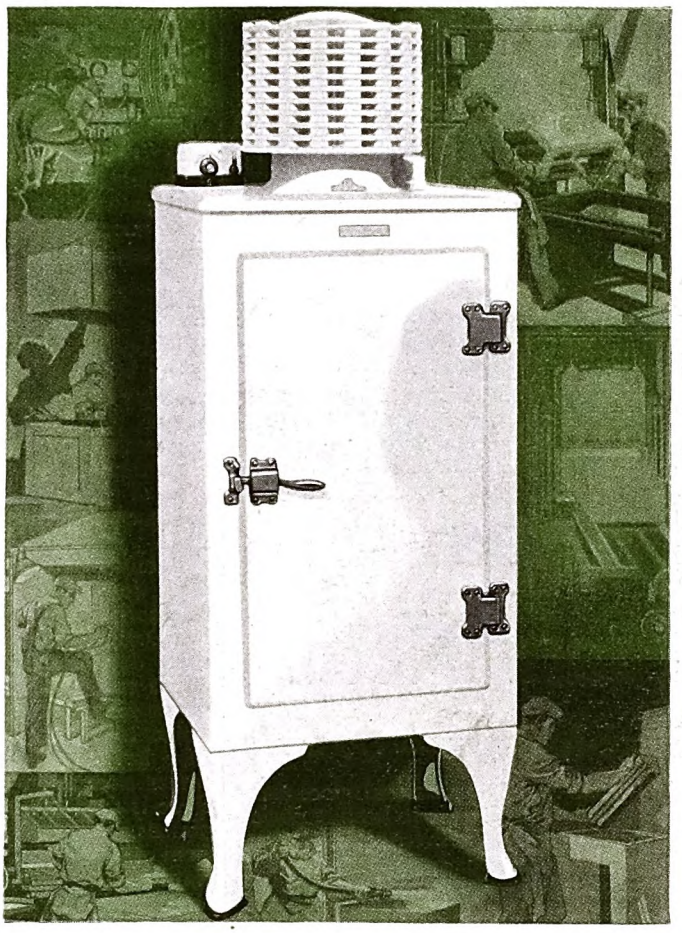
General Electric presents

the first All-steel Refrigerator

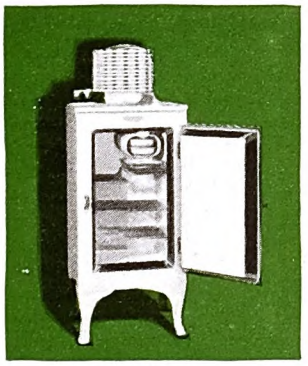


A new small-family model at the very low price of

$215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements ne engineers and scientists of the General Electric arch Laboratories. The same group of men who, after n years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the her- ally sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrig- r, have now designed and built the first all-steel re- ator cabinet. This marks the greatest improvement during thirty years, in esign and construction usehold cabinets.

DESIGN—MADE IN EW WAY . . . General ic has made a large in- ent in new machinery. presses had to be de- l and built to cut the bend it into shape and together the folded But it has achieved rpose. Its aim was, by roduction, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach—$215 at the factory.



All steel, with electrically welded joints. Heavy hardware, bolted into the steel. Black faced door edges, self-closing latch, gliders to protect linoleum, and many other unique features.

$215—WITH CONVENIENTLY SPACED PAYMENTS . . . The new all-steel General Electric makes safe refrigeration possible for every home. Only a small down payment is required. The balance can conveniently be paid over a period of time.

FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING MARCH 22 . . . The only way to appreciate the durability and the beauty of this refrigerator is to see it. You will then readily understand why General Electric announces it so proudly and why it has been called "the refrigerator of the future." On display by dealers everywhere on and after Friday, March 22nd. Be sure to be among the first to see it. Write for a descriptive booklet to Section A-4 Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-38
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, Ont.

tainted meat. On the contrary, both the bald and golden eagles, while preferring their food fresh, often dine upon animals that have been dead a considerable time.

Certain other popular beliefs about the eagle are better founded. It seems to be a fact that the bird lives to a great age, perhaps a hundred years or even more. It is probably true also that eagles mate for life; but when one bird of a mated pair is killed, the other does not lead thereafter a celibate existence, but proceeds to procure a new consort as rapidly as possible. The female bald eagle, by the way, is nearly always larger than the male, though some males appear to be bolder and more energetic.

LEGEND has magnified only slightly the eagle's keenness of vision and swiftness of flight. He may not be able, as the ancients believed, to gaze directly at the noonday sun; but his eyes are marvelous organs, nevertheless, capable of discerning small objects at amazing distances. He is certainly not the swiftest of birds—some of the falcons, for instance, are undoubtedly swifter. Yet he is impressively swift.

Because of his great bulk, the eagle often does not appear to be moving as fast as he actually is traveling. Moreover, unless the occasion demands it, the eagle does not really exert his powers, but is content with patrolling the air or moving from point to point in leisurely fashion. At such a time—and it is thus that he is generally seen—he appears rather slow upon the wing. But when there is need of haste, those great, dark pinions of his, seven or eight feet in extent from tip to tip, can drive him onward with tremendous power. Again and again, seeing an osprey in the air with a fish gripped in his talons, I have searched the sky in every direction for the osprey's overlord and have given up the search, convinced that there was no eagle within miles. Then, in a few minutes, I have heard the osprey scream and, looking up, I have seen the king coming—coming from some watching-place in the skies beyond the range of my vision, coming with such astonishing speed that within a period of minutes his vassal is overhauled and the booty won.

It is always, no matter how often witnessed, a thrilling sight, this encounter of the eagle and the osprey in the high air. The osprey suffers no harm except the loss of his fish, a loss which, as a rule, he is easily able to repair; and the spectacle of the king of birds in the full sweep of vigorous and triumphant action, displaying with magnificent abandon those splendid powers to which he owes his kingship, is undoubtedly one of the most impressive in the whole panorama of the feathered world.

The osprey is himself a large and able-bodied bird, one of the largest and finest of the hawks, endowed with no mean powers of flight; yet he has no chance in a straightaway race. If, as generally happens, the osprey circles upward, the eagle mounts still faster, driving himself higher and higher, sometimes with powerful wing-beats, sometimes with scarcely a discernible movement of his pinions, as if climbing an invisible spiral stairway to the skies. The osprey often drops his fish promptly, but at other times there is a fine aërial display hundreds of feet abov the earth, the big hawk dodging an twisting, the eagle swooping and darting threatening with beak and talons, and last compelling his vassal to relinquish th prize.

Then comes the climax of the whol performance. The eagle's speed in straightaway race is as nothing compar with the speed of his plunge, his "stoop He does not merely fall through the a but, with wings half closed so that he a sumes the shape of a gigantic spearhea he drives himself down a steep inclin overtaking the falling fish almost as if were suspended. Sometimes he miss and the fish drops to the ground, to be covered there; but more frequently t great bird, with admirable skill and a dress, snatches it out of the air.

This maneuver, the actual seizing the fish, is completed so quickly that oft the keenest eyes cannot distinguish ju how the thing is done. Occasionally t eagle is seen to turn belly-upward in t air, just under the falling fish, his tal extended above him; sometimes he see to drop upon the fish from directly abov more often he drives himself obliqu across the line of the fish's descent, body slanting sharply, and seizes t prize with a swift outward thrust of talons. On still other occasions, when t fish has been surrendered by the osprey a great height, the eagle's moveme appear deliberate, almost leisurely. sweeps down to the prey then in wide or in long, pendulum-like swoops, hurriedly, as if he had all the time in world at his command; and in these cumstances he seldom misses his str although sometimes the fish is only a sh distance above the ground or the w when he seizes it.

DURING the nesting season most of prey taken by the eagle goes to the young birds. At other seasons sometimes deposited in the aerie, whi apparently made use of, when unoccup as a storehouse for surplus food. aerie of the bald eagle is in keeping his majesty and dignity. He mates life, and he builds his home, not for a son, as do most other birds, but for a time. There is a nest in Ohio which been occupied continuously for more thirty-four years and one in South C lina which was in use for more than h century.

The nest is added to with each of occupancy until its size bec enormous—a huge mass of sticks, sods, bark, moss, and humus, weigh ton, or even more, and measuring six or seven feet in height and pe eight feet in width. Nests eight feet and twelve feet across the top have recorded; and nearly always these mendous aeries are situated in the t tall trees, either living or dead, so they dominate the country for around, like the castles of feudal b

The eagle's home is his castle seems to feel a genuine affection guarding it with the utmost vigilanc returning to it often even after the e which are generally two in number, gone forth to make their own way world. Hasty observers have some drawn a false conclusion as to the character because in many inst

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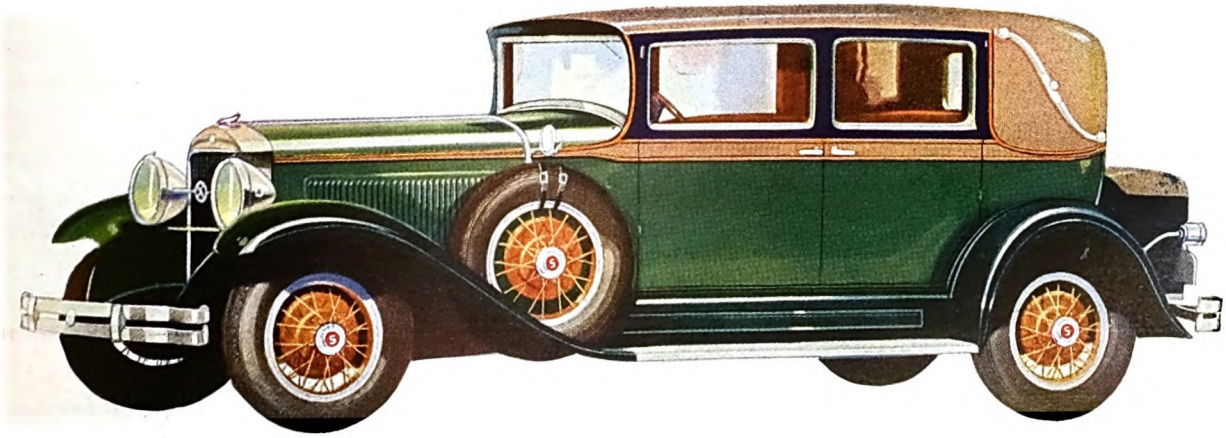
RECEPTION TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

IN the press of fine cars at diplomatic and state functions in the nation's capital, motor cars by Studebaker are rightfully high in favor. ,,, These great new Studebaker eights and sixes hold every official stock car record for speed and endurance. Their fleetness and untiring endurance are splendidly interpreted in low-swung lines, fluent curves and delightfully new color schemes. ,,, There is a revelation awaiting you in your first scrutiny of what Studebaker's unique One-Profit manufacture has wrought. ,,, The car illustrated is the President Straight Eight Brougham for five.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



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BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

APRIL SHOWERS
April showers bring May flowers—
Spring is here with zest:
Wrigley's after every meal
Will help your food digest!
Wrigley Rhymes.

Rain or Shine . . .
The Flavor Lasts

Real happiness is the sum of many small joys. **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT** is one of these joys. Its benefits smooth out so many little troubles, **WRIGLEY'S** has become a *big* factor in human happiness.

Nerves, mouth, teeth, throat and stomach smile when you get a package of **WRIGLEY'S.**

Costs little—benefits much.

You are invited to tune in on the WRIGLEY REVIEW *thirty stations NBC system Friday evenings. 9 Eastern; 8 Central; 7 Mountain; 6 Pacific time.*

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Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

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d eagles offer no effective resistance their nests are invaded by man. fact is, of course, that what appears cowardice is often simply the result e eagles' accumulated experience, teaches them that man is an enemy st whom it is useless to contend. are many cases on record in which ged eagles have forgotten the man- which even the most powerful of wild als acquire so quickly in contact with zed mankind, and have defended nests and their young with the most less resolution; while a wounded brought to bay will fight for its life a furious courage scarcely surpassed y other living creature.

LL regions inhabited by eagles, one rs various stories about them. It is ary, of course, to separate the wheat the chaff. Years ago a negro fisher- old me a story which he could hardly invented.

was fishing from his small rowboat oastal inlet when he saw an eagle and overtake an osprey which was across the inlet with a fish in his tal- The birds were not high above the and the osprey surrendered his fish y; the eagle plunged for it, but so was the distance that the fish struck ter before he could seize it. For a nt the eagle hung poised above the hen, half closing his wings, he shot ard. Through a shower of spray gro saw the great bird's dark pin- esperately beating the air; then, ly, they vanished. The fisherman en many sharks, both large and swimming near his boat that morn- le believed that the eagle, search- water for the fish that had just into it, saw a dark object close to face and, plunging instantly, struck ws into the back of a large shark s carried down.

April morning I saw an adult bald ying above the marshes, perhaps a d feet in the air, heading northeast- Half a mile away, three beautiful herons, or egrets, were flying in a ly direction at about the same Their course presently brought cross the eagle's path, and, seeing proaching, they suddenly changed ection of their flight, in evident d confusion, fleeing eastward with wifter wing-beats.

eagle immediately swung toward nd followed, overhauling them First one heron swung aside, other, the eagle pursuing the third, ad now changed its course again it was heading northward. Over- he fleeing white bird almost as if tanding still, the eagle struck at it ngs and talons, while the heron with every evidence of extreme then, straightening to an even eagle calmly continued on his

was a queer performance, but no than others in which eagles oc- y indulge. A friend of mine, a great blue heron flying across a arbor, saw a bald eagle leave its a tall stake in a marsh and go in of the wide-winged, stately bird. e easily caught up with the heron ck it a severe blow, so that the squawked with terror; whereupon the eagle turned and flew back to his watching-place in the marsh, leaving the heron to continue its journey with no other injury than that which its dignity had suffered.

Occasionally, however, the eagle dines upon heron. Why does he not prey regularly upon these slow-moving, peaceful birds, which are, in many regions, among the most abundant inhabitants of the eagle's kingdom? The heron's long bill is his only weapon, and it seems unlikely that he could maneuver this with sufficient quickness and power to repel the eagle's attack. Yet, as a rule, the eagle pays no attention at all to the herons.

There are other puzzling questions which will occur to everyone who studies the bald eagle in his wild state. Like many others among the larger birds of prey, he is often annoyed by crows. Sometimes, with a quick, threatening gesture, he puts a sudden end to the antics of the black rascal, but often, rather than take the trouble to do this, he leaves his perch and goes to the greater trouble of flying perhaps a mile or several miles to a new lookout station.

The eagle is amply able to catch his own fish, yet he very seldom fishes for himself. Nearly always he prefers to have the osprey perform this service for him, although the pursuit of the osprey through the air and the swift aërial maneuvering necessary for securing the prize involve, one would suppose, a far greater effort on his part than the act of fishing would require. He is not only swift, but also exceedingly adroit and agile in the air, as his skill in catching the fish surrendered by the osprey proves; yet he comparatively seldom uses his powers to kill game upon the wing, though he kills many ducks and other waterfowl upon the water.

THE prevailing opinion among duck-hunters is that the eagle is not swift enough to catch an unwounded duck in full flight.

Apparently the duck squadrons know that for them there is safety in the air and deadly peril on the water. One of the most stirring sights in the whole world of bird life is a great, open lagoon or broad estuary where thousands of ducks are riding on the waters at the moment when a hunting eagle appears upon the scene. Far off one can hear the drumming thunder of innumerable wings as the armies of the wild fowl rise from the surface. Squadron after squadron, regiment after regiment, they lift themselves into the air as the eagle comes on—a vast multitude fleeing from one bird.

The spectacle of their flight, the surging, palpitant clamor of their hurrying pinions, is perhaps the most impressive of all possible tributes to the power and majesty of the lord of the sky. They know that when once they are fairly on the wing they are comparatively safe; but if they wait too long, if the eagle reaches a position directly over them, their doom may well be sealed. If there are water-growths near by in which they can hide or to which they can cling for a while beneath the surface, they may yet escape; but in clear water, free from weeds or grass, the duck that lingers too long in the pathway of the eagle has little chance of life. He dives, but the instant he comes to the

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— the time of your customers by prompt replies to correspondence.

— *when you "Say it to the Ediphone"*

Let us prove this at your desk. Telephone "The Ediphone," your City, and ask for the book "An Easy Way to Chart Your Correspondence."

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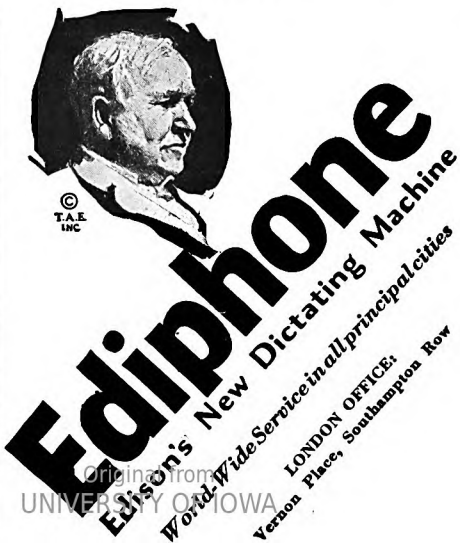

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IN BUFFALO MEN WEAR

BOSTONIANS

SHOES FOR MEN

BUFFALO, a city that leads the world in twenty-seven great national industries, turns to the national leadership of Bostonians shoes for men to satisfy its taste for smart style, comfort and long wear, at the modest price of $7 to $10 the pair.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

Sold by leading shoe and men's wear stores the country over. In Buffalo, The Kleinhans Co. can show you the new Bostonians for Spring.

Here's a book we'd like to send you. A series of drawings showing the new, smart color harmonies in men's wear—and the newest Bostonian styles for Spring. Just drop us a postal and ask for Booklet A-6.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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surface the eagle swoops at him. Down h must go again before he can fill his lung with air; and so the grim game continue until, exhausted at last, he feels t sharp talons fasten on his body.

Seen thus in vigorous action, pursui his prey and relentlessly hunting it dow the bald eagle is a fine example of t great order of birds to which he belon the Raptores, or hunters. Yet he is at best, I think, in those cool, soundless s tudes of the upper air, where on brig windless days he takes his ease, comp ioned only by the clouds, soaring in w circles for hours without a movement his widespread pinions.

I can imagine no nobler spectacle the realm of birds than four or five ea (seldom in most regions may a grea number be seen together) circling at v ous altitudes far above the earth, t dark wings sharply outlined against blue of the heavens, their snowy he and tails shining in the sun. No one expressed more eloquently than Hud the sublimity of the great soarers, t place in the panorama of nature, their peal to the mind of the beholder:

> Seen on high in placid flight, circlin and ascending, with the sunlight fallin through the translucent feathers of the broad wings and tails, they looked larg indeed . . . They were a feature in t landscape which made it seem vaster a the clouds higher and the sky immeasu ably farther away. They were somethi more: the sight of them and the sound their shrill, reiterated cries completed a intensified the effect of Nature's wildn and majesty.

The bald eagle does this for us other bird of our skies, except perhap golden eagle, can. There is some else that he should do for us—he s awaken in every American who sees sense of the greatness and the pow this nation whose emblem he is.

HE IS our national bird, the sym America's freedom; yet in most of the country a desultory but destr war is waged against him, and ye year his numbers diminish slowly, s now he is rarely seen in many where once he was familiarly k There is no good reason for this Except in Alaska, where his relat the salmon fisheries is a subject troversy, the bald eagle is an harmless species, so far as man cerned. He means something t something of greater value than t lambs and kids that he kills in a few populated districts, something of importance than the toll he ta waterfowl, a mere nothing compar the slaughter made by man.

Surely it is time the American gave him the hand of friendship. states of the Union he is suppose protected by law, but the law is to ineffective, and the killing of eag on. What we need now is a natio ing that will make the wanton kill American eagle a deed to be ash Then, and then only, shall we perf duty to our national bird. Only t we make certain that to our c children in the years to come the can eagle will be something mor name.

+ + + + +

WORLD'S GREATEST SEDAN VALUES!

GREATER BEAUTY ✓ LARGER BODIES

WITH all their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

"Finger-Tip Control"

—a single button, in center of steering wheel, starts the motor, operates lights and sounds horn.

WILLYS-OVERLAND INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

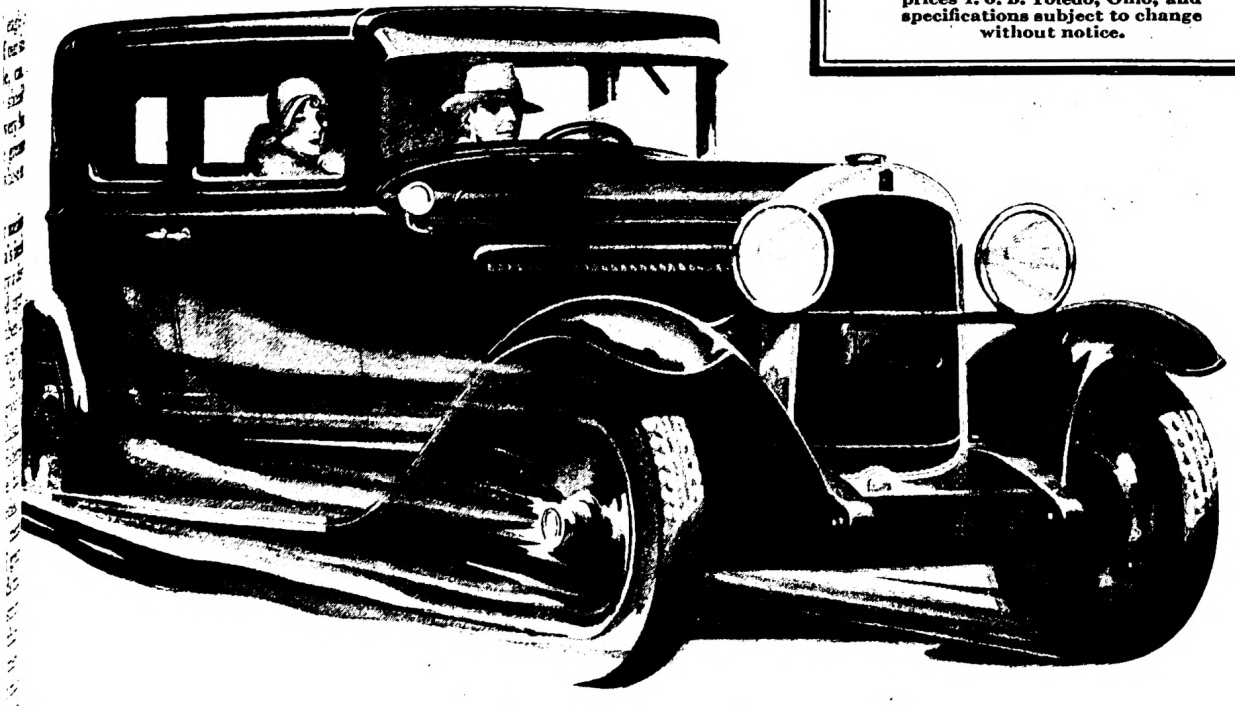
$595

Four-cylinder Coach $535; Coupe $535; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365.

WHIPPET 6-SEDAN
7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

Six-cylinder Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.



NEW SUPERIOR Whippet FOURS and SIXES

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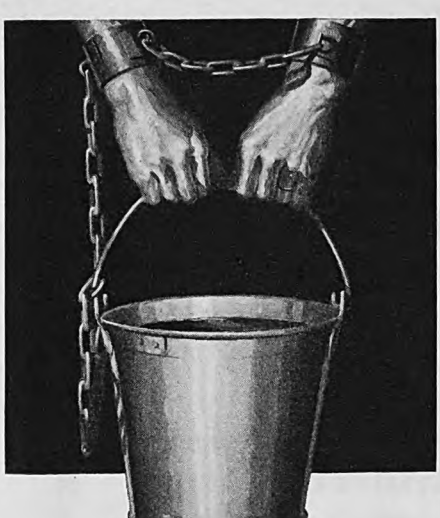

WATER BUCKET SLAVERY

end it with

RUNNING WATER

for only $70

In the home *without* Running Water the hands of the women are shackled to the slavery of pump-and-carry drudgery. But fortunately, the price of freedom need not be a serious consideration for any home with electricity. No longer is Running Water under pressure a costly luxury.

Cash f.o.b. factory, for 210 gallon per hour size. Complete with motor for 60 cycle or direct current.

A complete Electric Shallow Well Home Water System can be had for only $70. Deferred payments make the purchase still easier. Within the handsome blue lacquered enclosure are pump, motor, tank and automatic switch. No moving parts exposed—inquisitive fingers are safe.

Why deny yourself this necessity longer? Take the first step toward a better home now! Use the coupon. Nomatter what your water service problem, Fairbanks-Morse engineers will help you.

$70 for 210 gal. per hour size. A 420 gal. per hour size for $100. Both of these systems for use where source of water is not more than 22 feet below the unit. Other Fairbanks-Morse systems provide running water regardless of source of supply or type of power available.

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
Home Water Systems

Fairbanks-Morse Products *Every Line a Leader*

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Dept. N-4
900 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Send your Special Circulars giving full details about the F-M Home Water Systems.

Name.....
Address.....R.F.D.....
Town.....County.....State.....
My source of water supply is: ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Deep Well ☐ Spring ☐ Lake ☐ Stream ☐ Cistern
Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

My Little Place Away from It All

(*Continued from page 65*)

about the premises making estimates that I had a sinking feeling every time I thought of the initial cost, to say nothing of the upkeep.

The neighbors thought we were about to build an apartment house or business block, and became nervous.

And every week-end from Washington's Birthday until May 15th I had to drive up to check up on the workmen and see how the remodeling was getting along. This meant two days out of every week were a total loss to me in a writing way, no matter what they may have done for me as a student of building. Many an idea for a story had to be put aside because of a sudden decision to cut a new door, put in an extra window, or allow for another clothes closet. It was one harrowing spring.

When a man is having a place remodeled he is not supposed to stand around doing nothing. It is not good ethics to gape at the workmen. Etiquette requires that he help a little. Many a resolution to do some writing was sidetracked by a sudden impulse to help a plumber tear out a set-tub, hold a plank for a carpenter, or stir the white lead for a painter.

But the time I gave to general jobbing and repairing before I occupied the house was as nothing to what I spent in tinkering around the place after I moved in. I have become a skilled porch furniture painter, iron fence decorator, window-rattle remover, floor varnisher, stepping-stone-path layer, and leak-in-the-roof detector. No man has ever really gone into painting in a serious way until he has tried to paint a rattan rocking chair, *chaise longue*, or wicker table. You can paint a barn or house and skip places here and there, but you can't skip any places on porch furniture and get away with it.

A GOOD deal of time and energy was wasted, too, in trying to do the right thing by a flagpole. There was a flagpole, a perpendicular one, attached to the front of the house when I bought it, but there was no rope through the pulley. And a flagpole without a rope is not much use. It seemed a simple thing to "shin up" the pole from an attic window, run a rope through the pulley, and be all set for a flag raising on national holidays or in the case of war, riots, or insurrections. But flagpoles are deceptive. You don't know what real hazard is until you have tried to shin up a flagpole, a none too stout flagpole wavering in the breeze, and have suspended activities when about half way up in order to look around and survey the situation.

I became quite an accomplished flagpole sitter. On one occasion when I climbed a bit higher than usual and then heard the pole crack under my weight, I sat there in terror and suspense so long that I threatened Shipwreck Kelly's record.

My sincere belief when I bought "Big Yawn Manor" was that I needed it in my business. I felt it would give me fresh viewpoints, a zest for work, and all that sort of thing. My plan was to do my daily newspaper feature in an hour or two each morning, dash off a magazine story by noon, and, between swims or golf strokes in the afternoon, think out the details of a drama. But in "the little place away from everything" nothing of the came to pass.

It was a real struggle to do the newspaper feature, especially in fine weather. One of the first things Mrs. Phillips had done at the new place was to pick out a room for my study. It was very thoughtful and very nice of her, but you know how wives do those things. This was the room which would serve no other purpose very well. It was in the back of the house over the kitchen. And it was my impression that someone—the iceman, the vegetable man, the traveling butcher, the Armenian lace peddler, etc.—was eternally pounding on the kitchen door.

I DECIDED it would be more inspiring to work outdoors. My plan was to take all the morning newspapers out on the rocks and look them over for news stories that would lend themselves to satire. Then I would make notes, after which I would come in and feed them to the typewriter. The plan sounded well—but! Opening newspapers in a shore breeze is no easy matter. It takes practice. For the first week or two I was kept busy chasing newspaper sections over rocks and up and down beaches. When I captured them I would return to find that my notes had blown away, and that the dog was playing with my pencil. After a time I got so I could master the papers in a wind, but this business of working in the open was never what I had expected it to be.

Of course, my system was all wrong. I would read a paper, drop it, and dig some bait; read another paper and do a little fishing; make a few notes and then take a swim; go into the house and begin typing my article; and then heed an invitation to take a little spin in a motorboat. There was no sustained effort. Instead of a daily feature being done in the forenoon as it is done in the city, it took me most of the day. My business suffered, and I did my fishing and swimming.

It began to dawn on me around Labor Day that I had developed into a hit-and-run writer and that the summer had been a bust in the matter of bigger and better things. Besides, I didn't feel any too well. The constant strain of trying to avoid what had begun to tell on me. I had that hunted look of the man who has spent months trying to run away from a big responsibility. It was all very pathetic.

It suddenly struck me that it would be a fine idea to get back to the city and do some work.

But presently I was back in the city, from the birds and bees, back to the four-room apartment commanding no view of the water, bathing girls, yachts, or porpoises at play; back to the city home where a beautiful sunset can be seen only by an elevator trip to the twenty-third floor, and the repair work is done by a janitor. A few days I was my old self. I soon got to like the idea of work again.

It's a little place far, far away from the little place away from everything." That is the swell part of it.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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THE APPLESAUCE TWINS

–make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is *very low* but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A *low-price-per-gallon* means a "*cheap*" *paint*—a *skimped* paint—a *terribly costly* paint—*every time*. And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough *alone*, as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have the *costliest paint job in the world*. Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the *best* house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon, BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, *only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed*. That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job.

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: *One-third* for paint. *Two-thirds* for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His careless work *will cost you dearly—in repainting expense.*

Don't engage a *master* painter and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint *last*.

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The *cheap colors* fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

YOU CAN'T PAINT A HOUSE WITH APPLESAUCE

© 1929, S-W. Co.

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..for ECONOMY

use the best paint and engage a good painter

he only combination that will *save* oney for you is a *master* painter d *the best paint money will buy.* The master painter is an artist. e is trained. He knows his profes- on. He uses good equip- ent. He prepares the sur- e carefully. He applies e paint skillfully. He is nscientious and takes pride his work.

So, when a master painter plies fine old SWP House int for you it assures a ndsome job — *at lowest nt cost per square foot of ll*—a finish that will serve many years — *at lowest t per year.*

n other words, fine old SWP and laster Painter are the most eco- nical combination of all.

The "Master Touch"

u may hear arguments as to for- las — meant to lead you astray. ust remember this. The SWP nced formula has been openly ted for years. Anyone can have et the characteristic qualities of P have never been duplicated. y? Because formula is only *one* or. The *quality* of *ingredients* is lly important. These might be icated and still SWP would re- a unchallenged. *Because* there e element in fine old SWP that r has been and never can be ed successfully.

S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark.

It is the *"master touch"* of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to *electricity*—what Marconi is to *wireless.*

Their "master touch," which makes SWP House Paint different from all others, is a *human* ingredient, impossible of successful imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.* Compare it with "cheap" paint.

And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland - - Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS
VARNISHES • ENAMELS
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—and Easy to Park Anywhere

TODAY'S traffic and delivery problems have developed the Harley-Davidson Package Truck. It safely outstrips all other delivery vehicles through street and highway traffic—and it can always be parked right at the delivery point.

Double parking and long carries are eliminated—more deliveries per day are made—and at a far less cost per call and per mile. Running cost of Package Trucks averages less than 1/3 that of any car or motor truck.

If you have a delivery, service, or *trade extension* problem, let us show you how the Package Truck will solve it—save you money—and advertise your business.

Call your local Harley-Davidson Dealer for a demonstration. Mail the coupon for illustrated data.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO. Milwaukee, Wis.

Rapid growth of demand for Package Trucks has created great sales opportunities for Harley-Davidson Dealers. Write for Franchise Proposition. Address Desk A1.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
[¼ Ton Capacity] Package Truck

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.

Interested in Package Truck for the .....
.....business. Send literature.

Name.....

Address.....

The Bomb That Blew the Movies Upside Down

(*Continued from page 49*)

must be trying to drive people out of the theaters!" she cried, in a voice that was half scream, half sob.

"We're trying to pull 'em in, baby," he retorted. "You dolls have gotta learn something, and that is that yer pans ain't what they was. When the folks out front hear you begin to talk, they forget about those beautiful eyes of yours and lissen to what you're saying. Your little friend may not have the classy looks you got; but she can talk rings around you!"

THERE was a wild scurrying around to see how one could master the art of proper pronunciation. Many wept when they found that no amount of training could take the place of proper laryngeal equipment.

A new business sprang up in answer to the demand. All over Hollywood were shingles reading: "School of Voice Culture"; "We Teach Dramatic Art." Their number increased until they had a separate section in the local telephone book!

Teachers as well as students soon found that it took both acting ability *and* brain to play in the Talkies. There wasn't time to train people. The public wanted speaking pictures and clamored for them.

What really saved the day was that there were a good many real actors and actresses in Hollywood—men and women schooled in the best stage traditions—though they represented about one half of one per cent of the total number appearing on the silver sheet.

There was Pauline Frederick, who had been famous on the New York stage two decades ago and had also gone through a career in the movies. She was no longer a headliner. Now, suddenly, she found herself in demand.

Conrad Nagel, son of a Hollywood physician, had long been known in Hollywood for his readings of poetry. He jumped into immediate prominence in the Talkies. Fanny Brice was imported from New York for "My Man." John and Lionel Barrymore, famous stage folk, the former noted especially for his fine voice, promised to win new laurels (and bank accounts) in the Talkies. The bidding for their services was said to be comparable to the Coolidge bull market in size and violence!

Scouts rushed to New York for more talent.

The country began to ask what Hollywood had been asking itself for months: What would Doug and Mary do? How about Charlie Chaplin? Would the big movie stars fall into line?

None knew. Probably the best answer was that the Talkies would develop their own Dougs and Marys, their own star comedians. Some men and women would have *voice personalities* so appealing, vivid, pathetic, comic, and striking that the public ear would be attuned to their latest *bon mots*—spoken, of course—in all the theaters of the land.

Three disputes raged violently about who would make the ideal Talkie actor. One argued that the movie veteran was best because he or she had learned all the tricks of the film trade. Another insisted that a combination of legitimate and movie actor was best—such as the Barrymores are. Still another loudly shouted that movie experience was a liability in the Talkies.

Another storm arose when it was discovered that the new Talkie used a small cast. Only a few could speak on the screen in any one picture. "Why pile up the overhead?" said the producers. Singing extras were picked from choirs and choral societies. It didn't make much difference what they looked like so long as their voices were all right.

The traditional Screen Test had given way to the Voice Test.

Meanwhile, the battle against noise was on—that is, noise in the studios where the Talkies were being made.

This was a body blow to the red-blooded director. For years he had thrived on noise. "*Music! Action! Camera!*" he had thundered for years. "*Where is that blankety-blank script!*" he loved to roar. And now they were going to choke him off!

But there was no other way. The very electro-mechanical efficiency that had made the Talkies possible, now began to make them impossible! All sorts of crazy noises were caught by the delicate ear of the recording mechanism.

Noise was anything that you did not wish to record. Sound was what you recorded. There were two kinds of noise "*surface* noise," made up of all sorts of microscopic sounds, partly electrical and partly mechanical; and "*spot* noise" made up mostly of avoidable sounds, such as coughs, footsteps, automobile horns, and the thousand other accidental noises that might occur around a studio.

Even the camera had to be squelched. Its musical whirr had not intruded before. Now it was like the rumble of an express train rushing through a tunnel.

A separate sound-proof booth was worked out. Early recording apparatus had had camera and recorder in the same booth. Now they were put far apart; but their mechanisms still had to be kept perfectly synchronized.

Other noises had to be hurriedly eliminated by imposing a severe military discipline upon the whole studio. Even the uneasy shuffling of property men was wholly stilled.

THE Talkie studio became a sepulcher during the precious moments when actors spoke their pieces.

One day the camera booth's door became unlatched during the recording, and the sound of the camera spoiled the whole take. After that they locked the precious camera man in!

"Surface" remained the biggest problem of noise. This consisted of echoes, resonances, hollowness, strange breathings, and other ghostly whispers that continued to pry their way into the precious record. Let the public once hear of these defects and the Talkies were doomed.

Big companies, like Famous Players

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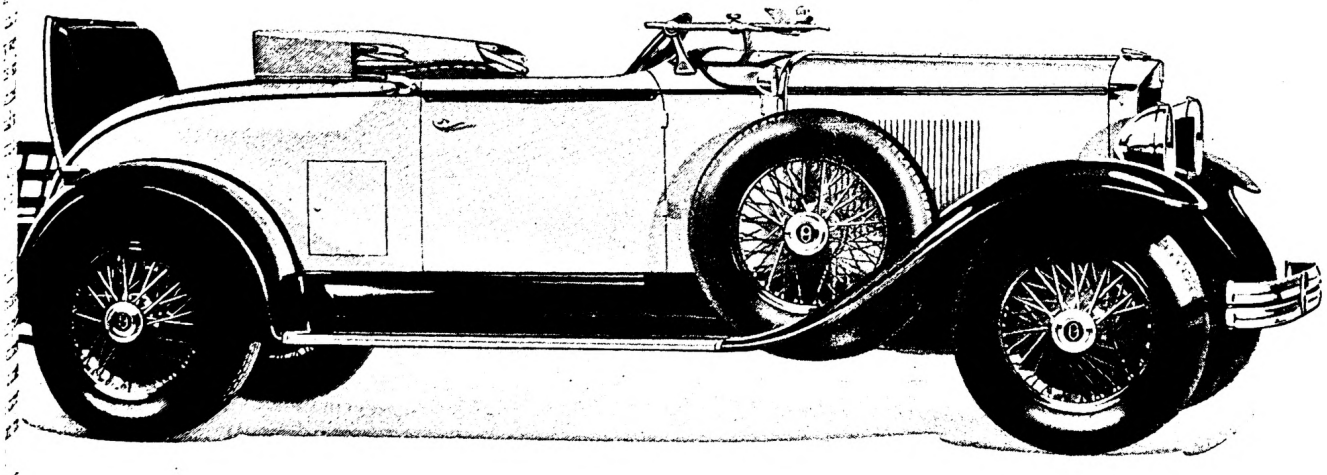
The Thrill of *Two* High Speeds

[Four Speeds Forward
Standard Gear Shift]

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 615, six cylinder Roadster with rumble seat, $1195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

THE new Graham-Paige sixes and eights are distinguished by the thrilling performance of *two* high speeds, *standard* gear shift. With the *time-proved* Graham-Paige four speed transmission—*fourth*, used most of the time, gives a new smoothness and swiftness; *third*, a quiet internal gear, provides rapid acceleration in traffic and up steep hills. You are invited to enjoy a demonstration.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



RAHAM-PAIGE

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He Tried Home-Study Training

In Seven Years It Multiplied His Yearly Income Seven-fold

Seems too good to be true—that a man can double his income just by devoting a few spare hours each week to home-study training—

"But—maybe it *is* true," said B. J. Mertz to himself—*and within seven years home-study training had increased his yearly income better than 700 per cent!*

Mertz was principal of a rural high-school in Texas, at $80 a month, when the idea came to him to enroll with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

Upon completing the course, he first took a place as Assistant Bookkeeper, in Chicago—then joined a firm of Certified Public Accountants, chiefly to get experience. Then he became Office Manager and Acting Secretary of a foundry in southern Ohio. *Already—in only four years—his salary had increased 500 per cent.*

Today, he is Comptroller of the Buckeye Union Casualty Company, Jackson, Ohio, and in addition conducts a private accounting practice which brings him back the entire cost of his training every month in the year.

You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Why not resolve just to *double* your salary? Get the training—grasp your opportunities—and the future will take care of itself!

Two books placed B. J. Mertz on the path to greater earning power. They are "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—and "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle will send them to you *free.*

You want to make more money—but are you willing to do your part?

Your biggest opportunity is as near you as the point of your pencil. If you are determined to make progress, clip and mail the coupon NOW!

— — — *Find Yourself Through LaSalle!* — — —

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

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I would welcome details of your *salary-increasing plan,* together with copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy**

Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

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LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business. If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check and mail now.

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☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Telegraphy
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy-Stenography
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

had to build new sound-proof studios. An entirely new kind of structure was needed. Whole new sets, staffs, methods, and principals were rushed in, while most of the old was unceremoniously rushed out.

Strange curtains had to be hung in strange places throughout the studios. Arc lights were replaced by incandescent lamps. Obscure interferences between electric currents had to be rectified.

Another unforeseen horror was the microphones through which speech or music was taken. Actors could no longer get by with pleasing gestures. They were "slaves of the mike." Mikes had to be hung all over the place. An actor had to be sure he was in the right position for his words. If he were a foot or so to one side, his recorded voice would sound as if he were speaking from the bottom of a well.

In some studios red spots were painted on the floors so that an actor would know just when and where to speak. This was painful for the ardent lover who was supposed to rush into a room and exclaim: "Darling, I'm here at last!" He had to be standing on exactly the right spot each time he spoke.

Of course, mikes were usually above the picture line of the cameras.

But sometimes the ceiling of a room had to be shown, or even some higher places. All sorts of dodges were then resorted to. Special mikes were built in the form of telephones, vases, and other pieces of furniture.

A TOUGH mechanical task daily tormented the studio helpers. This was the cruel necessity of keeping the camera and sound apparatus in step: "*synchronization,*" it is technically called. The sound part of the mechanism was like a phonograph. It had a wax disk on which was recorded the Talkie.

In the past, synchronization has always been the will-o'-the-wisp of Talkies, even when one ignored the mechanical sound of the voices. It was easy to get the scene and sound somewhere near together. But so acute is the perception of the human ear and eye that an audience can detect the slightest variation between a screen speaker's lips and the sound he or she is supposed to have uttered.

Speed ratios of making the two records were simple enough. The wax disk went at a speed of about 100 feet a minute under its vibrating needle. The film took about 1,440 pictures in the same period of time. But a cameraman who cranked 1,600 pictures one minute and 1,200 the next would soon have the male characters speaking with female voices!

It was evident that the crank had to be taken out of the hands of a man and turned over to a motor which ran at the same speed as the recording instrument ran. The cameraman was furious.

Furthermore, the wax record and the film had to be started at exactly the same instant.

"We began to wish we had never heard of talking pictures!" one of the men who worked with them in the early days feelingly told me.

"It was even worse when we realized that we had to cut and splice our film in spots, and yet not break the synchronization of sound and scene."

Ever since the beginning this possibility had been hanging over the heads of the Hollywood producers like the swor Damocles. For years there had alw been some editorial revision of a film the last minute. But with the Talkies, those who made them couldn't bring themselves to face w was to them an unsolvable problem.

Then came the day of reckoning. morning an assistant rushed up to director waving a yellow telegraph bl

"They've done it!" he cried.

The director, like all who were ha anything to do with Talkies at the t was pretty jumpy. "Done what?" exploded nervously.

"Censored that last film!"

The director collapsed into a chair. had been so careful, so painstaki meticulous not to tread on anyone's in any of the Talkies he had made. now some censor had said it was n sary to cut a piece out of the film!

"Throw it all away," he almost sob

It looked as if that were the only t to do. You could cut film by snippi with shears and gluing the ends toge But you couldn't do that with a wax di without absolutely ruining it.

There were half a dozen confere Wild, pleading messages were shot and forth across the continent. But purpose. The censors stood their gro

The engineers stood their ground, There were limits to what science achieve, they said curtly.

The only thing to do was to again—throw about $200,000 wor production into the ashcan and ma over!

But movie producers were use fighting. After the first shock, they their bloody heads, so to speak, an them together in an earnest huddle

They decided finally that the only out was to use a part of the original as far as it was good, making it reco a new disk just as if it were the actor musicians; and then, at the critica ment, break in with the real thing

"Don't try to kid us," laughe engineers. "It just can't be done!"

But it was done!

THEN came still another solar blow:

"*Sound film won't work in big th What do?*" was wired from the dem New York.

"You see," my informant told m were still learning about synchroniz Sound travels at about 1,100 fe second; light at 186,000 miles per s In large theaters the vision of movi reached the back rows before the reached them.

"Maybe some day we shall have of accurately remedying this defect now the only thing we can do is to g big houses special prints, synchroni that they will sound right to those in the middle of the house."

During all this technical strug even more vigorous battle was go behind the scenes between those str to control the new Talkie industry.

When fifty movie magnates, h heavy-weights of the huge film field to gird their loins for battle the seismic tremors throughout the h world.

"Vitaphone is a success, financ well as artistically!" almost panted

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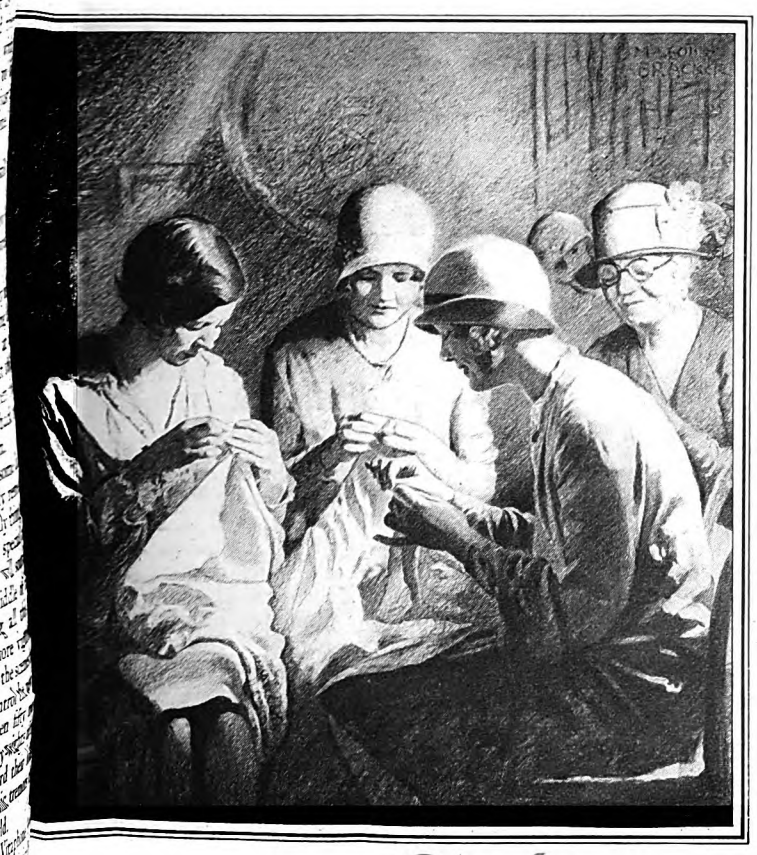
"'Our Investment in friendships' *we call our* Second Car"

"TWO YEARS ago my husband gave me a car of my own," a woman writes us. "Of course, I was thrilled at possessing it, but I never dreamed how much happiness it was to bring.

"Ever since we have been married we have lived on the outskirts of Cedar Rapids. Having young children, I was almost confined to our own yard after my husband drove off to business. I made few friends. I could not get to town for club meetings, and I think I missed most of all the activities at the church. I envied the families with a second car.

"Now, after having my own car for two years, I am a different person. I am active both in club work and at the church. Talking and sewing with other women, hearing their problems, telling them mine, has given me a new point of view. We all get so many ideas, such rest and stimulation from these visits that we go back to our homemaking with light hearts.

"My husband says that his own car is a tool, without which he could not do business. But my car he calls an 'investment in friendships.' And that's just what it is!"



Two-car ownership has come fast. Three hundred thousand two-car families ten years ago; more than three million today. Within the General Motors line you will find any combination of cars your family may require —with the GMAC Plan offering a comfortable and convenient payment method. In addition, General Motors dealers offer a wide choice of used cars which also may be bought on the GMAC Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · VIKING
BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE *The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants*
& *Water Systems*

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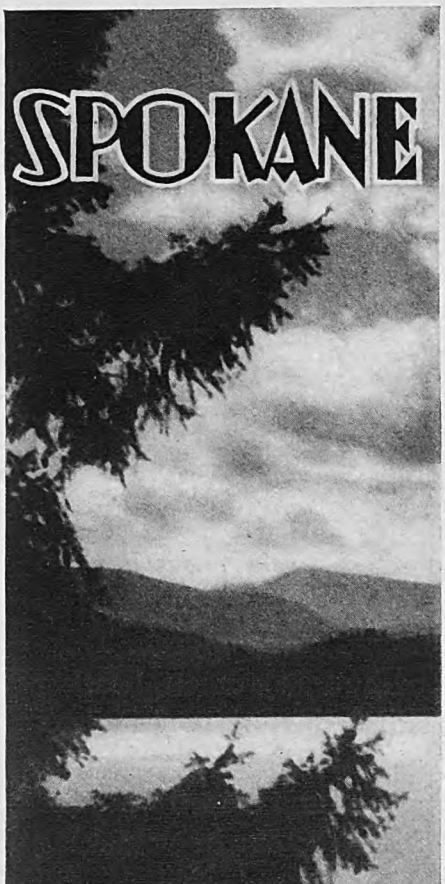

Center of a Land of Lakes and Enchanting Mountain Scenery

Within 50 miles of this friendly western city are 76 lakes of surpassing beauty—ideal vacation retreats for camping, fishing, swimming and boating.
Intriguing motor roads lead in all directions to points of scenic and historic interest to the tops of rugged mountains (lofty Mt. Spokane gazes down upon 17 sparkling lakes and rivers); thru virgin forests of pine and fir and cedar; to the storied mining regions of the Coeur d'Alenes; to the geological wonders of the Grand Coulee; and many other interesting spots.
Stop over at Spokane and play a while in this great scenic inter-mountain playground.

See the Whole Pacific Coast

Come or return via Spokane and be sure to see all the marvelous coast cities, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego.

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A. A.

Warner, when, in 1928, he emerged triumphant from the battlefield strewn with the débris of commercial warfare. "The result has been an enormous expansion in Vitaphone installations."

But he didn't tell the inside story; probably it will never be told. He didn't reveal the fact that even after the Talkies were a success in the New York theaters, they seemed doomed to failure because there were no theaters elsewhere with equipment for showing them.

He didn't say that he had been promised Talkie projectors for $5,000 and the price was jumped overnight to $25,000, so that the theater owner couldn't afford to buy one.

He didn't say that $2,500,000 had already been expended on underwriting the equipment of 100 theaters so that others might "warm up" and buy on their own hook. He didn't say that he nearly had a nervous breakdown when by superhuman efforts he managed to float a $4,000,000 bond issue and borrowed $1,000,000 from the banks besides, in order to keep the ball rolling.

He didn't say that after he had done all this he *still needed $4,000,000 more!*

He didn't say he needed this huge sum because no matter how good his Talkies were, no matter how industrious his directors were in Hollywood, the productions were useless if there weren't theaters equipped for giving Talkies to the public!

Harry Warner didn't tell these facts because it wasn't a good thing for the public to know them; several times he was almost sunk—but up he came again.

In fact, the public never even knew how and when the Titanic struggle began. It really began with the first Talkies back in 1889!

EDISON had invented his phonograph in 1886. He wanted pictures to go with it. Realizing that he ought to have about forty pictures to the second to make them look right on a screen, he invented a camera to make them. He then developed the "Kinetescope," which used a new product called "film" made by a young man named George Eastman up in Rochester. He synchronized his two machines, gave his customer an ear-tube and a peephole, and produced a talking picture.

But to everyone who heard these early Talkies the idea was anathema for the rest of his natural life!

Twenty years later a vital experiment was being carried out by the engineers of the Western Electric Company. This is the manufacturing subsidiary of the great American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In 1912 its engineers were trying to connect San Francisco and New York by telephone. The line had to be ready by the opening of the World's Fair at San Francisco in 1914 or 1915, to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. The great handicap to the plan was that by the time a voice got through to, say, Chicago, it had become so weak that it couldn't be heard. It had to be automatically boosted if it were to reach to its destination.

This boosting was accomplished by the use of vacuum tubes such as are used on our home radio sets. "Step-ups" they were appropriately called. When the dwindling voice of the telephone speake passed through them, it was re-born to tone so sturdy and clear that it was read for another thousand miles or so of wire

Strange to say, this same principle wa discovered at almost the same time in th laboratories of the General Electric Com pany in Schenectady, New York.

This "stepping up" device, couple with our war need of chasing submarine under water, induced a new and intens curiosity about *sound* among physicists

As a result of this curiosity, ther followed two inventions of far-reachin popular importance, inventions that mad Talkies finally possible: the first was th Western Electric *Public Address System* which enabled a speaker's voice to b magnified electrically and reach a hug audience; the second was the *Electric Recording Mechanism*, a mechanism fo transmitting these same electrical vibra tions to a needle that recorded them i soft wax, just as air vibrations (sound had for years been recording them for th ordinary phonographic disk.

THIS was in 1924-25. Electro-mechan cal recording and projecting of soun waves was possible at last.

Engineers and financiers saw at on that if a movie camera were run in ste with the apparatus, a real talking pictu would be possible. The film could b shown and the records played (with radio horn out of sight under the screen and an audience would get the effect visible actors speaking.

But the motion picture people wou have none of it. The idea was peddle about to all the more important of ther it won not a spark of response. "Talkin pictures are the bunk!" was the unanimou response.

They wanted them to be the bunk. was easy to see what an explosion the would be if Talkies went across.

Then the Warners put them across!

In December, 1926, the leading sile film people saw that they, too, would ha to get on the band-wagon. It was like t World War: neutrals couldn't keep ou Talkies had to be faced.

Very soon Paramount, Universal, Fo and others had to begin "sound" pictur as they called them; they couldn't ma them talk yet. Meanwhile, Gene Electric, with the Radio Corporatio came out with a Talkie apparatus th put the talk on the film instead of on disk. Fox began to use his Movieto There were Phonophone, Paratones, other inventions.

But the dramatic part about the wh situation was that in 1926 only *one* co pany was able to make good Talkie only one little group of men had dared risk their fortunes, even their lives, on extraordinary gamble. As a result, t company, Warner Brothers, was two ye ahead of the field.

In February, March, and April, 19 Talkie films first began to come in ra succession: "Tenderloin," "Glori Betsy," "The Lion and the Mouse," a others. Movie-goers were fascinat They realized the shortcomings of t new form of film. They saw the wo limitations of the infant medium. T they were sold, nevertheless; and the m they saw, the greater their enthusia grew.

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Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The New GENERAL
DUAL BALLOON 8

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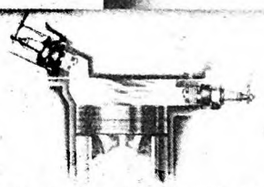
EQUIPPED with EVERYTHING

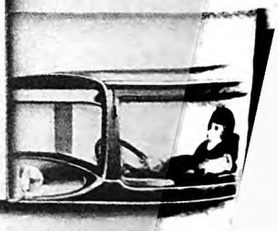
... at no extra cost

BIJUR CENTRALIZED CHASSIS LUBRICATION

FRONT AND REAR BUMPERS



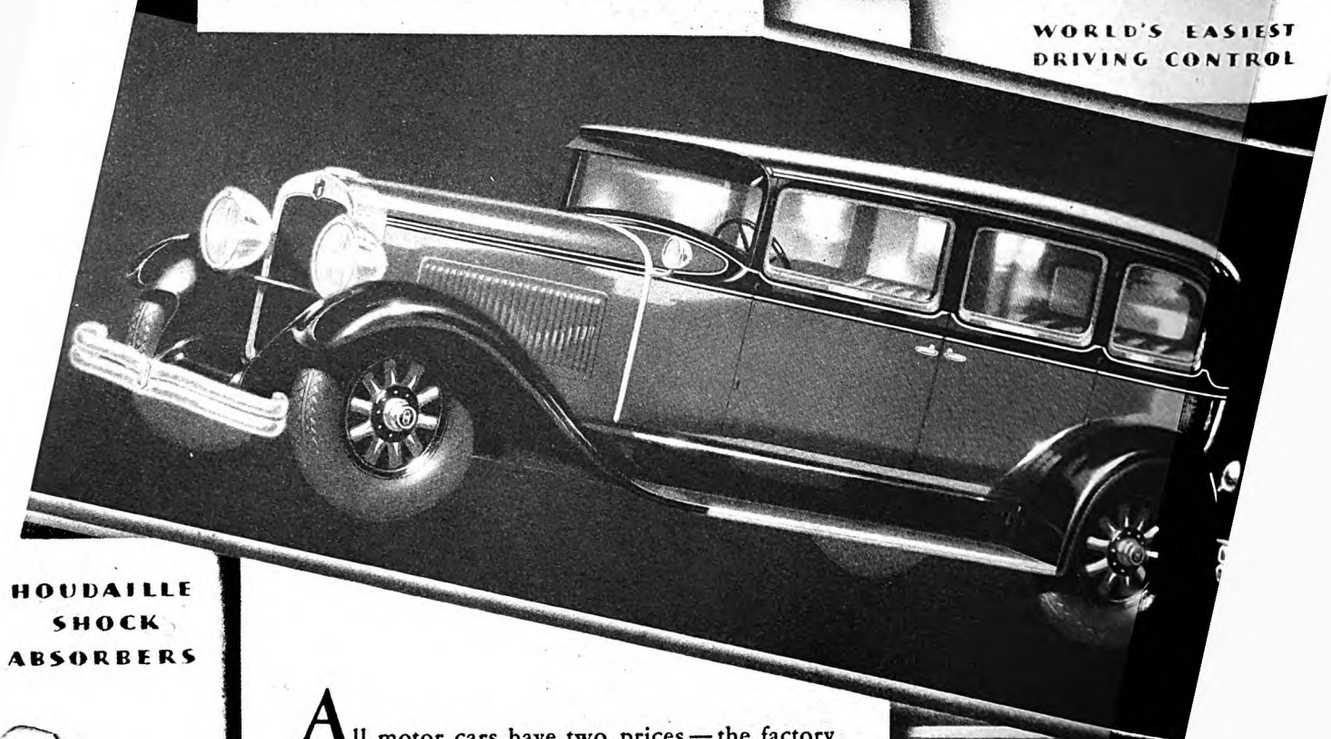
TWIN IGNITION MOTOR



WORLD'S EASIEST DRIVING CONTROL

The New NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



HOUDAILLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

All motor cars have two prices—the factory (f.o.b.) price, and the *delivered* price. If the delivered price includes the extras, charged for at retail prices, you'll find your car costing a lot more than you anticipate. Some dealers (not Nash dealers) charge as much as $50 or $60 for bumpers alone. ¶ On the new Nash "400" you'll find every necessary accessory . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . bumpers, front and rear . . . even tire locks . . . installed at the factory . . . included in the factory price . . . *at no extra cost.* ¶ That means a very much lower price, delivered, fully equipped. *The Nash "400" leads the world in motor car value!*

COSTLY-CAR INTERIOR FINISH

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The motion picture theater owners ere drawn into the vortex of technical artbreaks and professional rivalry. But eir technical troubles were the worst all.

The projection apparatus of the Talkie a complex and delicate apparatus. The ax records are fragile and wear out. our sets are always provided in case ere is breakage. And a set used in any eater is never shipped to another one. If the film breaks and has to be spliced, ere is the devil to pay. Part of it may taken out, but the record still contains the music or talk.

If the amplifying apparatus gives uble, it takes a real electrician to air it. The bicycle-shop mechanic is longer able to cope with the machinery the movie theater.

The different forms of record were coning. That developed by the great neral Electric Company records its nd on the margin of the film. This is e by having a ray of light vibrate on film just as the needle vibrates on the k record. The wavy line that is made ransmitted back through an electrical nd projector on the same general iciple by which the radio plays music. all this only complicated matters for poor movie theater owner.

Observers" had to be placed in the ience during a Talkie performance. observer had a telephone leading to projection booth and a buzzer on the of his chair with which to signal the ator. If he buzzed once it meant e point louder"; twice, "one point er." Three times meant, "Answer the hone." Four times meant an emery, such as "No sound is coming ugh."

No sound" is a real emergency, too, picture that is a Talkie!

ere usually has to be an auxiliary rical panel to switch to in case the ar panel fails.

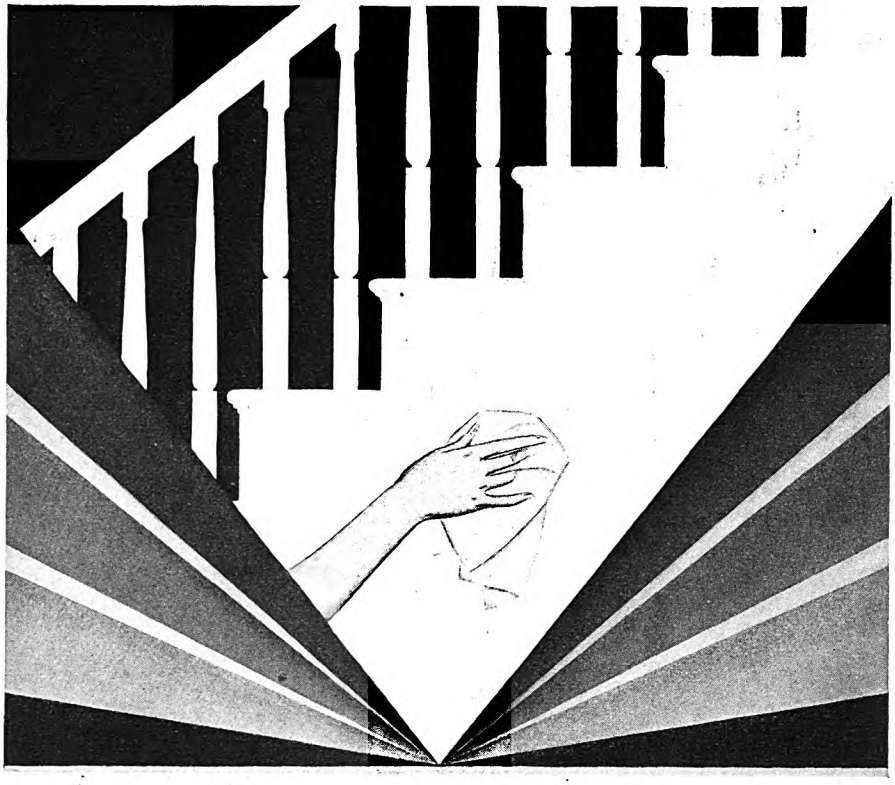
roughout the showing of a Talkie the operator has to closely follow his heet so that he knows when he is to ge his record, and this change has to stantaneous. Cue sheets are sent the records and have to be thory studied in advance of showing.

ONE knows what is going to happen o the foreign market with the Talkit does not pay yet to put Talkies oreign languages, so a silent version oreign titles is made of all important es. But things are going so fast that is no telling what will come next.

e thing is certain out of this big up. If people all over the country oing to hear our language spoken ly, the whole standard of speaking ng to be improved.

the standard of dramatic taste is to go up also. Silent movies depend often on spectacular effects than on er their people can act well or not. peculiarity of the drama that, when n, the acting must be far more t to get the illusion across to the ice. Now the inhabitants of every nd village of the United States will le to see and hear George Arliss, Barrymore, and other great artists, ever before could travel to the of our population.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



A PAINT ENAMEL

EASILY KEPT IMMACULATE

WITH A DAMP CLOTH

THOUSANDS have found in Barreled Sunlight a labor-saver comparable to the vacuum cleaner and the floor-polisher.

This satin-smooth paint enamel actually seals itself against dirt. It has no pores to hold dirt embedded. A damp cloth instantly removes every smudge—without injuring the finish.

Barreled Sunlight has a rich depth all its own and is guaranteed to remain white longest.

Extremely easy to apply—flowing freely from the brush and spreading evenly. No unsightly "laps" or brush marks!

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted any shade. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight, which is lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-M Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Distributors in all principal cities.

More than 7500 retail dealers.

A pure, lustrous white—easily tinted any shade

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade you wish. It is an "all-oil" product and blends readily with any good oil color, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints.

Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-M Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check
☐ Homes ☐ Large Buildings ☐ Factories
(Enclosed find 10c for sample can)
☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."

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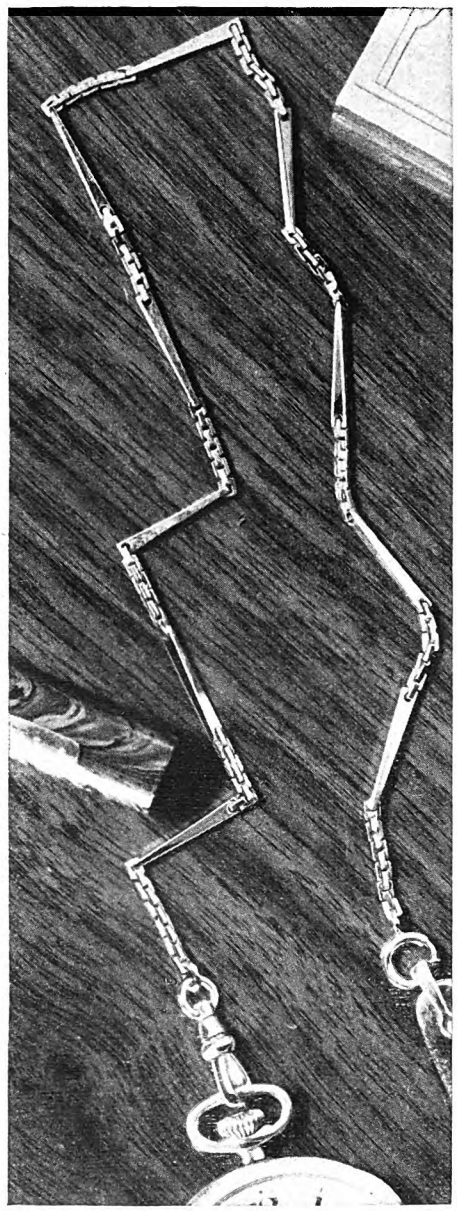

LOOK at it there on your dresser . . . stack it up against your cuff-links, your necktie, your brushes, your watch! Does your watch-chain show the same good taste, the nice appreciation of style? Is it as up to date as you know these other things *must* be? Perhaps you need a new chain—a Simmons Chain. With all its smart, pleasing design, and years of wear, a Simmons Chain still costs very little. And you'll find any number of styles to do you justice. The chain above is No. 30711, a gold-filled Waldemar, at $9. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS
The swivel says it's a Simmons

Do You Know How to Get a Job?

(*Continued from page 47*)

job right off the bat. But I can tell you about a lot of wrong ways that I see people using all the time, and I believe I can suggest a few things to be avoided and some that should be done.

"You must understand also that I shall speak chiefly about getting a job with one of the bigger firms. Concerns that employ from only a dozen to fifty or seventy-five people usually draw their assistants from personal acquaintances of the boss. But getting a job with a large organization is impersonal.

"A great number of job-hunters mistakenly insist on seeing the general manager or president, or somebody else at the top. They often say, 'I have a letter of introduction to the president; I want to see him *personally*.' They are very much offended when told, 'That is all right; just present the letter down the corridor in the employment manager's office and he will be glad to take care of you.' If they persist, they may, at most, get in to see the president's secretary, but it won't do them any good. It won't do you any good if you do see the president, because he will send you to the employment manager for a general interview.

"The first mistake, however, that nearly everybody makes who is out of a job is to use his shoe leather instead of his brains. Of course, a great many people are completely down and out and have to hustle and grab the first thing they can get hold of. But, even while you are doing that, you can begin a broader and, in the end, a safer and more effective campaign. I am not talking to the person who is chronically living from hand to mouth and is content to pick up temporary bread-and-butter jobs. I am talking to the person who is looking for a permanent position, where his best abilities will tell and where he can stay and work up.

"Even that sort of person usually starts out on what I call the 'shoe-leather' plan, instead of analyzing both himself and his market in a common-sense way and then mapping out a real campaign.

"I SHALL speak later about this point of analyzing your market, but I wish first to make clear to you that getting a job is a *selling proposition*, pure and simple, first, last, and all the time, whether it is a job as messenger boy or executive. You must also realize that you have just three things to sell: First, your general ability; second, your particular ability to do some particular kind of work; third, your personality—that is, the sort of person you are: your character, appearance, dress, manners, your responsiveness to the firm's purposes, policies, and regulations.

"Now, scarcely one person out of fifty gives us any clear idea about *any* of these things. We usually have to give him a long interview and dig it out of him, either by diplomacy or main force. For example, we have received letters, not only by the hundreds, but by the tens of thousands, written on everything from souvenir post cards, pieces of pasteboard, and cheap or soiled note paper, up to perfumed, deckle-edged stationery, tied with a pink ribbon, and yet there is not one out of hundreds of these letters that does not require us to write back to get more information—information about the most ordinary things that every employer would have to know. Thousands of these applicants do not tell us whether they are young or old, whether they have any education, or, if so, how much and what kind, or how and where they got their education (which is very important); they don't tell us whether they are married or unmarried or have children or not; what their ambitions are, and their likes, hobbies, religion; in fact, they omit all those simple everyday things in regard to human life that your common sense should teach you an employer would want to know about a person whose services he is going to buy.

"Nearly all people—I don't care whether they are mechanics, or coal shovelers, or college professors, or magazine writers—fail utterly to *consider the employer's side of the problem.*

"IN MY present position as consulting engineer I see letters received by my clients. A great many of them do not even tell us what kind of job their writers want, nor what kind of work they can do. Is any wonder that an enormous number of people have the idea that you land a job mostly by pull, luck, or chance?

"Even when people tell us something of their qualifications, they often mention qualifications that are not suitable for the job they want. Can you beat it? You see now, why I am emphasizing so strongly to you, as a job-seeker, the employer's side. If more people understood the employer's problems there would be far less trouble finding jobs. If you don't care anything about his side, you approach the whole thing in the wrong spirit. You are often going to get your feelings hurt just because you don't understand why he asks you what you may think are a lot of foolish questions about yourself, and also why he doesn't give you a job right off the bat.

"That phrase, 'waiting list,' is a bugbear to most job-seekers. They get hurt and don't understand it just because they do not see the employer's side and the big problems that every employer has regarding his working force. I call the first 'Acquisition' and the second 'Development.' Let us see what these words mean.

"By '*Acquisition*' I mean that every forward-looking employer must determine what man power his business is going to need and then *acquire* a potential labor supply to meet this requirement, a waiting list of people whose records, abilities, and character he has on tap.

"But right here is where an enormous number of your job-seekers lose out. The moment an employment manager says, 'I will put you on my waiting list,' the applicant says, either to himself or aloud, 'Oh, shucks! that is just a slick way of pigeonholing me. I don't want to get on anybody's waiting list.' You don't realize that your best opportunity lies in being on a *number* of good waiting lists. The moment you feel this in your bones

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he face you remember

– the face that's *FIT*

ecall the faces you've seen during the day. ich do you remember clearly?

aces best shaven . . . . clear skinned . . . . well omed . . . . healthy looking . . . . the Faces that Fit!

nd perhaps you'd be surprised to find how y of the well cared for faces you saw today their good appearance to the Williams Shav- Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua a.

man's shaving experience is complete un- he has tried them both.

rst, the Williams lather. Product of 89 years ecialized study. Uncolored. Pure with the ty of triple distilled ingredients. Holding, by entic test, 10% more beard softening mois- than any other we know of. Of the un- lled mildness to which millions of super- tive skins can testify,—mildness that gives nd and grateful feeling to the skin.

en, Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended, from of study, especially for the newly shaven ce. It cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Tones Invigorates. Protects. Conserves the nat- noisture that keeps skins comfortable and well conditioned. *Keeps* them as the Williams lather *leaves* them, flexible and Fit!

If you're doubtful, there's a coupon in the corner of the page. Use it! Let these two fine products tell their own story for a week or so.

NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM - - - AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. A29 GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

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200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why

LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

SORE THROAT

Have you tried the new
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?
Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat colds is based entirely on the germicidal action formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine wi pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect, full strength, is so amazingly powerful against ge Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the U States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, fo ample. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,0 them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obno M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, yo readily understand why it checks colds and sore t which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it i to use this way in any body cavity. You will be deli to find how quickly you get relief. In case you d consult your physician, as your trouble may be a s tom of a more deep-seated disease requiring attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U

Prevent a cold this way?

Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate, it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

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anges your whole attitude toward the tter of getting a job. It gives you a ferent spirit in answering questions ring your interview.

A number of the biggest and best ns always have the latchstring out for ege men; others want a great many ege women; while others want eighth-de or high-school boys and girls whom y can take in and develop. Still others ld up a waiting list of engineers, sales-n, mechanics, waiters, painters, print-carpenters, and the like.

THIS brings me to the second problem which your employer has, namely, velopment.' It is important for you to this, because you are the main end of it. When you get a job with a company irm, whether as elevator boy or execu-, your first month, or even year, is t hardest. But about nine employees of ten fail to see that, so far as the employee is concerned, it is likewise employer's hardest time. Your boss onstantly saying to himself, 'I wonder this fellow is going to *develop*.' He its to know what to expect of you in months and years to come. Will you steady promotion, or will you stay in place?

Let us go back, now, to the writing of letter, and let us repeat here the e main points on which the job-seeker lly falls down in composing it First, as not considered the employer's side; nd, he has never analyzed himself or ualifications clearly enough to know t he has to sell; third, he has never yzed his market and is trying to sell elf to the wrong firm. Steel mills do want linen salesmen, for example.

There is, of course, no stereotyped of letter to be used," Mr. Morgan inued, "but I can describe what I was the best letter I have ever re-d. It came one day in a pile of mail I immediately opened it because it d like a first-class lawyer's brief. On irst page I found a photograph of od-looking young man about thirty old. Immediately I said to myself, nder who this fellow is?'

n the next page, set out in clear type-ng, was the following brief letter:

am eager to become connected with your any and present herewith my qualifica-which I hope will be considered. I should iate a personal interview at the first op-nity.

hat is all the letter said.

n the third page was a nicely typed abulated statement of the following Address, age, height, weight, re-, ambitions, education in detail, , when, and what courses studied. s also shown that he was an engineer, arried, had one child, and was pay-r his home, the amount still unpaid stated.

n the next page was a record of his us employment, how long he had at each place, exactly what he had and exactly why he had changed. ving this were a number of letters previous employers and also from acquaintances of standing. It was ind in a nice, neat, loose-leaf binder, fully typed on very fine paper.

don't say everybody should write a exactly like that, but I do say that it will always stand out in my memory as the one and only real *personality selling brief* that I have ever seen. I sent for that man, and later gave him a job."

"But, Mr. Morgan," I inquired, "do you not get many a nice-looking letter with photograph of the writer, setting forth his or her qualifications in fine style, and when you see the writer himself, you find he doesn't have the stuff back of him? Furthermore, when he tells you all about his ambitions, religion, home life, and all that, doesn't the fact that he talks so much about himself give you the impression that he is egotistical or slopping over?"

"Of course, we have to watch that sort of thing all the time," Mr. Morgan replied. "We get a lot of 'phony' letters, and when we see the people who wrote them, we discover immediately they can't make good on the prospectus they have sent in. They had gotten someone else to prepare their letters for them. Then, also, we have to look out for the egotistical fellow who is eager to impress us with what a wonderful person he is. Another fellow we have to look out for is the high-hatter—the person who does not want to find a job, but 'desires to accept a position'—the person who is insulted when put through an interview or asked to fill out an application blank. I told one young fellow I could give him a job at fifteen dollars a week. 'Why,' he said, 'that wouldn't keep me in cigarette money.' If you want to kill your case, just put on the high hat, or egotistical attitude, and you will be pretty sure to do it. Such things are always certain to show in either your letter or your interview.

"Another kind of letter, of which we get many, is the one that tries to soft-soap the employer. That sort of stuff never gets you anywhere, but many people make the mistake of trying it.

"IF I were writing a letter, I should simply say something like this:

"I am looking for a position. I am thirty-two years old, married, have two children; one is two and one four; am a high-school graduate, Philadelphia, School No. 34, graduated when I was eighteen, working during the summers as messenger boy I worked three years for the XYZ Company, city grocery salesman, salary $125 per month; worked five years with Jones & Company, ribbon department, etc.

"I am living at ——, have my home three fourths paid for. I wish to make a change because of ——.

"I should like to have an interview with you concerning opportunities for the present or future. Enclosed are some references and some testimonials.

"It will be a rare employer who will not answer that letter and grant you an interview, either immediately or when he has an opening that fits. You might also state that you enclose a separate page giving some further facts about your experience, personal characteristics, social and religious life, ambitions, and the like. Be sure to mention ambitions, because employers want people who want to get somewhere.

"Another mistake job-seekers make is that they don't come clean. This applies both to their letters and to their interviews. I don't mean that they lie and exaggerate—although a few do that—I refer especially to those who cover up and skip

no wonder Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. & PAT. OFF.

"Two Years Old—
It looks like New!
Simoniz does
make the finish
last longer!"

"And it also...
Keeps Colors
from Fading"

PEOPLE judge a car by the appearance of the finish. If you want to keep your car as beautiful as when you first saw it on the show room floor, use Simoniz at once.

All motor car finishes, including Duco and lacquer can be kept looking new and beautiful for the life of the car with Simoniz. It makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

If your car is already old looking use Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz to clean off the remaining cloudiness and give the finish lasting beauty and weatherproof protection

"Motorists Wise—Simoniz" . . . it pays every time.

Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

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Chester

MILD *enough for anyboa*

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

What a cigarette meant there

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing-barn—the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later ageing and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

ield

. *and yet* **THEY SATISFY**

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Improved Performance *with New Improved* CHAMPIONS

TODAY'S motor cars are designed to give more thrilling and better performance than ever before. What most motorists fail to realize is that all engines are subject to an imperceptible though steady depreciation in performance.

The new improved Champions are designed to maintain new car performance and to meet *all* conditions of the most advanced engineering.

The far-reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with new Champions—no matter what spark plug you may now be using.

The new improved Champions will show actual savings in gas and oil, which will more than offset their cost.

You can be sure of superior performance with the new improved Champions. But to secure the best performance results from your engine, make sure it is equipped with the *proper type* of Champion. Every Champion dealer has a chart which will show which Champion should be installed in your engine for best results.

Remember it is a genuine economy to install new Champions every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

TOLEDO, OHIO - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

over, and who just don't mention important things we ought to know. One of the worst mistakes you can make is not to tell exactly why you left your former position and why you want a new one. When a man shies at a question about that, it always makes a bad impression. But when a man says to me candidly, 'I got sore at the boss,' or, 'I made a mistake, and it caused some breakage, and they fired me,' that man at once gains my confidence. He has made a mistake, learned his lesson, and is better for it.

"Another mistake is to misrepresent yourself, either in your letter or your interview, in some such way as understating your age, overstating your experience or earnings, and the like. Often, when a firm advertises for a man thirty-five years old, people from thirty-eight to forty-five will come in and try to palm themselves off as thirty-five. The job-seeker should realize that when an employer spends money in order to state exactly that he wants a man thirty-five years old, he does not mean twenty-five or forty-five. If he says he wants a college man or a man of some particular religion, he has some special reason for saying so.

"Suppose, however, a man starts off a letter to me: 'Referring to your advertisement, I am not qualified to meet your specifications in full, because I am over your specified age by six years, but it occurred to me there might be an opening in your concern that I could fill. Here are my qualifications, etc.,' why, that is another thing entirely. We know that the applicant is a candid, honest person.

"On the whole, however, people tend to understate rather than overstate their qualifications. Even when they try to overstate them on one or two points, they usually fall down in giving us the essentials that might lead us to hire them, and often burden us with a perfect flood of non-essential facts.

"Why all this failure on the part of the job-seeker to tell us the essentials about himself? It goes back to my fundamental statements: First, he has never analyzed himself so that he can tell us what he has to sell; and, second, he has not analyzed his market and is trying to sell himself to the wrong firm.

"LET me say a few more words about analyzing yourself, and then close with a few suggestions about selecting the market for your services.

"When I speak of analyzing yourself for a job-finding purpose, I do not have in mind a complete analysis such as a psychologist might give you, with all sorts of mental and temperamental measurements, speed reactions, and all that.

"What I mean by self-analysis, either in the letter you write or when you present yourself for your interview, is a clear, brief, common-sense statement of the general facts about yourself. What else could it be? It should cover your education, how you got your education, what your early surroundings were, what studies you liked best in school, what sort of people you like best, what clubs and fraternities and church you belong to, what kind of sports you enjoy, what your hobbies are, and your ambitions, what your special training has been where you have worked, *exactly* what you have worked at, *exactly* why you quit, *exactly* why you want a new job, whether you are married or single, or have children or not, whether you own your home, what percentage of your salary you have saved, and things of that sort. You do not need a psychologist to tell you these things.

"My advice to you is to take a piece of paper and make out a list of the things you would like to know about a person you were going to invest your money in, him and work with him. Go over this a number of times and think about each item, and see how briefly and clearly you can state each point. (Even if you are not looking for a job, it will be helpful to make a self-analysis now and then.) You should indicate your points briefly in your letter and then be prepared to make a full statement about them in your interview.

"BEING in the right market is all-important. For, with the best letter and interview, you are merely shooting in the air if you are in the wrong market. There are just two big principles to follow, as far as your geographical location and your situation permit. The first is, *Go after the leaders in your line.* I shall explain this further in a moment. The second principle is, *Go after the job and the firm, whether big or little, where your good qualities will have the maximum of effective and your poor qualities will have the minimum of exposure.*

"Just a word, first, about the geographical location. Here is a girl in Duluth, Minnesota, or a boy in Garden City, Kansas, or a married man with a family in Henrietta, Texas, who write, offhand, to us in Philadelphia, asking for a job.

"Try to put yourself for a moment in the employer's place on that point. Would you take the responsibility of bringing those people far away from their homes, when you know nothing about their family ties and obligations, nothing about their steadiness or character, nothing about their ambitions and plans? A firm will take that responsibility with a great deal of information. Of course, if you make it clear that you are prepared to make a trip to submit your qualifications, why, that is a different matter. It is perfectly legitimate, for example, for an ambitious man or woman who has been working in one place to write to a firm somewhere else, giving definite reasons why he wishes to move. But he must be very clear and definite on these points.

"Now, by the 'leaders' I simply mean the best, soundest concerns within a range of territory, which are in the line of work that you like and which you are especially qualified to serve. Other things being equal, I should get with as big a house as I could. It will have a better future for you. It will have more chances for promotion, more available jobs, bigger prizes for successful work.

"A second reason for trying to get with the best firms is that there are definite reasons why they are the best. Among these reasons are: stability of employment, fair wages, good working conditions, good business practice, enlightened public policy, and all that.

"A third reason for trying to get with such firms is that you have a stable employment record when you make a change."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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You'll get more from your car if I'm in the tank

Ethyl

The reason is simple . . .

HIGH COMPRESSION

DO you know *why* an automobile engine "knocks" and grows sluggish? The answer is important o you, as a car owner.

Power increases as compression is raised; the ighter gasoline and air are squeezed in the cylinder efore ignition, the greater the force of the explosion ehind the piston.

But ordinary gasoline can be compressed only so r. After that it explodes too rapidly, with the re-ilt that instead of more power you get "knocking" id power loss.

That is why General Motors Research Labora-ries sought something which when added to gaso-ie would eliminate this inherent fault and make e advantages of higher compression possible.

The result was Ethyl fluid—the anti-knock gredient which leading oil companies are adding their good gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*, the ndard anti-knock fuel.

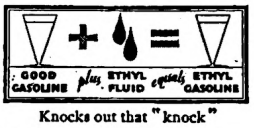
National distribution of Ethyl has enabled the tor industry, during the past two years, to offer new models with engines of higher compression and greatly increased performance. They will "run" on ordinary gasoline, but their full measure of power requires the use of Ethyl. Obviously, a "high compression" engine requires high compression fuel.

"*But what,*" *you may ask,* "*of the millions of cars of average compression?*" To them Ethyl Gasoline means high compression performance as carbon forms in the cylinders. For carbon automatically raises compression by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber.

So much for the reason for Ethyl Gasoline. Its real test is its use. Whatever the make or age of your car, Ethyl will give you a performance beyond that enjoyed with ordinary gasoline. Ride with Ethyl today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, N.Y.—56 Church St., Toronto—36 Queen Anne's Gate, London

ETHYL GASOLINE



Knocks out that "knock"

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POSTUM

...made of rich, golden grain

2,000,000 families invite you to share the delights of this drink...

SIT DOWN to dinner this evening in any of these 2,000,000 homes. Note carefully the drink that is served you. Its deep brown color that lightens to gold as cream is added. Its enticing aroma, tangy as a woodland in October . . .

Now lift the cup and drink. Drink deep . . . Ah, we knew you would like Postum! So different from the "invalid drink" you may have expected. Instead, a rich, distinctive flavor, mellow, full-bodied!

Nor is this all. You'll find your enjoyment of Postum, unlike that of caffein, does not end at the table. It only begins there. For Postum has no after-effects. It never robs you of sleep, never frays your nerves, never impairs digestion, as caffein so often does. Postum is *safe!*

The reason? Postum is made from golden ripe grain—from whole wheat and bran, blended and roasted. A drink that contains no caffein—no artificial stimulant of any kind.

To test Postum's value fully, make it your mealtime drink for thirty days, in place of caffein. Then measure your gains—in health and happiness. See how soundly you sleep! See how much better you feel—*and look!* Like millions who have tried Postum before you, you'll become a Postum enthusiast *for life!*

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Post Food Products

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

P.—A.M.—4-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—Print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Fifty Years on the Ol' Mississip'

(*Continued from page 57*)

every boat and shipping office on the river got a copy of that and I came in for a lot of chaffing. Old 'Quaker Oats' Cal Blaizer wrote to ask if I had turned ladies' hairdresser.

"And, speaking of the devil—there's old 'Quaker Oats' drifting his tow of coal barges round the next bend. That's navigating for you. He's got more cargo there than forty old-time packets like the Lee and Natchez could carry.

"If he 'steered' that bend in the usual way, those ten or fifteen acres of barges would smear half a mile of bank and go to pieces. You'd hear cables snapping like gunshots and see the barges piling one on the other like stampeding cattle. But old 'Quaker Oats' will 'drift' it without setting the quaking aspens a-shiver on that caving bank. That's piloting for you! Old Horace Bixby, for all the reputation he had 'count of what Sam Clemens wrote about him, couldn't do that in a thousand years. Bixby was *one* of the best (though not *the* best by a long shot) of the packet-boat pilots of his day; but packet-boat piloting was child's play compared to handling big tows.

"THEY call Cal Blaizer 'Quaker Oats,'" the Captain explained, "because he looks like the picture on the breakfast-food package. No, he's not really a Quaker. Quakers speak softly and don't swear. Cal has the only voice on the river that can make itself heard above the roar of a tow of barges busting up in an ice gorge. And he is almost as famous for his spitting as for his piloting. He always has a quid in his cheek and he keeps his spittoon over against the front of the pilot house beyond the wheel. He can spit through the spinning wheel for watch after watch without tarnishing the brass-work or a spoke.

"Another famous spitter was Tom Garrison," related Captain Good. "He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds and had been the end man of a minstrel show before he became a steamboat captain. Tom spat neatly and accurately with tobacco, but his most artistic work was done with Number 4 shot. He could expel these pellets with such force from his muscular lips that a fifty-feet-distant darky deckhand would slap his stricken neck and holler, 'Wasp!'

"Captain 'Wolfie' Clark was a mean spitter but deadly accurate with his revolver. Once he shot the pipe out of the mouth of a steersman. Then one time missing his boat at Louisville, he followed by train and dropped to the deck of it from the middle span of the Cairo bridge swathed in a white sheet. Not unnaturally, a negro watchman, who had been seen 'Wolfie' in his vain race for the boat down the Cincinnati levee, yelled 'Bloody murder!' and jumped over the side."

The Oleander's day, like that of the cotton-hoeing darky who explained that he worked from "yu can till yu can't" was literally from daylight to dark.

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'ou should see the new Pieces of 8 [TRADE-MARK REGISTERED] in *Paris Clothes*!

you imagine Johanna Silver, that intrepid
e girl of olden days, stepping forth today
Paris-designed pirate frock? With a chic
bandana chapeau by a famous *modiste*
boots by a famous *bottier?* With her
e costume straight from the Rue de la
? That's just what's happened. PIECES
in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate now
s to you accoutred in the Paris manner.
PIECES OF 8, a smart, modern idea to
with now appears in Paris designed
s and trays as smart and modern as the
ea" itself. Gorgeous red and silver, and
and gold chests and trays designed by
ieur Reynaldo Luza, artist, fashion
rity, *élégant*. Regal background for the
ling glory of 1847 ROGERS BROS., the
of all silverplate. PIECES OF 8 in all
ns with eight of each flatware essential
s, forks, spoons) $43.75 (slightly higher
nada). And tea and dinnerware in
ing patterns at equally moderate prices.

n see these new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets
silverware counter, or write for book-
0 to Dept. E, International Silver Co.,
n, Conn.

ECES
3.75
FREE

IE STATELY ANCESTRAL PATTERN IN THE NEW
T, $43.75 . . . ALL PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE,
LEGACY, THE MODERN FLAIR IN SILVERWARE

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES . . . . SINCE 1847

47 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

MERIDEN, CONN. SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO. CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

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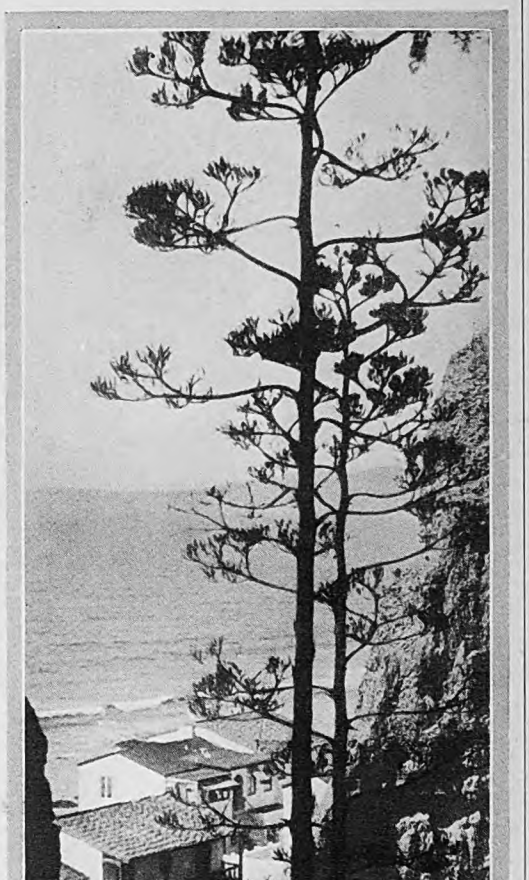
All the world is pictured here

HERE . . . assembled for the moving picture director, as for the tourist . . . you'll find the desert sands of Egypt, the rocky coasts of Scotland, the majestic mountain ranges of Switzerland, Italian lakes, Mediterranean islands, Old Spanish Missions, Alaskan snow scenes, the mighty Yosemite, the great plains and the cacti of our own vast West. You'll find no variety like this except in Southern California . . . vacation land supreme.



See here also the diversity of semi-tropical agriculture. Visit lemon packing houses. Drive through the date, avocado and orange groves. Los Angeles County, one of the richest in the country, produces farm products valued at $95,000,000 annually and has oil fields valued at a billion dollars. See Los Angeles, largest city on the coast, and visit its harbor from where ships sail over the southern route for Hawaii.

The summer climate of Southern California is always a revelation to the visitor. Summer days are cool, comfortable, and free from humidity. Light wraps are worn in the evening and nights are slept under blankets.

Stay a week, a month, or all summer. Make this the happiest, most profitable vacation you have ever spent. For little extra expense you may see the entire Pacific Coast.

The first step is the coupon. Mail it today. We'll send you a new book on Southern California . . . 73 large pictures in gravure, showing magnificent scenery, sports, musical and social events of this land of joy.

Southern California

'A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA'

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 4-M, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Captain, 'twixt grins and chuckles, reminisced of the queer-uns of the river all through supper. As we came out upon the deck in the twilight his son, Captain Joe, "a regular chip off the old block," was heading the boat in along the Missouri shore looking for an eddy in which to tie up for the night.

Reminiscence flowed still faster in the Oleander's pilot house during the days that followed. Now it was an island or a light bearing the name of a sunken steamboat that released the golden stream; now a storied landing, the roof of an old plantation house beyond the levee, or the scar of an ancient crevasse. More often than not one yarn ran on into another, so that the flow was continuous save only for the interruptions of landings, soundings, shifting of stations, and interviews with keepers, white, yellow, and black. But of keepers more anon.

Only when his own experiences were concerned did Captain Tom display reticence. A half century of Mississippi River history was on tap at my elbow just so long as it was confined to the doings of others; when I pressed for the record of Tom Good, the magic stream dwindled, trickled, and ceased to flow. Others had had their adventures—the snaggings, the blowings up, the races, the rescues—as for himself, he had just jiggered away at the wheel and done the best he could to keep the lights burning. This from the man who no less an authority than the president of the Mississippi River Commission had assured me knew "The Father of Waters" as no pilot before him had ever known.

The brief account I am setting down at this point of how Tom Good came to the Mississippi, and became of the Mississippi, was not extracted at a single session, nor yet during a single day or week. Rather it is a composite of odds and ends he let slip during the course of some score of shared watches, pieced out with bits from two of his sons and several of his earlier and later shipmates.

THE stock was Dutch on the Good side—Pennsylvania vintage. Tom, preceded by six or eight brothers and sisters, was born in Covington, Kentucky, in 1[illegible]. His grandfather kept a ship chandler's shop on the Cincinnati waterfront. His father, a man of energy and initiative, became captain of a packet running the Ohio River points to New Orleans in the fifties. During the Civil War he was employed by the Federal Government in the construction and operation of iron-protected river craft. In 1869 he was called to St. Louis to organize and manage the Mississippi Barge Line, in which he subsequently became a partner.

Tom's brothers and sisters were high proper young folk, eager to get on in the world, and so fell in easily with their *père's* plan to send all his children through school and college. Only Tom and another brother had low tastes, preferring the levee to the schoolroom, the river boat to the master. When this brother was drowned swimming in the Mississippi Tom remained as the only family problem. The threat of a hiding every time he was caught setting foot on the levee proved an irritant, not a deterrent.

The first big event of Tom's life came at the age of ten. St. Louis had seethed for days with talk of the great race between

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FILM
A Dangerous Coating
That robs teeth of their whiteness

A way to remove it that quickly restores brilliance. Film, it is agreed, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Please accept free 10-day supply.

HERE is a scientific way to keep teeth white and brilliant. A way nce itself evolved, to safeguard better inst the commoner tooth and gum ases, including pyorrhea. A way that shes enamel.

he source of discolored teeth is a ky, dingy film. Film, too, is the source erious dental troubles. Science knows —thus the approved method today of ecting teeth is by removing film. A spe- dentifrice called Pepsodent has been pounded with that as its sole purpose. ou may receive a 10 days' supply to Send the coupon for your free tube.

You must fight film

for film with your tongue—a slip- viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail Coupon to
The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 164
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3171

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Individuality..

coupled with taste makes a well-dressed man. Yet even careful dressers must be wary when choosing fancy pattern socks. So slight a difference may divide good taste from bad. Bewildered men are apt to buy a sock they'll hesitate to wear a second time.

Individuality and taste are coupled in *Iron Clads.* There is a full line of attractively patterned, conservatively colorful socks to choose from at Iron Clad dealers. Deliberately selected color combinations, skilfully worked out designs and carefully woven fabrics contribute to the smartness of a sock that "wears like iron." *Satisfactory service or a new pair of socks is guaranteed.*

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
204 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee. Now they were being groomed in New Orleans. Now they were off; now passing Memphis; now Cairo; now they were on the home-stretch. The Lee was leading and, barring snags, grounding, or a boiler explosion, would reach St. Louis first. Licking or no licking, young Tom was not going to miss that event. When his father, who was on the committee of distinguished citizens named to receive and do honor to the winner, refused to take him to the welcoming stand at Eads Bridge, the young river-boy set off on his own.

I will set down the story just as he told it himself to me in the pilot house of the Oleander, nearly sixty years after the historic event. We had put in to replenish oil at Yucatan Light, forty miles below Vicksburg, and not far from Palmyra Island, so long the plantation home of Jefferson Davis. Backing off into the channel, Captain Good remarked casually that we would just about be passing over the hull of the Robert E. Lee. It had burned to the water line there some time in the eighties, not very long after he and his young wife had taken their honeymoon voyage on it.

"ALWAYS felt a bit sentimental about the Lee on that account," he went on, as the bow swung downstream and he rang up for full speed ahead. "'Nother reason, too—but had I told you I watched the Robert lead the Natchez into St. Louis in '71? The old home was only a few blocks from the levee, but there was such a jam of people all along the bank that we—the gang of street gamins with which I herded—had to go two miles and a half below town before we could get a clear view from the bank. There were sawmills down there at that time, and a big log-raft from Minnesota offered a fine vantage for any that could keep a footing. We kids led the way out and after us came the hundreds that crowded down later.

"The first sign we saw of the Lee was a big cloud of smoke—boiling and swirling up black as bitumen, for she was firing with pitch. The glint of gilt on the funnels began to flicker in the sunlight as she rounded into the straight from Carondelet, six miles down. Then the texas humped against the sky line, and at last we saw the bow tearing through the water. Everyone was yelling like an Indian, but the one thing I remember out of all the bedlam of cries was the booming voice of a big buck nigger who kept shouting: 'Look at him froffin' at de mouf!' A tumbling bow-wave has always been a 'froffin' at de mouf' to me ever since.

"The Lee roared past us faster than I have ever seen any river boat speed to this day. The big wall of water she pushed ahead drove our log-raft grandstand high upon the sloping mud bank, and then the depression sucked after her dragged it back into the river again. Men and women and kids were tumbling over each other, and a lot of them must have fallen between the rolling logs. Some must have been killed or drowned. I don't recall ever hearing, and I wouldn't have remembered if I had. That sight of the roaring, snorting old Robert E. Lee occupied my thoughts to the exclusion of everything else for many days. I don't even remember whether I got a hiding or not when I forgot myself at supper and bragged that I had seen the Lee before Dad had."

Some days passed before I had Tom Good threading his personal story again. But this time he took me far. School was more irksome to him than ever, with that vision of the speeding Lee interposing between his eyes and the silly books. He worried along to somewhere between the third and fourth readers, and there he drifted aimlessly in an eddy of discontent.

"If you won't go to school you can try a job," ruled his stern but sensible father. Tom tried a job; and then a second and a third. There must have been a dozen shifts in the course of the next year or two, and the only job from which the boy was not fired had to do with checking cotton bales on the levee. At last came Good Senior's ultimatum.

"Tom," he said, "there is only one thing an otherwise worthless young numskull can do and still remain a gentleman. That is to be a Mississippi River pilot. I know the river life as only a packet captain can know it, and I planned to head all of you boys away from it. But you're good for nothing else. In a choice between the river and the penitentiary, I suppose the river is the least objectionable alternative."

Tom gasped with delight at this unbelievable turn of luck, thanked his father, and went to work as "cub" on a towboat the next week. That was in 1879, when he was eighteen. In spite of an ill-trained mind, he was up for his license examination well inside of a year. He was far from being adequately prepared technically; but the Examiner knew his father and evidently thought he saw signs of good river stuff in the son.

"You're not quite ready for your license yet, boy," he said gravely; "but you'll be a year ahead in experience if you have it this season. I'll grant it if you'll promise solemnly to remember just three words."

The lad grinned and promised lightly enough. This was easier than he had expected. But the Examiner, holding Tom's eyes with his own across the table, did not speak for many long seconds, and in that interval it suddenly came home to the happy-go-lucky candidate that the fate of boats and the lives of men would hang upon the way he came through. If there was ever a hair-line turning point in human life that tense interval in Tom Good's was such. A boy's lips flung the glib "Yessir, I'll promise"; a man's hard set face and unflinching blue eyes revealed that he understood the full significance of the undertaking.

The Examiner was satisfied with what he saw and broke silence. "Stop in Time!" was all he said.

"I HAD the luck to have this formula for the river driven home to me," said Captain Good, "so that it stuck without disaster—which is the way most pilots learned it. And the usual run of disaster meant the loss of a man's license, if not his life. I've never had a wreck when I was in command," he added, with a palpitating tap on a wooden wheel-spoke. "They talk of 'Tom Good's luck,' and I won't say that I haven't had more than my share of that. But more than everything else combined, it was just having kept that 'Stop in Time!' floating before my inner eyes all the while and never being too cocky to act on it."

He reached over and rang the engine

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You can't bring your rugs to us-

f you could bring your rugs to us, we could show you just how much dirt is in your floor coverings, d where each kind of dirt lodges.

e could make clear, by scientific comparisons, just why ction and sweeping and beating are each required to nove one of the three types of dirt; and demonstrate, tests, how completely these methods, combined, will nove all the dirt which your rugs harbor. In other rds, we could show you the *science* of The Hoover.

: could show you how The Hoover raises the rug from floor and beats out the destructive embedded grit; how sweeps up the clinging litter; and how its suction ries the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust bag. But you cannot bring your rugs to us.

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE
e accurate measure of ctric cleaner efficiency is *dirt per minute*

So we send our representative to you, in your home, to show you the results of Hoover cleaning, to demonstrate on your rugs the exclusive cleaning principle of The Hoover, "Positive Agitation," which enables it to remove e *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

representative comes to you from the store of one of leading merchants in your community, and with the rsement of that merchant. He brings to you information that will save you time and needless effort and ect your rugs from destructive wear.

use this information is of the greatest importance to we hope you will see our representative and hear t he has to tell you.

hone your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration. Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Only down. Liberal allowance for old cleaners.

The HOOVER
Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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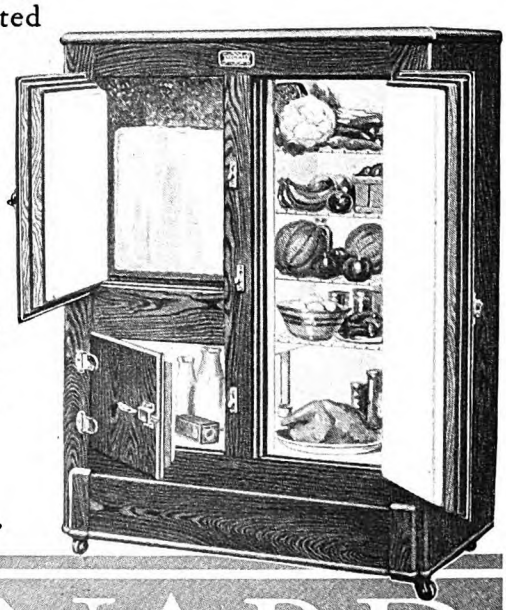
GIVE YOUR HOME THIS HEALTH PROTECTION!

EVERY home in America needs a good refrigerator. Ice is a recognized family necessity because it protects food—and food means our very existence. In offering the Leonard Refrigerator at prices ranging from $35 to $70, we make it possible for every home to have this positive health-protection.

And remember! These are genuine Leonards. Insulated with thick compressed cork-board. Some lined with seamless porcelain—the famous Leonard Cleanable lining. All bearing the approval of the National Association of Ice Industries based on their thermometer tests at Columbia University.

Our announcement of these unusual values has already created an early-season demand for the new models. All adapted to electric, ice and gas refrigeration. So do visit the Leonard dealer in your city now—while he has a good assortment to show you. Or write to us for a Leonard style book. Leonard Refrigerator Company, 614 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.



Other models up to
$400
"LIKE A CLEAN CHINA DISH"

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

down to half speed. "That little mental danger signal, for instance, is the main reason that I am going to nose in and tie up at Paddy Hen Light in the middle of the afternoon instead of blundering along in this thickening fog. Ten to one, we could clean up at Hopefield and push right on into Memphis and lay in snug at the levee. But there is just the odd chance that some other darn fool would be smearing his way through the fog and that we would get in each other's way. And so, just to be on the safe side, and remembering my fifty-year-old promise, we'll 'Stop in Time.' . . . Joe, I'll bring her in so you can run a bowline to the root of the fallen hickory and the sternline to the trunk of the sawed-off fir."

"Don't you mean the hollow pecan stump, sir; the one just above the light station?"

"Fir, I said!" the skipper roared back through his megaphone. "Tumble lively! There it is now!"

Then, in a lower tone, to me: "Pecan stump half caved in last visit. Knew it would be gone 'fore we came back, so spotted the fir, forty feet back, for the next sternline mooring. Spoke to Joe about it at the time—and now he's gone and forgotten it. That comes from his towboat piloting. Don't care how and where they tie up."

I gulped as the significance of the incident came home to me; and then gulped again. A thousand miles of the lower Mississippi and, say, three times that length of banks. And here was a man not only remembering just what trees his bow and stern-lines should go to in mooring at one of the seven hundred lights, but also casting ahead and pigeonholing a second line of moorings for use as the first one crumbled.

ALL of the serious disasters in which Tom Good figured came in his early years on the river, when he was a subordinate. His first towboat was assailed by a tropical storm in September, 1879, losing its stacks and upper works and having one of the pilots drowned. On two of his towboats, the John Gilmore and the Henry Lowry, he learned what it was to have his boat foundered against a levee on the treacherous "coast" of Louisiana. But when, in time, he won to commands of his own, the magic clothed in the common sense of that saving "Stop in Time!" had its effect, as it still has. Rescues he participated in by the score, but never wrecks of his own. He saw the N South, getting up steam for a race with the Itaska, drive onto a snag which pierced hull and cabin and came out through the roof of the pilot house, killing three passengers outright. He was near when Grant Marsh capsized in the Sea Eagle and coolly walked down the upper wo and right around onto the bottom of slowly turning steamer. But to his o boats things just didn't happen.

"Tom Good's luck" became proverbial after a decade or more with a clean rec doubtless having much to do with the that he was constantly offered better better boats at a time when the pac trade was being all but wiped off river by railroad competition. An was probably that same unblemi record which led the Government to him the command of its new lighth

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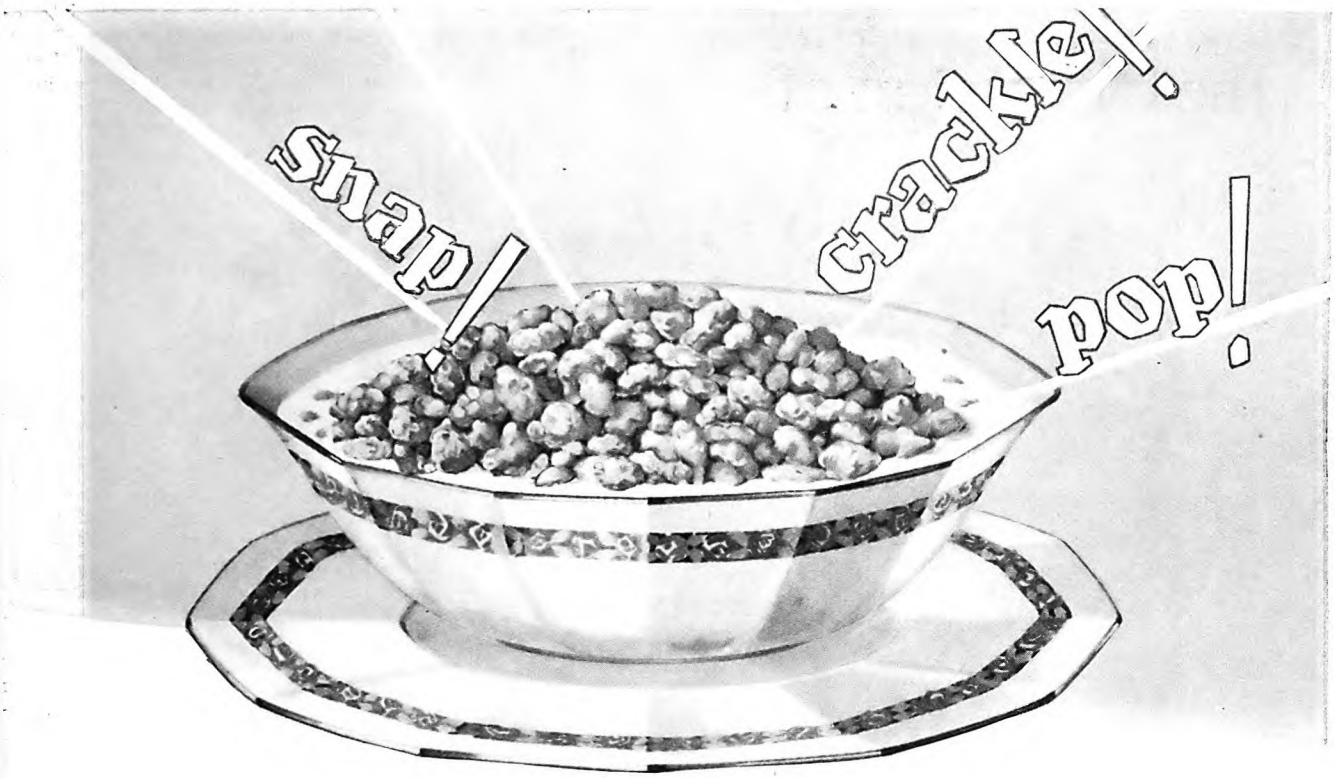

It's new!

The new Kellogg cereal .. so crisp it actually *crackles* in cream

ou've never known a cereal before like Kellogg's Rice Krispies. 's different in variety, shape and flavor!

Just taste those toasty rice bubbles as they come from the carton. ou've never put anything as delicious in your mouth.

Serve them for breakfast. And when you pour on the milk or eam, *listen* to them crackle. That's how crisp they are!

Lunch—the children's evening meal . . . you couldn't find a tter dish. Add fruits or honey to your Rice Krispies.

Make candies with them, macaroons. Garnish salads. Put them soups. Butter and serve like crisp pop corn. There never was a eal to use so many ways.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Try Rice ispies tomorrow. You and your family are on for a flavor surprise!

de in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest lucers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, mbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit—also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the ted Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES

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The Obligation of a MAN

FINE to have the incentive of the finest family in the world; fine to do everything you can for their comfort and happiness; to plan and work and keep going ahead—but suppose the biggest thing you could do for your family is the one thing you *haven't* done yet?

The full obligation of a *man* to his family is never fully met until he has definitely taken care of the future; made sure of protection through adequate life insurance. You feel a wonderfully satisfying sense of security when there is a Provident Mutual Life Insurance Policy to guarantee the continued well-being of those you love.

Calling a Provident Mutual Representative, *today,* may be the first step to complete contentment of mind for you.

If you do not know the address of the nearest Representative, the Company will gladly supply it.

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

© P. M. L. I. Co., 1929

tender for the Lower Mississippi District.

There were few fixed lights on the Mississippi during the early days of steamboat navigation. The levees of cities and towns displayed beacons of sorts, and occasionally plantations did likewise. For the rest, each master memorized as many natural day-marks as he could and blundered as best he might at night. Up to the time of the electric searchlight, night landings were made by the flickering glow of iron baskets of blazing pitch-knots. Most of the several thousands of wrecks which are incorporated in the bottom of the Mississippi between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans went to their reward before the regular light system was established by the Government.

The almost prohibitive difficulty of making a channel that is here today and gone tomorrow made progress slow in the matter of safeguarding navigation on the Mississippi, and no comprehensive system was worked out until after the peak of the old steamboat traffic was long past. Then, over a considerable interval in which river trade dwindled year by year, the lighting system was not only maintained, but improved and extended, with characteristic United States Lighthouse Service thoroughness. Channels that were scarcely churned once a month by a dilapidated stern-wheeler were kept sounded, marked, and lighted, although the cost of the service must have been far and away beyond any benefits derived.

IT WAS in the very lowest ebb of river traffic—1900—that Tom Good was put in charge of the lights of the lower thousand miles of the Mississippi, from the confluence of the Missouri to New Orleans. There were 331 lights at this juncture, and there were a good many people in the country at the time who professed to believe that this number was just 331 times the number for which any reason could be found justifying their maintenance at Government expense.

The new captain of the lighthouse tender, knowing of the great economy in barge transportation from the operations of the line managed by his father, confidently looked forward to a time when a comparatively small number of powerful towboats would transport more cargo a month than the hundreds of old-time packets had carried in a year. He might not live to see that time, but he would do everything he could to build up a system of lights and marks which would be worthy of the vast inland waterway transportation system that was to come.

None of the great navigable rivers of the world offers so baffling a lighting problem as does the Mississippi, especially in its twisting, turning, caving-banked reaches between the mouth of the Missouri and the sea.

A river which flows in front of a town one day and back of it the next is, obviously, impossible to light with fixed beacons. Indeed, if changes of this description (which, as Mark Twain pointed out, might have made a freeman of a slave in a single night by transferring him from Missouri to Illinois) were at all common it would be quite out of the question trying to light it at all. Since, for the major part, changes of channel go on steadily but comparatively slowly, it has been possible to devise a system which is of a

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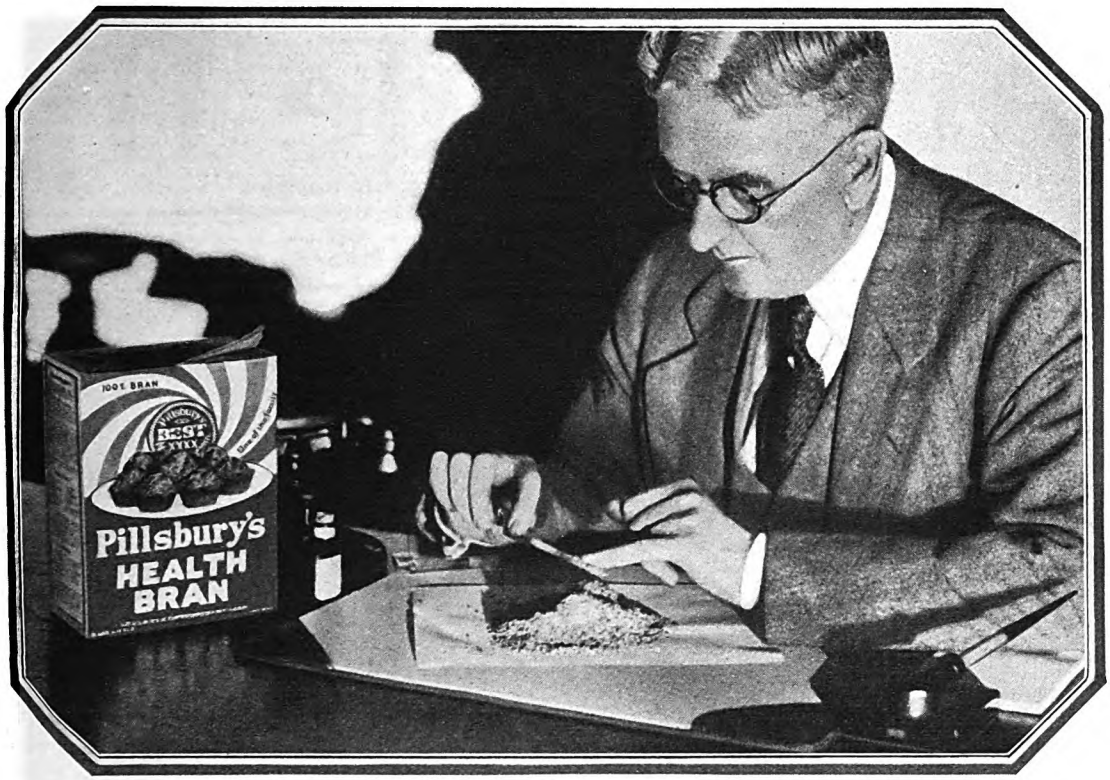
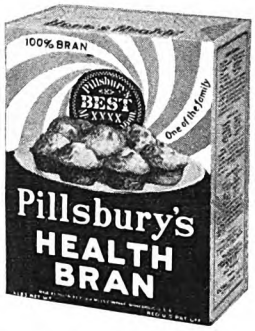


93% of the doctors favored this kind of bran!

We asked ten thousand doctors this question: "Do you believe that raw natural 100% bran is the best form of bran for the relief of constipation?" 93% of the answers were "YES."

HERE is advice from men who know. If you suffer from atonic constipation—bowel irregularity caused by intestinal sluggishness—be sure to get the kind of bran these doctors recommend—natural 100% bran. Pillsbury's Health Bran is natural 100% bran, untreated and unsweetened. Nothing has been added, nothing taken away—it is bran in its most effective form. You'll enjoy eating it—there are recipes on every package for delicious foods made with Pillsbury's Health Bran. Get a package tomorrow and try bran macaroons, muffins, date bars, tea cakes—any of the fourteen recipes on the package. You'll find these foods are good to eat. And you'll find them genuinely helpful, because they contain the kind of bran which is most valuable as a laxative—Pillsbury's Health Bran, the natural 100% bran.

(There are more good recipes in our free booklet "Fifty Prize-Winning Recipes for Pillsbury's Health Bran." Send for it today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.)



Natural 100% bran—the kind that doctors recommend

Pillsbury's Health Bran

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume 1 — Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers — Number 1

9 TRIED AND PROVEN BUSINESS BUILDING IDEAS

Bigger Profits

George H. Moss, head of the Raleigh Hardware Co., Beckley, W. Va., which sold over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of washing machines last year, believes that responsibility for keeping the "time" sale "sold" rests with the salesman. He doesn't pay the salesman his full commission on the sale until the salesman himself collects not only the down payment, but also the first two monthly instalments. That way the sale is personally serviced for 60 days—the buyer learns how to use his purchase to get satisfactory results— and he gets into the habit of having his monthly instalment ready on the day it is due. Result—fewer "reverts" and increased profits.

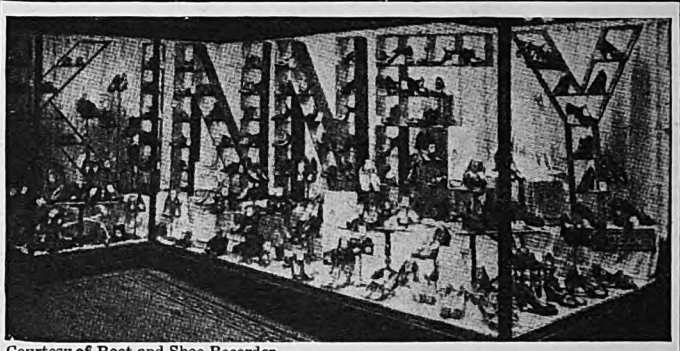
5 Good Rules

One of the successful chains tested out these five ideas—and made them standard store rules after observing their effect on sales:

1. Check all price tags every three weeks for correctness and cleanliness.
2. Search stock carefully every three weeks for unsalable or slow-moving items.
3. Change window displays weekly.
4. Change counter displays weekly.
5. Change interior displays, including those on top shelving, every three weeks. And place merchandise used in such displays so it will be sold ahead.

Free "Want-Ads"

Nearly every farmer has on hand a cow, horse, or piece of equipment he'd like to trade for fancy chickens, young pigs, or something else. Why not help him out? Miller's big store in Salem, Oregon, publishes a monthly called *Farmers' Exchange* that usually carries free of charge about 1200 farmers' want-ads. Its circulation is now about 19,000. About 10 per cent of their farm customers use this free service each month. All want-ads are *delivered in person* at the store for insertion. This keeps farmers in touch with the store's merchandise and their own needs.



Courtesy of Boot and Shoe Recorder

Let Your Window Displays TALK

"Sales" May Be Walking By Your Door

THIS window display idea increased sales 36 per cent and doubled the number of window shoppers in an Illinois shoe dealer's store. Yet it cost less than $10. Here's how it's made:

The letters spelling out his name were 48 in. high, 6 in. deep and 30 in. across the wide ones. They were of wood—made up into box compartments. Each compartment displayed a single item of merchandise. Color scheme was black, orange and silver—the latter being inside the letters to throw the displayed merchandise into relief.

Can you use this idea in *your* store? How about a line of auto accessories making the word S-T-O-P with a red traffic light in the background—or a line of aluminum ware announcing a Saturday special with S-A-L-E —or a display of canned goods with the word E-A-T—or a radio display with "DX"?

Easy to Read

Make your show cards easy to read. In his book "Language of Color" M. Luckiesh gives the following results of experiments with the legibility of type on various colored backgrounds:

Visibility Rating	*Color of Type*		*Background*
1. *Best*	Black	on	Yellow
2.	Green	"	White
3.	Red	"	White
4.	Blue	"	White
5.	White	"	Blue
6.	Black	"	White
7.	Yellow	"	Black
8.	White	"	Red
9.	White	"	Green
10.	White	"	Black
11.	Red	"	Yellow
12.	Green	"	Red
13.	Red	"	Green
14. *Worst*	Blue	"	Red

Expert Ad-vice

Advertise your store and goods at least once a month to every 200 people in your trading area, advises Guy Hubbart, retail advertising expert of *Hardware Age*. If the population of your town is 5,000, divide by 200. The result is 25. And 25 inches of newspaper advertising *per month* is the least amount of space you should use in reaching customers through the year.

He Takes Cash

Sell the farmer the idea of keeping the old car on the farm —where he really needs it—advises O. L. Steensland, Lake Andes, S. D., car dealer. When he says he can't afford to keep two cars—tell him surely he *can* afford five cents a day for a handy light truck. Moreover, when he drives to town for a roll of barbed wire, it costs only so much for gas and oil if he uses the old car. And if he uses the *new* car it costs the same for gas and oil *plus possible damage*. So what he spends running the old car is more than balanced by what he saves by not using the new car in heavy-duty work. The old car's service costs only the price of an extra license—about five cents a day.

Neighborly Ads

H. D. Skinner, successful hardware dealer of Braymer, Mo., gives his "ads" the attention value of the "personal" column in his local newspaper. He tells the folks out on R.F.D. 1 what their friends on R.F.D. 2 are buying from his store. Here are several samples of the kind of "copy" he runs:

Mart Waller, whom everybody knows, was here Monday for a walking cultivator that was broke to ride. We had it and he led it home behind his car.

Dave and Earl Brownley "milled" about for two or three hours Wednesday, deciding on a wood-saw outfit. We finally took their order and their checks for a twenty-eight-inch saw. They, too, have a "smooth-mouth" Ford, and they plan to make the poor old thing run the saw. —*Printer's Ink.*

He's a Link

Col. George Frank, independent clothing dealer of Maysville, Ky., says his store is a link in the "biggest chain in the world"—the big chain that sells nationally advertised goods exclusively. He says the turnover on nationally known goods is faster and steadier — that his business grows in proportion to the number of purchasers he keeps satisfied with guaranteed merchandise of known quality.

$10.00 for Your IDEA

WE PAY $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade "tips." Send in YOUR idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many "tips" as you wish — we may use them all. You don't have to be a store owner. Anyone connected with a retail store can submit ideas. The only requirement is that the idea must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

"Farm Trade Tips" now appears regularly in *Collier's* and *The American Magazine* as part of FARM & FIRESIDE'S service to rural retailers.

Send your idea to—
FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Dept.
250 Park Ave., New York City

Farm & Fireside — *The National Farm Magazine* — *Read in more than 1,300,000 Farm Homes*

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calculable assistance to the navigator.

I will give a brief description of this system, not as the primitive thing turned over to Tom Good in 1900, but as the greatly improved and highly efficient service he has made it at the end of nearly three decades of patient, persevering, intelligent effort.

The lights of the Mississippi are officially designated "aids to navigation." The term light, or lighthouse, is reserved for a fixed beacon, the purpose of which is to warn a ship away from a shoal or dangerous point. An *aid*, on the contrary, is almost invariably intended to give a pilot an approximate bearing for a course that will keep his boat in the always narrow and winding channel. Since a channel is constantly changing as the river rises and falls, it follows that the position of the aids will have to be shifted in order that they may help rather than mislead. The work of sounding the channel and moving aids to conform to it is only one of the multifarious tasks performed by the Government lighthouse tenders.

THE type of aid uniformly used on the Mississippi today has been developed by Captain Good from the primitive lantern hung on a pole, which was the original light. It consists of a heavy post, about twelve feet high, deeply set in the ground and furnished with props, with cross-arms to heighten conspicuousness, and with a bracket to hold the light. All parts are painted white. Lamps hold enough oil to burn continuously for seventy-two hours. A highly refined grade of kerosene is used, furnished under specification that it burn the whole three days without depositing soot on the glass.

To simplify tending, lamps burn by day as well as night, so that the principal thing a keeper has to do is to refill the kerosene tank every third day. He must also keep brush and overhanging foliage trimmed back so that the light can be clearly seen at the proper angles from both up- and down-stream. If a caving bank threatens to carry away a station, he must do the best he can to move it back to a safe position without materially altering its bearing. Finally, if a station *is* carried away, as by a sudden rise, he must lose no time in hanging out a lantern on a tree or temporary post, and then rushing word to the Superintendent at St. Louis.

There are twice as many lights on the lower Mississippi today as there were when Captain Good came to the command of the Fifteenth District tender in 1900, and they are better lights and served by better keepers. It was Captain Good who inaugurated the system of detailed reports of which changes in channels and the positions of lights are made known to masters with a minimum of delay. A light itself means almost nothing to a pilot until he is told why it is so placed and how it should be used as a guide. This information, which for years trickled out in a hit-or-miss sort of way, is now dictated from the wheel to the Captain's clerk as the work progresses, and then rushed off post-haste to the St. Louis office for general dissemination. These daily bulletins, in the strange but expressive "riverese" already alluded to, are entirely a development of the Good régime.

But Tom Good's greatest achievement has been the development—one might almost say the creation—of the light keeper. Under the old system a keeper was picked from the family living nearest to the light, without much or any regard to personal qualifications. Thus the keepers included all the human flotsam and jetsam of the river: fishermen, shantyboat-men, farmers, moonshiners, and others who were "just layin' low for a spell"—men and women, boys and girls, of every grade of color and running the whole gamut of the social scale.

The first complete up-and-down voyage of the newly appointed captain of the lighthouse tender revealed that most of this strange assortment were indifferent keepers, with many quite worthless. A pitiful few were sufficiently intelligent and dependable to do their work properly. For the twenty-eight years since that first trip Tom Good's unrelaxing effort has been to eliminate the worthless and indifferent and to bring the faithful, resourceful keepers up to a mark as close to perfect as is humanly possible with the queerest material that ever fell to the hand of man to mold.

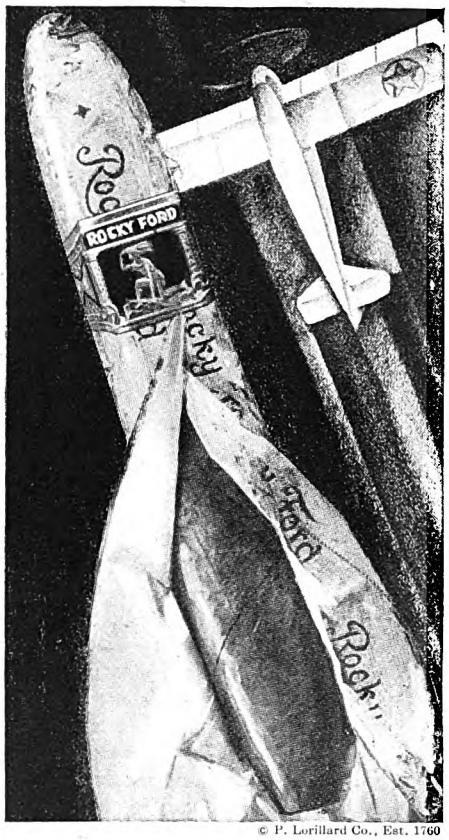
Captain Good's general method is to make sure of the qualifications of a keeper and then slowly increase the number of lights under his care. Fishermen, as a class, proved the best keepers, doubtless because they were rivermen themselves and knew from experience the life-and-death balance suspended over the flicker of a guiding beacon. All fishermen, moreover, had motorboats as a part of their working equipment. It was soon proved that an energetic man with a fast launch could give adequate care to ten, fifteen, and even twenty lights. Several keepers have charge at the present moment of this maximum number. A score of lights takes all of one man's time, but the two hundred dollars a month received by way of compensation—ten dollars for each light attended—makes him a substantial member of the savings-bank-depositor class, for he pays no rent and raises most of his food. The idea of a Mississippi River light keeper with a bank account would have raised a guffaw of laughter in 1900. Today savings are the rule rather than the exception.

I HAVE heard of countless instances of the courage, resource, loyalty, even heroism, displayed by the individual keeper in the discharge of duty. But a single comprehensive instance showing the *esprit de corps* of the river service as a whole must suffice. When the greatest of modern floods swept the lower valley in 1927 no single class was so sorely tried as the light keepers. Scores and scores of them—living on the very banks of the swelling river as they did—had their every possession swept away at the outset. Many had desperate fights to save their families.

One keeper removed his wife and children ten miles across the flooded bottoms in a boat and then rowed back, built a driftwood platform in the top of a giant cottonwood, and lived there a fortnight, nesting among his precious oil cans, in order to be near his crucially important light. How many others showed equal bravery and determination in carrying on will never be known, but out of it all this astonishing fact remains:

Although the master of every craft plying on the Mississippi was under the strictest

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

. . When a nickel's enough for an air mail stamp it's enough for a Good Cigar!

If you doubt the power of the humble nickel, trade one for a ROCKY FORD. Match it up with any ten cent cigar you know. Imported Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough.

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York City, for trial package of 5 cigars. TO DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

Rocky Ford 5¢

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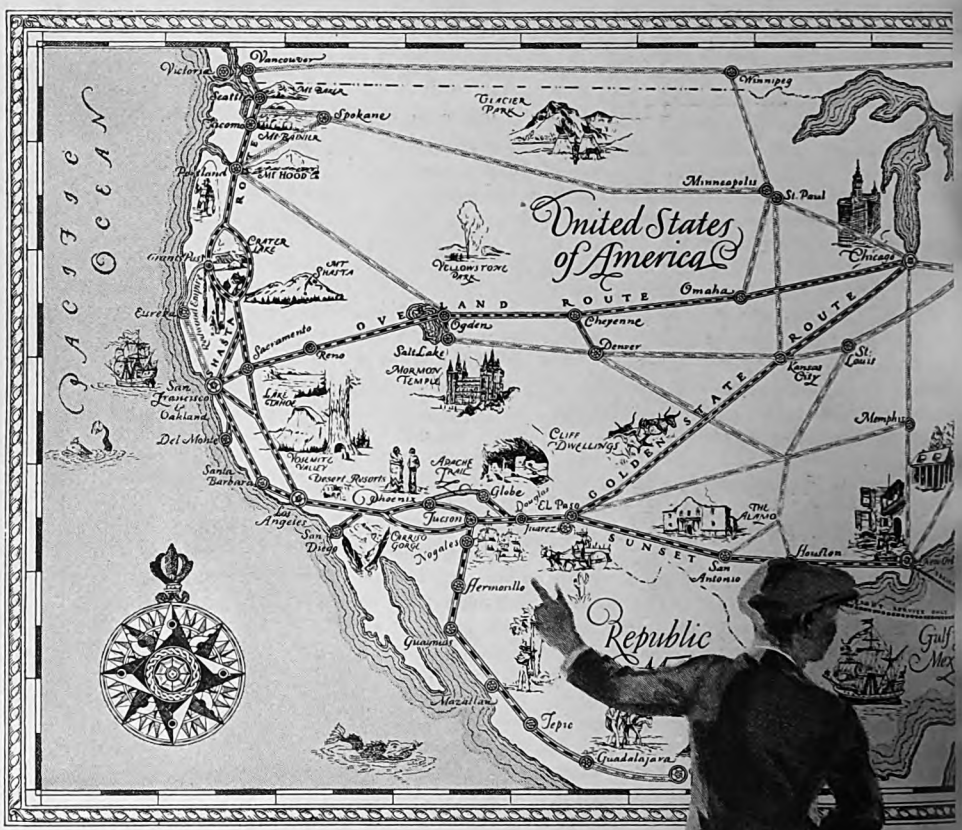
The Taylor family pushes



The time had come when Sam Taylor decided something had to be done about it. Of course there was nothing *wrong*. His salary was livable, wife—lovable, children—adorable. Yet life just didn't click. An occasional discord sounded in the accustomed rhythm of his work. Something was dulling the sparkle in Mary's eyes. Certainly something had to be done. He needed . . . well . . . that was it! A change. A trip? Not one of those regular summer vacations to the same old nearby resort, but a trip that would open his mind, stir his pulses. He would go into that land he had long since visited in his imagination—the West!

Careful as always, he did check up with the agent of the West's big railroad, the Southern Pacific, before he went home and made sure that the cost would fit his pocketbook. That night, he casually suggested to the family that this summer they might visit the Pacinc Coast. Sam will tell you now that the excited pleasure of that evening was worth every cent the trip cost him. The Taylor family journeyed West, many, many times before they actually boarded the train.

Nature's mystery, Crater Lake, in the gorgeous Cascade range of Southern Oregon—served by Southern Pacific's Shasta Route.

Mary wanted to see Santa Barbara and Del Monte, little Miss Margaret insisted that they visit Hollywood, Sam knew he must see the Pacific Northwest before he died, and if Junior didn't get to go through San Francisco's Chinatown, it would be much safer to stay at home.

Sam had to find tickets that would include them all. The Taylor family went West,—Southern Pacific.

Their baggage bristled with golf clubs and tennis rackets. But the clean, brisk fun on cool fairways and tennis courts that overhung the Pacific's shore, was only part of the vacation's reward. Days of hiking and riding, nights of dancing, merry tours to Mt. Rainier's flower-edged glaciers, to Yosemite's half-mile-high waterfalls, and to Los Angeles' movieland—these, too, were but a part of the outing.

As they wandered through the many shrines America's history has left them—Davy Crocket's Alamo at San Antonio; the old Missions of the heroic Padres; Ramona's Marriage Place at San Diego; the land of the Forty-Niners; the Mark Twain and Bret Harte country; Monterey; Lewis and Clark's mighty Columbia; they felt the full inspiration of this Western Land. Horizons fell back. These United States became *their* United States. Mary's eyes will carry forever the sparkle of mountain lakes. The thrill of new friends, train-friends, will live in their memories. The brave sweep of this Pacific slope, its contrasts, people and natural wonders will stand behind them always. The Taylors became *a family with a national background.*

Sam made a little talk at his company's monthly pow-wow shortly after his return. He didn't say a word about his trip. Just business. But you couldn't help feeling that he had all the authority of a dozen states to stand on. In the fast developing Pacific Slope he had visioned the possibilities of a branch factory for his firm. And, somehow, you knew he had gained the poise and self-confidence to make the dream real.

To the casual observer, Junior carried home only two things from the West. A bit of western sunset in his cheeks and a strange imitation of two Chinamen in argu-

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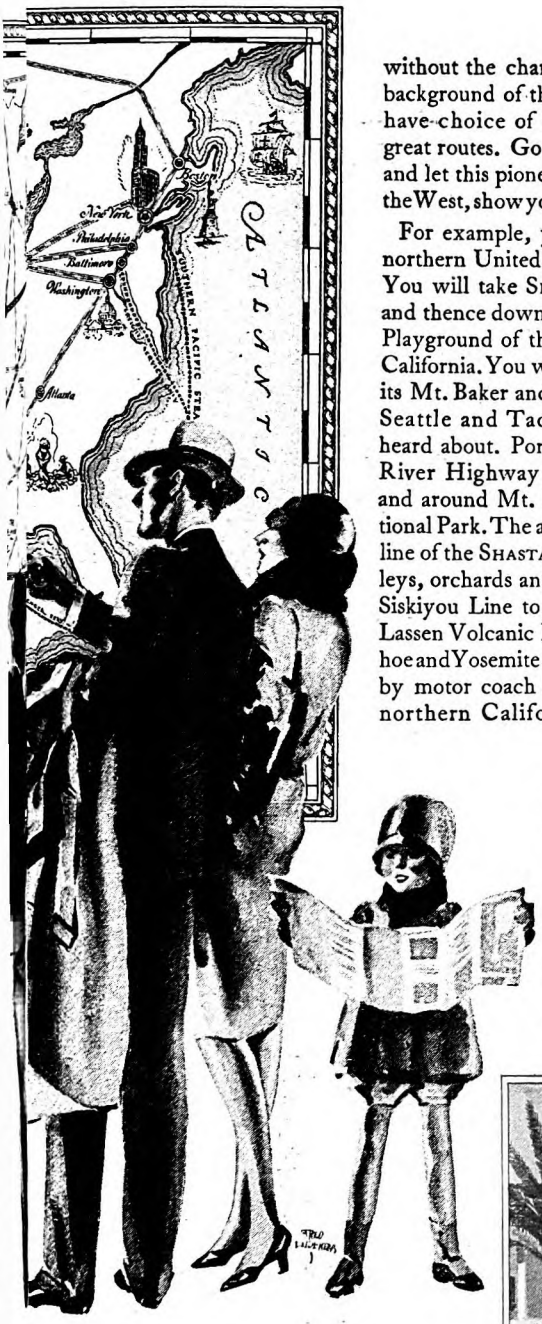
ıs)ack a few American horizons



ıt a few knew that his school-books
e to life. Glaciers, craters, moun-
es and old trails were memory keys
ıed new worlds for him.

ʼhy don't you invest in trip West this Summer?

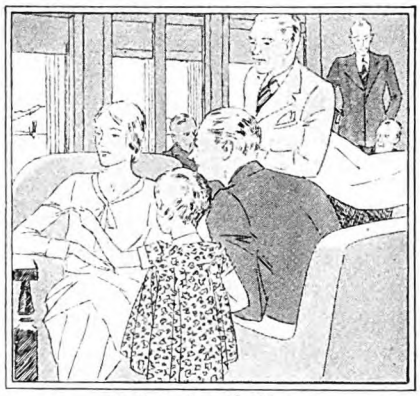
aylor, his wife and youngsters are
ical folks, of course, but the trip
ht have taken is a very real trip
been actually made by many a
nily. Why shouldn't you join the
s who will visit the Pacific Coast

ou see the Pacific Coast, see it
ne city, no one sector is complete

without the changing, blending, majestic background of this vast Pacific land. You have choice of Southern Pacific's four great routes. Go one way, return another and let this pioneer railroad, interpreter of the West, show you the whole Pacific Coast.

For example, you can go west by any northern United States or Canadian line. You will take SHASTA ROUTE at Seattle, and thence down through the "Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest" to California. You will see Puget Sound with its Mt. Baker and Rainier National Park. Seattle and Tacoma—cities you have heard about. Portland, and the Columbia River Highway through mighty gorges and around Mt. Hood. Crater Lake National Park. The alpine lakes of the Cascade line of the SHASTA ROUTE, or the river valleys, orchards and farms of the alternative Siskiyou Line to California. Mt. Shasta, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Lake Tahoe and Yosemite. Or, if you wish to detour by motor coach in southern Oregon and northern California, a marvelous ride through the Redwood Empire with its vast, age-old trees and glimpses of the craggy shore of the Pacific. Berkeley and Oakland. San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Here is the largest Chinatown outside of China; cosmopolitan streets; smart shops and famous bazaars, and many scenic golf courses. Then southward—Spanish Missions. Santa Cruz Beach and Big Trees, Del Monte, scene of the National Amateur Golf Tournament in September. Lovely Santa Barbara. 113 miles along the Pacific's shore. Or, by alternative route, the inland valleys with their access to Yosemite, General Grant and Sequoia National Parks, and the high Sierra—United States' loftiest mountains. Then, Los Angeles, Catalina Island but two hours away, its neighboring cities—Long Beach and Pasadena, the oil fields and orange groves, San Diego with exotic Agua Caliente, Old Mexico, nearby, and homeward by either SUNSET ROUTE via San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans; GOLDEN STATE ROUTE via El Paso, Kansas City and Chicago, or OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), San Francisco to Chicago.

San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles, founded 1771, is one of the chain built by the Spanish Padres, about a day's ride on horseback apart, along the California Coast.



On the train to California!

Or you can reverse the direction, going west by the southern or central lines and returning via the northern lines. You can take Southern Pacific steamship from New York to New Orleans, or go to New Orleans by rail, then by SUNSET ROUTE across Louisiana, Texas and the Spanish-American Southwest with a bit of Old Mexico at Juarez, just across the line from El Paso, and in Arizona the Apache Trail highway (comfortable one-day motor stage sidetrip)—on to San Diego (via Carriso Gorge) or to Los Angeles and up through the Pacific Coast and homeward.

Stopover anywhere on roundtrip tickets. Hawaii and the Orient lie just beyond. To the South, Southern Pacific's WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE,—centuries off the beaten path—offers through service from Los Angeles and Tucson down the Coast to Guadalajara.

The low excursion fares will go into effect on May 15, return limit October 31. For example the roundtrip fare from Chicago to California is $90.30; from New York is $138.32; Des Moines, $81.55; from New Orleans, $89.40.

Send your name and address at once to E. W. CLAPP, Dept. 34, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for illustrated book "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*".

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

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Dear Mr. Karr:
I want to know Spring-Air's secret. Send your free book, "Sleeping Relaxed". No obligation, of course.
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Absurd, Isn't It?

Does a mattress *have* to be clumsy and hard to handle? Must it be built like a fortress?
"No", say America's foremost sleep critics. "Spring-Air puts an end to all that. Here is the new type of mattress our modern pace demands."
These critics—managers of the famous hotels and hospitals—know whereof they speak. Over 600 of them bought the output of Spring-Air during its first two years.

—At last!—an up-to-date mattress —easy to handle—makes you sleep relaxed

Spring-Air is easy to handle—a little child can carry it. The all-steel construction can never wear out. You can wind Spring-Air around your arm—it's that flexible! It is self-renovating. No other mattress approaches it in sanitation because only Spring-Air has removable ticking covers.
But the real thrill comes from sleeping on this amazing mattress. Relaxation is instant. Spring-Air actually compels you to sleep more comfortably than ever before in your life. You awake knowing the true benefits of relaxed sleep—greater vigour, finer poise, enhanced charm.

Save $20.00

Sleep on Spring-Air for ten nights. Pay nothing—not even the express. Only on one condition are you to keep it: Spring-Air itself must convince you it is the most comfortable, most convenient, most sanitary mattress money can buy. Spring-Air has sold for upwards of $60 at retail stores—but you need pay only the introductory direct-from-us price of $38.50. You save $20. This introductory offer is temporary; soon the price goes up—now is the time to send that coupon.

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MAIL COUPON

SLEEPING RELAXED

orders to report at the earliest moment any light not burning, not a single instance of such failure was brought to the attention of the Superintendent during the whole course of the flood.

When Assistant Superintendent Allen made this statement to me last July in St. Louis, I found it as difficult to credit as will anyone else familiar with the Mississippi and the conditions prevailing on and around it during the flood. A week later, on the new lighthouse tender, Willow, I voiced my wonder, if not doubt, to Captain Tom Good himself.

"I don't blame you for having your doubts," he said, with a nod and a grin. "Just the same, as the old song goes, 'It's funny but it's true.' In the course of the regular grind we always had, and have, a certain number of light failures, due mostly to carelessness, cussedness, and moonshine. Keepers were getting better right along, but were far from perfect—quite far. Until the flood came along, that is. Then—well, they just came through when the emergency arose. Most likely it was some such thing that makes a bunch of telephone flappers stick to a burning exchange till they get their bobs singed. Funny thing, though, that they *all* had the stuff in them—to the last old rheumaticky mammy."

THE Willow came to Captain Good as the crown of his almost three decades of work in the United States Lighthouse Service and a total of fifty years on the river. For stanchness, comfort, modernity, and general river-worthiness no such boat has ever been seen on the Mississippi. The Captain's quarters are as roomy as the suites de luxe of an Atlantic liner. Running ice-water, hot- and cold-air ventilation, and separate electric refrigeration chambers for vegetables, meats, and every class of provisions lend the last touch of down-to-the-minuteness.

It was practically the Willow's maiden voyage and congratulators streamed aboard to wring the hand of "Capt'n Tom" at every levee, landing, and light. Ninety-year-old "Neffy" Duke, who had been on the City of Alton with Horace Bixby and Sam Clemens, boarded us at the Kate Adams wharf boat at Memphis to tell how he watched by bonfire light to see the Lee lead the Natchez up along the Chickasaw Bluffs. With him was an ancient, white-haired darky by the name of George Turner, who had been the barber on the second Kate Adams when Captain Good was in command. So perfect a type was George deemed of the ante-bellum negro that he had played without make-up the part of the barkeeper in the movie of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A younger well-wisher was the three-weeks-old son of a darky light keeper near historic old Fort Pillow. Born while the new tender was chugging by on its down trip, the pop-eyed mite bore the appropriate name of Thomas Good Willow Oleander Wilkins.

But there was a brooding shadow darkening the roseate pathway of the pride of the United States lighthouse tender fleet. Mauve and purple cloud-shadows from the sky came and went, but this one hovered and clung and would not lift. Only those close to the Captain felt the influence of it, for on him alone it fell. I, myself, was quite unaware of the sinister loom of it until the evening before I was to bring my voyage to a close at Cape Girardeau.

We were battling up against the swirling current rolling down through that strange, cyclone-swept stretch of the river to which the name "Graveyard of the Mississippi" is applied—because of the almost overlapping wrecks of storm-swamped hulls littering its bottom. I had said something about the stanchness of the Willow—of how unbelievably comfortable and homey it was for a new boat. Tom Good squinted long across the sunset-gilded yellow-brown flood before he spoke.

"Yes, she's all that she could be for the job," he said. "They gave me everything I asked for—and then some. The like of her will not be seen on the river for many a year. But—well, you know I retire automatically on pension at the end of my thirty years of Government service—and just as things are beginning to get interesting, with the barge traffic piling up month by month. The growing barge tows are going to need a constantly improved light system, and that means better and better keepers. It has been a great game—and I'll hardly know what to do for a while without my lights and my keepers to look after. And I guess that—for a while—they'll miss me."

It was not the occasion for a conventional remark of sympathy. But the blinding glare of the golden path of the setting sun, laid ribbonwise across the bend to mask the narrow channel, led me to quote softly:

By mine eyes grown old with staring at the sunwash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service. Would that service still were mine!

Tom Good nodded slowly and gravely acknowledging that I had interpreted aright the drift of his thoughts.

"From 'The Galley-Slave,' isn't it?" I asked. "I remember the lines now; but never occurred to me to apply them to my own case." Then: "There's salt water most that Kipling wrote—and all the salt water I've ever seen was on a cruise made from New Orleans to New York. But I've always thought Kipling would have liked the ol' Mississip'. Wish I'd had the chance to show it to him."

TWO months later, and before this year was written, I repeated those words to Rudyard Kipling, a wiry, brown, little man, as we tramped stride-to-stride over the grassy hills of his Sussex estate and (to use his own language) "swept the years since our last meeting with a besom of conversation." The eager eyes ever set in the head of a man flashed up at me through the bushiest eyebrows.

"My old friend Mark Twain guided me to the Mississippi with Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Great stuff! But why wouldn't I have given to do it with you, Tom Good! You're in luck as usual. I mind you show your thankfulness by slipping up too much in doing him justice when you scribble your tale. Men like that are not easy to put on paper, as I learned by experience."

And so have I.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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59

CLEANS *MASSAGES*

like a refreshing bath — *like a stimulating rubdown*

Pro-phy-lac-tic *does double duty!*

Danger!

Blame sluggish circulation in the gum tissues for much of the trouble you have with your teeth. These dental ills can largely be prevented by careful daily massage of the gums.

Win Tooth Health!
with the aid of this free book

Would you like a remarkable little book that will be of invaluable aid in gaining—and maintaining—tooth health? Let us send you immediately "TEETH, Your Servants or Your Enemies?" telling how to care for your teeth, how to brush them correctly, how to choose the right brush . . . in short, the full story of tooth health. Mail us your name and address NOW.

YOUR teeth are alive. They need to be *nourished* as well as cleaned. And that means gum massage. For only active gums can properly feed the teeth—set fresh vitality coursing through every dental tissue.

Pro-phy-lac-tic does this vital double job of cleaning AND massaging. Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to sweep away every particle of waste food matter—clean those hard-to-get-at crevices where germs hide—polish every tooth surface glistening white.

More, Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles—live, springy, full of massaging power—are specially blended to gently stimulate the edges of the gums—and massage the vital membranes that dentists say really control tooth health!

Simply brush with a Pro-phy-lac-tic from the base of the gums to the tips of the teeth. Notice how your teeth and gums respond with a radiant glow of tingling good health!

Get a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic today. Use it twice a day. Receive a double benefit from each brushing. Without one you may be missing one of the two vital things a properly designed tooth brush *must* do! Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Massachusetts.

The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic, designed for those whose gums need more than normal attention.

The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic, for those with smaller-than-average dental arch.

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Where Do You Go When You're in Trouble?

ST PRIZE

e Hum of the Sewing Machine Cures My Blues

OU'LL probably smile cynically at this and think it incredible, but when I'm in trouble I always find ce in my sewing machine. Every her knows there's always a pile of ing and mending on hand where there children. Many a time when things e been going well with me, I have nted having to sew. Yet when worries e along, especially heavy ones, I im- iately fly to my machine.

very woman knows what cotton crêpe o sew. It's the jumpiest material ginable and will not stay put. Well, morning, after a sleepless night—a t I shall never forget—I flew to my hine and that day made two of the liest and most intricate of crêpe ses for my two youngest children— ses with roll-collars and kick-pleats. were, when finished, works of art. ter, I attempted the same style of ses in pleasanter and happier circum- ces, and they were a sad failure. t I had accomplished with a troubled racked mind I simply could not nplish with an untroubled one.

y sewing machine never fails me. As feet pedal away to its rhythm and sewing slips smoothly and rapidly r the quickly flashing needle, there s to me a great solace. For while my ine doesn't banish my troubles, it help to soothe them with its buzzing m and flashing speed. A. I.

ND PRIZE

y Wife and I Hit the Trail of the Lonesome Pine

ERE is nothing more majestic, more and in outline and beauty, than a rch of the forest. We have here, on fty-acre tract, a tall pine. It is ht as an arrow, considered to be a entury old. The unscarred trunk res nearly one hundred feet to the imb, then stretches sixty feet of and foliage to the top.

en the tract was timbered in 1915, ndmark was left to reforest the All about it have sprung up the g pines, many now reaching a of forty or fifty feet. The ground is densely carpeted with the brown s. In semi-open spaces; blueberry grow, and on the ground near by awberry, partridge-berry, arbutus, ntergreen vines.

never troubles arise that require ed effort to combat, my wife and I r way up the trail, a half mile from bin, through dense undergrowth. lk in silence, puzzling over the n to be solved. Upon arriving at ur shrine," we cuss and discuss the n confronting us.

e have been serious matters under on, the working out of many life s. This sacred spot, at the base of the Tall Pine, has enabled us to reach many a righteous verdict and we have always faithfully respected the conclusions found there. C. H.

THIRD PRIZE

The Henhouse is My Solace Spot

WHAT do I do when I am in trouble? I clean the henhouse! It's a necessary job that I hate, at ordinary times. But when things have gone all awry, bubbles have burst, plans have smashed, or there's a tar spot on my best crêpe dress that will not give an inch to any known solvent, then I go gladly to the clean-up of the chickery.

I can "rassle" out almost anything with myself if, at the same time, I am toiling perspiringly at work I despise. So I find my henhouse a haven of restoration. And a clean house usually finds a clear mind, with some definite solution to the problem that bothered.

I can't explain why the hardest of toil of my body brings the clearest thinking to my mind, but years of coping with a thousand and one "out-of-joint" happenings has proved it so. B. L. S.

PRIZES—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every TRAVEL TRAIL accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. TRAVEL TRAIL, to be eligible for the contest, must not be shorter than seven words nor longer than twenty-five, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home town of the contestant as its starting point or destination. Send your contribution to TRAVEL TRAIL Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

Solutions to March Puzzles

RENO
REND
END
TEND
TEN
FATTEN
FAT
FATE
ATE
CREATE
ACRE
SACRAMENTO

NEWYORK
YORE
ORE
SHORE
SHOT
HOTEL
VOTER
WINTER
WINE
SUNSHINE
SHIP
AIRSHIP

WHEELCHAIR
REEL
TREE
BREEZE
UMBRELLAS
GLASS
EVERGLADES
AVER
WAVES
VEST
ESTATE
ATE
PALATE
PAL
PALMBEACH

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Unless the dog-teams are in splendid condition, the great adventure will fail. The dogs *must* be kept healthy.

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Dealers everywhere sell the complete assortment of Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food carried by the Byrd Expedition. Sergeant's Medicines are backed by fifty years' experience. You can depend on them. *But don't wait until your dog is sick.*

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"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

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Meet Mr. Sherlock Holmes of the Plant World!

(*Continued from page 25*)

laymen," laughed Doctor True, "look upon the botanist as a queer, bespectacled chap who spends a great deal of his time hunting strange flowers with long names and pressing them in books. Maybe you had to do that when you went to school, and it led you to believe botany is pretty dry stuff. It may surprise you to hear that today botanists are being employed by big industries the same as they employ chemists and engineers. Expensive and bitter legal battles have been settled out of court purely on the word of a botanist, who is also often called as an expert witness at important trials. Virtually every person who owns a farm, a back-yard garden, a patch of lawn, a few trees, or just a few potted plants, has problems which he would be glad to have a botanist solve for him.

"When I was a student at the University of Wisconsin, one of my old instructors was wont to tell us that a most excellent form of preparation for a scientific career was the reading of first-class detective stories.

"'You'll never be a good botanist,' he would warn, 'until you are a good detective. Three fourths of your work as botanists, when you get out into the world, is going to be along detective lines.'

"I was a trifle skeptical of that until I actually did get into practical work in the field with the Department of Agriculture. Then one of my very first important assignments brought me up against a mystery that kept me busy for the greater part of a year. In solving it, the only detective equipment of the stories that I didn't find it necessary to use were handcuffs, blackjack, and revolver."

"Tell me about it," I urged.

"IT CONCERNED cigar making," continued Doctor True, "which is quite a big jump from classroom botany as most folks understand it. A Pennsylvania manufacturer reported the appearance of a mysterious mold upon his finished cigars. Sometimes the mold made its appearance among the packed and boxed cigars in the warehouse. Again it appeared during shipment. Frequently the cigars would reach the retail dealer in perfect shape, only to have the mold begin its growth while they reposed in the show-case.

"'Ours is not the only factory bothered by this mold,' the manager told me. 'Many cigar factories are troubled by it. We don't know what causes it. We don't know how to prevent it. When it shows up on cigars, the only remedy we know of is to unpack every box, wipe each cigar separately with an alcohol-moistened cloth, and repack, with the hope that the mold won't appear again. In this factory alone it is causing us a loss of twenty thousand dollars yearly. Larger factories have even greater losses. The total losses may be more than a million a year!'

"The mold was always white in color, and you will gain an idea of its appearance from the fact that it was known in the trade as 'whiskers.' Analysis proved it to be *Aspergillus candidus*, a long name which simply means white mold. However, there was nothing whatsoever to indicate what caused it to grow on cigars. It never appeared on the tobacco leaf, nor in pipe nor cigarette tobacco. It wasn't a tobacco mold. Nor did it appear on the cigars until after they had been packed, and even then it didn't appear on *all* of them.

"I began a detailed study of cigar making. I knew nothing of the industry; I wasn't even a smoker. That meant that I had to start at the bottom and learn the business, the while keeping constantly on the lookout for a clue. It was evident from the facts that the mold was the result of some factory process, and a very obscure and seemingly unimportant process at that. Otherwise, the cause of the mold would have been detected long before.

"FOR days my investigation continued, getting nowhere, until I came to the process of wrapping and finishing the cigar. Here I noticed that a little paste was used in sealing the cigar wrapper. The paste was of a kind known as tragacanth, a natural gum, peculiar to certain trees in Turkey and Persia. On some of the pots of paste there were as many as a dozen or fifteen different *kinds* of molds and in every pot which contained any mold at all I found the villain I was looking for, *Aspergillus candidus*!

"That settled beyond doubt the source of the mold. The cigars were packed moist. This moisture and certain conditions of temperature and atmosphere later encountered, in storage or in shipment, caused the mold to grow from the tiny amount of paste used on the wrapper.

"But my problem had only begun. Some way had to be devised to prevent the mold growth. The method had to be such as to add no foreign taste or odor to the cigar. I made experiment after experiment without success. There seemed to be no kind or quality of tragacanth paste that met the peculiar requirements among the twenty different sources of paste investigated. Therefore, it remained for me to discover an agent which could be added to tragacanth to inhibit the mold and yet not spoil the cigar. The search involved several months and a number of failures.

"In science it is upon failures that we build success. Each failure, by eliminating another possibility from the field brings the seeker that much closer to what he seeks. Such was true in this case. Likewise is it true in detective work.

"Finally, by mixing up the paste, not with water, but with a strong solution of boracic acid, we found that the mold was eliminated. The process produced no taste or odor when the cigar was smoked and the factory put it to trial. There developed that the boracic acid formed crystals on the cigar which looked like mold. This necessitated further experimenting until we had obtained just the right concentration of the acid, one that produced no crystals and yet killed the mold. I believe the method is used generally in the cigar industry today."

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Suez boatman bucks up British pipe-smoker!

Stranded in Port Said . . . devil bit of Edgeworth . . . ardent pipe-smoker is thrown a welcome "line" . . .

IT was a long, long way from home—was Mr. Read. A thousand miles from dear London—a thousand miles from Calcutta. Make matters worse his stock of his favorite tobacco was gone. Life seemed blue indeed, when—Eureka!—from the hold of a dory a Suez boatman offered a humidor tin of Edgeworth and the sun broke through the clouds.

It's queer how a man will carry his likes and dislikes into a foreign land. You might think that a man stranded in Port Said would welcome *any* kind of tobacco. But not so! There's a flavor about Edgeworth that once the pipe is there to stay—a quality that pipe-smokers all over the world insist on having and none other.

If you would like to become acquainted with Edgeworth pipe-tobacco, let us send you 7 pipe-loads of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. (Both for one pipe.) Simply send your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 45 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these trial packets you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for the taste of dear old Edgeworth is *always* the same.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from pocket packets to handsome pound humidor tins and also in several handy intermediate sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is made specially for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" a pipe-ful at a time in the palm of the hand.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

13 Woodburn Park Rd., Calcutta, India
March 10, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I have smoked Edgeworth for several years. I commenced buying the little blue tins in England more years ago than I care to remember, and I think I can safely lay claim to the originatorship of the agitation that gave us Edgeworth here in India in the vacuum-packed tins.

Traveling out to India on one occasion I found myself at Liverpool, within two hours of sailing time, with a very small quantity of my tobacco. The few tobacco shops in Birkenhead stocking Edgeworth could supply me with a very limited amount, and the ship's bar kept none. My stock lasted me until we reached Port Said, our first port of call. At Port Said, divil a bit of Edgeworth could I find.

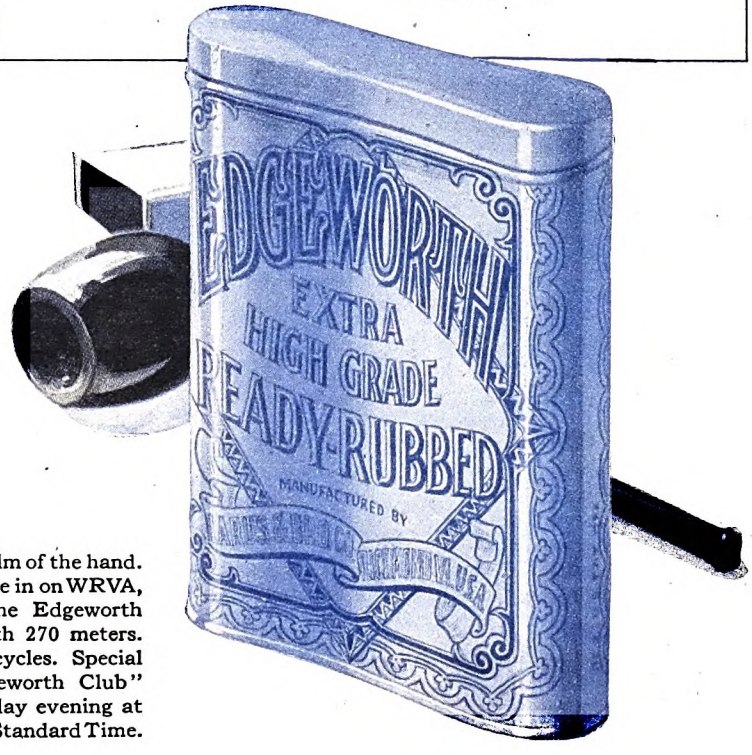
That evening, slipping along the Suez Canal, I was approached on deck by one of the canal pilot's boatmen—hairy and vociferous gentlemen who eke out their wages as boatmen by selling glutinous Turkish Delight, synthetic amber beads, and Egyptian cigarettes to unwary passengers. None of his wares appealed to me, but we chatted amicably enough about the cost of living in Ismailia, the price of dates, and other topics safely within his range. Idly, I asked him if he had any tobacco. He said he had, tucked away in his boat somewhere. He spoke as if the 'baccy were not fit for human consumption, and I lost interest in the matter.

A few hours later I received the shock of my life. My friend the boatman approached me with the largest glass jar of tobacco I had ever seen in my life and—God bless my soul, it was Edgeworth!

He had got it off an American ship in exchange for a mouldy box of dates, or something equally piffling. He would have been bucked with a shilling for the jar—"humidor," I think you call it—and when I gave him five he very nearly fell into the canal in his excitement!

Really, your sailors are very poor judges of value.

I enclose my card,
Yours faithfully,
An Englishman
(Mr. G. C. Read)



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Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine Tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

☐ Tar Shampoo
☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 6-D, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Incidentally, Doctor True could have made a fortune from his discovery; in fact, he had a fortune waved right under his nose—and declined it! He was a government worker receiving only eighteen hundred dollars a year for his services. He was dependent upon that salary.

"Why don't you patent your process and become a consultant in such matters?" demanded the Pennsylvania manufacturer. "There isn't a cigar factory that knows how to cope with this mold. Every one'll be glad to pay a royalty of half the savings yearly to get rid of it."

Doctor True refused to accept a penny. Instead, he published his process in order to make it public property.

"I'm a public servant, in the public's pay," he insisted. "What I discover belongs to the public."

TODAY, at his desk at the University of Pennsylvania, Doctor True is still similarly serving the public—not for pay but because it is the lot of the scientist to serve.

He went on to tell me of other cases of his, many of which have all the aspects of a murder mystery in which botanist played the detective.

In a section of Montana, for instance, during the early spring, sheep died in numbers for no apparent reason. The would be turned out to pasture in good health. Soon afterward deaths would occur and would continue until late in the spring. The single clue the ranchmen could furnish was their belief that the animals ate something poisonous—what they did not know—but they suspected a plant.

"The problem was to find the plant so we began a systematic search over the pasture lands. It was in May, when a great many plants are not yet up and the grass is still thin. We reasoned that because of this scarcity of grass the sheep probably foraged on the earlier greens which later, as grass grew more plentifully, they would let alone. These early greens were most abundant in low, wet places, and in such places we noted a multitude of sheep tracks.

"It wasn't long before we had a suspect in hand, the low larkspur. There were evidences, from tracks and mutilated stalks, that the sheep had fed on this plant, which ordinarily they will not touch. So we fed the larkspur to several sheep, and when their deaths followed the mystery was solved. Herders were warned of the danger and the trouble was checked.

"Practically everyone has heard of loco weed and of 'locoed' horses and cattle. This weed, one of the oddest of plant growths, takes its name from a Spanish word, *loco*, which means crazy. For years, over a vast section of the West the strange loco disease was affecting great quantities of live stock.

"Horses became affected in the most fantastic ways. At certain stages they had illusions, became jumpy and nervous at the sight of the most common things, then gradually grew weaker until they were useless, and finally died.

"Four of us were sent out from Washington to study this loco disease and, if possible, find a remedy for it. We pitched camp in sight of Pike's Peak and b

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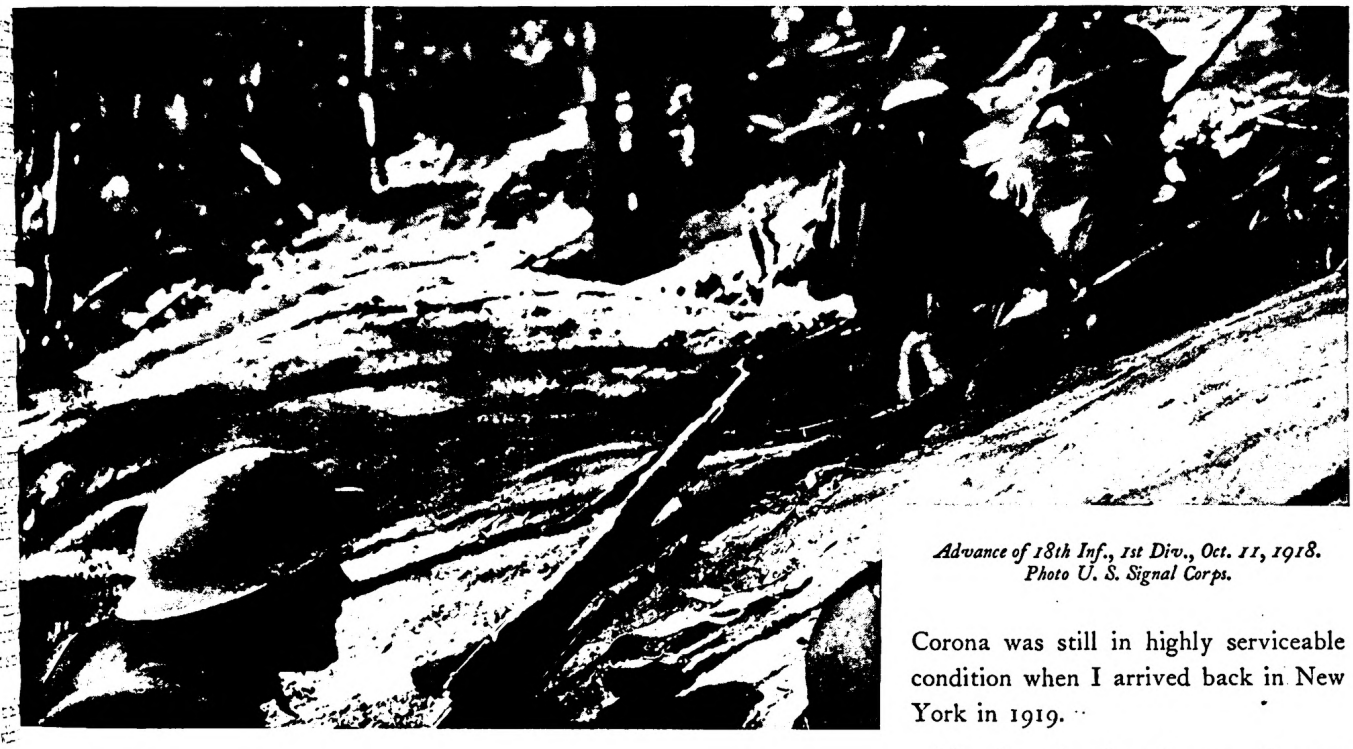

Advance of 18th Inf., 1st Div., Oct. 11, 1918. Photo U. S. Signal Corps.

The story of a typewriter that went to war

By a War Correspondent

T was in July, 1916. The commander of the British Flying Headquarters at Saint-Omer took me flight over the lines.

ldding my Corona between my knees ote the first description of the front ever typed from the air. During a cruise in a British submarine I typed a complete magazine story while we were nosing about off Heligoland, a hundred feet beneath the surface. A description of the first Zeppelin raid over London I typed at a shattered window by the light of the fires from incendiary bombs.

Throughout my entire period at the front, all my writing was done on my Corona. Because of its portability and dependability, I made it a constant companion. Many a story banged off hot in a front-line dugout would never have been written if I had waited to reach a spot of greater convenience.

During my war-time work in Europe I typed an average of 15,000 words a week. In addition to this I typed the manuscript of four books. Yet, in spite of a number of emergency repairs made necessary by violent accidents, my Corona was still in highly serviceable condition when I arrived back in New York in 1919.

The foregoing is only one of many astonishing Corona stories. You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see why Corona is the Champion Portable. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why Roosevelt took one to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more students in schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—the Champion Portable Typewriter of the World.

An interesting illustrated booklet called "Corona Typewriters," which describes Corona in detail and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models, will be sent you upon request. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon below.

nais the World's Champion Portable on 8 Exclusive Points

ENGTH: *The only portable with a rigid one-ce solid aluminum frame.*

PLICITY: *Fewer parts than any other ndard-keyboard typewriter.*

IPLETENESS: *More big-machine features n any other portable typewriter.*

Y TO LEARN: *Corona design is the result of years' study of the needs of beginners.*

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ULARITY: *As many Coronas have been sold ll other portables combined.*

ABILITY: *Coronas purchased 20 years ago still giving satisfactory service.*

UTY: *Graceful in line; exquisitely finished very detail.*

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS Inc
51 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, "Corona Typewriters."

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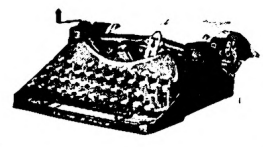
CORONA

The PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



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What's all the shouting about?

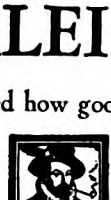
IT WAS a simple enough hunch—that a lot of pipe lovers secretly craved a milder mixture than they'd been smoking. We gave it to them—literally—a free tin to every man who asked for it. And now so many tobacco connoisseurs are cheering for Sir Walter that we can scarcely make enough of it. Isn't it time you too discovered how good a pipe can be?

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 167, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

B.W. PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  *milder*

an investigation which was to take us more than two years. First, we determined, by feeding, that the loco weed actually was responsible. Animals became addicted to it as men do to a poisonous drug. Its action was slow, dragging out over months. On an average it was two years before death overtook the animal, from which you will appreciate the tedious nature of our investigation.

"We took sixty-eight locoed animals for treatment and study, conducting what amounted to a locoed animal hospital. Each animal was kept under daily observation and had its temperature taken regularly; and a card record was kept of its case. This close study led us to discover that the loco disease was similar in many of its symptoms to locomotor ataxia in people, and that certain arsenic compounds administered hypodermically were an excellent form of treatment in many cases. In fact, through this remedy we were able to save two thirds of the animals under our care. They never completely recovered, but they lived, and many of them once more became useful to their owners. But though we worked faithfully for months, we never were able to identify the particular poison which gave the loco weed its weird property."

"WHAT is the biggest trouble-maker to the average *person*, among plants?" I asked Doctor True.

"Poison ivy," he answered promptly. "It grows wild almost everywhere and, because so many people make no effort to destroy it, it is constantly on the increase. You can't take a ride into the country without seeing poison ivy on some fence or stone wall.

"Poison ivy creates all sorts of mysteries because of the amazing way in which its poison will spread. A few years ago four friends and I, all botanists, were boating on the Potomac River. Desiring to land, we rowed our boat to shore and made it fast with a rope to a stump. About the stump was some poison ivy. Not one person in the party touched the vines nor even brushed against a leaf. Yet, a few days later, every one of us was broken out with ivy poison!

"I repeat, none of us, in person, had touched the ivy—but the *prow* of the *boat* had touched it. When we shoved off for the return trip, one of the men grasped the prow with his hands. Then he took up the oars. The day was hot, and when he tired of rowing, another of us relieved him at the oars, until each of us had taken a turn. Incidentally, with our hands that had been in contact with the oar grips, we took out our handkerchiefs and frequently mopped our faces. By the time we reached home we were so poisoned that we could have been little worse had we rolled in the ivy vine itself.

"Often, people will walk through the poison vines, return home and change their shoes, and wonder how in the world the ivy got to their hands. Again they may pick up something, like an ax or a scythe, which has been used by another who has been in contact with the ivy—a very common way of transferring the poison on the farm.

"Some years ago a veritable epidemic of ivy poisoning broke out in a little town in California. There was scarcely a home that didn't have a case or two of it. Yet not one in ten who suffered with th poison had been within a mile of any iv vine!

"This town happens to be situated i the mouth of a canyon. It developed tha just preceding the epidemic, vegetation i the canyon had been afire and the smok had been blown by the wind through th town. The smoke had carried the poiso from burning ivy vines.

"Fortunately, not everybody is su ceptible to ivy poisoning; probably thre out of every four are immune. But th trouble is that you never can tell ho long your immunity will last. I never w bothered with poison ivy until after was forty years old. Now I contract most readily.

"Of course, the poisoning is never fat usually spending itself in about ten day The best treatment I've found for it is bathe the affected parts in very hot wat to which a little baking soda has be added. Chloride of iron dissolved in weak glycerine solution helps many case

"It is better still, when one has been contact with the plant, to scrub the a fected parts thoroughly with suds of som strong, alkaline kitchen soap. If this done immediately and well, the poison washed off before it can get busy.

"Poisonous toadstools are other pla pests, because folks confuse them wi edible mushrooms. Every spring I a asked this question dozens of times: 'Ho may I tell the two apart?' My answer variably is: 'Don't try to tell them apa *Buy* your mushrooms.'

It is extremely difficult for the laym to distinguish between safe and harm plants. However, there are ways whi will serve as general rules. If what y think is a mushroom is brilliant in col let it alone. It may be a good mushroo but again it may be injurious. If the st grows up from a little cup formation, it alone. If the plant is ghostly white, it alone. But to be absolutely safe, le the selection of your mushrooms to perts who deal in the cultivated varie or know the wild forms. Otherwise, may go wrong.

"IF YOU live in a community which an established water supply, you n be puzzled now and then by a pecu medicinal taste to the water and may once suspect the presence of a chemical there to kill disease germs or introdu as factory wastes. The possibility is, h ever, that plants, and not germs, are sponsible for the chemical.

"Not so long ago water companies o were mystified and their consumers ho fied by the bad odor of the water suppl Perhaps the water had been most c fully filtered. Chemical tests proved i be pure. Yet the offensive odor persis and finally botanists looked into the p lem. They traced the cause of the odo tiny plants belonging to the family of algæ, which makes its home in water. rid the water of these plants, copper phate is sometimes put into city w supplies.

"A Virginian once came to the Dep ment of Agriculture with a problem w threatened to ruin his business. He w grower of watercress for winter mar had large fresh-water ponds in which grew his cress, and had worked up business to a size where it necessit

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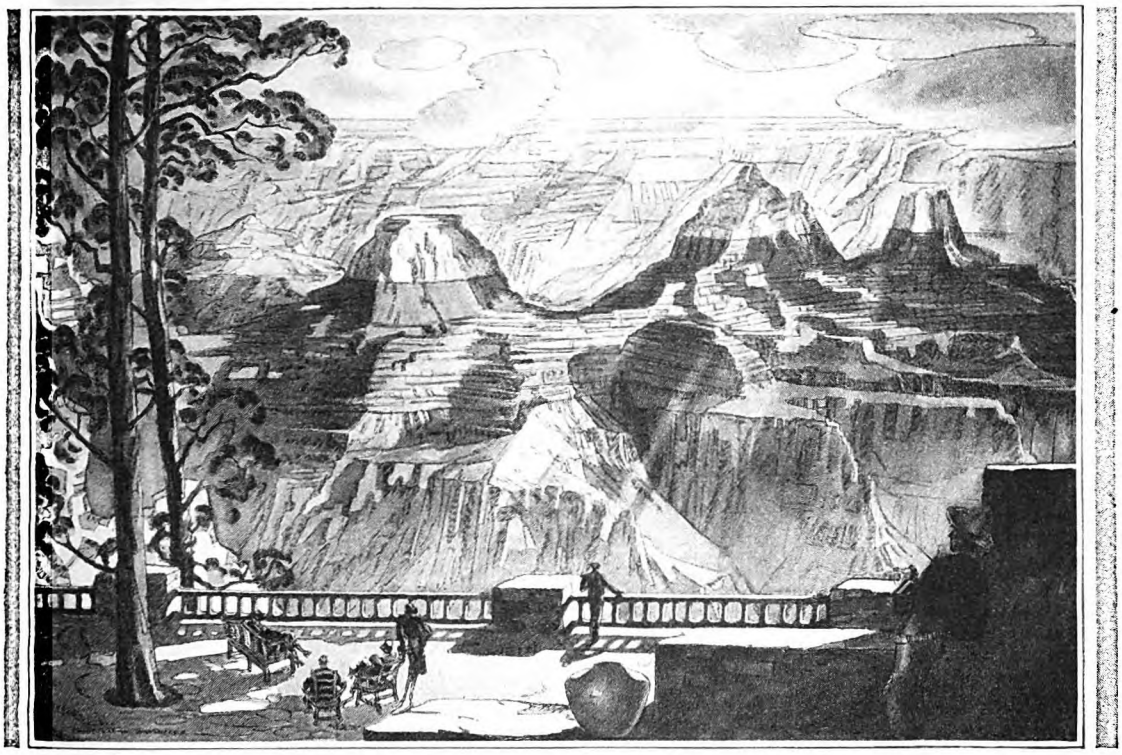
Union Pacific

THE NEW WAY TO SEE GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK



COME linger on this sunlit brink of immensity

Imagine it! To lose yourself in the contemplation of these glorious heights and vast, mysterious depths, drenched with countless rainbows of color, changing subtly with the course of the sun! To sojourn in luxurious Grand Canyon Lodge overhanging its highest brink!

Now Union Pacific makes it possible. The new Grand Canyon Lodge, from which this view was sketched, clings to the very edge of famous Bright Angel Point! Here you will relax, and amuse yourself, and draw strength from the marvelous climate. Here you will get an unparalleled view of this measureless chasm!

But Grand Canyon is only one attraction on the Union Pacific Utah-Arizona tour.

You will travel in easy riding motor buses, to the prismatic labyrinths of Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks as well. It is a land of infinite variety. Colossal forests are here palpitating with wild life; strange Mormon villages and forts, extinct volcanoes, ruins of incalculable age. Every morning the world is reborn for you.

You may go independently, or on an Escorted All-Expense Tour, with interesting people from the world over. The trip is exclusive with the Union Pacific, and takes only five days after leaving your Pullman in Cedar City, the gateway. Shorter tours to individual attractions. The low cost will astonish you. No other vacation gives so much for so little—and with such economy of time!

The season is from June 1 to October 1. Send the coupon at once for detailed information, together with richly illustrated booklets.

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send me complete information includ-
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☐ Western Wonderlands (tells about *all*
st) ☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest
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Colorado ☐ Escorted All Expense Tours

---State---

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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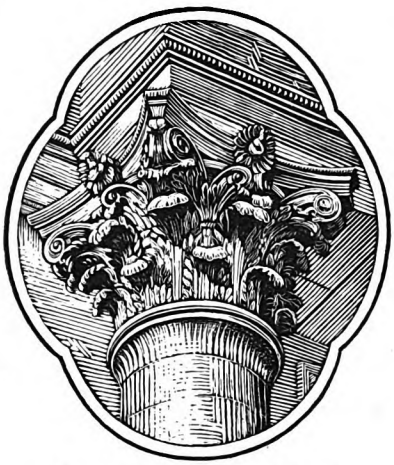

Corinthian Column in the Palace at Versailles

THEY SAY IT IS "TOO GOOD"

WE have been told by those who think in terms of average merchandise, that we make the Clark Grave Vault too good!

But as our vaults must provide protection for the precious remains of loved ones we never have permitted, and never will permit any compromise in the quality and workmanship.

The Clark Vault is sealed by an immutable law of Nature and does not depend on man-made locks. The material is metal, because it is not porous. Special quality sheets of Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel give added rust-resistance.

And our workmanship always insures the fullest utility of these fine metals. Seams are doubly-welded, oxy-acetylene on the outside, electric on the inside, so that the metal flows into one solid piece. A test under 5000 pounds of water proves the perfection of the welds.

And then on the finer vaults a plating of pure cadmium assures a still greater measure of rust-resistance.

The Clark Grave Vault has never failed during a quarter of a century. Leading funeral directors recommend it. A 50-year guaranty with every one.

A de luxe model, beautifully designed, of 10 gauge Solid Copper is also available. It is practically indestructible and carries a perpetual guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio
Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

carload shipments. Then a green, unsightly slime had made its appearance in his ponds and mixed itself with the watercress. He couldn't get rid of it. His customers complained. He was in despair, when a friend suggested that a botanist might help him out of his difficulty.

"Through the microscope this slime was seen to be made up of beautiful, thread-like filaments. In fact, it wasn't slime at all, but a plant known to botanists as Spirogyra. Not many hours after he had proceeded to carry out instructions, the watercress grower had conquered his 'slime.' All he had to do was to put a few pounds of blue vitriol in a sack, tie the sack over the stern of his rowboat so that it dragged in the water, and row several times over his ponds. As by magic, the 'slime' dropped to the bottom, a feat which may be duplicated by any owner of a spring or pond in which this growth appears.

"THREE fourths of the questions I am asked to answer come from people who own homes," continued Doctor True. "It seems that many of the things which happen about the house and yard are a constant source of mystery, and the botanist is the detective called upon to solve these mysteries either by telephone, letter, or in person.

"Just a day or two ago a gentleman came to me, sent here by his wife. They had been living in the country and had grown some very beautiful house plants. Moving to the city, they had taken the plants with them, going to some expense to do so. In less than a month various of the plants had started to die.

"The leaves turned yellow and sickly-looking, and many of them dropped off, leaving only the stalks. Flowers which were in bloom wilted and dropped, or didn't emerge from the bud stage. Cut flowers kept only a day or two.

"'My wife thoroughly understands plant culture,' explained the man, 'and she has done everything within her knowledge. The trouble is not from any lack of attention. But what puzzles us most is that in the house next door, which hasn't the sunlight of ours, every plant is thriving. Our neighbor doesn't pretend to give her plants half the care my wife gives ours!'

"'What plant was affected first?' I inquired.

"'The begonia,' he said. 'It lost all of its leaves.'

"'Have you illuminating gas in the house?'

"'We have a gas range, a gas log, and there are gas fixtures as well as electric in most of the rooms,' he replied.

"'Then it's a good guess,' I told him, 'that your plants are warning you of a danger in your house from a gas leak, just as rats or canaries warn miners of gas in the mines. Every symptom you have related indicates that your home contains escaping gas, not enough perhaps to be evident to your nostrils, but sufficient to poison your plants, which must breathe just as you do.'

"My client had a gasman make a careful examination, in the course of which a bad connection was discovered in the gas range and repaired. Thereafter his wife had no difficulty in growing plants in their city home.

"You would be surprised at the number of people who live in homes with leaky gas fixtures and don't know it. With the arrival of the first cold snap in autumn, when flowers are brought in from the porch and yard, I get calls for help. In nine cases out of ten the flowers are giving warning of escaping gas.

"One of the ingredients of the gas which affects the flowers is ethylene. The carnation is particularly sensitive to this, as is also the begonia, the castor-oil plant, and the sweet-pea seedling. If the buds of your carnations will not open, if the begonia's leaves drop off, or if the leaves of the castor-oil plant assume an odd angle it is a sign that the air of your home contains gas, though in such small quantity that your nostrils can't detect it.

"A reliable test may easily be made. Plant sweet-pea seeds in a small, light-tight box or pot that may be readily watered and moved about. By day keep the seedlings in a dark closet or so covered that no light whatsoever will reach them. By night let them stand uncovered in one of your rooms, with the windows closed and the shades drawn so that daylight won't creep in before you arise. The idea is to let the seedlings get air but no light.

"In two or three days look at the seedlings. If no light has reached them, the little stalks will be entirely white. Now look at the stalks. If they are erect, well developed, and straight, the air is free from ethylene; but if they are curved over gas is intermingled with the air. The more pronounced the bend, the greater the quantity of gas present.

"Another question often asked pertains to the effect plants have on air, especially on the air of a sick room. There seems to be a feeling that flowers contaminate the air at night and therefore should be removed from the room. This feeling is not without some reason. Green plants, during the daylight, breathe in carbon dioxide and give out oxygen. During the night, instead of giving off oxygen they continue exhaling carbon dioxide, which is an impurity to human being. However, unless the plants are in unusual profusion in a room, the amount of carbon dioxide they exhale is almost negligible and surely not enough to do anybody harm.

"BUT, getting back to *home* mysteries," continued Doctor True, "one of the most common has to do with the lawn. Jones can't understand why his neighbor Smith, has such a wonderful growth of grass in his front yard, whereas the grass in his own yard consists mainly of weeds and bare ground.

"'I've the poorest lawn in our block,' one home owner complained to me. 'I'm positively ashamed of it. I've planted grass seed by the bushel, and the finest clover I can buy. I've bought sod and laid it myself, and watered it faithfully. Yet the stuff won't grow!'

"'What is the nature of the soil?' I asked.

"'Blessed if I know,' he shrugged. 'Just regular soil, same as the rest of it.'

"In two minutes I had happened on the trouble, which is the trouble of hundreds of owners of city homes.

"Soil, in general, is of two kinds, sweet soil or sour soil. A soil is sweet when it contains sufficient lime, and sour when it lacks lime. Grass that will grow on

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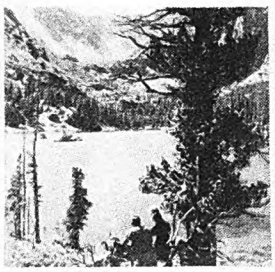
Write your own vacation ticket!

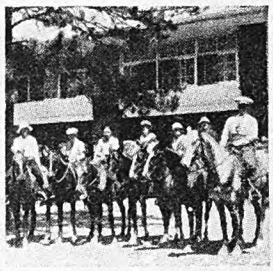
COLORADO

Do the things you enjoy most—*at their best*—in this Vacation Land of endless variety

Take your choice—luxurious hotels, inns, lodges, cottages. You'll find solid comfort in all. Convenient lodgings and board for as low as $17.50 a week. What more economical vacation?



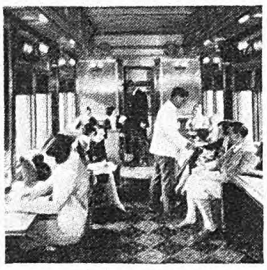
The spell of the mountains! The exhilaration of the crisp, health-giving air! You'll feel like a new person when you reach Colorado. It's the greatest medicine in the world!



Maybe it's riding, maybe it's just plain loafing—but whatever it is, you'll get a bigger "kick" out of it in Colorado. And the children—Colorado is a paradise for them!

ething for every taste! Golf, fishriding, hiking, camera-hunting endless variety of fun. You'll d a dozen vacations into one—harder, feel better than ever before!

Regular motor service, over superb mountain highways, make your own car superfluous. The comfortable motors take you to your chosen wonderspot—completely free from care



You will enjoy this trip! Its equipment, service, and courteous hospitality have won the Burlington the largest patronage of Rocky Mountain vacationists given to any railroad

two weeks time enough? Yes—come on! housands find it ample. Colorado is *near*. Burlington takes you there in only a day a night from Chicago or St. Louis.

hat does it cost? You'll be astonished to ow little! Round-trip summer vacation are surprisingly low. The cost is no er than an ordinary vacation near .

en why not Colorado this summer? The ngton takes you there quickly, pleas- and at the lowest cost. De luxe trains. e so fine and complete that it has made urlington known everywhere as "the popular route to the Rockies."

At moderate additional cost you can also have your Burlington ticket take you to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. Only the Burlington's *complete* service to the entire Rocky Mountain region makes vacation bargains like this possible.

Send for the big, free Vacation Book—and start planning *your* Colorado vacation—now!

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A new, carefree way to see the Rockies—with a Burlington Escorted Tour party. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned in advance. Travel expert with each party. Mark coupon for Tours Book.

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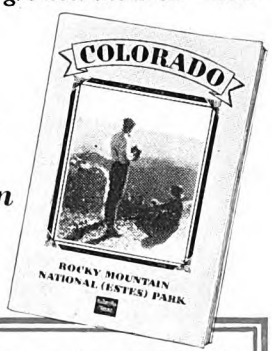
What can you do in two weeks (or longer) in Colorado this summer? This big, profusely illustrated Vacation Book tells you. It takes you on an easy-chair tour as absorbing as fiction. It shows you what each dollar of your vacation money will buy in Colorado. Please accept it with our compliments. Send the coupon and begin planning your greatest vacation—now

Mail this Coupon



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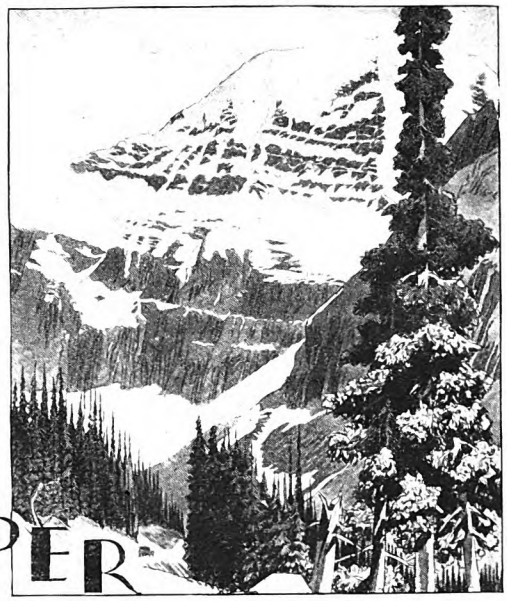


JASPER
National Park
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

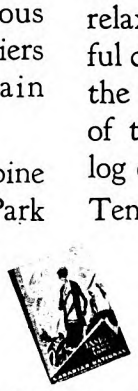
Playground of Mighty Horizons

See nature in her grandest mood in Jasper National Park. Here mountains crested with eternal snow stand shoulder to shoulder in challenging ranks. Here mighty rivers swirl through cavernous canyons and giant glaciers gleam on the mountain sides.

In the heart of this Alpine paradise stands Jasper Park Lodge. From its portals you step forth to new adventure. Trail ride, hike or motor to Mt. Edith Cavell and the Angel Glacier to Maligne Canyon, Pyramid Lake.

Climb with Swiss guides; golf on one of the finest 18-hole courses in America or relax and rest in the delightful club-like environment of the Main Lodge or in one of the completely serviced log cabin villas.

Tennis, warm outdoor summer pool, music, dancing and bridge complete a program to suit every taste.



Special Jasper Golf Week—Sept. 7th to 14th

For information and reservations at Jasper National Park, consult the nearest Canadian National office

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one soil won't always grow on the other.

"A rough test of the soil may be made with two strips of litmus paper placed on the bottom of a glass dish. One strip of paper should be blue and the other strip should be red. The dish should be filled with the earth under test, well moistened with pure water. If the blue paper turns red, the soil is sour; if the red paper turns blue, the soil is alkaline. If no change takes place in the colors, the soil is neutral.

"Once the nature of the soil is known, it is a simple matter to seed it accordingly. In sandy or sour soil the varieties of grass known as redtop, creeping bent, and English rye do best. In sweet soil white clover and Kentucky blue grass should do well. Neutral soil containing sufficient lime will at once come within the 'sweet' classification and be suitable for clover and blue grass. Anyone who keeps these few facts in mind should have less trouble with his lawn."

HOW DOES IT FEEL to adopt a baby? That's a question that a great many people would like to see answered fully and intimately by someone who has been through the experience. Next month Agnes Sligh Turnbull, who is well known to the readers of The American Magazine through her short stories, tells in a charming article what her little adopted daughter means to her.

The Sin of Angels

(*Continued from page 63*)

hand was the umbrella—*her* umbrella—that he had taken from her, just as he had taken from her the solace and protection he could have given, and she so cruelly needed. If she were hungry—as he was at this moment—

"I—I see that I've got . . . some one's . . . umbrella," he said. "I'm afraid I've got to take it back. . . . The . . . the . . . person might need it."

He was well aware that Mr. and Mrs. Alden were looking at him with mild surprise. They would think that he was self-distrustful, that he didn't know how to behave, that he was a fool.

"I'm . . . sorry, sir," he said, miserable and dogged.

"Can't you wait until after dinner, Moorehouse?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but she—" He stopped short, and his face grew hot. This was the finishing touch to his folly. Now they would know it was a girl!

"I'm sorry, sir," he said again, and turned to Mrs. Alden with a wretched smile. "Thank you!" he said. "I'm thank you for asking me."

Of course, the girl would have left the office long ago, and he had no idea where she lived. But as long as he had been being such an incredible fool, he might as well go on.

Indeed, he had to go on. He had to go back there with the umbrella.

"She thought I'd be waiting for her," he said to himself. "I asked her when she'd be finished. . . . Perhaps she was for me—for a while."

He went downtown in the subway

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such a bitter sense of loss and regret
heart. It seemed to him that he
lost everything—lost his girl, his
e of a good job, and his tremendous
in himself.

got out of the train and strode back
office in a sort of fury. The crowds
hinned now; almost all the workers
one home. She, too, would be gone,
urse. Half past six, it was.

she had not gone. She was still
empty office, eating a sandwich
a paper bag. And when she saw
he laughed.

ave a bite?" she asked.

l it was not tragic and miserable at
e sat down on the edge of her desk,
e was, for no good reason at all,
r than he had ever been before in

hat are you doing here so late?"
nanded, biting into a new sandwich
er sharp little teeth.

u might have known I'd come
he said.

dancing eyes fell. And he realized
e had known, and had waited.

u've got to come out to dinner
e," he said. "I have an umbrella."
u needn't be so proud about that!"
e. "I had an umbrella myself—
meone stole it."

she was not malicious in her teas-
w. She was so happy that tears
her eyes, because he had come.

ought it for you," he said.

e it to me!" she commanded, and
her hands that big, plain, service-
mbrella. "For me?" she said.
it's—awfully sweet. . . ."

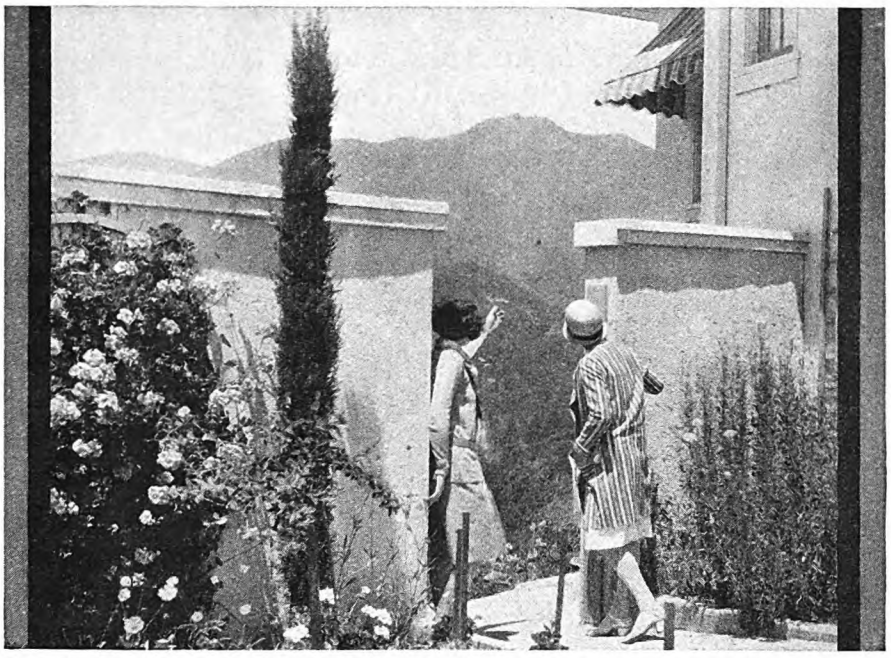
eyes met, in a questioning, half-
. Then he put his arm about her
rs and she buried her head in his

d abruptly and unreasonably left
den at a critical moment, and
l a remarkable opportunity. He
andered part of his savings on that
, and he was going to squander
ore, taking this girl out to dinner.
tead of being ashamed of this
was immensely triumphant. As
ad of losing so much, he had
eyond measure.

W days later he told Mr. Alden.
ant to get married, eh?" said Mr.
Well, what would the missis say
ing to live in Chicago, eh?"

RRY EMERSON FOSDICK, nous preacher, writes next about "America's Biggest ." It is a magnificent article ppeals through the individual ation at large. "We are not where we are weak, but e are strong," says Dr. Fos- d he shows that if we are to a great people and a great ve must relearn the serious of self-denial and self-dis- "A generation which must nore power than any genera- got within reaching distance has no business to run wild aimless license as it does What will be the result if nse continues? That's the estion this country has to

Discover this summer why so many have *chosen* to live in CALIFORNIA*



From every corner of the nation they have come, first to see, then to live. For California has been settled by those from other sections. It is new country. It lures countless thousands. Why not see this summer what it offers you?

From the rugged background of the High Sierra to the foam-tipped crests of the inrushing sea is a land that offers joy of living. Here is Monterey, first capital of California, Del Monte and Carmel-by-the-Sea. Over there is Yosemite, cupped from solid granite to make a playground. Giant Redwoods, oldest living things on earth, lift their shaggy heads above comfortable inns and a thousand glorious camp sites. Sports of every kind—trout streams, golf courses, in the mountains and by the sea, tennis courts that have reared more than a few champions, peaks that are ascended by motor car for mile-high views and peaks that try the hardiest veteran climbers. You select your summer climate as you do your sport, all are here.

You may find opportunity, too. Others have. You may decide to live "where life is better." If so, your vacation will have served a double purpose. Can a vacation offer more? Come this summer to

SAN FRANCISCO

Here is America's coolest summer city and headquarters of a marvelous vacationland. Central gateway to the whole Pacific Coast. Its average summer temperature is 59° and no summer rain to mar your plans. Cosmopolitan, world port with the largest Chinatown outside of China. A city where art and music find deep appreciation. Smart shops, fine hotels, gay restaurants. And in every direction railroads and highways leading to scores of scenic playgrounds that make this state the nation's summerland.

You may have an illustrated travel book, describing this California vacationland by writing to Californians, Inc., a non-profit organization whose sole purpose is to serve you and other guests of California. It is free

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Capt. George Fried,

reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"AN S. O. S. from the 'Florida'! We change our course. We on the 'America' strain to arrive in time to rescue the men on their sinking ship, 350 miles away. Through the icy, freezing storm and high seas we plunge on—all speed ahead! Then the night-time rescue, the search lights, the whirling waves, the manoeuvering to get near the 'Florida.' Finally, the 'Florida's' crew coming off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water on the line our men had thrown them. These 32 men, dazed, many half clothed, needed reviving after their long exposure. Hot coffee, food and Lucky Strikes—these gave new life to many of them and we on board the 'America,' crew and passengers alike, found after the strain and struggle that there was nothing quite so comforting and relaxing as the inviting, toasted flavor of Lucky Strikes. Playing this game with 'Davy' is ever fascinating, ever thrilling. And we who follow the sea must be ever ready for adventure. Ours is an active life, demanding nerve control and physical fitness. In my health program I have found that Luckies are most important not only because they provide a respite for frazzled nerves and an exhausted body but because whenever I crave anything which is over-fattening, I say to myself, 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' In the toasted flavor of Luckies, I get complete satisfaction. And I find that toasting, by removing the irritants, protects my throat."

Geo. Fried

George Fried
Commander of "S. S. *America*"

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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How Does Your Employer Size You Up?

How much are you actually earning for your company?

How much are you *capable* of earning?

What are you doing to increase your earning power?

Answer those questions—as your employer answers them—and you will know exactly how he grades you for promotion.

SO MANY employes wonder why they stick at the same old salaries year after year!

"Just an old tight-wad," that's the way they speak of the boss—when he isn't listening—and in their dreams they see themselves stepping into his office and laying a curtly worded resignation on his desk. "I'm leaving to go with So-and-So," reads the ultimatum, "and they're paying me twice as much. *There's* a place where my services are *appreciated.*"

How dumbfounded such employes would be if someone in authority should ask them the three questions at the top of this page—and what a revelation if they could see themselves as their *employer* sees them!

Little they dream how eagerly he watches the man who is able to cut costs and increase profits—who possesses the capacity for *growth*—who in spare time is striving to increase his earning power!

Does the average employer favor such a man—promote him rapidly?

You bet he does—and by way of proof we are going to tell you about two men who put their employers to the test!

How G. Roy Eshelman Said Good-bye to $16 a Week

G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois, was earning only $16 a week when ambition prompted him to enroll for Higher Accountancy training with LaSalle.

"Through my training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department of my company, and often remained after hours watching the auditor at his work.

"Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant. It is sufficient to say that my present income is many times greater than when I enrolled."

A "Raise" of 137 Per Cent in Fifteen Months!

For four years Philip S. Blessing, of the Lancaster Brick Company, Lancaster, Pa., worked hard as a clerk and got nowhere.

During that time plenty of opportunities came his way—and passed him by. He began to realize what every successful man knows—that opportunities without trained ability mean nothing. He decided to get ready.

Within 15 months after he started training with LaSalle, Mr. Blessing was made Assistant Treasurer of his company, and his salary was increased 137 per cent. It has now been increased 250 per cent.

His employer, Clarence B. Horning, General Manager, adds the vital point: "We believe he has many successful years ahead of him." His business progress has only begun.

Send for Free Book "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

How does *your* employer size you up?

Does he perceive by your interest in some special field that you are capable of discharging greater and greater responsibilities? *Read again how Eshelman said good-bye forever to $16 a week!*

Can he say of you—by reason of your spare-time efforts to increase your earning power—"We believe he has many successful years ahead of him?" *Read again how Philip Blessing won the position of Assistant Treasurer at a 250% increase in salary!*

The business world is crowded with unthinking fellows who are forever looking to hard work and faithful service to put them ahead—forgetting that these are only the *beginning* of what the boss wants.

"Merely a loyal worker"—is that the way your employer sizes you up? Or does he rate you as a first-class business man—*a future leader?*

Prove that you have the will and the stamina to win success—by what you do with this coupon NOW!

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free! mail coupon now

Name Present Position Address

I'm One of Those Boob Husbands!

(*Continued from page 59*)

with suspicion a talking machine and disordered piles of records in a corner of the living-room and had thanked all the gods that no one had thought of playing the thing. But I had rendered thanks prematurely. No sooner had the crowd arrived than the liveliest dance records were selected and the jazz box wound up. And it wasn't permitted to run down. The gang kept that infernal machine going until three o'clock in the morning. Two or three middle-aged husbands in the crowd managed to get their wives away shortly after midnight, but most of the poor fish were caught for the night.

My legs ached from dancing; my feet felt like kegs of nails encased in hot binders; my eyes were red and swollen from loss of sleep. And the wife was going strong.

Came three P. M., and I was sure the party would disperse. But no; some demon thought of the sun; the sun would rise about four o'clock; it would never do to pass up a sunrise on the ocean now so nearly due; they would all go down to the beach and see the sun rise on the ocean. Wonderful!

RIGHT then and there I took a sneak deserted the party, and tumbled into bed. I slept for possibly an hour and then there was no more sleep. Back from the beach, another jazz hound had an idea.

From time to time I looked at my watch and wondered when it would end. The noise died out at eight A. M. I don't know when my wife got in; I was dead to the world. But at 11 A. M. my wife was shaking me and telling me that they were waiting breakfast for me. She raved over the wonderful time she had had. There were roses in her cheeks, sparkles in her eyes. I looked at myself in the mirror: eyes bloated, the corners of my mouth sagging, three chins where there were only two before. I groaned, dressed somehow, pulled myself together, went to breakfast, wondered why breakfasts were invented.

Came evening again, and I thought surely there would be sleep this night. But no. Most of the same gang and some new pace-setters came over, and the fun began all over again. Inwardly I groaned but thought sure it would terminate earlier this time. But I had misjudged the middle-aged married women, including my own phenomenal wife.

Came midnight, and they had settled down to playing Ramona on the new machine, then turning the record and playing Among My Souvenirs and turning the record to Ramona again. They were having such a good time that nobody cared about fishing for a change of record. At one o'clock I went to my room, packed my bag, and then, succumbing to a feeling of guilt, sat in the dark hesitating, hoping against hope that the party might break up soon. No such luck. I wrote a note to the wife, telling her I had gone back home, telling her to come by the next day, left the note on her pillow, slipped quietly out of the merriment.

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r the cover of darkness, got away for e in my car. I am the boob husband. had another fond delusion busted last mer. I had entertained a more or less t notion that the surest way to have d time would be to get away with a dozen other boob husbands like my- get away on a nice, trim, comfortable boat bound for nowhere in particu- d live in house slippers and pajamas e days out, far from the peppy wives, ep and snooze as much as I should

ll, we took a sneak one day last sum- six of us—Walter and Tommy and e and Art, and good Doc John and I kissed the wife good-by the day sail and told her I would be back in days all rested up and with enough o last me for the rest of the summer. guessed wrong. First night out we it too hot to sleep in the cabins be- ck, and the mosquitoes made life table above deck. We just fussed rowled around and fought mos- s all night, and kept up the perform- ntil we weighed anchor back in the port on the third day.

t night back home I suffered the s of a damned soul, because I dare to pull a yawn in the face of ming wife, who just kept right on that she was so glad I had enjoyed n my pajamas half a week and get- the sleep I wanted.

only great kick I get out of my life more, my greatest fun, is in my s. I can cut something of a shine business hours and often get so up with enthusiasm that there is the old-time light of youth in my ger in my step, and a song in my he wife regards me with a look of d hope. I see lively anticipation yes. And then I yawn in the face ny before that night's bedtime. ionally I take the wife on a trip York with me. Broadway, Fifth or Forty-second Street means no me than Main Street, Elizabeth t every shop window has a fas- for the wife, and she can spend Macy's, Wanamaker's, or Frank- 's. The girl can stay on her feet moment the first store door is ntil the last one is closed. She s a taxi; she can't stop and see ty things" in the shop windows, I use taxis all day, sit in con- take two hours to sit at lunch iend—and come into our hotel P. M. ready to flop. The wife is ng started.

h out on the bed, relax, kick my rest the tired feet, close my eyes, think; do my darnedest to pull gether, for the night is coming, r rural visitors to New York is g under way when night comes it entertain the wife. A dinner ter is about all I can stand up the curtain goes down on the ready for bed, but the wife is and eager to keep going.

een an eventful day with the as gotten a facial and a finger e Ritz; she feels equal to any d is rearing to strut her stuff ce among the city women. A ssion in a night club would be aven to her after the theater.

Gone

is all the drudgery and mystery of learning to play a piano

So simple and effective are the new methods of teaching that Public Schools are successfully giving Class Instruction to Children

THE piano has taken a new and important place in modern education. For years educators have agreed that if piano study could be made simple and interesting it would become one of the real important subjects in training the minds of the children of this country. And why not? Is not music the greatest spiritual influence that a child can have?

Piano Study Simplified

The simplification of piano study has been accomplished. Modern methods of teaching make learning to play the piano so natural, so effective and so interesting, that over 400 cities and towns in this country have added piano study to their curriculum.

This new educational movement is gaining ground daily. City after city is offering piano study as an optional course in its public schools. Think of the significance of these happenings. In not a great while every child in America will be able to learn the rudiments of piano playing at school —and at public expense.

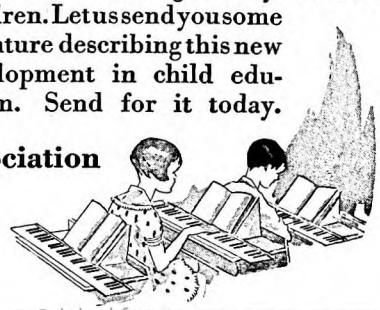
Chicago Schools Adopt Class Piano Instruction

So successful is this plan of teaching children to play the piano, that the city of Chicago recently put piano study at the option of its public school children. To know and love music and how to make it, is indeed a contribution to public welfare.

You will naturally be interested in the spread of this work. It means additional advantages to your own children. Let us send you some literature describing this new development in child education. Send for it today.

National Piano Manufacturers Association

247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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When WRITING beckons to you what do you answer?

"Some day I'll start" . . . "I'd like to, but I'm busy" . . . "I'll get there, all right, once I make up my mind. . . ."

And so they go, those time-devouring *good intentions*. A day, a month, a year goes by. Again something happens to rouse the urge within you. And again: "Some day" . . . "Yes, but" . . . or some equally deadening evasion, and no progress!

So it is that many live and die, thinking they could be writers. So it is that many who really have ability never learn how to make it count.

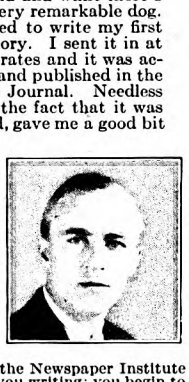
Today thousands of practical people are meeting the challenge that writing offers by taking instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America. They are finding out things about writing and about themselves that they would never otherwise learn . . . what sort of style they have, what its possibilities are, what specialized training they need, how to write and how to sell their output.

Theirs is the modern attitude, the attitude of inquiry, earnestness and openmindedness based on the common-sense principle that the way to understand anything is to make a working contact with it. The Newspaper Institute course is a working course created and directed by a group of New York newspapermen of long and recognized experience. Instruction is based on journalism—metropolitan journalism—because the recent history of American literature demonstrates that an overwhelming majority of the day's greatest writers are products of newspaper training.

Mrs. Grace L. McMillan, 1345 Willamett Blvd., Portland, Ore., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"Here's how I'm putting into practice some of the teachings of the N. I. A. Two weeks ago we drove down the coast to Newport for a week-end and while there I saw a very remarkable dog. I decided to write my first news story. I sent it in at regular rates and it was accepted and published in the Sunday Journal. Needless to say, the fact that it was printed almost word for word, gave me a good bit of encouragement."

Another of our student-members who tried is L. A. Emerton, Jackson Street, Hanover, Pa.



"My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip! The check that followed was not large but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."

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But her Old Man is all in; no night club for him. And the despondent wife wonders whether all husbands are alike.

There is a false notion in some quarters that the strenuous life is the city life and that we folk in the small town and rural settlements of America lead an uneventful and rustic life, bordering on boredom. Nothing of the sort. The cinema, the automobile, the radio, the beauty parlor, and prohibition have made over small-town life in America.

The cinema has brought all the life of the world to the suburbs and whetted the appetites of suburban mortals for all the fads, foibles, frolics, and frivolities of modern life as lived in Newport, Hollywood, Paris, London, Palm Beach, and Honolulu. The automobile, swift and dependable, has extended our world and enables us to make sufficient excursions here and there to confirm much that the cinema has revealed to us. The radio has done the rest and makes it desirable to keep late hours, lest we miss something from the outside world. We don't go to bed with the chickens down home any more.

The beauty parlor has further rejuvenated and intensified small-town life. What woman wants to go to bed at 10 P. M., to muss up a new finger wave and lose the bloom of a facial for which she spent an hour and her coin that afternoon? She wants to sit up and be admired, and there isn't much fun in sitting up by one's self.

IT USED to be the women who married to settle down. The poor things had suffered much from the restraints of their old-time, feudal home life and their confinement in strait-jacket clothes effects. Having had to sit up stiff and straight in steel-ribbed corsets and starched clothing and endure the tortures of tight lacing and tight-fitting shoes all their single days, it was a relief to a woman to marry and settle down to life in a house dress and soft shoes. If invited out some place, she most often declined the invitation, because it was a long and tedious ordeal to dress and "fix" one's hair.

But the modern *couturier* has released the formerly pent-up bodies of women and emancipated them from the slavery of clothes and hair. Where it used to take a woman an hour to get ready to go out and another hour to get ready to retire for the night, she can now skin into a pair of hose, slippers, a one-piece step-in, and a one-piece frock that fastens with a single snap, give a toss of her head to fluff out her hair, put a dab of powder on her nose on the way downstairs, and in a minute and a pair of seconds she is ready to go any place. And there is no hurry about getting back home, for she can undress with a shrug of her shoulders. We boob men did all this, and more, for women, and made trouble for ourselves.

We have, by our inventions and enterprise, emancipated woman from the drudgery of housework; we have given her steam heat, electric refrigeration, and electric cookery, a vacuum sweeper, and a delicatessen around the corner. No wonder the dear better halves think so much of their leisure time and devise so many ways of enjoying it, while we boob husbands exhaust ourselves at our own work by day and have little heart for anything but a snooze about nightfall!

And yet I have failed to take into account the most interesting and significant fact about woman. Woman is essentially romantic and adventurous. The old boy who accused the first mother of exploring the Tree of Knowledge and capturing the forbidden apple was most certainly aware of the inquisitive and enterprising spirit of the female. Old Adam would have contented himself with grapes and figs and huckleberries closer to hand all his days. But not Eve; being a woman she wasn't going to miss anything.

It is this romantic nature of women that makes them strive ever to be young. I am heartily of the opinion that marriage is generally a disappointment to the sentimental and romantic nature of the woman. The glow of anticipation that glorifies her man in the full flush of his pursuit of her, turns to a rather drab pallor when the gentleman concludes his pursuit and proceeds forthwith to lose himself and neglect his mate in the irksome and prosaic business of providing an income for two or more.

But the romantic nature of woman will not be thwarted. She takes another look at herself in the mirror, reaches for the rouge, and determines to lose none of her charm and her coyness; she would be a lover to the end of her days. The boob husband would be satisfied to be merely a good provider. The male is easily persuaded to slow down; the woman never gives up. If she is a normal, healthy, red-blooded woman, she persists to the end of time in believing that romance still awaits her right around the corner. She may not think that's what ails her—may be utterly unconscious of what it's all about—but I am sure I have diagnosed her case. This is why women are generally religious; there is so much poetry and mysticism in religion.

Men fear old age and plan for it. Women fear old age and deny it. A man thinks of the rainy days ahead; women look forward to more sunshine. My next door neighbor, a woman eighty-six years old, died only last week. Before taking her bed a few months ago, she delighted in turning on the phonograph and dancing to the music with a step she learned when she was in the flower of her girlhood.

BUT I wish we boob husbands could make the dear wives understand that the female of the species is inherently and fundamentally tougher than the male. They forget that they were originally made for the harrowing business of bearing and mothering children and doing the manual labor incident to home-making, not only keeping the house, but tending the farm as well. They are equipped by nature to stand more labor and more punishment, with less fatigue, than men.

Primitive man was a hunter, a fisherman, and a warrior, having a leisurely good time of it while the woman stayed home and did the work. With little of the old-time drudgery to hamper them in this highly machinized modern age, women have got to have outlets for their energy and I shall not condemn them for seeking the pleasurable ways. But I sometimes wish they would remember that I come from a long line of fishing and hunting ancestors.

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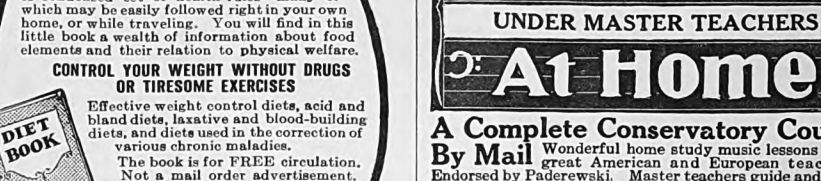

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The Woman Across the Street

(Continued from page 43)

years. I haven't the right to ask you to sacrifice—"

"No? I'd like to know who's got a better right?"

"You'd be giving up the best years of your life."

"Which is why I'll give them," she answered rapturously. "Bert! Oh, Bert!"

Mrs. Mason came unexpectedly into the parlor to find them standing as one figure, Bert gripping the girl tightly, his face on her shoulder. Dorothy, her arms equally about the sorry teller, was saying thickly:

"But they won't be the best years of my life, laddie. The best years of my life will come after the horrid ordeal is over and I know the mettle of the man I've married!"

THE news of Bert's decision got about the town. Local persons contended that while the first flush of determination was strong in the youth, he would doubtless keep to his grim self-discipline. He might even stick it out for two or three years. But as time sped onward into his thirties when people had forgotten the drab heroism of it and nothing faced him but season after season of poorly-paid toil then the break was bound to occur; sooner or later he must decide that no such gesture of moral integrity could possibly be worth the price he was paying.

It was a hard situation in which to put the boy. He was young, popular, just starting his career in a new place and longing to go about and enjoy himself. Yet he gave up his boarding quarters at the American House and took one meager little room with the Brooks woman, on Union Street. It cost him three dollars a week and looked out on a chicken yard. His suits became shiny from much over-pressing, which he did in his room with an old, bent flatiron. His hair often went uncut, though his face was kept clean shaven.

As the months grew into a year, it suddenly dawned upon Paris, Vermont, that the teller in Cogswell's bank resembled the Prince of Wales no longer. The youthful, girlish pinkness had gone from his features.

And though he hired no more rigs from Uncle Joe Fodder, he frequently dropped into the old hostler's barn often to give voice to his loneliness to one who understood. The burden of his complaint to the aged philosopher seemed to be the penalty he was making Dorothy pay for his wise. But the hostler shook his head.

"Son," he said sagely, "wimmin are funny. They takes notions 'bout things. One of 'em's love. They's a certain kind o' female—an' it looks like your Dorothy one—who don't love a man t' commence with 'less they mean t' stick through fire an' boilin' water, hard luck an' ornery wimmin, sickness an' health, ol' age, crossedness, rum, riot, an' rebellion. When you've got connected with such a female y' might as well give up. In so far as she's concerned, she's hitched t' you f'r keep.

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s your wife in her heart an' the cere-
y's an incident."
But, Mr. Fodder—!"
When you go out o' her life, sumpin's
in her forever. It's queer, but it's
An' th' queerest part o' such a
le is, when you're deepest in trouble
eems t' love you most—'cos you need
o much, or that's what she thinks.
f they's anything t' this world that
s a real woman happiest, it's th'
' th' one she loves *needs* her. So
let's have any more o' this nonsense
chuckin' Dot overboard. 'Cos
e not makin' her suffer a bloomin'
young feller. What you're really
n' her *is th' ten best years o' her life!*"
e half-convinced boy finally set his
iard.
ll lick this thing," he vowed, "in
of everything!"
spite of *everything!*
urage Indomitable came into Bert's
Not the momentary steeling of
s and muscles to withstand a passing
but the grim, time-proof, fate-chal-
g resolution that puts armor around
n's heart, hardens his jaw line,
ws his eyes, casts his countenance
rpetual defiance—that he will go
gh with his decision if it kills him.
it is the man who can stick to an
l over a long period of time, fight
ently, deadlily, determinedly, week
week, month after month, year after
even when those nearest him have
l to take interest in his conflict, who
himself the hero. It is the man who
ce the long, dreary afternoons, the
evenings, the rainy Sundays, when
n thoughts are his enemies and his
ons traitor to his soul, who plunges
dows blindly onward through black
f the road up the heights will not
keeping in motion because to halt
se everything—whom the world de-
to visit later, without wholly dis-
g why—because he fought his battle
in the cold and the dark.
him are the spoils and the victor's
. And yet he will not have done it
se spoils. He will have done it be-
he refused to acknowledge that he
e whipped!

strange, indeed, how the bumps of
often bump a man upward. The
ed for keeping down personal ex-
began to disclose to Bert Seavers how
ney, rightly handled, would go. Also,
no funds to pay for social distrac-
fter hours, he put in his time study-
anking methods, financing, eco-
Gradually Jerem Cogswell found
leaning on Bert Seavers in ways
cely realized. Jerem was a typical
, with many irons in the fire. Yet
ld sooner have lopped off a hand
ise the lad's salary.
makin' a man o' him," Cogswell
rgue. "Why let him go back t' his
dthrift ways by increasin' th' mar-
pend on himself?"
he town knew Jerem. He was get-
extra capable young banker for
week. So Bert stayed on, while
mployees came and went in the
ompany. Miss Prentiss married;
lozen times in as many years the
personnel altered and increased—
nly entrenched Bert Seavers the

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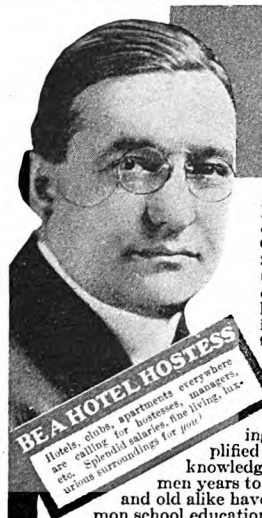

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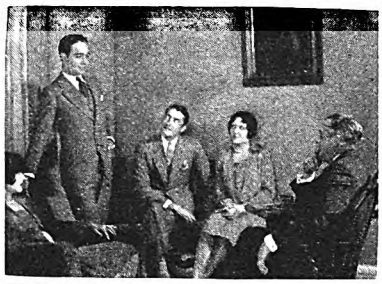

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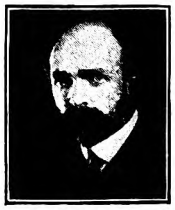

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He needed no records to recall past transactions in which the bank had been involved. He held the credit rating of local borrowers at his finger tips. He knew the value of every parcel of real estate within three adjacent counties. Suddenly he found himself elected cashier. But still at thirty a week—with the cost of living going up and up. . . .

Dorothy Peters, too, underwent a change while Bert fought that fight. She kept on at the boarding-house till Mrs. Mason died. Then she leased the place from the Mason family. People said she did it to keep as close as possible to Bert, right there across the street. It added nothing to the man's mental tranquillity that the girl who still waited for him season after season was making double his own income and by the time his ordeal was over would own the property without even a mortgage.

DAY after day, week after week, month after month—spring, summer, autumn, winter—they held to the grind. They were rarely seen together. If Bert met her on the walk, or she entered the bank, he spoke to her with a certain red-faced tenderness, as one whom the memory of old intimacies hurt.

All the same, his stamina was making him a local celebrity. Astute business men of the valley approached him with offers to leave Jerem and the bank. He turned them down consistently.

"That debt of mine has become a sort of habit," he laughed to John Stevens, of the Hard Rubber Process Works. "I've gone so far with it, I've got to see it through. Besides, I'm getting a grip on the Paris Savings Bank and Trust Company that I can't afford to relax. When I'm all paid off we'll see what happens."

But, after the whimsy of Kismet, when release came it was not what all expected.

Once each year for the past three decades the agricultural element in the Green River Valley has come together and offered for public patronage a cattle show and county fair. In the twelfth year of Jerem Cogswell's presidency of the Paris County Fair Association, and the sixth year of Bert Seavers's ordeal paying back Abe Albee's chicanery, the September arrived when hundreds of farmers' rigs fringed the Fair Ground, bands played, prize stock bellowed, fakirs held forth, for three county holidays. Jerem Cogswell scarcely appeared at the bank in this interval; he was a person of importance on the Fair Ground and for three days he strutted.

Bert Seavers did not go to the Fair. In the first place, he had no money to toss away on bucolic diversions. In the second, it always recalled his first summer in Paris, when one of his first outings with Dorothy had been a boyish splurge at the carnival. Besides, with Jerem absent, it devolved on him to attend to the bank. . . .

So he lolled about an empty town at sunset, trying not to mind the faint band music sounding from the south, or he dropped in to see Uncle Joe Fodder, whose increasing years made him stay clear of crowds.

But the third and last afternoon of this Fair something happened which made it different from other fairs. Bert was drawing the curtains before closing up for the day when he noted a peculiar milling of certain persons who happened to be town and on Main Street. Almost once Uncle Joe's personal rig skidded to the curbing; the mare stumbled reared as the old man pulled her to a h

"Bertrand! Bert Seavers! You be come down with me. Bull's loose on Fair Ground. My nephew jus' phon it's gored ol' Jerem!"

Bert lost no time seizing hat and c Through Cross Street Joe Fodder la the mare, while autos honked past shot up the hill. Across Walnut Stree the top they tore, and down toward Fair Ground, which spread toward river. The place was black with exci humanity. Gala music had hushed in interlude of tragedy.

They fought their way inside. . The great Holstein had been conquer But in a side-show tent Jerem Cogsw was one of the three who lay on blank while the sheriff's aids fought back crowd and attending doctors cursed tardiness of ambulances. Jerem's e opened weakly as Seavers knelt be him. He saw Bert and Joe Fodder.

"Joe . . . you're on th' bank board If I'm finished . . . see to it . . . t Bert takes my place."

The hostler nodded.

"Tell Amos Farmer he's been a g boy—Bert—an' came up t' scratch." doughty old banker was sinking visi "Tell Amos an' th' rest, Joe, I w Bert . . . should have . . . votin' po . . . my bank stock. . . ."

Cogswell never finished. He died three minutes without opening his e

THE following Wednesday after the directors of the Paris Savings B and Trust Company met in executive sion. All of them had been pallbearer Jerem Cogswell's funeral. The man b buried, the bank could not go on a without an official head.

Judge Farmer occupied the chair, the foot of the table was Bert Sea cashier. Every eye was upon him.

"O' course," the judge was sa "you can't expect Jerem's sister, a sole surviving beneficiary, to stan him *givin'* you this controllin' Seavers. She'll put up a court an' o' course win her case. But if could scrape up six or seven tho t' pay her in cash—an' give her note th' balance, I think she'd waive her r 'Specially as that's th' arrangement must've meant t' tell Fodder whilst in'."

"Suppose I can't raise the money?" young man said dully. "You all know load I've been carrying—"

"We'd like t' have you continue us, o' course," declared Farmer, shru his shoulders. "You know th' bank fairs t' a hair. But as f'r controllin Well, I'll have t' make some arrange an' take on that interest m'self."

"Give me till tomorrow noon," cashier asked huskily at last.

The meeting adjourned. But Joe der lingered.

"Young feller," he said, when the were alone, "I think it's high time you an' Dot got married."

"Never mind Dorothy now. When I get seven thousand dollars to grab bank stock?"

The hostler smiled dryly. "Le

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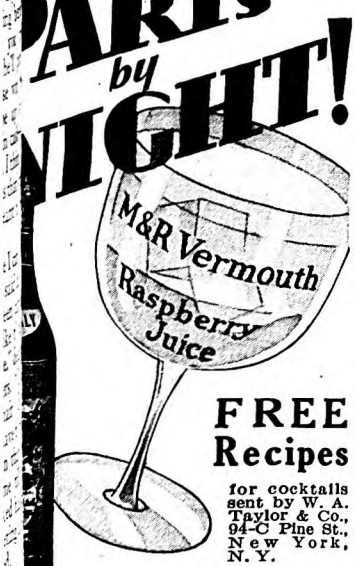

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'cross an' see Dorothy. She's got property. Mebbe she could arrange it."

"*Not much!* After the way I've made her wait, I'll not go to her for aid in this fix. Besides, I've never been inside that boarding-house since the day I told her—what I did—in the parlor."

"Then it's high time you give Dot a little more attention. Let's go over an' jus' talk with her, anyhow. Let's see what she *suggests*."

Fodder won the fellow over. They went across the street. Dorothy was summoned. They sat down in a little group on the close-cropped lawn underneath the maples.

"Don't say any more," the girl begged the liveryman when that awkward conference had possessed her of the details. "I know what Mr. Cogswell was trying to tell you when he died—and so do you, Joseph Fodder."

The hostler looked sheepish. He turned his bearded face to avoid Seavers's eyes. Bert caught the wrist of the girl, who had arisen.

"If you're going for your deed, Dorothy—"

"Let me go in the house a moment, Bert, dear. You'll understand presently."

JOE FODDER refused to answer Bert's questions during her absence. She came out carrying something beneath her arm.

"Jerem commissioned me to do it, Bert," she began cryptically. "He was a better friend of yours than you imagined. You've had four years lopped off your sentence for good behavior. It's time your ordeal was ended."

"What are you talking about?" the man demanded blankly.

"I mean that you've been saving against this crisis every day since Abe Albee put over a cruel piece of chicanery on you in the bank. When you came running over to the boarding-house here and bearded Abe in his room, do you remember my behavior?—while he was driving you from his room at a gun-point, I mean."

"N-n-o," stammered Bert. "I guess I was too upset—"

"I saw a corner of the money packet under some shirts in one of his suitcases. I whisked it under my apron and the man fled town, never knowing he had lost it. Later I carried it over to the bank. But Mr. Cogswell had already extracted your promise to pay up the loss. He only deducted three hundred and seventy-five dollars for Abe in case he ever was heard from. The balance he told me to put in the People's Bank to our joint account against the day when you'd settled in full. With the directors' meeting today, I knew that time had arrived. This morning I drew it out."

And into Bert's flaccid hands she placed a four-inch packet of bank notes.

"That ain't wholly so!" Uncle Joe cackled. "You had t' talk your perty head off t' make ol' Jerem let up fr'm prosecutin' an' agree to this plan, an' you know it. Even if you did recover th' money—"

"Oh, well, what difference does it make? Bert came through. He showed himself a man! *And what a glorious six years I've had, waiting for this moment!*"

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Everything Has Its Price

(*Continued from page 23*)

even speculating that's about as safe as investing isn't the thing for *patres familias*," Bob had said.

But the stock had done just what it had been expected to; and Bob couldn't resist telling Will that his stock had already doubled. Will felt, just the same, that he'd done the right thing in not going in, but, someway, he had to keep reassuring himself over and over, and it was terrible on his mashie shots. Just as little Jack's colds always go straight to his bronchial tubes, Will's nerves go straight to his mashie. The fifth week was awful.

The one consolation was that, in spite of the fact that they were doing really better than we were, the week was just as hard on the Carstairses. We all came home together Saturday evening, Helen and I in the rumble seat. The boys were talking about our playing. As though they were wonders, themselves! Helen held up her hand to let me see how it was shaking.

"If Bob tells me once more to take long breaths and get hold of myself," said Helen in a voice that shook as much as her hand, "I shall go stark, staring crazy. He seems to think I'm being nervous for my own selfish pleasure. It's all his fault that I'm nervous at all. I wouldn't say this to anybody but you, Dot, but Bob is terribly selfish. He simply won't be careful about Hetty."

Hetty was the maid the Carstairses had brought from Chicago.

"Hetty is simply wonderful," Helen went on. "I'd never get another girl like her, and Bob knows it as well as I do. And he knows that unexpected company for meals is the one thing she can't stand. Yet, without the slightest consideration for me, he brought a man from the office home this noon. It wouldn't have taken him two minutes to telephone first, but did he do it? Oh, no. He forgot! Hetty's been sulky about it all the afternoon. And yet Bob expects me to be perfectly calm now. Why, for all I know, Hetty may be planning on leaving this very minute. It wouldn't have taken him two minutes to telephone. Telling me to take long breaths and get hold of myself!"

I WAS so busy being mad about the sharp way Will had spoken when I sneezed on the putting green—good heavens, when you have to sneeze, you have to sneeze—that I scarcely heard what Helen was saying. Really, I didn't think a day could be worse than that Saturday. But the next Monday was; much worse. And Tuesday and Wednesday.

For Mother left Sunday for Minneapolis. She had planned on going up for a month with Kathie; but she wasn't going to leave till after the tournament. Sunday she got a wire. My brother-in-law had to leave a week early for the convention, and Kathie was having trouble with the new baby's formula and didn't want to stay alone. I always did suspect that Kathie was Mother's favorite, and without a second thought for the situation it left me in, Mother packed up and left for Minneapolis Sunday night.

Will and I spent all Sunday after down in the section by the tracks, tr to get some girl to come and stay with children late afternoons that one la precious week. We took the twins with and drove from house to house. At fi we were afraid we couldn't find anybo There was a kind of summer grip g around down there, and the girls were busy at home.

Finally, just as we were about to giv up in despair, we found a girl. She was th dumbest thing, and she insisted on thirty-five cents an hour though she didn't look to be worth ten. However, we were to desperate to be choosy, so we took her.

She came fifteen minutes early every day, and it took me fifteen more to show her just how to give the babies the supper, though I had everything ready fo her. Wednesday, Will kept blowing th horn impatiently all the time I was talkin to her. I'd cleaned that morning, and wa tired to begin with. Will was tired too he'd got up at half past five and mowe the lawn before breakfast. Of course w both played worse than usual. And th beginning of the tournament only thre days off! We went around the course in kind of tense, grim silence, as near di liking each other as any married coup ever ought to be.

"WE HAVEN'T a Chinaman's chan of winning any prize at all," I sa gloomily, as we climbed into the flivv to drive home.

"We certainly haven't," said Will. " you can't even keep your eye on the b when you're driving, we'd better drop o and not just make a show of ourselve

"Well, if—" I began angrily. But voice broke and I couldn't go on. I was hurt and mad that I knew in anoth minute I'd be crying.

"If I'd gone in on that stock of Bob's said Will, "we'd have been able to buy pair of twin beds."

I suppose it was just because I was tired and tense that it seemed to me W was blaming me for that, too.

"Don't you ever blow that horn ag when you're waiting for me," I said, my past wrongs coming over me at on

It was sultry hot and we were b dripping and dirty. Will didn't love any more, and I'd have to cook su after we got home. I thought of the C stairses, fresh and cool after a shower ba sitting down right now to supper, out the club veranda, and it just seemed me that life wasn't worth living. Nei of us spoke another word all the home.

"How are the children?" I asked girl as we climbed out of the flivver.

"Yah," she said, looking dumber t usual, if possible. I supposed that me that they were all right.

But just as I went out to put on the water, I heard Jack cough. In a coup minutes he coughed again. I went up gave him a drink and lit the croup ke I've found that it's always a wise caution to have a little benzoin ste the room at the first cough with a b

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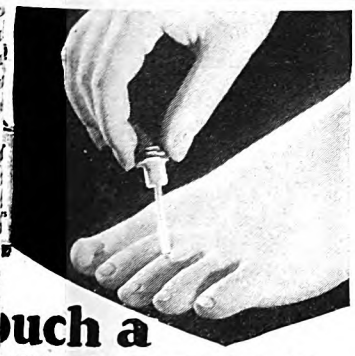

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chial child. It usually nips any possible trouble in the bud.

He quieted down right away, and we went to bed soon after supper. Sometime in the night I woke up with an uneasy feeling, and as soon as I'd struggled back to consciousness, I knew why. Jack was coughing again. I went in and lit the kettle again. Will heard me up, and came in too. We don't dare go to sleep with the kettle going—some people do, but we're both too afraid of fire—and Will said for me to go back to bed; he'd sit up for an hour or so.

I went back to bed, but I couldn't go to sleep. It was beginning to get light and I went in again.

"He's still barking away," said Will. "Maybe you'd better take his temperature."

I always take the children's temperatures when there's anything the matter; it's always so reassuring to see the old mercury around ninety-eight and six tenths. You know, then, that it's nothing serious.

AT FIRST, I thought it was the faint light, that I couldn't have read the thermometer right. I took it into the bathroom and put on the electricity. I stared under the glaring light, afraid to believe my eyes. I hadn't made any mistake. The mercury stood at a hundred and four and four tenths.

Will went right down and called the doctor. Doctor MacIntosh sounded kind of cross and sleepy at first, Will said; but when he heard Jack's temperature, he asked Will if he was sure I hadn't made a mistake in reading it, and then said he'd be right over. The first thing he did was to take Jack's temperature again, himself, and, while I should have felt terribly stupid and guilty if he'd found I'd been wrong, it was worse still when he nodded that I'd been right. He looked into Jack's ears with his little electric light.

"Is—is it anything serious, Doctor?" I faltered.

"Hope not," said Doctor MacIntosh briefly. "Give him a lukewarm sponge and an enema. Plenty of water and orange juice—if he wants anything to eat, give him a little gruel. Dissolve these in a half-glass of water and start him on 'em every two hours."

He never has much to say, but as he went out, he added:

"Keep the little girl away from him. I'll be in again late in the afternoon." And from the doorway, he looked back at me sharply. "And don't be taking his temperature every half-hour."

That was enough. Doctor MacIntosh is always terribly busy and abrupt and he never pays two visits a day unless it's serious. He left me feeling quite shaky but strong; you know, the way you feel when you know you're up against a real job.

I didn't have any time to stand around and shake, either. His directions kept me going like the wind all day. Will had an important appointment and he couldn't stay home. Jill, suddenly without a playmate, tagged me every step I took. She couldn't understand why she couldn't see Jack, or why I didn't want her to shout and clatter up and down stairs as usual. She had to be given her meals, of course, and I did my best to remember that she was just a baby, and that I mustn't be

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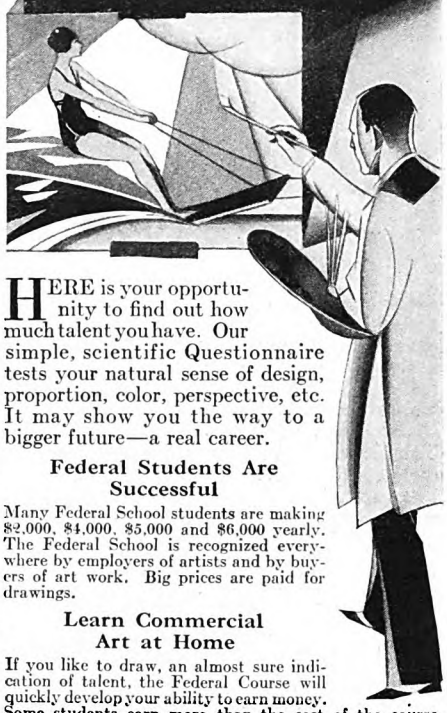

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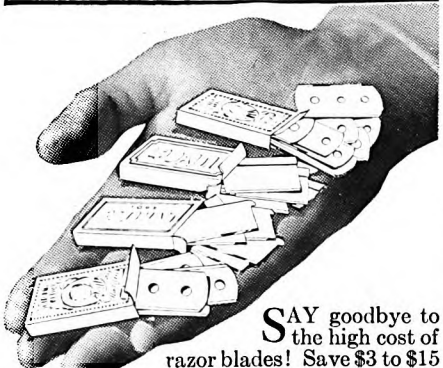

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cross with her. The girl who'd been coming at five, didn't come. Her mother telephoned that she was sick too. I forgot that I'd ever thought I was tired.

Late in the afternoon, Jack began to hold his little hand over one ear. When the doctor came he didn't have much to say, but I could see he didn't like the way things were going. He took Jack's temperature and put his thermometer back without telling me what it read. He looked in Jack's ear again with his little electric light, and frowned. He didn't tell us what he was thinking; but we knew. I hadn't studied all the baby books for nothing. He was afraid it was mastoiditis.

When he left, I looked at Will. Something way inside me turned all weak and watery. Whenever I've been scared, I've always depended on Will. And I could see from his look that he was scared too, now. He had had a baby sister who died after mastoiditis.

Will made me go to bed the first half of the night and he stayed with Jack. I didn't feel tired at all, but I was kind of shaky. At two o'clock I got up, and Will went to bed.

Jack couldn't lie still with his ear on the hot-water bag; he would turn and turn, and whimper in a pitiful little voice, and put his little hand over his ear. Every now and then he'd say, "Mommie, wock-a-chair." The doctor had said it would be all right to hold him if he felt easier that way, so I would rock him slowly, changing him gently from one side to the other as my arm went to sleep.

He seemed to have changed overnight from a dirty-faced, independent little boy to a sick baby. He would lean back against my kimono, and it was as if something awful had me tight around the throat. That sick little whimpering baby voice, "Mommie, wock-a-chair."

FRIDAY was a queer nightmare. Will up early, getting breakfast, making me drink coffee. Home again in the middle of the morning, taking Jill away with him for a couple of hours. Looking down at Jack and trying to keep me from seeing that he was scared. Patting me on the shoulder, "Buck up, old girl, he's getting along all right." Home again at night, putting Jill to bed with clumsy, gentle hands. Remembering that she was just a baby, being patient with her. Making coffee again, and making me drink it.

In the queer, pale gray half-light, just before sunup Saturday morning, I got up and went into Jack's room. Will was staying with him, but I couldn't sleep. I knew Will must be all in and I whispered to him to go to bed till morning, and he shook his head. I drew over the sewing rocker and sat down beside him, by Jack's bed. There wasn't anything to do, but I felt better there.

It was a queer gray in the room, and cool. I hitched my chair closer to Will's and he put his arm along its back, his hand on my shoulder. In the faint light I could barely see Jack's head on the flat pillow. The short dark hair, all boy, the curve of his cheek, all baby. Suddenly, I thought of Will's little sister who had died. I could see Jack and Jill racing across the lawn. Would Jill ever say, "Yes, I once had a little brother—"

We were doing everything we could, every tiny thing the doctor had told us to. So had Mother and Father Horton. And they must have watched at night, just as we were watching, beside the baby that had once gone running back and forth across the grass with Will. I didn't look at Will, we didn't speak, I scarcely felt his hand on my shoulder. It was as though we weren't two people there together, loving and helpless. It was as though we were the same person, in two different bodies.

Suddenly, the gray light in the room changed to a faint, yellowish red. The sun was up. Will leaned forward to look at Jack, drew me suddenly forward, too. Jack was lying very still, his eyes shut, not whimpering any more. In a stiff terror, I touched his little hand on the sheet. It was relaxed and limp. And softly warm, not hot. He was sleeping comfortably.

WHEN I woke up from the first real sleep I'd had in days, the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows. Will came into our room, and I started guiltily. I couldn't seem to remember a thing after the doctor's early morning visit, when he'd said Jack was going to be all right. I did remember vaguely Will pushing me back to bed, saying he'd stay home from the office.

"Where's Jill? It must be time to get dinner—I—"

Will grinned.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," he said. "Everything's tended to. Rosie Merton heard about Jack this morning and she was here inside of an hour with our dinner in the fireless cooker and some broth for Jack. She's taken Jill back with her for the day and night."

I felt the tears of sheer gratitude rush to my eyes. When you're in real need of help, commend me to the woman who's got four children of her own and more work than she can do!

Jack was asleep and so was Will—poor all-in darling!—and I was sitting out on our front steps when I saw Helen Cr[illegible] stairs coming up the walk. She'd just heard that morning that Jack was sick.

"I'm so relieved that he's better," she said. "I'd have been over first thing; but you know today was the beginning of the tournament."

"Tournament?" I repeated vaguely. I'd actually forgotten there was such a thing as golf in the world. At last, "Have you and Bob played yet?" I asked politely.

"Yes," said Helen; "and we're out of ready. Lost to the Bradleys."

I murmured something properly regretful. Of course a golf tournament doesn't really amount to much, one way or the other, but Helen seemed so upset.

"It was all Bob's fault," she went on angrily, "though of course he blames it on my rotten putting."

"How was it Bob's fault?"

"Oh, you know," said Helen, "what I was telling you about Hetty. Last night of all times in the world, he brought a [illegible] home to dinner without telephoning first."

I had a vague idea of having heard something along this line before, but it seemed a million years ago, and I couldn't for the life of me think what Hetty had to do with putting.

"She gave me notice this noon. Just *minutes before I had to start for the link*."

Helen was so dramatic about it that I tried to make some appropriate reply.

"No human being," Helen went on passionately, "can have any idea of what

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I've been through in the last few hours. Bob telling me to take long breaths and pull myself together! There's no use trying to make Hetty change her mind, she's homesick for Chicago anyway. And Bob talking about my putting! I can't even make him realize what he's done."

And Helen went on and on, how selfish Bob was, how he'd said this and that, how she'd practiced for the tournament till she was ready to drop, how she'd been so shaky she'd missed a two-foot putt. How she'd never get another girl like Hetty. What a terrible strain the day had been. On and on and on.

As I listened, amazed that she could still be going on about these same old worries, it dawned on me that nobody in the world is really care-free. If you don't have anything worth-while to worry over, you simply make the most of whatever you have on hand. Care-free? Helen Carstairs? Why, her eyes were swimming with tears of rage and disappointment. Honestly, I believe she'd had a worse three days than I had.

Suddenly she paused, apparently remembering that I'd had to give up the tournament altogether. She hastily said how sorry she was, what a fine chance we had had of winning. Asking all about Jack. Trying her best to be tactful.

And, for once, I didn't mind. I wasn't even tempted to remind her that just being free to do things together didn't seem to keep husband and wife close to each other. I really didn't mind her tact at all. It seemed to make her feel a little better, and I was too relieved and happy to mind anything. So we sat there, side by side on the steps, indulging in one of life's most unfailing consolations for women with children and for women without.

Pitying each other.

The Hoofing Kid from Claremore

(*Continued from page 35*)

do you want to know the real reson he won? Well, they are one of the only families that dident own a automobile. He used to run to school. So the moral of this success story is, Dont own a car. If each one of our Athaletes in the races that went to the Olympics had never owned a car, we would have won every race there. Those Finns, like Nurmi, would just take an arm full of Herring and just trot along and look back at our Kids who had been used to riding around their College Campuses in an old flivver with a lot of "wisecracks" on it. The only way we will ever win another International foot race is send flivvers to Finland.

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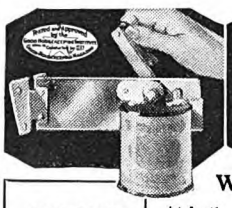

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The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 69*)

feet reached desperately for a hold. Everything was sliding and churning under him. He heard the rasp and cough of struggling dogs, caught a glimpse of them above, frantically pawing for a footing on the crumbling white ledge. But he was dragging them over. Inch by inch they were slipping. . . . Suddenly, dogs and sled were on top of him, and together they rolled, avalanched, plunged on down through a choking hell. . . .

WHEN he could think, he found himself half buried in snow with his entangled dogs about him. They were ominously still. He struggled to his feet and shook himself. He was in a suffocating caldron of frost dust, that eddied, deadly and chill, in the lee of the bluff. Conscious that one incautious step might plunge him into eternity, he started prodding the slow-billowing white with the butt of his whip.

When he was assured of reasonable foot space, he began digging out his terror-silenced dogs. One by one he helped them to their feet, his hands feeling swiftly for injuries, while his voice soothed and cheered them.

"Tokon, old man, how are you? . . . Thank heaven, no bones broken here! . . . Well, well, Karluk! Tong—you're all right, fella. And Queenie—spry as a cricket! Here, Cultas, up with that foot. . . . That's the boy! Nothing the matter with you, kid. . . . Who's this under the sled? Why, Mukluk! Poor—old—man! There, there, now. Let me see. . . . Just a bit of a bruise on the old boy's back. . . . That's all. Be all right in a minute. I'll unhitch him and he can trot along by himself!"

He banished their fear and restored their confidence, even while his own heart was heavy with a sense of catastrophe. He was trapped here at the foot of the bluff—or was it a ledge? He was out of the race before he had fairly begun.

He righted the sled, found it intact, and again explored with his whip handle until he felt the upward slope of the drift. Since Sweepstakes rules required a driver to bring back every dog he started with, dead or alive, he took no chances with the unhitched Mukluk, but fastened him by a leash to his sled. He put his creepers on his feet and with a "Come along, Tokon!" began to stamp his way upward. A few blundering steps convinced Kerry of his own helplessness. As he paused to consider his next move, the wind brought him the unmistakable vituperative shouts of a dog driver. Someone was passing him up there on the Trail!

Tokon, scenting his rivals, suddenly shot to one side of Kerry, and with a whine of eagerness began to clamber upward. "Go to it, old boy!" With a thrill of hope, he realized that the dog might be able to do what he couldn't. He caught the uphill side of the sled and, digging for every toe-hold, guided it through the dense, eddying snow.

Just then, on a rush of wind, came another yell. A second racer was passing him up there on the ridge!

The sound galvanized his team to furious action. Kerry concentrated the last of his fighting forces and flung himself upward. The sled leaped into the air, plunged against the full force of the blizzard—and came to a standstill on the level!

While some of the dogs tried to burrow into the snow, Kerry looked them over quickly to make sure that none had injured himself or torn off a claw. Mukluk he put into the sleeping bag, and fastened it in the sleigh. He started again along the Trail, easier now for a leader to follow because of the two teams that had gone before. He had planned to make his first stop at Timber House, sixty-five miles from Nome; but already the slate-colored darkness lay about him. His lungs were seared with frost. His hands in their heavy fur mittens were growing numb. His feet, too, were losing sensation. He felt that he could not go much farther.

He stepped off the runners and ran, heavy-footed, to warm himself. A whiff of wood smoke made him raise his head. Just then Queenie pulled violently to the left, and the sled butted squarely into the corner of a snow-buried cabin. He had no idea where he was, but here at least was shelter. Quickly he unsnapped the tow-line and burst through the door, dragging his ice-coated team after him.

Greetings blurred his blizzard-beaten ears as he yanked his parka hood back and wiped the frost from his lashes. Through the clearing fog of his entrance emerged a lighted candle in the neck of a whisky bottle . . . the red glow of a roaring camp stove . . . hazy figures of men . . . and, milling about the center of the room, prick-eared heads with glistening eyes. Then—pandemonium!

WHEN Kerry finally got his embattled team clear of the others and stood hanging to the snarling Tokon's collar, he found Slim and Jake staring at him across the backs of their subdued but still growling racers. There were both astonishment and chagrin in their snow-tanned faces.

"Hell's bells and panther tracks! You here?" observed Jake, almost indignantly. "I just got through phoning Nome you took a header off Seal Bluff; and they're getting up a party to look for your defunct remains!"

Kerry laughed. "Well, don't look so darned disappointed, Jake. You knew I wouldn't quit just when the party's getting good—not with you two trail-burners ahead of me!" Kerry grinned in malicious enjoyment. "I'll get Nome on the line later and relieve their minds."

"Well, you old son of a sea-cook"—Jake herded several of his dogs to one side and returned to his task of rubbing grease on the frozen flanks of his leader—"cluster and peel your harness; that is, if you can find foot space."

Kerry's glance swept the room, little larger than a box car. In one corner huddled an Eskimo team which the native owner was trying to quiet. Three of the bunks that lined one wall in a double tier were filled with Syndicate racers. The

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eyes glinted sulphurously in the dimness as they snapped and growled and churned about, settling themselves. The cabin was not one of the Sweepstakes stations; but the owner, Old Bill Hanley, came forward, grinning, to help Kerry off with his parka.

With Old Bill's assistance Kerry unharnessed his dogs. He gave each an alcohol rub and settled them all in two of the dry bunks next to Jake's Siberians. As he carefully massaged the bruised place on Mukluk's back, the wheeler yelped faintly; but gradually the sounds of pain gave way to grateful whimpers, which Mukluk punctuated with tongue dabs.

The animals grew quiet at last. Outside the arctic blizzard howled with increasing violence. Since the bunks were all occupied by racing dogs, the drivers obtained what rest they could sitting on boxes.

Kerry was losing himself in an uneasy doze when Old Bill's voice jerked him to attention: "Listen, boys! . . . Someone's hollering out in the storm!"

Old Bill flung open the door. A small avalanche of snow rolled in, a cloud of vapor, and with it an ice-hung figure dragging a string of half-frozen dogs.

"Lord! It's Hinkey Scott!" Kerry had cleared the frost-rimmed parka hood from the newcomer's face.

Midas Bernard's driver tried to speak, but they could make nothing of his gasping efforts.

"That's all right. You're all right now, old man," Slim soothed him. "We'll take care of you!"

HINKEY suddenly regained his breath, and the use of his tongue.

"Take care of *me?*" he roared indignantly. "Gene Christy—back on Trail—blown out on the Bering! Heard him yell—tried to find him—lost mitten. Had to come on." He thrust out his bare hand. It was as white and stiff as a dead man's. Almost at once, Old Bill was thawing the frozen member in a bucket of melting snow.

Kerry, Slim, and Jake stood looking at one another. In the minds of each ran the same thought: Gene Christy, a boy of twenty-one, in his first race, blown among the hummocks of Bering Sea. There were areas of shallow open water that meant quick death to anyone plunging into them. Death, not by drowning, but by freezing. No man dared get wet in a blizzard with the thermometer at thirty below.

They questioned Hinkey about location; then, without a word as to who among them should go, the three drivers got into their furs. They were not contending racers now. The spirit of competition had given way before that law of the North that made them one in their efforts to rescue a trailsman in danger. They tied themselves together with a rope that permitted perhaps twenty-five feet between them, and made their way out into the storm.

When they brought up against the rough salt-water ice, they spread out, with the rope dragging between them. Keeping the wind behind, they went warily forward over the tumbled, frigid plain, their shouts riding the gale ahead of them. For more than a mile they advanced, combing the hummocks, crawling on hands and knees, sliding down drifts, huddling be-

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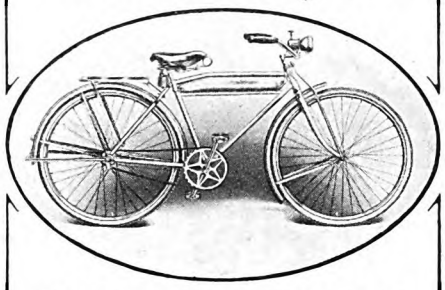

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hind the ridges of ice until terrific blasts drove by.

They found the boy at last, in the lee of a hummock. The flashlight revealed him huddled on his sled with his lead dog clasped in his arms. From an ice-shrouded parka hood his eyes looked out, filled with stark terror.

It took them three hours to beat their way back to Hanley's. Safe in the welcome discomfort of the little cabin, all hands helped the boy with his dogs. They made light of his experience, cheering him with many a boisterous jest.

Fortunately, the snow-crust his dogs had accumulated had kept them from freezing; but as the blond young fellow rubbed his pets down, he soothed their feelings with pattings and a continual flow of sympathy: "Poor old sports," he crooned. "Poor, battered, frozen fellas! I got 'em into a fine mess, didn't I? And they called this blame' jaunt a race! Will they ever get us out in weather like this again, Spot? No; I'll tell the cock-eyed world they won't. I'll—"

"Say, kid, this ain't weather!" Slim dismissed the blizzard with a nonchalant wave of his hand. "Wait until you get to Telephone Gorge, and you're liable to see some. Why, last year when I went through it, the wind hit me so hard it blew the whiskers right through my face, and when I got back to town I had to shave under my tongue!" He turned to Kerry. "You remember that, Trail Eater?"

"*Do* I!" exclaimed Kerry. "And cold! Wow! Honest, it was so cold going across Death Valley that when I hollered, the words froze and fell in the trail before the pups could hear 'em. But coming back the sun was shining, and I never had to say a thing. My conversation was thawing out, and I could hear myself cussing all the way across!"

A grin broke the gloom on Gene Christy's boyish face. "Aw, they're kidding us, Totem!" he said, massaging his leader's shoulder. "But we'll show 'em when this blizzard goes down. We'll go out and beat the tar out of the whole blamed bunch of 'em!"

The team was made comfortable at last, and once more the drivers settled themselves on boxes to get what rest they might. To Kerry the situation soon became unbearable. He was drugged with foul air and weariness. As the hours dragged on he began to think that bucking the blizzard was preferable to the miserable shelter of the cabin.

IT WAS after six in the morning when he rose and stretched his stiff limbs. While he was quietly harnessing his dogs, Jake looked up from bowed arms. "What's on your mind, Trail Eater?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Hitting the Trail."

"In this storm? Say, Slim"—he reached out and shook his racing partner into wakefulness— "Kerry's going to beat it. What d'you think?"

Slim yawned, listened a moment to the howling wind, and cast a pitying look at Kerry. "Think he's crazy as a loon." And he resumed his doze.

From Hanley's it was twenty-five miles to Timber House, where Kerry had his first cache. Mukluk, to his joy, was able to travel on the towline, and Tokon forged ahead, finding the Trail when there was no sign underfoot to guide him. There was only one cabin between Hanley's and Timber—the Fifty-mile Roadhouse. But Kerry had no intention of stopping there.

After a while, he found his movements becoming instinctive, and he marveled at his own adaptability. It seemed that he had always been beating up into the teeth of the wind; had always been swaying, head down, on the runners of a sled that pitched behind invisible dogs.

He felt his team swerve sharply. Before he could shout "Whoa!" he found himself under the lee of a cabin. Through the thinning white he saw a man at Tokon's collar. The next instant dogs, sled, and himself were all inside the living-room of the Fifty-mile House. In the middle of the room stood Bart Pelkie, a smile on his crafty face. Behind him his squaw looked at Kerry across a table spread with reindeer stew, a steaming pot of coffee, a stack of sandwiches—a display more tempting to the hungry man than the feasts of Tantalus.

"What—" began Kerry in bewildered astonishment.

"Gosh, old man, I'm certainly glad I didn't miss you. Been waiting out there ever since I heard you'd left Hanley's. Kerry, you can't make Timber today! Man, it's something awful up on the divide. Just came down from there. Hey, Miak!" he rushed on, "help Kerry off with his parka! I'll tend to your dogs, old man."

"Thanks, Pelkie! That's good of you. I'll grab one of those sandwiches." Kerry suited his action to his words. "But I'm going on." He began swinging his team in the narrow space.

PELKIE, with an uncertain look, started for the door and stood with his back against it. There was something in his attitude that made Kerry's eyes narrow. "Open that door, Pelkie!" The man's glance shifted uneasily, but he made no move. Kerry unwound the blacksnake from his waist. "Now, you white-livered skate, open that door, and let me out!" The whip snaked over the backs of the dogs and the tip of it cracked against the wood next Pelkie's head.

The man ducked, "Hey! Good heavens, man, I'm only trying to—"

"*Open that door!*"

With a quick look of scorn at her spouse who was not big enough to be a villain the Eskimo woman darted to the door and flung it open.

"*Tubra! Tubra!*" She urged Kerry on with a glance of mingled fear and admiration, which was lost on him as he shot out again into the storm.

He went on, his mind busy with what had happened. It was plain that Luce Barton had learned of his departure from Hanley's, and that Pelkie had been ordered to delay him. The Syndicate was worrying about him! It was worth a lot to know that; but at the same time he realized that anything untoward might happen in the race, instigated not by the Syndicate drivers, but by Luce Barton, sitting back in Nome manipulating his dog mushers like chessmen.

He swept down over the divide to the Kochblock River, where the force of the wind was lessened; but just as he was congratulating himself on his progress the team plunged through the snow-crust into an overflow.

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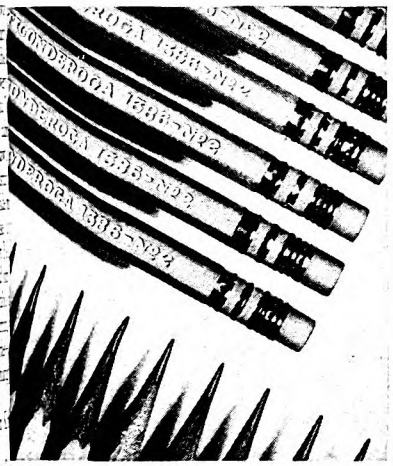

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Helpless and blind in the welter, he gave the lead to Tokon. The husky swung wide, scrambled up a steep bank, and ran broadside for a time. Kerry knew he was off the Trail, yet he had no idea which way to turn. Half doubting, half hoping, he followed, clinging to the handlebars. . . . Then he felt the force of the wind grow less. . . . Underfoot the snow became softer, deeper. Through the whirling white, long objects began to loom, to expand, to dwindle. Trees! Timber at last! And sooner than he had expected. The truth flashed upon him—Tokon, with incredible sagacity, had taken a cut-off and avoided the overflow. The roadhouse was ahead of them. Shelter . . . food . . . a little rest!

"Good boy, Tokon! Good old fellow!" His shout was a sob of relief. He halted in the lee of the snow-choked spruces and threw his arms about the dog . . . the outlaw that every man in Nome had said would not face a blizzard. As Kerry hugged him and poured endearments into his ears, the husky thrust his whitened muzzle against his master's chest, and his ice-hung tail wagged slowly.

NEARLY two hours later Jake Minton reached Timber House.

"Where's the Trail Eater?" he demanded of Charley, the proprietor, as his blizzard-beaten eyes searched the empty bunks at the back of the big room.

"Sure, the fella gave his purps half a feed, and beat it for Council!" answered Charley.

Jake groaned and jerking the icicles from the fur under his chin, walked to the telephone. He reported his arrival and condition to Luce Barton; then stood scowling as he listened to the instructions that came over the wire.

"Oh, all right! All right!" he answered finally. "I'll be out of here in half an hour—just as soon as I grub my dogs and throw a feed into myself." He jammed the receiver on its hook. "I wonder who he thinks is running this race!" he muttered, as he turned away.

True to his word, half an hour found him following the trail Kerry was making through the still, snow-hung forest. The storm had blown itself out in the last couple of hours; the iced air was intensely rarefied, invigorating; the white world lay about him in the new-born purity that follows the cleansing, cruel sweep of a blizzard. But Jake felt none of this. He knew only that the snow under foot was dry and loose and very deep, a heart-breaking course for the first dog-musher over it. That was Kerry, going ahead of his team "webbing it"—laboriously tramping down a trail on snowshoes.

Jake followed with little exertion to himself. Breaking trail cut Kerry's speed to about five miles an hour, he figured. He would just keep at his heels; but he'd be darned if he'd go ahead of him as Luce Barton had crazily instructed him at Timber. Let Kerry break trail; his long-legged crossbreeds were better able to wallow through than the Siberians.

After a while, through the shrouded trees, he caught a glimpse of the Trail Eater's dogs lunging to their bellies as they followed behind their master's snowshoes. Just then Kerry looked back and saw him. A few minutes later he stopped, ostensibly to remove balled snow from his

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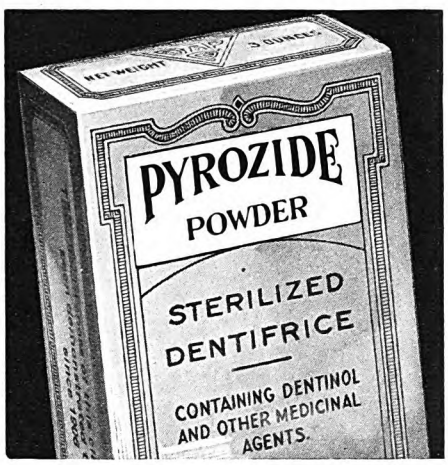

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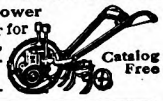

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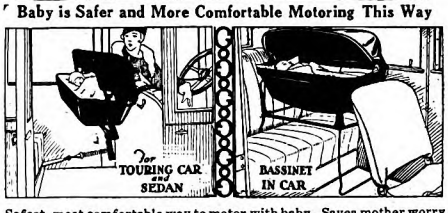

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wheelers' feet. But the Syndicate driver realized that he should have kept back out of sight if he wished to avoid breaking trail himself.

He halted his Siberians.

"Don't wait for me," shouted Kerry, looking up from his work. "Take the Trail, Jake!"

"Oh, you're doing fine, Kerry!"

"Sure. But we're over half way to Council now. How about taking a turn yourself?"

The courtesy of the Trail demanded that Jake take his turn at trail-breaking; but a plan had flashed into his mind. He managed a laugh of good-natured capitulation and, fastening his feet into his snowshoes, led off across the untrodden white.

The going was heavier than he had imagined. But not more than a mile ahead on the bank of a frozen river the cabin smokes of Council went up in the noon air, thin and blue against the white of the distant hills. Council—eighty-four miles from Nome!

When Jake came to the river he pulled off his snowshoes and swung his team into the beaten path that led up the bank to the main street of the log town. Every soul was there awaiting him, fur-clad men, women, and children lining both sides of the thoroughfare. Jake was a favorite in the betting, and as he passed down that cheering, yelling, color-waving line, he was thrilled by the ovation.

Men trotted alongside his moving sled. "Going to rest here a while, Jake?"

"Nope! Billed straight through to Boston House." He bellowed the information so that all might hear him. "The Trail Eater's right on my tail."

A roar of interrogation went up. "Is Tokon leading?"

"Yes. And going strong. He ought to be coming out of timber on the other side of the river right now," hazarded Jake, knowing that he could have said nothing that would quicker take the attention of the town away from himself. Someone shouted: "There he comes!" And the eyes of Council turned eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the Trail Eater driving a team led by Tokon of the Broken Tusks—the most sensational combination of man and dog the Sweepstakes had ever known.

JAKE, left to go on his way unobserved, sped through the deserted street to the outskirts of the village. But, once there, instead of keeping on toward Boston House, he swung back and furtively made his way into an alley where the Syndicate had a racing stable with a telephone installed.

He chuckled to himself as he unharnessed his dogs and bedded them down. Not a soul in Council had seen him come back. He'd rest a little until Kerry had gone through, and then he'd send in his report to Luce Barton. Luce ought to appreciate his strategy. It was clever of him to outwit Kerry this way.

But after he knew the Trail Eater had passed through he began to be uneasy. He decided to call up Nome and make his report to Luce. Five minutes later he turned disgustedly from the telephone. What did Luce think dogs were made of—ordering him to get out and keep ahead of Kerry—"Keep ahead of the Trail

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ater if it kills every dog in the team!"
Enraged and baffled by Luce's orders, ake swung out on the Trail after Kerry. mile from town he made a discovery at angered him more than ever. His rategy had availed him nothing; worse an that, it had put him back in the race. ight now Kerry Wayne was riding his inners, making up for lost time, for the urse, instead of being heavy with soft ow, was hard and firm as ice. The izzard which had piled the forest trail th clogging drifts, had here blown down elsing Draw with such velocity that e old course was swept clean as a floor. o late Jake realized he could have foreen this condition had he taken into nsideration the direction of yesterday's nd.

It was nearly three hours later that he w the blue smoke of Baker's cabin ing to the dun-colored sky. Kerry ould be resting there. But Jake could no sign of his sled outside. He had no siness stopping at one of the Trail ter's rest cabins, yet he had to make e that his dangerous competitor was re. He halted quietly before the door. hile his dogs dropped panting in the il, he went up the steps and knocked. When Murphy, the man in charge, ened the door, Jake asked for a drink of ter and went inside.

"Hasn't the Trail Eater come in yet?" inquired.

"Sssssh!" whispered Murphy, a jerk is head indicating an open door. "He's dere. De pups was dat restless dey uldn't close an eye widout him."

Jake tiptoed toward the smaller room l looked in. The floor was spread deep h clean straw. On it Kerry lay in his ping bag, his dark head resting heavily an outflung arm, his face drawn with riness. As near to him as possible stered his dogs, and backed with his ny head against his master's chest, t Tokon, the killer.

ake set off wearily for his camp at ton House, five miles farther on.

SOON as he disappeared down the Trail, Murphy sidled to the telephone resumed the chair he had vacated at Syndicate driver's entrance. Causly he slipped the receiver off the hook was padded with rubber bands. He ped it to his ear. Now and then he ed down on a pad the things he overd. When Kerry woke he'd have all information possible to obtain about positions and the time of other teams g the Trail.

t the end of thirty minutes, according he plan which allowed Kerry a two- rest at Baker's, Murphy roused him. le he hitched the dogs, Kerry, with nformation supplied him, filled in the chart he had prepared. Like a genfiguring each move of the enemy, he ied the sheet, comparing it with the of last year whereon the Siberians' d appeared.

considered the conversation Murphy repeated to him, that telephone contion between Luce Barton and Jake at Council. A good part of it had in code, and was therefore uninible; but once, when the fiery Jake lost his temper, he had let slip a nce that gave Kerry a clue. Though was plainly still in the dark as to

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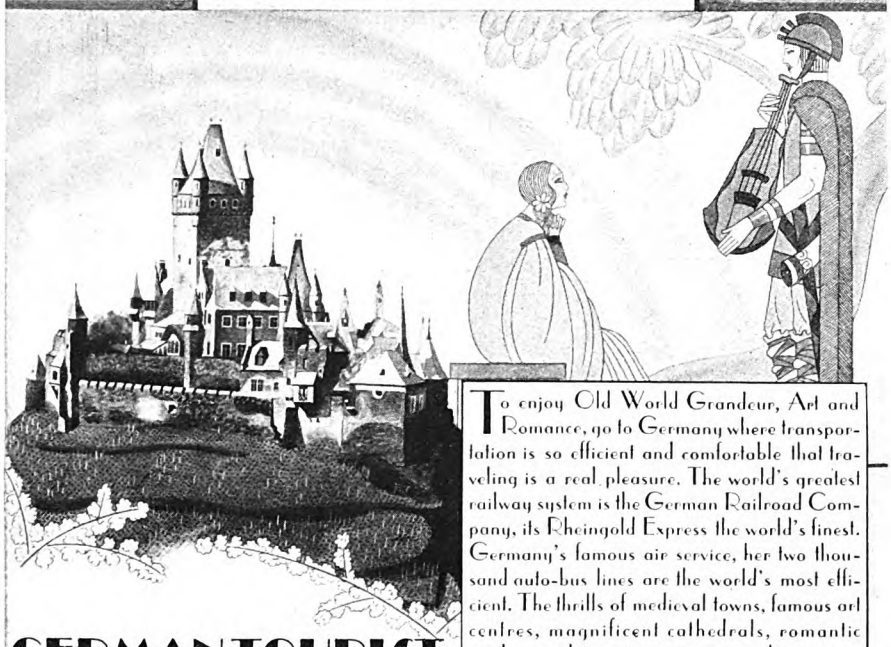

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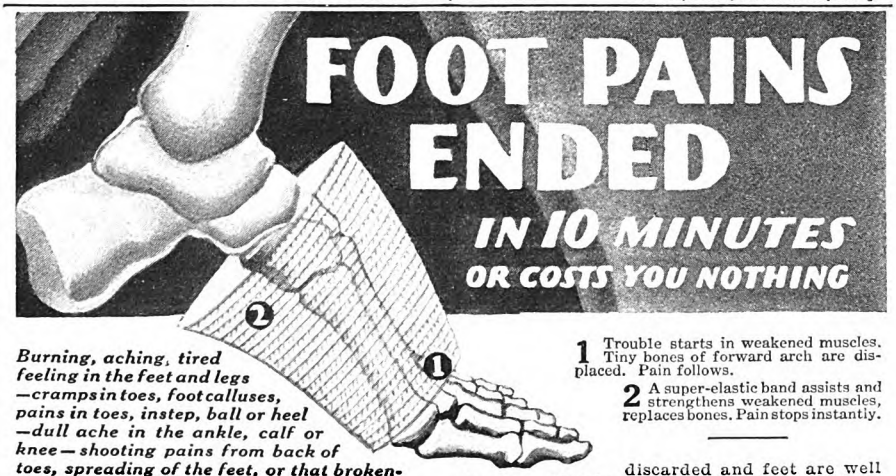

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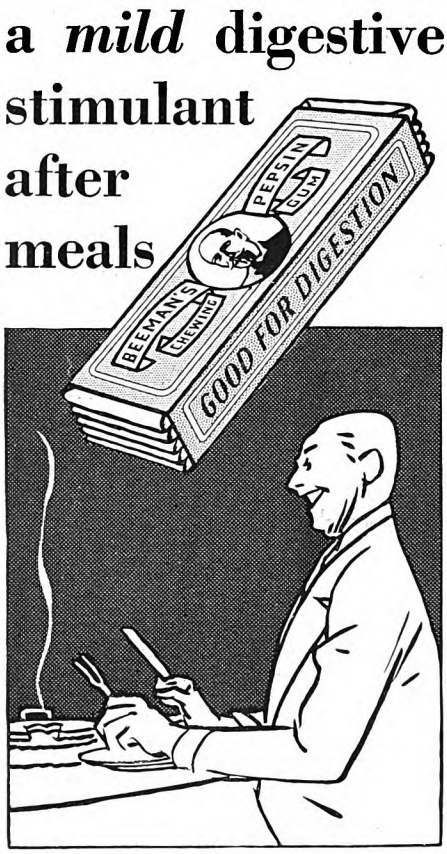

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Barton's intentions, Kerry was nearly certain the lawyer didn't intend the champions to win again this year. No matter what appeared on the surface of the Syndicate's betting, Kerry believed it was Slim who carried their money.

Right now Barton was shoving the Siberian champions ahead, using them as a decoy to lure Kerry into a pace that would wear his crossbreeds out before the race was half over; wear them out, so that Slim, conserving his energy for that last, heartbreaking run into Nome, would finish first.

The result of Kerry's deductions was to cheer, rather than depress him. The Syndicate certainly thought him dangerous, when they sacrified the champions to pace him. But he mustn't be too sure that this was the case. He'd have to make certain. Jake had just arrived at Boston House, where he intended to feed and rest. "After I hit the Trail, Murphy," he instructed, "call up the Golden Sands and tell them I'm leaving."

"Now," he thought, when he was once more swinging along the Trail, "if Luce is really using Jake to pace me, he'll shove him off the minute he hears that. If he isn't—then I'll find old Jake snoring at Boston House."

He didn't find Jake snoring at Boston. As he jogged along through the scrubby spruce about the cabin, he saw the Syndicate driver mounting a hill ahead of him. Jake was running behind his sled, his shouts and curses ringing on the clear evening air.

KERRY started across the Fish River Flats, swaying his weight from one runner to the other. While the sunset faded he talked and crooned to his team, keeping them to a steady, effortless gait that covered the ground with but little expenditure of energy. But as he sped through the gelid land, a mounting wind, chill as the feel of a dead man's hand, fingered his parka and his face, and whispered of the dangerous, glaciered trail that lay ahead in the moonlight.

He reached it soon enough—Telephone Gorge, a deep, narrow crack in the hills filled with ice and darkness. Since fall, running water had frozen, and then had overflowed and frozen again in waves, until from wall to wall the bottom was a glacier which rose steeply toward the summit of the divide. Down this canyon the north wind rushed with the force of a hurricane.

Tokon, clawing for a hold, started up the first frigid billow. The gale flung him back, belly low, paws sprawling. Whining and yelping with determination, he tried again. But there was no footing for a dog. While his team cowered on the ice, Kerry put creepers on his mukluks and, tying the leader to his belt, went ahead against wind so strong that his pronged feet could hardly retain their hold. He mounted, step by step, through the darkness.

Now he was getting above the frozen stream; he was on an ice-enameled trail that ran along a narrow ledge mounting to the top. He gave Tokon the lead and took the handlebars. Slowly, cautiously, the dogs bellied their way upward, bracing themselves at every step against the wind that sought to fling them off the ledge.

He reached the moon-flooded summit, and stopped, leaning heavily on his sled. A thousand feet below him in the moonlight lay the Fish River Flats he had crossed—a vast expanse of snow streaked with lines of timber. Along that lonely, leprous trail he had followed, a tiny line was moving . . . moving forward.

Slim Carvey was creeping up on him!

A POIGNANT realization of his position struck him: Two against one; Jake pacing him to wear him out; Slim behind, coming, steadily, relentlessly, ready to take advantage of him when he was spent. A sudden feeling of helplessness harried him. Then he jerked himself upright and shook off the spell. He swore with self-contempt. "You darned fool—they can't get you. The Trail can't get you. The only thing that can get you is yourself! Now, snap out of it. They've had to put two men against you. That ought to cheer you."

Calm again, he mushed along the divide through moonlight and shadow, cleaving a wind that rushed down from the Arctic Sea. He was high on the ridge of a frozen world. He was soaring above crests of white hills that leaped away from either side. He was racing through argent, interstellar spaces where brilliant stars trembled in skies of steel-blue crystal and the polar moon blazed a trail toward flickering, boreal arches that spanned the North with mystery. Solitary, glacial, inscrutable land, sublime and terribly beautiful in its loneliness!

He called out to his team, to hear the sound of his own voice; then went on until the Trail began to swing to the right . . . on until the wind was on his quarter . . . on until he neared the end of the divide that overlooked the most treacherous, most dangerous stretch that lay along the Sweepstakes Trail—Death Valley.

Last week when he had crossed it, it lay quiet, innocuous, a white, enchanted valley. But he knew that in ten minutes it might become a roaring siphon through which freezing winds rushed, creating on the floor of the Valley the ground blizzard that gave it its sinister name. Such a wind was blowing tonight. He was glad now that Jake was ahead of him. Glad because Tokon would follow another team where he might not lead. He would—

Kerry glanced up, startled. Just beyond he saw Jake's team halted. With his hand on his leader's collar the Syndicate driver was braced against the gale, looking over into the Valley. When Kerry drew near he turned and silently pointed downward.

Kerry looked, and caught his breath. On the far side, perhaps ten miles away, a ridge of mountains stood serene against the stars, but all between was a mighty rushing river of white that whirled and heaved and billowed in the moonlight. It was an icy inferno—yet he must go down to the bottom of it and fight his way across to the other side.

He and Jake looked at each other, the spirit of competition forgotten.

"It's awful!" said Jake. "Never saw such ground swells in my life. And Tanana won't go down into it!"

Kerry glanced from the Siberian leader crouched against Jake's leg, to Tokon. His husky stood, muzzle raised, ears, steady eyes fixed on the rolling river of snow beneath him. A little thrill of confidence went through Kerry. "Tan

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on't go? Well, swing in behind me, ke," he directed. "Tokon will do it." The Syndicate driver shook his head. I don't know. . . . But—if he does, err, let's keep together till we get ross."

"Sure. Hold your pups until I lead me around to the front. . . . Now then, kon! Let's go, boy!"

There was a moment's hesitation, then e husky leader threw himself into the llar. Kerry leaped to the footbrake to ld the sled from crowding the wheel gs. They plunged from night-illumined aks into stinging darkness—into wind-ipped snow that flattened the team to crouching gait and smothered and nded dogs and driver. Kerry clung to e handlebars, gasping for breath. Sepa-tion from his team in such a wind meant ath.

He realized suddenly that he had for-tten Jake. He halted his team, and outed back while he waited. Presently saw the half-smothered string of Si-rians fighting along through the gloom. ey stopped at his heels. He hooked one n through his handlebars and, leaning er, patted Jake's small, snow-plastered der.

After two hours of the hardest trail-ting he had ever known, Kerry reached other side of the Valley. When he nbed the low hill that brought him e more into the moonlight, he felt as is body had been pounded to a jelly. dogs put their ice-bruised feet to the il as if they were walking on eggs.

Kerry waited until Jake came up out the Valley.

The Syndicate driver halted beside him , pulling back his snow-caked parka d, began rubbing ice from the dark bble on his face. He was breathing vily. He turned suddenly and looked k. A shiver ran over him. "Lord, it a place! . . . If you hadn't been ad of me, Kerr, I—I— Well, I don't eve I could have made it."

Kerry knew the admission was his nks. "Nonsense, Jake! I tell you I darned glad to have you with me. you all right to make your camp? If we can make room for you at my n."

"No, thanks, Trail Eater. I've got only le to go."

With a word of farewell, each driver ted his tired team.

KERRY'S rest cabin, Haven House, was just off the Trail, a few hundred yards er on. He was inside it within ten tes. He fed and rubbed down his , and then, too weary to take off his es, tumbled into a bunk. When his er brought food, he lay there eating listening to the news the man had ed up over the telephone. Slim was rted resting at Telephone before nting the Gorge and the Valley.

Kerry's dogs began snoring the moment finished eating; but sleep was not for driver. He had come one hundred orty miles. He had sixty miles to go e he reached Candle. He must make sixty in one run. An hour and a half he was on the Trail once more, his ned dogs hobbling along ahead of n the moonlight. As he crested the hill he paused to rest. The trail d down, then up again over another higher ridge three miles beyond; but the distance across was so short that he could make out a string of dogs moving upward He watched them top the rise and stand outlined against the aurora-lighted sky. A moment later they had gone down on the other side.

It was Jake, ahead of him—and gaining

Six hours later, a clear, arctic dawn reddened the hills and crept toward the naked willows that lined the banks of the Kewalik River. Winding along the frozen stream came Kerry. Wrapped in the sleeping bag on the sled, Queenie snored in forgetfulness of her sore feet, that had given out at Gold Run. Two dogs were coming behind. Kerry winced every time he glanced back and saw their crimson tracks on the snow. During all the ghastly hours of the night, he had talked and sung to them, until now he could only croak. But the sixty-mile run was nearly over.

HE TURNED the bend, and Candle lay before him. From the two towering flagpoles that marked the judges' stand, the Stars and Stripes stirred in the dawn wind. Below each banner a blizzard lantern still burned. It was five-thirty in the morning; but the whole town was awake. In the street men, women, and children awaited the coming of the racers. When they sighted Kerry, a man broke from the crowd and ran down onto the frozen river to meet him. It was Wally. He trotted alongside, keeping up a stream of praise and congratulation.

Men and women on the banks broke into cheers and yells of greeting. They pressed against the roped-off lane down which he drove, shouting remarks to one another: "Great Scott! Look at that pup Tokon still in the lead!" "Say, Kerr, where you going now? Caribou hunting?" The crowd roared, remembering Kerry's race of last year. "Never mind, Trail Eater. Jake beat you in by only forty minutes!"

With the shouts and confusion jarring on his tired consciousness, Kerry crossed the line between the two flag-poles. *The Sweepstakes was half run!*

He handed his papers over to the judges. The timekeepers checked him in and compared his dogs with their photographs. Then at last he was ready to take his team to its stable for a well-earned rest.

While he massaged the dogs, with Wally's help, the latter gave him the news. Jake was pretty well all in when he arrived; but he won the prize of two hundred dollars Candle always put up for the first team in. The luck of the Trail was with Slim; he had rested at Telephone just long enough for the wind to die down. Thus he made the Gorge and the run across the Valley with no trouble at all. The report from Haven said he was burning up the miles when he went by.

Weary as Kerry was after his dogs were bedded down, he took a bath and a shave before he ate. While he was at dinner, Wally reappeared to give him the result of a telephone chat with Tolovana Belle: "She says Nome's gone wild," he announced, his mild eyes shining. "All the little fellows are putting money on Jake. But Tokon's got their goat. His leading right in to Candle has put 'em all on the fence. Rance lost a pot of money on that. Belle says he's drinking like a fish and betting like a madman.

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Kerry listened, smiling. Later, when Wally gave him the time and positions of the other drivers, he jotted down the information on his chart. He must know how much of a lead he could give each of his competitors, and still be safe. He allotted himself six hours' rest at Candle.

WHEN he got into his bunk, tired as he was, he couldn't sleep right away. And once, when he was slipping off into unconsciousness, a prolonged cheering sounded in the street. The door opened and Wally poked a cautious head inside. When he saw that Kerry was awake he announced: "Slim's just got in—two hours and a half after you, Kerry. Every dog in the traces, heads up and tails waving."

"How's Slim looking?"

"Rather fit, Kerr. Rather fit," admitted Wally reluctantly.

HALF an hour later when the Englishman thrust his face through the door again, Kerry was sunk in heavy slumber. The man looked at him, started forward as if to wake him, then slowly shut the door and stood outside it pulling the lobe of his ear. He was in a quandary.

Kerry had told him he would take six hours' rest. But since then Candle had become uproarious with speculation and uncertainty. A score of frantic gamblers were even now trying to get telephone connections with their waiting principals in Nome. For Hinkey Scott had arrived half an hour after Slim and turned in his papers. Then, without resting a moment, he had swung his team and started back to Nome! (*To be concluded*)

How Ellery Walter Found Out That People Have Big Hearts

(*Continued from page 44*)

my money had given out. One cold December night, I landed at the old Union station with my suitcase in my hand and forty-seven cents in my pocket. Across the street was a small restaurant run by a Frenchman. I went into the place and ordered a fifteen-cent dinner. After I had finished eating and had settled my bill, I asked the proprietor if he knew where I could get a job. I didn't know a soul in the city, and I had no idea where I was going to sleep.

"Louis turned out to be a friend indeed. When he had heard my story, he returned my precious fifteen cents and gave me a five-dollar meal ticket, with the assurance that I could stay in his place that night.

"I fell asleep in a chair by the stove. I was awakened by a crash in the kitchen. The milkman had arrived on his early morning rounds. In the midst of the racket made by banging milk cans, I heard my friend urging the newcomer to give me a job.

"'How big is the kid?' demanded the milkman.

"'Oh, beeg 'nough,' parried the Frenchman.

"'Could he handle one of these?'

"'I call heem. We see.'

"I was called and found that 'one of these' was a five-gallon can full of milk. It took all my strength to handle it, but I pretended that it was easy. The milkman hired me. My wages would consist of room and board. I later learned that the 'room' meant what space I could salvage from the two tenement rooms into which the milkman's family of five was crowded.

"THIS was the beginning of a strenuous experience. Night after night, from a little past midnight until daybreak, I carried milk on the West Side. There were nights so cold that I thought my hands would freeze and drop off—nights when the hot stench of a 'nickel flop' felt like a breath from heaven.

"At the end of my first month in Chicago, I started working in an electric school, where I earned ten dollars a week. Part of the day was spent in classes, but most of it was given over to practical work. I stayed on the milk wagon with Tony another month, but as soon as I drew my first week's wages, I moved to a hall room on the top floor of a ramshackle frame building on Van Buren Street.

"Every week I divided my wages into two equal parts. Half went for living expenses; the other half went into the fund that was to get me back to Seattle and started in school. By spring, I had saved up a hundred dollars. I wanted to see something of the world, so I decided to work my way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, then into Mexico, and back through the Southwest back to Seattle and home."

THE next six months were spent largely on the open road. In working intervals Ellery tried everything from bullwhacking in a Mississippi lumber camp to stoking on a boat that plied between New Orleans and Havana. Once, after a brief period of laboring in the sweltering fields of Tampico, where they found the bubonic plague raging, he and his side kick, Hasty, were held prisoners several days by the famous Mexican bandit Pancho Villa. They were released because the officer in charge figured that they were eating far more than they were worth as potential soldiers!

Hasty was a seasoned hobo of twenty-four years whom Ellery had picked up on his trek down the Mississippi. It was he who introduced the boy to the scheme of "boarding free" at whatever jail was handiest. When the two were short of funds, Hasty's favorite stunt was to get them locked up for the night. As the offense was never more serious than stretching out in a very public spot in some park to sleep, they were reasonably sure of at least one square meal and a dismissal in the morning. On the way from

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the oil fields to the border, Hasty was killed by a party of bandits in a midnight raid. Ellery, who was rescued by a Catholic priest, got off with a broken arm.

"From then on," he said, "I hoofed it alone, but all the fun had gone out of being a vagabond. I missed my buddy."

He arrived at Seattle in the middle of September with his left arm bound in a steel splint to his body.

"I HIKED straight out to Franklin High School," he told me, "to enroll for the two years I lacked of finishing when Mother died. By the time I had bought a change of clothes, I had less than a hundred dollars left to run on.

"Servants in Seattle were scarce. A lawyer who lived near the school was looking for a 'handy man.' With my left arm out of commission, I asked for the job, and got it. I was pretty awkward at first, but by the end of the third month, when they took off my splints, I felt as if somebody had made me a present of an extra arm.

"All that winter I ran the car, nursed the furnace, scrubbed the floors, and did the cooking. After I had put a meal on the table, I would sit down with the family and help eat it. My friends kidded me about the double life I was leading. I wasn't so crazy about my white-apron job myself, but I was grateful for the chance it gave me to earn a living.

"My ability to cook has got me out of many a tight corner. The only lessons I ever had were from a retired top sergeant who had served in the United States Marine Corps for thirty-two years. My brothers and I used to spend our summers camping with him in the mountains.

"He was one of the finest men I ever knew and one of the strictest disciplinarians. For any infringement of camp regulations, or for failure to come up to scratch in the performance of duties, he would thrash us soundly. If we wept or flinched during a flogging, he kept right on applying the lash until we could meet it standing up straight and smiling. Naturally, we soon learned to take our punishment without whimpering. A fellow can't learn a more valuable lesson than that.

"Up to the time of Mother's death, I had made fair grades, but nothing to brag about. When I reëntered high school upon my return to Seattle, I sailed in with the deliberate intention of coming out as near the top as possible. It's curious what a difference a purpose can make. I finished two years' work in a year and my rating showed far and away the best record I had made up to that time."

In addition to doing his school work and running his job with the lawyer's family, the boy found time somewhere to take a leading part in the senior play and to debate on the team that won the state championship. He also turned out for football.

Summer vacations he always spent working out of doors, to develop brawn and muscle, for he was already cherishing dreams of rowing on the varsity crew of the University of Washington.

"When the fall of 1924 arrived," he told me, "I entered the University of Washington. This was the proudest moment of my life. I had won the first round in the fight I had set out to make for an education. It was thrilling. Now I was sure that nothing but time could stand

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between me and the realization of my dream. I was standing on top of the world, and I asked no odds of fate!"

It was just as well that Ellery Walter could not see into the future which he so blithely challenged. Before he could finish his freshman year, he was destined to enter upon many months of intense suffering—a veritable Gethsemane of body and soul, out of which was to grow, slowly and painfully, a new dream and a new future.

For the first seven months the boy carried full college work, turned out regularly two hours every afternoon for crew practice, and worked from six in the evening until two in the morning at the business of earning a living. From six to ten o'clock, he acted as night clerk in an apartment house; from ten until two, he was a janitor in the Y. M. C. A. downtown.

It took an hour on the street car to get from the Y. M. C. A. to the fraternity house in which he lived. He tried to study on the way home, but usually he was sound asleep when he reached the end of his journey, and the street car conductor would have to shake him into wakefulness. Next morning he would be up in time for an eight-o'clock class.

Day after day "Rusty" Callow, Washington's famous coach, urged Ellery to give up something, even if it was his cherished place on the crew. But the boy was young and stubborn. He wouldn't listen. There was nobody to *make* him listen.

Early in April the inevitable happened.

During rowing practice he had a slight accident which resulted in strained ligaments and tendons in his left ankle. In a few days he picked up an infection through an abrasion made by the brass heelplate in his racing shell. He had no resistance with which to fight the poison.

On the day that they took him to the hospital, his temperature was 106. For weeks it was thought that he could not live. The leg was opened and drained, and the bone was scraped. A few days more, and another incision had to be made.

FOR two months, Ellery lay on his bed in the hospital waiting for his leg to heal. He suffered acutely all the time, but at night his pain became torture. Night after night, morphine was offered him, but he declined.

"I remembered Sergeant Montair," the boy explained haltingly. "I wanted to take my punishment straight—without flinching. But," he added, with a whimsical little grin, "I'm afraid the old Sergeant would have been ashamed of me if he had known the truth, for there were times when I had to chew the bedcovers to keep from crying out.

"There was one thing, though," he went on, "that put heart into me even when the doctors looked gravest, and that was the amazing number of people who took the trouble to visit me. Class- and college-mates took turns sitting up with me at nights during the zero hour when the pain was most maddening. The elevator boy in the 'Y' where I had worked as janitor came too. So did a couple of the hard-boiled longshoremen who had shifted salmon cases with me in Alaska. The vice president of the bank from which I had borrowed money for my hospital expenses came to offer me more money."

That fall and winter, by means of extension courses, Ellery did the work of his sophomore year from his bed. In breathing spells between grueling rounds with pain, he continued to sell life insurance policies, a means of earning a livelihood that he had tackled intermittently the preceding year. The difference between his earnings and his expenses, he borrowed, giving his personal note.

When spring came again, the doctors decided that a sea trip would afford him the most beneficial treatment. What he needed most, they agreed, was relaxation, plenty of sunshine, and a chance to build up his margin of strength. Hawaii, they said, was the place to go to.

Ellery had just sold two unusually big insurance policies. He had the money to buy his passage and a little over. A relative in the East had written to promise him an allowance which would cover his living expenses while he was gone.

ONE fine morning in June almost three years ago, the boy boarded a boat for Victoria, British Columbia, where he was to take ship for Hawaii. As he said good-by to his Seattle friends, he laughingly assured them that in two months he would be able to walk back home without his crutches. He did not dream that he was not to return for more than a year and that, in the meantime, he was to circle the globe, living one of the most amazing adventures in friendship that it is possible to imagine.

When Ellery landed at Honolulu he did not know a soul on the island. Attracted by the beautiful setting of Halekulani, a hotel on the beach, he stopped there.

"'Halekulani' means 'House of God,'" he explained. "Before I left Honolulu this seemed to me a very appropriate name, for never in my life have I met with more kindness than I found among the people who lived at Halekulani."

Hardly had the boy got settled when a letter came from the States saying that owing to an investment which had turned out disastrously, the relative back East would not be able to send the promised allowance. This was a blow. But Ellery refused to worry. He had his passage money and enough to keep him, with strict economy, for a few weeks.

Several very happy and restful days passed. Then, without warning, his leg became inflamed all the way up into the thigh. He called a doctor and was told that his left leg ought to come off. He had no money for hospital bills, not even an acquaintance to whom to turn for advice. He begged the doctor to make fresh incisions to drain the poison out of his leg instead of operating at once. This was done and he got some relief.

An evening or so later, as he was sitting on the beach beneath the palms, he heard a voice behind him say: "Young man, would you like to go for a ride?"

The boy turned and saw that the speaker was a very distinguished-looking man whom he had noticed several times in the dining-room at Halekulani.

"I told him," said Ellery, "that I should like very much to go for a ride. After dinner, he came for me in his car. We had a delightful hour. He did not introduce himself, and I did not realize until afterward that he had made me do most of the talking.

"The next morning someone said, 'I see you were out riding with Governor

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Brown last night.' I then learned that my host of the evening before was Raymond C. Brown, Secretary of Hawaii, and, at that time, acting governor. After that, Governor Brown was always very kind and friendly to me, often inviting me to sit at his table and to go on long rides with him"

All this time, Ellery's leg was growing worse. Finally, the doctor delivered his ultimatum: "Take your choice," he said. "It's a question of being alive with one leg, or dead with two."

The boy gave in.

He had been told that he probably would be out of the hospital in a week or ten days. Instead he spent nearly six months there. During this time he had seven operations, four of them taking place in as many days. His bill was more than a thousand dollars. When he asked for it—for once with something very close to desperation in his heart—he was told that everything had been paid by Raymond Brown and some other friends at Halekulani.

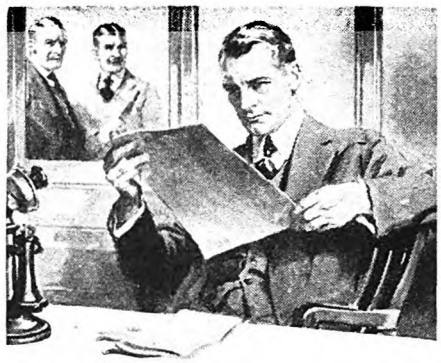
At this piece of news, the boy who had learned to stand up to a lashing with a smile on his lips, felt the hot tears creep up into his eyes, and he was not ashamed. But he would not take the money as a gift. He sent for Governor Brown, and by signing a series of long-term notes, made arrangements to pay off his indebtedness as soon as he recovered his earning capacity.

A FEW days after Ellery left the hospital, the doctors advised him to take a short ocean trip. Travel and change, they said, would divert his mind and help nature get in her work. A boat was about to sail for Sydney, Australia. With the money he had saved to get back to Seattle, the boy bought a return-trip ticket to Sydney.

"I never used the return half of that ticket," he told me. "When I reached Sydney I sold a story about my experience in Mexico to a newspaper and went on down to Melbourne with some friends. Here, it became necessary to have another operation. That meant several days in a hospital. In order to meet this unexpected expense, I had to cash in my return passage. When I had paid my bills, I found myself stranded in a strange land more than eight thousand miles from home.

"I was getting down to my last shilling and things were looking a little serious when I had one of my lucky breaks. An Englishman came to me and asked if I would like to tutor his children on a trip to England. Up to this time, I had been thinking only of getting back home. Now I decided that I might as well make a thorough job of it and go on around the world. When I got my breath, I gladly agreed to the Englishman's suggestion.

"We took ship at Melbourne for Ceylon. Before we reached the west coast of Australia, my thigh became badly inflamed again, and the ship's surgeon, a splendid man who had accompanied Sir Ernest Shackleton on his South Pole expedition, was called in to examine me. Five minutes after the door of my cabin closed behind the doctor, I had a visit from the managing director of the line, Sir Alan Anderson, who told me that I would have to get off the boat at Free-



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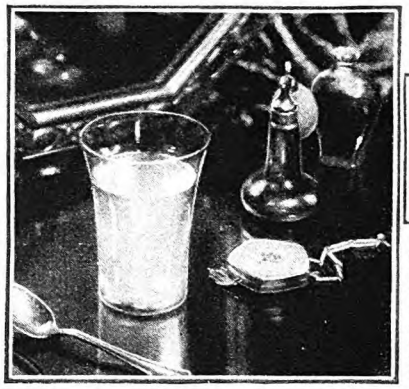

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mantle the next day and return to Melbourne. He said the doctor feared that if I stayed aboard I might have to be put off at almost any port and run the risk of being operated on at an inadequately equipped native hospital.

"I told Sir Alan that I would take my chances and begged to be allowed to remain on the boat. The surgeon came in and looked me over again. Then, 'Young man,' he said bluntly, 'are you prepared for a burial at sea?'

"In spite of all that had gone before, this was something of a shock. I had no idea that things were as bad as that. The doctor told me frankly that he did not think that with my infection I could possibly live through the intense tropical heat of the Red Sea.

"IT BECAME a point of honor with me to live through the voyage, and I certainly was aided and abetted by everybody on board. Sir Alan himself would help me down the companionway to my cabin and stand by while the steward tucked me in bed. Nevertheless, I was pretty well shot to pieces by the time the voyage was over.

"We disembarked at Port Said and my employer, my charges, and I went into Cairo. Here, it immediately became apparent that I should have to go to a hospital and have an operation on my good leg. When I asked at Shepheard's Hotel for the best doctor available, they provided me with a Swiss surgeon. The next morning he took me to a Greek hospital where they had German nurses and Arab attendants. Not a soul in the hospital spoke English, and my French was nothing to write home about.

"In the operating-room, when I haltingly managed to ask what they were going to do, the doctors gesticulated in concert and broke into floods of French. The German nurses agreed with hearty 'Ja's,' while in the background the stolid Arab sponge bearers and scissors grinders almost broke into smiles of approval.

"I broke into a cold sweat!

"I was afraid that in their enthusiasm the lot of them would take off my good pin, so I firmly refused the anesthetic they tried to coax me into taking and otherwise made it plain that I intended to stay on the job until they had finished their chore. Whereupon the little Swiss surgeon took out his watch and with his forefinger painstakingly traced fifteen minutes on its face. I told him to go ahead and I would keep time on his.

"He was a pretty good guesser. Inexactly sixteen minutes, they had made the incision, scraped the infected bone, and had everything shipshape."

As soon as he got out of the hospital Ellery sailed with his party for Naples where they were to take the train for Rome. Here, he was to leave his charges while he went on to London. On the steamer the boy had still another instance of the spontaneous friendliness he had met at every step of his trip around the world.

"I had just settled myself in the lounge the first evening out," he said, "when directly behind me I heard a gruff voice which demanded: 'Why haven't you an artificial foot on that leg of yours, young man?'

"A little startled, I faced about to look at the man who would address

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tranger so abruptly. I saw a tall, dis-inguished-looking chap of about thirty. It his side was a charming young woman who gave me a reassuring smile.

"My husband lost his leg in the World Var at about the same point you lost ours,' she explained. 'He is interested in verybody who has suffered a similar isfortune.'

"My infection has gone up into my igh, so I cannot yet be fitted with an tificial leg,' I stammered.

"'That's too bad,' said the brusque ranger. 'It struck me as a shame that a ung man like you cannot get around as ell as I do, when I am many years older.'

"At this juncture, he got to his feet d demonstrated his statement by stamp-briskly about the saloon. He walked thout a stick or a crutch, and with only slight limp. Coming to a halt in front me, he pulled up his trousers leg and udly displayed a metal leg attached to knee.

'One thing led to another, and pres-ly he asked me if I should like to play dge. We found a fourth and settled wn to a quiet evening at cards with-any introductions having been made. er, I learned that the English are quite ual about introductions—or the lack them. When bedtime came, my new nd helped me down to my cabin.

Imagine my surprise the next morn-when I learned through the ship's sur-n that my friendly 'pick-ups' of the ning before were General and the Hon-le Mrs. Asquith. General Asquith is son of the late Earl of Oxford and uith. Before we parted, the Asquiths ted me to 'have a meal' with them n I got to London.

ROME," Ellery went on, "I had a ood 'break.' Mussolini had agreed to audience to a group of American ents. I begged admittance to the s. With pounding heart, I awaited urn to meet the world-famous Dicta-I was already building dreams about incident. It would be something to about to my grandchildren!

ne by one, we stepped up and shook remier's hand. Most of us were ill se in the presence of the great man. urn came. Tremblingly, I gripped nd. I had carefully rehearsed a sen-in Italian, but at the critical mo-it deserted me. I *had* to say some-Bowing my head deferentially, I bled, 'Howdy, Benito!' trusting that ce's English was no better than my n. But a twinkle in his eyes told me ntly. For a moment, my blood ran but when the twinkle spread over ce in a broad smile, as he replied, ly, America!' I knew that for the eing the world was again safe for racy!

lidn't dream then that in less than I should return to Italy, have a interview with Mussolini, and be raphed with him.

ur days in marvelous Rome, a top in Naples, and I was on my London."

te he left London, Ellery sold articles to newspapers. This gave ough money to buy his passage to ork, where he disposed of an ac-f his early adventures in Mexico. en I got back to Seattle," he told

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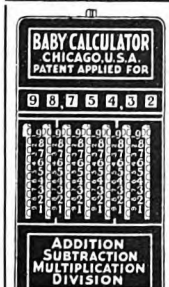

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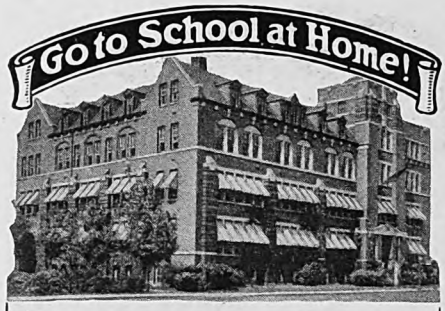

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me, with a little touch of pride, "I was sixteen dollars to the good, and I had gained thirty pounds in weight since leaving Honolulu. And in the meantime, I had found out that even if a fellow has only one foot, he can learn to stand on that. But best of all, I had discovered that friends are folks whose response is measured by your need of them, no matter whether they live across the street or across the globe from you!"

Ellery stayed in Seattle only long enough to settle up his personal affairs. Then he returned posthaste to New York to find a publisher for his book, "The World on One Leg," which he had been working on from time to time during his trip around the globe. The first publisher the boy interviewed agreed to bring out the book, and suggested that he talk to the manager of a well-known lecture bureau about a series of engagements. Ellery did this, made a few test lectures, and was soon booked up for the coming fall.

As soon as his manuscript was ready for the press, the boy set out in search of new adventures. This time, his destination was Europe and his avowed intention was to get personal interviews with some of the outstanding figures in European politics.

OF ALL the great men of Europe, young Walter found von Hindenburg hardest to get to. When the boy arrived in Berlin last June, he discovered, to his dismay, that von Hindenburg had not been "seen" by a writer in eighteen years. However, Ellery succeeded in enlisting the personal championship of Ambassador Schurman. At first, the Ambassador's efforts in Ellery's behalf met with flat failure. But when von Hindenburg heard that the young American had worked his way through college, his interest was aroused and he consented to an interview. It seems that Germany is developing a class of students who are working their way through the colleges and universities—a thing unheard of before the war—and that the head of the Republic is intensely interested in the experiment.

President von Hindenburg received Ellery at the presidential mansion in the Wilhelmstrasse. Ambassador Schurman accompanied the boy as his mentor and interpreter.

"I had another one of my lucky breaks," Ellery told me. "A cabinet meeting was breaking up just as I got to the house. Imagine the kick I got out of being presented to all the ministers!

"Von Hindenburg himself was magnificent. I shall never forget the stately picture he made as the great folding doors rolled back and disclosed him standing against an impressive background of heavy velvet curtains. He is six feet five in height and his hair is snow-white; his manner is simple, direct, and very kindly.

"Through Ambassador Schurman, he questioned me for fifteen minutes about our American institutions of higher learning, and in particular about the students who acquire an education under their own steam."

THE next notable whom Ellery succeeded in seeing was Pope Pius XI. The young Quaker gained a private audience through the friendly offices of Edward L. Hearn, High Commissioner of the Knights of Columbus in Rome. When Ellery arrived at the Vatican, the antechambers were filled with persons assembled for the noon-hour public audiences. The Swiss guards at once turned the boy over to members of the Papal household, who escorted him to the golden throne-room. Here the Pope received him alone. With a twinkle in his eye, the Pope laid his hand on the youth's shoulder and greeted him cordially in English: "Welcome. Welcome!"

Ellery said: "When I tried to thank His Holiness for being received so graciously, he replied: 'More people from America come to see us than from any other country. We are always glad to see them.'"

On the same evening, through the influence of Ambassador Fletcher, Ellery was received by Mussolini.

"Il Duce was most considerate," he told me. "He escorted me personally to his desk, where he placed two chairs and with his own hands arranged my crutches near by. I had brought along a memorandum of the things I wanted to ask Mussolini, and, without thinking, I foolishly laid the paper on the desk at my side. Mussolini picked it up and, to my great embarrassment, began rattling off questions and answers:

"'Thanks for interview,' he read, and added the amused comment, 'Not necessary.'

"'Ask if tired of Americans,' was the next thing that caught his eye, and to this he gave a vigorous 'No!'

"I hastily explained that he was not supposed to see the memorandum. He immediately told me to submit to his secretary a list of the questions I wished to ask, assuring me that he would answer each with all possible care.

"'What do you think of my English?' he asked, soon after he had switched from French, in which he was much more fluent.

"'Much better than I expected,' I replied before I had time to frame a more tactful answer.

"'But I understand English better than I speak it,' he reminded me with evident relish. We both laughed. After that I was more at ease.

"Whether or not you agree with Lloyd George that Mussolini 'saved Italy,' you cannot talk with him five minutes without realizing that stupendous power is concentrated in the man. I came away with the feeling that he can do anything that he sets himself to do. More than that, I came away with the feeling that most any of us could work wonders if we put our whole souls into the job as Benito Mussolini does!"

AT THIS TIME of year all of us watch expectantly for the coming of spring. It is the most welcomed season of the year—the time when our hopes and spirits are upraised. In a beautiful article next month, Archibald Rutledge interprets spring for us. "In the spring," he says, "we renew our knowledge that truth and beauty are the language of God; that virtue is the behavior of God; love, the will of God!"

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"My Money is on the Man Who Believes in Miracles"

(*Continued from page 26*)

When Mark was twelve, his father lost most of his money through an unfortunate business connection. Previous to this, Colonel Woods had "cried" only one live-stock auction. His success having convinced him that auctioneering was a proper field for his abilities, he decided to make a new start in Nebraska, the center of the live-stock industry.

The move was a grand adventure for the boy. To save railroad fare, Mark and his brothers rode in a box car with the household goods. Lincoln, in 1882, was next door to the frontier, handy to cow country, Indians, and the hard-riding older west. A new kind of life, shot through with the pioneering spirit, unrolled for Mark. He took to it with enormous zest.

Money-making appealed to him just as it does to most healthy boys. He hunted for any honest spare-time work in order to pick up pennies and dimes. Odd jobs proved plentiful. Besides these, he had two regular occupations.

During the summer he raised vegetables and peddled them in town. His young sister drove the wagon, while he called his wares. When he shouted, "Fresh peas!" at the top of his lungs, housewives could hear him distinctly two blocks away. "The auctioneer's boy!" they smiled appreciatively.

Mark was ambitious, and he bargained with some of the neighbors to sell their vegetables on shares. Selling, he shrewdly discovered, was more profitable than hoeing.

Mark's other regular occupation was carrying papers. He ran his route for three years, and never was late nor absent. Here he first came to grips with the real meaning of business honesty—what he calls *being on time with your obligations.*

"MY FATHER," he said, "used to say that you can have all the ability in the world, but it will do no good unless you're honest. It was an eye-opener for me when I discovered that not everybody acted accordingly.

"One old codger on my route was a judge of the circuit court. That should have been a guarantee. But the first time I called to collect my few pennies, he put me off. The next time, he did the same. And the next, and the next. I felt so sure I would pay eventually that I kept right on delivering the paper, and at last his bill was so large that I was afraid to stop it.

"By chance, somebody dropped the remark in my hearing that the judge was a risk who never paid a bill if he could keep out of it. That was a shock. I stopped the paper at once. But by that time the judge owed me eight dollars and forty cents, and he died before I could collect. I never got one penny out of him. I was disgusted. The loss rankled, and I think it's one of the things that inclined

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Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

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Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use.

A package lasts over three months.

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"LYSOL" Disinfectant is an essential part of the fastidious woman's toilette today.

She knows that the correct practice of feminine hygiene is modern science's safeguard of the health and vitality on which so much of her charm—and her happiness—depend.

But feminine hygiene incorrectly practiced may lead to serious consequences. Get the *facts*.

Send for the booklet below. It was written for women by an eminent woman physician. It contains *professional* advice, not false claims and misleading directions. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Send the coupon now. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

In the meantime, take no chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

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Lysol Disinfectant

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LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Department 279, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

me to lean backwards on this idea of meeting obligations on time."

Mark Woods and his brothers all attended the University of Nebraska.

"I went," he said, "for only two years. I was too eager to get into business to stay longer. Real estate was the line I had set my mind on. I had no real estate, and no money!"

He soon got both.

"I HAD attended many auctions with my father," he explained, "and knew a good deal about cattle and cattlemen. I could judge the value of a herd and make a stab at guessing a man's honesty and ability. Most cattlemen at one time or another borrowed money on their herds. So I went to a man of means in Lincoln and proposed that he let me lend some money for him.

"Cattle paper was rather risky, and interest rates were high. Borrowers had to pay a two-and-a-half-per-cent commission, besides ten per cent a year. I proposed selecting high-class borrowers. In return, I was to receive half of the commission. Thus, a ten-thousand-dollar loan would net me a little over a hundred dollars.

"At first, my banker said I could lend up to fifteen thousand dollars. The deals turned out well, and he extended the limit to fifty thousand; later, to one hundred thousand. I soon earned a stake to start in real estate."

Mark was then eighteen!

He bought a farm on the outskirts of Lincoln, paying only part of the purchase price in cash. He cut it into building lots, which he sold, as a rule, for a little cash and a lot of contract. What money he had did a great deal of work; and he stretched his credit to the limit. Within five years he actually accumulated one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Then came the great panic of 1893!

"My fortune," said Mr. Woods, "was partly in cash, partly in bank stocks—about half and half. Those bank stocks were the prettiest gold engravings you ever saw. They looked like a million dollars. But when the panic came, up they went, like *that!*

"The banks that didn't crash assessed stockholders one hundred per cent. My cash and investments disappeared almost overnight. All that I managed to salvage, eventually, was about ten thousand dollars, and my home.

"But—I kept my name absolutely clear. *Every penny that I knowingly owed to any human being, was paid on the day due, or covered by a new note.*"

Not many at that time could say as much.

One day, when things were at their worst, Mark Woods looked up, to see a friend in the doorway.

"Hello, Charley," he said; "what's on your mind?"

"Business," was the reply. "Mark"—the next words were a thunderbolt—"do you know you owe me five thousand dollars?"

"I owe *you* five thousand? Why, Charley, I didn't know I owed you a cent."

The friend explained. The ghost of Mark's speedy prosperity was claiming vengeance. A flock of the mortgages that he had taken in payment for his real estate had risen to haunt him.

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I was the law in Nebraska that an owner of mortgaged real estate "assumed and agreed to pay" the mortgage, without a time limit, even if he sold the property and title passed to somebody else—provided a later owner failed to pay. Because of the panic, dozens of Mark's customers had defaulted. His name appeared as one of several who had "assumed and agreed." And his friend had come down on *him* for payment.

"This will take some looking into, Charley," Mark said; "but if I find I owe it, I'll pay you."

He quickly learned that the law might be unconstitutional; that he might wriggle out without being considered actually dishonest; that he might justly insist on others paying part. But he saw that these "mights" were subterfuges. With eyes open, he had "assumed and agreed." That meant only one thing: he must pay. And pay he did, though he nearly had to "take the skin off his back" to do it.

The friend got his money. Mark got something far more precious. He made a fellow admirer of the man he paid. And that man was to go very far and was to mean big things to Mark himself. For the "Charley" of the debts was Charles G. Dawes. In thirty-five years of fast friendship, Woods and Dawes have been associated repeatedly in big deals.

MARK WOODS quickly got back on his feet after the knockout of the panic. All that he had salvaged, plus five thousand dollars that he borrowed, went into the purchase of a herd of cattle—real estate being temporarily at a standstill. Cattle prices soon went up, as Mark Woods foresaw they would. Before Christmas, he had made sixty-five thousand dollars.

"I had kept my name clear," he emphasized. "People knew I would pay. So I was able to borrow at a time when cash commanded wonderful bargains."

Woods dealt extensively in live stock for some time. He became one of the country's largest importers of blooded draft horses. He owned and sold as many as ten thousand head of cattle in one year. Cattle-buying trips took him into rough and dangerous country. Once, in a blizzard on the sandhills, he escaped freezing to death only by a miracle. Another time, he had to go into the Jackson Hole country when it was a bandit stronghold.

Big deals became habitual with him. In Montana he bought a hundred thousand acres of railroad land at a dollar and a few cents an acre, re-selling it promptly at one to two to twenty-five dollars per acre. With Lincoln, he and his brother George, in their real estate business, platted most of the city's growth, helping largely to make one of the loveliest capital cities in America. The Lincoln traction company, in the hands of absentee capitalists, went from bad service to worse; finally, Mark Woods took things in his own hands, and with his neighbors, built a new line, put the old company to a standstill, bought it, and gave the city a thoroughly modern system. Likewise, he and his partners built the telephone company now providing national and international service through Bell connections.

[illegible] then one day—but let Mark Woods tell the story in his own vivid way.

[illegible] was sitting in Charley Dawes's office

Expensive! ...What Do You Think I Paid for This Suit?

YOU would expect to pay much more for such material, tailoring, style and perfection of fit as you find in Ed. V. Price & Company clothes. Such remarkably low prices are made possible only through the economies effected by tremendous buying power and a highly organized staff of skilled tailors.

And *never* have we offered values more outstanding than we have ready for you this spring. Genuine Ed. V. Price & Company quality in a wide selection of beautiful new patterns and smart weaves and in a full range of prices. Each suit not only is cut to your individual measurements, but also is draped and balanced to your attitude by our exclusive "Attitude Method" of tailoring.

Our representative offers you all this *extra* value this spring for as little as $30 a suit. Make your selection now. If you don't know him we will gladly send you his name.

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

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Please send me the name of your nearest representative, and your new style booklet, "Men's Togs."

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"... flames licked her thin dress..."

Cruel scars from burns have brought hideous, life-long disfigurement to many children. Is there a mother who does not fear them for her child?

Yet how needless are such scars! How needless, too, the searing pain of all burns and scalds!

Almost instantly Unguentine eases pain, starts quick healing—very nearly always no scar remains.

Eight out of ten hospitals rely on Unguentine, the standard, *antiseptic* surgical dressing. Its antiseptic qualities form an effective safeguard against infection.

One tube should be in the bathroom medicine chest—always. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones—kitchen, office or shop, automobile. Buy these extra tubes today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

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MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

"... not a sign of a scar"

"When Marjorie was six years old she was horribly burned with gasoline . . . We used Unguentine from the start. It was a wonderful relief to see her pain soothed. And best of all, our little daughter will be unscarred."

* *

"Johnny struck out with his tiny fist, spattering volatile oil along his forearm . . . I used three tubes of Unguentine . . . The skin, even the flesh sloughed off. But now not even a pink streak is left."

• •

Now—Unguentine Soap, too. Bland and soothing. It rapidly clears up the blemished complexion — particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated and sensitive.

in Chicago," he said. "Young Eddie Morris, of the packing-house Morrises, came in. Eddie pulled a long face, and said he had been hunting high and low and couldn't find a buyer for a farm he had on his hands. It was located on the Missouri River, in Nebraska. A good farm, he said. There were about six thousand acres. But it was a hot poker for him, because by his father's will he had to sell it before a certain day. He wanted Dawes to suggest something.

"'Sure I will!' Charley said. 'Here's the man that will buy your farm, Eddie'—and he pointed to me.

"Dawes was more or less in fun. But Morris was mighty serious and he took me up. I said I didn't know whether I could scrape up enough money.

"'But I *might* buy it,' I said, '*at a price*.'

"Morris wanted seventy dollars an acre. I took the train that night for Omaha, drove out next day to look over the ranch, wired an offer of sixty dollars per acre, and Morris accepted.

"That was that.

"A year or so later, the superintendent that I put in charge of this farm happened to mention that we had recently lost a hundred acres of good land.

"'*Lost* it?' I said.

"I didn't have any idea what he meant. Brought up inland, I failed to appreciate what these rivers can do when they run wild.

"The superintendent explained. It was the first time I had heard of real estate picking up and running away; literally, that was about what it amounted to. High water in the Missouri had washed it out.

"We have since taken many moving pictures of this phenomenon. On the screen you can actually see great chunks of the richest farm land in the country tumbling into the river. Sometimes half an acre will go at a 'bite.' Cornfields, houses, cattle and horses, highways, men and women, railroad tracks—anything that happens to be in the way is swept off. The government estimates that farmers lose ten thousand acres a year from this cause. *We* had lost one hundred acres and I didn't like it a bit.

"'Pretty soon,' I remarked, 'there won't be any ranch left!'

"I MADE it a point to ask engineers how I could prevent this annual steal. They advised me to sink piers and anchor brush and tree mats to them. The mats would slow up the current, they said, and rob it of its cutting strength. Moreover, the river would actually make new land where the mats were.

"You see, during floods, the river carries a tremendous amount of silt in suspension. As long as the current is swift the silt can't drop to the bottom and stay. The banks are cut and undercut until they tumble in.

"But just as soon as you slow up the current sufficiently, the river begins to deposit silt. The silt gradually builds up new bottoms and banks. So, according to engineers, I could not only save the land I had, but I could also get back some that had been stolen.

"But the engineers told me something else. They said the scheme was no earthly good unless piles to anchor the mats were sunk to bedrock. Anything less, in a

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The White Fireman

is working for your architect

EADING architects today are calling upon the specialized experience of the White Fireman just as they secure for their ents the expert assistance of specialists in ating, plumbing, ventilation, refrigeration d electrical engineering.

e White Fireman is as alert in detecting fire ards from a reading of the blue print as m an inspection of the completed structure. d the correction of hazards before construc- n involves little or no expense, whereas the t might prove prohibitive later on.

is loss-prevention engineering service offered the White Fireman costs nothing, and fre- ntly it results in considerable dollars-and- ts savings for property owners. For instance:

vision for a simple, inexpensive protection inst exposure, in the plans for a theatre, is ng the owner $494 per year in lower rance premiums. The separation of a ga- from a dwelling is saving the owner of a e residence $282 every year. The protec- of stairways and elevator shafts is saving otel company $1120 per year.

White Fireman's advice is practical. It only points the way to greater safety of and property, but it saves property owners ey as well.

HO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineer- ervice—a nation-wide service, supported by insur- companies, having for its purpose the reduction s-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, ction of property, testing of materials and equip- , and many other kinds of technical assistance ise the work of this service. Ask your North ca Agent.

America Agents are listed in the Insurance s of classified telephone directories under RANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

erty Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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Be a CHAIN STORE MANAGER

Share in Kresge Profits

You may share in the profits of the great Kresge chain of 510 stores. You may earn an executive's portion of the profit from $150,000,000 in sales yearly. You may be a Kresge store manager. To men of intelligence, character, personality and ambition, we make this offer: *We will train you to be a Kresge store manager. We will instruct you in every phase of store management. We will pay you a small salary while learning but after you are trained you will earn, as store manager, a share in the profits of your store.* It will help if you have had experience in retail merchandising.

Read What Others Have Done

W. E. S. is managing his second Kresge store. He has always found the Kresge Company most fair and liberal in all his dealings with them. If he were starting out in life again and confronted with the task of choosing a career, he says he would cast his lot with the Kresge Company without hesitating one minute.

L. K. C. was employed as buyer in a large department store for several years. Then he accepted a job in the stockroom of a Kresge store. He is now manager of a large Kresge store. He says, "Today I am happily situated and still in line for promotion to greater executive responsibilities with the Company."

F. W. E. says: "After a few years of steady climbing to a store manager's position, I see still greater opportunities ahead. Since the Kresge Company promotes its men from the ranks to big executive jobs, I will not be satisfied until I reach the top."

S. R. E. worked as a salesman for several years and then started in a Kresge stockroom, which seemed quite a let-down to him. But today as a manager, he is firmly convinced of the wisdom of his decision. He says, "My present salary is far more than I ever dared to dream of receiving as a salesman."

If you are between 22 and 30 years of age and are interested in an executive position with Kresge's, write your qualifications to our Personnel Department and we will arrange for a personal interview.

PERSONNEL DEPT. 1

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5, 10, 25c Stores · 25c to $1.00 Stores

Kresge Building, Detroit

flood, would be washed away like toothpicks.

"Now, at lots of places along the river, bedrock is anywhere from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five feet below the surface. It costs a lot of money to build a cofferdam and sink even one pile that deep; and it would take many piles. Cofferdams were the only known method. The cost put it out of the question. My land that the river was stealing was not worth it.

"So, that was *that*.

"ONE day Harry Byram called me up. At that time, he was vice president of the Burlington Railroad. He said he was running a special train to a new bridge that the Burlington was building, and invited me to go. I said I was too busy. He insisted. Finally I yielded. It was lucky I did!"

For on this trip Mark Woods got the idea that made him master of rivers.

"The big feature that Harry Byram wanted to show us," Mr. Woods went on, "was a self-sinking pile invented by a Burlington engineer named Bignell. It was interesting to watch.

"The pile was built of concrete, around a hollow pipe center. A derrick held it upright over the spot where it was to be sunk. Then a jet of water under enormous pressure was forced through the pipe.

"The hydraulic force, far more powerful than the jet of a fire hose, brushed mud, sand, gravel, and even good-sized rocks out of the way like so much dust. The pile sank to its own weight. In a few minutes it reached bedrock, even if bedrock was a hundred feet below the surface. The cost was only a fraction of the cost of cofferdams and the old method.

"'There,' I said to myself, 'is the very thing I've been looking for.'

"I tackled Bignell.

"'Why,' I said, 'couldn't I anchor brush mats to your self-sinking piles? Wouldn't they hold? And wouldn't they save the banks of my farm?'"

There was the big idea, *only awaiting proper application to make it worth millions.*

"Bignell," Mr. Woods continued "at once agreed that it might be feasible. I tried to get him to do the job for me. But he was busy and kept putting me off.

"'If *you* won't do it,' I said, '*I'll* have to.'

"He said I'd have to buy a steamboat and a barge.

"'Well,' I said, 'why not?'

"The upshot was, I hired an engineer, bought the steamboat and the barge, and even bought Bignell's rights in his patents. They were of no use to him, except in his railroad construction. He reserved the right to use them there.

"In a few weeks' time we drew up alongside my ranch and started to work. Within one month of the sinking of the first pile, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Missouri River would never bite any more chunks out of that land."

Mark Woods' vision now swept in *all* the farms along *all* the rivers of the country that were subject to erosion; and not merely the farms, but all valuable property, in great cities or elsewhere, threatened by the wrath of uncontrolled flood waters. Here he saw the opportunity for a great service, the basis for a great business.

He organized one more subsidiary to the Woods Brothers Corporation; namely, The Woods Brothers Construction Company. Soon the "son" promised to outgrow the "dad." Ten years have made the construction company the largest business organization engaged in river-bank protection. Contracts have been closed, or estimates furnished, for projects on practically every important river in the United States affected by erosion, and for sea walls along the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere. The total value of property already protected is beyond estimates, certainly in the *billions*. And the surface is barely scratched!

Some of the jobs have been spectacular. The Missouri River was cutting a new channel at Omaha. The state line between Nebraska and Iowa lies in the middle of the river. Had the new channel been cut, part of Omaha would have been annexed automatically to Iowa. The taxable value of the threatened portion was forty million dollars. For a very small fraction of *one* million, Mark Woods and his engineers chained the river in its old channel.

A railroad main line at Folsom, Iowa, has been a source of worry to officials ever since it was built. Every year floods threatened to wash it out. Through passenger trains had to crawl. Thousands of dollars were spent at every flood, and the line was no whit safer when the next flood arrived. Mark Woods took a contract to make the river stop acting the bully at that point. The protection-works cost altogether about the same amount that had previously been spent during one flood. And not a penny has been spent since. The main line is no longer endangered.

A GREAT railroad bridge was to be replaced. Navigation was blocked, because the river had shifted its channel. There had been a movable span over the old channel; but there was a fixed span over the new one, and large boats could not pass underneath. Mark Woods took a contract to put the river back in its old channel. This was done for a few thousand dollars. The new bridge, which would have cost over a million, was not required.

Then Mark Woods found large tracts adjacent to the railroad terminal center and bordering on the banks of the Missouri River. The land was undeveloped. Kansas City people had failed to note its possibilities. He acquired the land at nominal cost and began development operations. The property was platted, fills being made where necessary. Today every lot is supplied with trackage. Many factories have been built. The government selected a site on the property for river docks. The intercity viaduct connecting Missouri and Kansas runs the full length of the property. A huge terminal grain elevator is under construction. In three years, this tract has been converted into one of the most important industrial districts of the middle west.

For eight and one-half miles, up and down the Missouri River, Mark Woods

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ns or controls virtually every available dustrial site.

As a fitting climax to this tale of vision d energy, the government has named e Missouri River as a Federal navigan project. Within months, boats will plying regularly between Kansas City d New Orleans, making the inland city, effect, a seaport. The docks will be on d rescued by Mark Woods. Already, , he has provided there a great air-t.

These are great achievements! But it impossible to talk long with Mark ods without realizing that he counts own ideas and achievements largely a ying-on of what he learned from his ner.

"O FAR as I remember," he said, "I never had a dollar of financial support n my father until I reached the point re I did not need it. But he gave me, ead, what was worth millions—the nsel of a remarkable mind, the guid- of a noble example.

For thirty years and more, he wrote it least one letter a month. I've kept n all. They fill several drawers. If ted, they would make a remarkable ment. They are full of homely busi- wisdom, often pointed with stories. father was a great story-teller. He not always agree with my brothers me in regard to our projects. More once he reminded us that fools and money are soon parted. But in the e came to have confidence in us, and invested in some of our enterprises. he lessons I learned from him were reatest ones I ever learned anywhere. ught me that with ability must go ty. It was a religion with him. With of these must go hard work. And with everything else, it is necessary punctual, economical, alert, open-d.

y father died a few months ago. He vigorous, so awake to current prog- hat I thought he would live to be a ed. But he died.

n going through his papers, I found r he had treasured for almost half ury. He lost his money in Chicago, we moved away, because he cheer- ettled accounts and debts saddled im by a crooked partner. When he aid everything and was nearly a banker who knew what he had hrough gave him a letter. It was est testimony I can think of, not my father's character, but also to th of common honesty. The letter

hom It May Concern:

riter has known the bearer, Fred M. for many years, and places unlimited ce in his ability and integrity. A would be warranted in lending him on his unsecured note. If any banker individual contemplating a loan feels doubt of this assurance, this is an tion for the loaning of that amount, note may be returned to the writer, assume all responsibility and risk.

ly remarkable document! On th of it, my father borrowed a dollars in Lincoln, bought some d got a new start. An honest rd is his best capital."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

To cover up bad breath or drug a headache is not to remove their cause

INTESTINAL TOXICITY MUST BE CONQUERED

If in a man's business a certain mistake kept on recurring, he would not long continue merely correcting it. He would soon be looking for the source of the error *and eliminating that.*

That applies to women and their task of homekeeping, too! Yet when the matter takes on a personal aspect, such as one of health, so many of us are satisfied to cope with effects and to neglect the cause.

Take this problem of intestinal toxicity—a prevalent condition these days—one that is sapping away energy and health from countless men and women—why do we neglect it? We get countless warnings of its activities. Bad breath, headaches, tired digestion tell us of the danger. Yet, in direct contrast to business efficiency, we continue to combat these symptoms day after day instead of attacking the cause.

Do not run this risk. Thousands are successfully combating this dangerous condition with Eno's Effervescent Saline. Its stimulating, sparkling effervescence tends to settle an upset stomach. Its laxative action, gentle but thorough, flushes the overloaded digestive tract and washes away accumulated poisons. It is a valuable antacid too!

Eno has a really pleasant taste . . . unlike the bitter taste of other "salts." It does not gripe nor interfere with the daily routine. It does not shock the system by drastic action. You'll like it . . . and you'll like the way Eno "sets you up" for the day.

Your druggist has Eno at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Get a bottle today and take it regularly morning or evening.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

Eno — health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day.

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of Eno. Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager throughout the hardest day.

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of Eno. You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALINE

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Every woman has the right to know

the real truth about feminine hygiene

WHY not? Feminine hygiene is an intimate matter but also it is a perfectly natural and simple matter, and nothing will keep it natural and simple but a frank view of the facts. And today authentic, scientific information concerning feminine hygiene is available to women everywhere.

Feminine hygiene *is* a healthful practice. Women of refinement know that it brings peace of mind and gives the feeling of daintiness and well-being so necessary to their happiness. Why, then, any doubt or any mystery?

Zonite displaces old methods

Ask any physician or trained nurse. You will find they approve of feminine hygiene. It is only the *old-fashioned methods* that they warn against —the poisonous antiseptics so many women use. They know the dangers—not only to the women during actual use of the poisons, but to the family in case of accidental swallowing.

How different is Zonite. It is as safe to use as pure water. It is absolutely non-caustic, non-poisonous. Yet it is actually *far stronger* in its power to kill harmful germs than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely allowed on the body. No wonder women are welcoming Zonite!

Free book has all the facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"—correct information given simply and frankly. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infection or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

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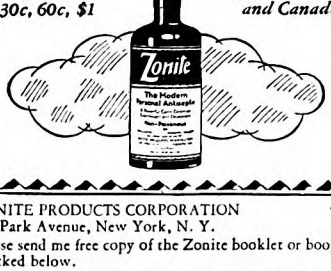

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Name.....
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City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 15*)

rich, powerful old duffer an' bullheaded as one of his steers. Who're we down here to go to law? An' where'd we go? Fairfield, the county seat, is farther away than Flag. It takes time an' money to travel."

"Oh, dear," sighed the good woman. "Then it'll mean hard times."

"Wal, Susan, we can stand hard times, an' I reckon come out ahead. But this drift fence means trouble. It's a slap in the face to every free ranger in this section. They'll all take it Traft accuses them of stealin' unbranded stock that drifts down into the draws on the West Fork."

"What kind of trouble, Uncle Caleb?" queried Molly soberly.

"Lass, do you remember the Pleasant Valley war over across the mountains in the Tonto? Let's see, you must have been about seven years old. Ten years ago."

"Yes, I remember. Ma wouldn't let me play out of the yard. We lived at Lunden then. But if I hadn't remembered, I'd sure know what that war was. Pa talks about it yet."

"Ahuh. Lass, some people say your dad was crippled because of sympathy for one faction in that fight."

"Pa denies it. But he was on the side of the sheepmen. An' that riles my brother Arch somethin' funny. They never get along. Arch isn't much good, Uncle Caleb."

"Humph. I'd not say that, for Arch has good parts. But he's much bad, an' that's no joke. . . . Wal, if Traft's outfit ever finishes their fence—at least down in the Diamond—it'll be cut. An' as Traft runs a lot of hard ridin' an' shootin' cowpunchers, there's shore goin' to be blood spilled. It takes years sometimes to wear out these feuds. An' we've a lot of thick-headed hombres in our neck of the woods."

HIS ominous reasoning had a silencing effect upon his hearers. The women of that country were pioneers in suffering, and there were many widows and orphans. Molly thought of her brother Arch. He was only twenty-two, yet he had killed more than one man; and through many fights, but few of them bloodless, he had earned a reputation that was no source of pride to his family. Arch not so long ago had been a nice boy. Lack of work, and drinking, and roaming the woods with fellows like Seth Haverly, had ruined him. Now it would grow worse, and that would make it harder for their crippled father, who had to sit at home and brood.

Molly conceived a resentment against the rich cattleman who could impose such restrictions and embitter the lives of poor people. And as for Traft's tenderfoot relative, who had come out from Missouri to run a hard outfit and build barbed-wire fences—Funny if she should meet him! It was unlikely, however, that she should have the luck to encounter Mr. Traft's nephew from Missouri, which fact would be good luck for him, at least. Molly would certainly let him know what she thought of him.

It had been years since Molly had been so many miles from the village. She did not remember the road. From her own porch she always had a wonderful view down the valley and across to the grand upheaval of earth and rock locally called the Diamond, and to the rugged black hills toward the south. But now she was riding at the fast trot of a spirited team through a winding, timbered canyon along the banks of the West Fork. As there was a gradual down-grade, the gray cliff walls grew higher until they were far above. Only a lone horseman was encountered in all the fifteen miles down to where the West Fork poured its white torrent into the Cibeque.

HERE Mr. See took the main road which climbed and wound and zigzagged up the long slope. Molly looked down and back at the wilderness which was her home. All green and gray, and so big! She could not hate it, somehow. All her life she had known that kind of country. She had played among the ferns and the rocks, and in the amber water, and under the brown-barked pines and spruces where deer and elk and wild turkeys were as common as the cows she drove from pasture in the dusk. She felt that it would take a terrible break to sever her from this home of forest and gorge.

From the head of the Cibeque the road wound through undulating forest land heading the deep draws and glens, and gradually ascending to the zone of cedar and piñon, which marked the edge of the cattle range.

Several ranches were passed, at any one of which See would have been welcome to spend the night, but he kept going all daylight, and by night had covered more than half the journey to Flagerstown.

"Wal, wife, we've made Keech's, a that's good, considerin' our late start," remarked See, with satisfaction, as they drove into a wide clearing, the hideousness of which attested to the presence of an old sawmill. Rude clapboard cabins and fences, not to note the barking dogs, gave evidence of habitation.

The cabins were more inviting inside, Molly was to learn, and also that the widow Keech was a most kindly and loquacious hostess.

"So this hyar is John Dunn's girl growed up," said Mrs. Keech. "I know your father well, an' I seen you when you was a big-eyed kid. Now you're a woman ridin' to Flag!"

Molly, however, was not to be led into conversation. This adventure seemed to her too grand to be joked about. She was keen to listen, and during the dinner she heard much about Flagerstown and the fair to begin there on the morrow and end on Saturday with a *rodeo*. Mrs. See had not imparted all this marvelous news to Molly and she laughed at the girl's excitement.

"What you know aboot this drift fence?" finally asked See.

"Caleb, it's a downright fact," replied the widow forcefully. "Traft's outfit camped ten miles north of us. The

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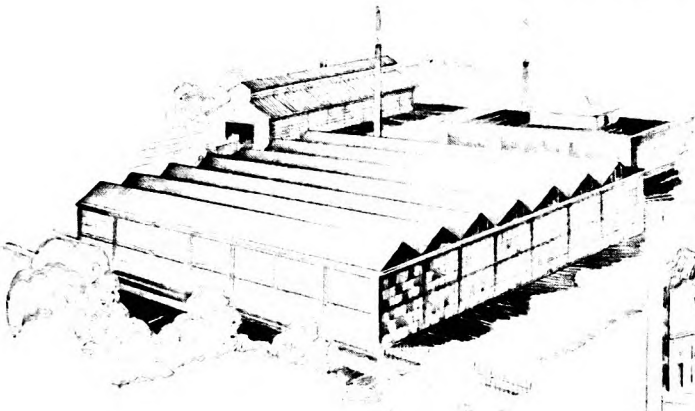

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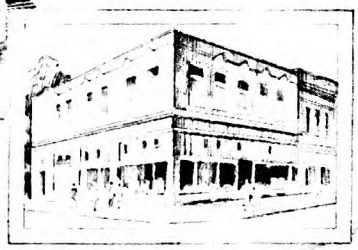

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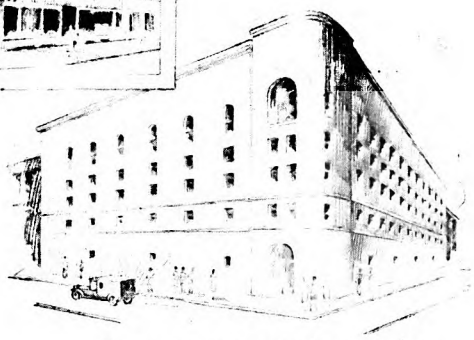

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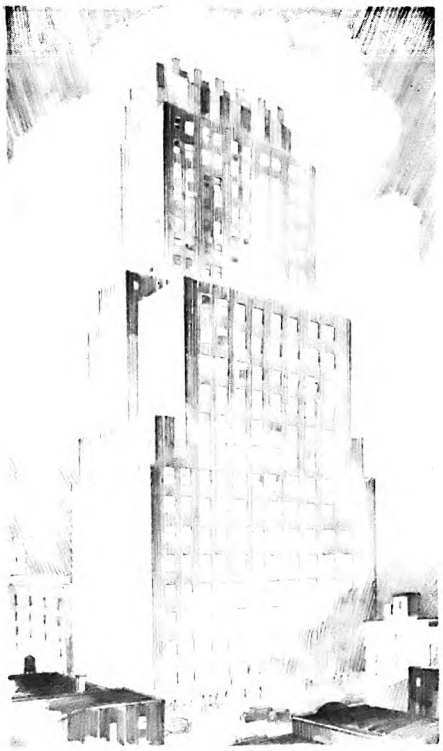

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pass here this summer an' be down on your Diamond by the time snow flies."

"Ahuh. So we heerd. But what's your idee aboot it?"

"Wal, Caleb, all things considered, it'll be good for the range. For no matter what folks say, cattle rustlin' is not a thing of the past. Two-bit stealin' of calves is what it really is. But rustlin' for all that. An' up this way, anyhow, it'll help."

Molly listened to everything, and she particularly wanted to learn more about the young Missouri tenderfoot. But to her disappointment, no more was said about the drift fence.

"Wal, we'll rustle off to bed," concluded See. "Mrs. Keech, I'll want to leave early in the mornin'."

MOLLY shared a cabin with Mrs. See. It was small and clean, and smelled fragrantly of dry pine. It had three windows, and that, to Molly, was an innovation. She vowed she would have one like it, where she could have light in the daytime and air at night. She was tired, but not sleepy. Perhaps the bed was too comfortable. Anyway, Molly lay wide awake in the dark, wondering what was going to happen to her.

When at last she fell asleep it seemed only a moment before she was rudely awakened. Mrs. See was up, dressing by lamplight. A gray darkness showed outside the open window, and the air that blew in on Molly was cold enough for early fall down on the West Fork.

But the great day was at hand. When she came out from breakfast, a clear, cold morning, with a rosy flush in the east, greeted her triumphantly, as if to impart that it had some magic in store.

Then they were off behind fresh horses and soon into the cedars. Before long they came to the open top of a ridge and Molly beheld a gray, dim, speckled world of range, so immense as to dwarf her sight. The scent from that vast gulf was intoxicating.

"What's the sweet smell?" she asked.

"Sage, you Cibeque Valley backwoods girl," replied Mrs. See. "Anyone would think you'd never been out of the timber."

"I haven't, much," laughed Molly. "Reckon I'd better be pretty careful up at Flag, Auntie See?"

"Shore you had. But what aboot?"

"Talkin'. I'm so ignorant," sighed Molly.

"You don't need to be dumb. You just think before you speak. You're such a pretty little mouse that it'll become you. I don't care for gabby girls, myself. An' I never seen a man who did, if he was in earnest."

Molly was silent enough for the next long stretch. She watched a sunrise that made her think how beautiful the world was and how little she had seen, hidden down there in the green brakes. From her own porch she could see the sun set in the great valley where the Diamond sheered abruptly down into the Cibeque, and nothing could have excelled that. But this open range took her breath.

Here was the cattle country—what Mr. See had called the free range and riders like her brother Arch and Seth Haverly regarded as their own. Was it not a shame to fence that magnificent rolling land of green? For a moment Molly understood what it meant to be a range rider, to have been "born on a horse." She sympathized with Arch and Seth. A barbed-wire fence, no matter how far away, spoiled the freedom of that cedared, grassy land.

"Wal, lass, thar's the smoke of Flag," said Mrs. See. "Way down in the corner. Long ways yet. But we're shore gettin' there."

Ten miles from Flagerstown Mr. See pointed to a distant ridgetop, across which a new fence strung, startlingly clear against the sky It gave Molly a pang.

"Traft's drift fence, I reckon," said See. "An' I'd almost rather have this a sheep range!"

For all her poor memory, Molly remembered Flagerstown—the black, timbered mountain above it, the sawmill with its pile of yellow lumber, the gray cottages on the outskirts, and at last the thrilling, long main street, with buildings that looked wonderful to her. Mr. See remarked with satisfaction that the time was not much past four o'clock. He drove straight down this busy thoroughfare. Molly was all eyes.

"Hyar we are," announced Mr. See, halting before a pretentious brick building. "This is the new hotel, Molly. Now, wife, make the best of our good trip in. Take Molly to the stores. I'll look after the horses, get our rooms, an' meet you hyar at six o'clock."

Three hours later, Molly, radiant and laden with bundles, tagged into the hotel behind Mrs. See, likewise laden, to be greeted vociferously by Mr. See.

"For the land's sake! Have you robbed a store or been to a fire?—An' hyar me waitin' for supper!"

"Caleb, it happens seldom in a lifetime," replied his beaming wife. "Help us pack this outfit to our rooms. Then we'll have supper."

MOLLY had a room of her own. She had never before even seen one like it. Loath to leave her precious purchases, she lingered until Mrs. See called her from the hall. The dining-room might have been only "fair to middlin'," as Mr. See put it, but it was the most sumptuous place Molly had ever entered. Sight of it, added to the excitement of the few hours' shopping, effectually robbed her of appetite, and she was glad to get back upstairs to the privacy of her room.

There she unpacked the numerous bundles and parcels, and laid out her newly acquired possessions upon the bed. How quickly her little hoard of money had vanished! Still, it had gone farther than she had anticipated. Mrs. See had been incredibly generous. A blue print dress, white dress with slippers and stockings to match, the prettiest little hat Molly had ever seen in her life, ribbons and gloves and what not—these had been the expansion of the good woman's promise.

But not only the pleasure of looking and buying had Molly to recall. She had met more people than she had ever met before. She had been asked to serve in one of the booths at the fair. One of the storekeepers had offered her a position as clerk in his dry-goods department. And altogether the summing up of this day left her staggered with happiness.

"Oh, dear," she said, "if it's true it will spoil me!" And she cried a little before she went to sleep.

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Another morning probed deeper into Molly's faculties for enjoyment and wonder. Mrs. See had relatives and friends in Flagerstown, and they made much of the girl. Not the least of that morning's interest was a look at Jim Traft, cattle king of the range. It was in the bank, to which Molly and Mrs. See had accompanied Mr. See.

"Thar's the old reprobate," whispered See to Molly. "Jim Traft, who's fencin' off West Fork from the range!"

Molly stared. She saw a big man in his shirt sleeves, with dusty top-boots. He had a shrewd, weather-beaten face, hard around the mouth and chin, but softened somewhat by bright blue eyes, that certainly did not miss Molly. If he had not been Jim Traft, it would have been quite possible to like him.

As they turned to go out, he hailed See.

"Hey, don't I know you?"

"Wal, I reckon I know you, Traft," returned See, not over-civilly. "I'm Caleb See."

"Shore. I never forget faces. You live down in the Cibeque. Glad to meet you again. If you're not in a hurry, I'd like to ask you some questions about your neck of the woods."

"Glad to accommodate you, Traft," returned See, and then he indicated his companions. "Meet my wife. . . . An' this is our little friend, Molly Dunn. Her first visit to Flag since she was a kid."

TRAFT shook hands with Mrs. See, and likewise with Molly. He was self-assured and genial, and his keen eyes approved of the girl.

"Wal, wal, I'm shore glad to meet you, young lady," he said. "Molly Dunn of the Cibeque. I think I used to know your father. An' this is your first visit to Flag in a long time?"

"Yes, sir. It seems a whole lifetime," she replied.

When Molly got outside again, she exclaimed breathlessly: "Oh, Mrs. See, he looked right through me! . . . I don't want his pity. . . . But I'm afraid the Dunns of the Cibeque have a bad name."

"Reckon they have, Molly dear," rejoined Mrs. See practically. "But so far as you are concerned, it can be lived down."

"But, Mrs. See—I'd have to stick to Dad an' Arch," said Molly, suddenly confronted with a lamentable fact.

"Shore. In a way you've got to. I wouldn't think much of anyone who couldn't stand by her own kin."

Not until afternoon, on the ride out to the fair grounds, did Molly quite forget Jim Traft's look and the ignominy of the Dunns. But once arrived there, she quite lost her own identity. This girl in blue at whom everybody stared was some other person. Crowds of people, girls in gay apparel, cowboys in full regalia, Indians in picturesque attire, horses, horses, horses, and prize cattle, and every kind of vehicle Molly had ever heard of, appeared to move before her eyes.

Quite by magic, it seemed, she found herself separated from the smiling Mrs. See and conducted to a gayly decorated booth. There she was introduced to a girl a little older than herself, with whom she was to share the fascinating work of serving the public with sandwiches and coffee. Fortunately for Molly, her partner was nice and friendly, and certainly gave no indication that she had ever heard of the Dunns of West Fork.

Under her amiable instructions, Molly, who was nothing if not expert at waiting at table, acquitted herself creditably. But she could not get used to the marvelous gown she had on, and was in a panic for fear she might get a stain upon it. She did not, however, have so much work that she could not see what was going on; and presently she was having a perfectly wonderful time.

Once she served three cowboys. They were hardly a new species to Molly. Nevertheless, she had never seen such brilliant scarfs and fancy belts. She noticed, too, that these young men, like Arch and Seth, packed guns in their belts, a custom she had hardly expected would be followed at a fair. One of them made eyes at her.

After a while they came back, when Molly's partner had left, and if ever Molly had seen the devil in the eyes of a youth, she saw it in the gaze of one of these boys. Still, he was not bad looking and she could not help liking him.

"Miss—Miss—what'd you say your name was?" he asked, as he straddled the bench before the counter.

"I didn't say," replied Molly.

"Oh, *ex*-cuse me. My mistake," he returned, crestfallen at the subdued glee of his comrades. "Have you any pop?"

"No," replied Molly. "Only coffee an' sandwiches an' cake."

"Cake? Well, give us cake an' coffee," ordered the cowboy.

She served them swiftly and discreetly, deftly avoiding the bold hand that sought to include her fingers as it took the cup she passed.

"Do you live here?" he asked presently.

"You know quite well I'm a stranger in Flag, else you wouldn't be so impertinent," returned Molly severely.

"Aw!" He subsided, with that exclamation. And his comrades proceeded to enjoy themselves at his expense. Molly's keen ears lost nothing of the banter. Evidently, the bold one enjoyed something of a reputation as a lady killer and had at last met defeat. Presently, as he could not get Molly to notice him, he threw some silver on the counter and said loftily, "Keep the change, Little Snowflake." Then he strode away, and after a few moments the others followed.

FROM this time on Molly was kept busy, and only gradually did it dawn upon her that the string of cowboys who kept coming and going, did so for the no very obvious purpose of getting a look at her. More than once she heard the name Snowflake. Still, none of them were rude. Manifestly, they had taken her for a guest of some prominent family in town, and a lady of quality. Molly enjoyed it hugely though she had more than one melancholy reservation that it might have been different if they had guessed she was only one of the Dunns of the Cibeque.

Soon she was relieved by the young lady, Miss Price, who shared the booth with her.

"You've got the boys guessing," said this smiling worthy. "They've nagged me to death. I don't know them all, though. Just keep it up."

"I—I didn't do anythin' but wait on them," gasped Molly.

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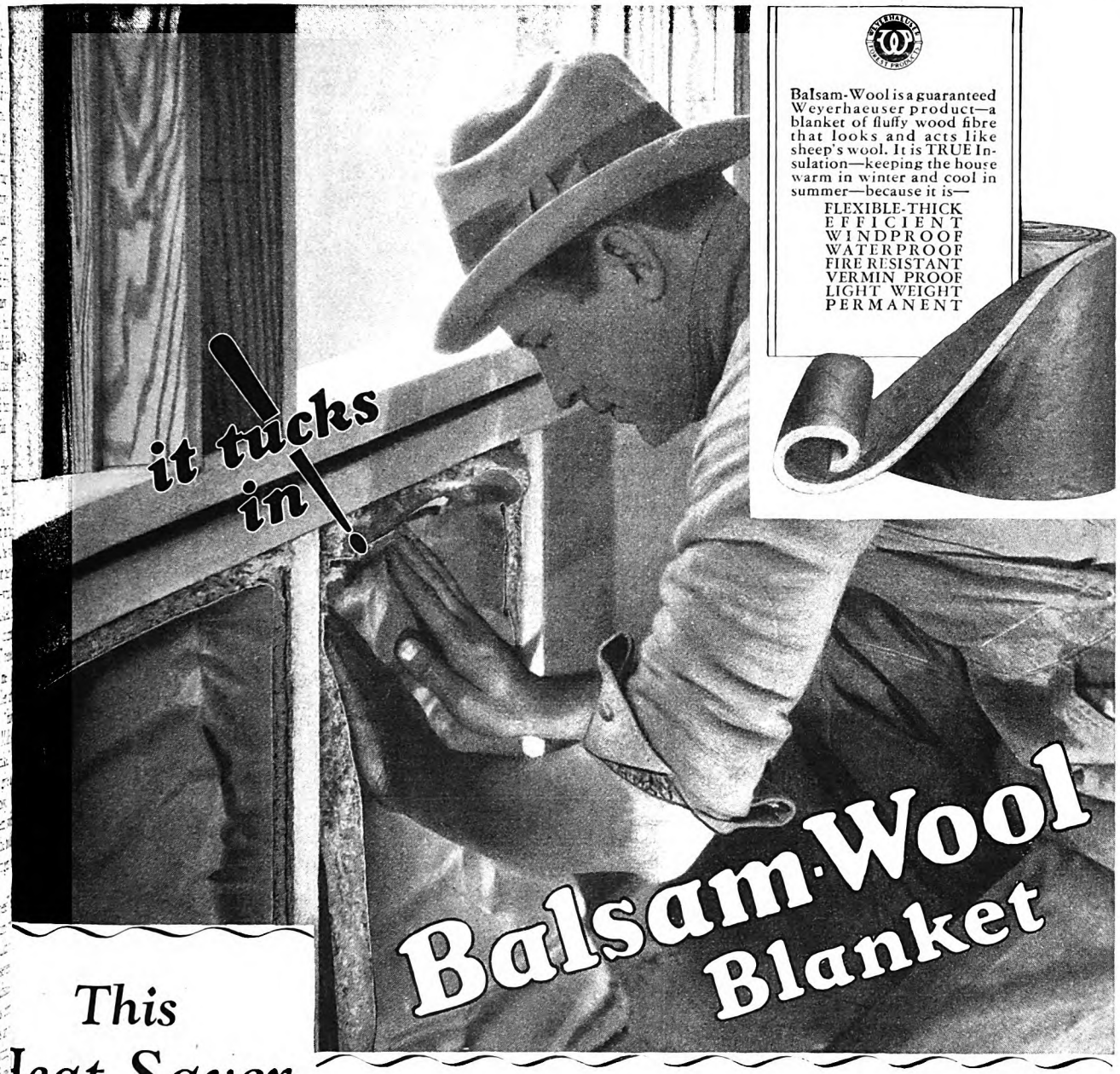

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"That's it. Guess they think you're cold, when you're only shy," went on Miss Price. "But you can have a heap of fun. Keep on freezing them. Tomorrow night you'll have the time of your life."

"Tomorrow night?" faltered Molly.

"Sure. Big dance after the *rodeo*. Didn't my mother tell you? Anyway, you're going with us."

"I—I hadn't heard. It's terrible kind of you. But I really couldn't go. I'm such a stranger. An' if they—they think—"

"You dear kid! You are going. Mrs. See promised Mother."

IT WAS Saturday afternoon and the *rodeo* had just begun, which accounted for the deserted appearance of the adjacent grounds. Molly had remained at her booth longer than was really necessary. Mrs. See would be waiting for her at the stand. She was about to leave when she saw that she was to have another customer.

A young man, in overalls and heavy boots, got off a dusty horse and approached the booth. He asked for something to eat and drink. Apparently he took no notice of Molly. His face wore a troubled look.

Of all the young men Molly had waited upon in two days this was the first one who had not looked at her twice, and the only one who had not appeared gay or bold or pleasant. Molly felt a little pique and more than a little curiosity.

He might have been twenty-two or-three years old and evidently was not a cowboy. Molly judged that he would have been fair-skinned if he had not been so sunburned. Presently he laid his sombrero on the counter, disclosing light, wavy hair and a broad brow marred by deep furrows.

He slowly drank the last of his coffee and, looking up, met Molly's glance. Then she knew he had not seen her before. He had gray eyes full of shadows.

"What'd you do if you were just about licked?" he queried suddenly.

"Sir?" exclaimed Molly.

He repeated the question, this time more deliberately, as if now he weighed it.

"I—I'd get up an' fight some more," declared Molly, surprised into genuine sincerity.

He smiled. "You would! Suppose then you got licked sure?"

"It wouldn't make no difference," replied Molly, at last forgetting to watch her speech. And she smiled back at him.

He saw her really then as a girl. Leaning his elbows on the counter, he regarded her with interest verging upon admiration.

"Very well. I'll take your hunch. I'll not quit. If they lick me—I should say, *when* they lick me, I'll get up and fight some more!"

His words were severe, his purpose almost grim, yet Molly realized that the best compliment she had ever received was being paid her.

"I never saw you before," he went on.

"That isn't my fault," replied Molly demurely, with level gaze on him. What a nice face he had!

"But you don't live in Flag," he protested.

"No, indeed."

"Where then?"

"I'm from the Cibeque."

"Cibeque. Is that a town or a ranch or what?"

"It's a valley."

"Never heard of it. How far?"

"Two days' ride."

"Just here on a visit?" continued the young man, and it was manifest that every word carried him farther into interest.

"Yes. We leave in the mawnin'," said Molly, and sighed. Would she ever come back to Flagerstown? And, if so, could it ever be so wonderful?

"That's a long while yet," he returned, and smiled again, with a meaning which made Molly's heart jump. "I haven't heard, but of course there'll be a dance tonight. And you'll be going?"

Molly nodded. She had begun to be conscious of confusing sensations.

"I'll bet every blame' cowboy at this *rodeo* has a dance with you," he declared.

"Not quite."

He gave her a long gaze, that began in doubt and ended with trust. Molly felt that he knew every last thing in the world about her, and she wanted the earth to open and swallow her.

"I don't care for these town dances," he said. "But I'm going to this one—if it's true you're not engaged for every dance."

"To tell the truth I—I haven't one single dance yet," she replied.

"Well! Then your best fellow isn't here?"

"He doesn't happen to exist," said Molly wistfully. Like all the others, he had taken her for somebody, and if he knew she was only Molly Dunn of West Fork, he would not be so nice.

"Listen. This is a serious matter," he rejoined gravely. "Young ladies aren't always to be believed."

"I wouldn't lie to anyone," retorted Molly.

"Honest? You haven't a best fellow?"

"I haven't *any* fellow," replied Molly, blushing rosily. "I'm only seventeen. Did you think me as old as Methuselah?"

"Your age hadn't occurred to me. But I'd have taken you for nineteen, anyhow. It really doesn't matter. . . . Will you dance with me tonight?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"I—I don't know about that. You see, I'm not used to city dances."

"Oh, it'd be quite proper, if that worries you. You see *I* might be taken for your best fellow. I'd sure like that. . . Would you?"

"It'd not be terribly disagreeable to me," said Molly archly, and after a roguish glance, she looked away.

But his response to that was different from what she might have expected. "Thank you," he rejoined, and stood up, with his gray eyes alight. "Save some dances for me. Good-by, Miss Cibeque."

HE STRODE away and led his horse in the direction of the corrals. Molly stood there tingling, to be disturbed by the arrival of Mrs. See.

"I had one last customer," said Molly, as if apologizing for the delay.

"Child, everythin' closed at one. The *rodeo* is on," returned Mrs. See. "Hurry now, but don't forget the cash. We'll turn that over to Mrs. Price. . . . You've been a success, Molly. An' I'm tickled."

They hurried into the crowded stand, where someone had kept seats for them; and straightway Molly became absorbed in her first *rodeo*. After that, time meant nothing. The horse races left her weak and her voice quite husky, for she yelled in unison with everybody else present.

Then came exhibition trick riding by experts of the range. Molly could ride a horse herself and she knew what good horsemanship included, but this riding went far beyond anything she could have imagined.

The roping of calves was not new to her, though she had never believed such swift time possible. The roping of two-year-olds was a sterner game. After that came the riding of bucking bronchos. In any horse country there are bound to be some mean horses, and Molly imagined she had seen a few. But she had not even known what a mean horse was like. There was a black devil of a mustang with rolling white eyes that simply made the cold chills run over her. Buck! He went six feet into the air, doubled up, and came down stiff-legged. And he threw three successive riders.

Yet how these lean, supple, round-limbed, small-hipped cowboys could ride! They stuck on like burrs. But it was dangerous sport. Many were thrown. And when that whirling, dusty, snorting, and yelling mêlée ended, it was none too soon for Molly.

"Bulldoggin' steers next," announced Mr. See, consulting his program.

"Goodness! Do they chase them with bulldogs?" ejaculated Molly, in amaze.

See laughed heartily. "Wal, thet's a good one."

"Caleb, this is Molly's first *rodeo*," reproved his wife, though it was plain the girl's remark had tickled her.

MOLLY was soon to learn more. A wicked, wide-horned steer was let loose, and a cowboy, superbly mounted, came tearing down the field, to drive the steer furiously, catch up with it, and then to dive out of his saddle. He alighted on the neck of the steer and, swinging down by the horns, he tumbled it head over heels and rolled over with it. Molly screamed. But the cowboy came out of the dust unhurt, and victorious, for there he sat on the head of the steer, holding it down. Fortunately, none of the riders were seriously hurt during this most perilous test of horsemanship and hardihood. And the rest of the program allowed Molly to recover.

"Wal, lass, an' how'd you like it?" asked Mr. See.

"I've had the most wonderful time in all my life," dreamily replied Molly.

"With the best yet to come," added Mrs. See. "This is all very well for the men, but it's the dance where a girl shines."

With that remark there came flashing back to Molly the strange thoughts and sensations roused by her last customer at the booth. What would Mrs. See and Mrs. Price think of her if they knew she had promised dances to a stranger who had not even told her his name? The omission had not occurred to Molly until just then.

All during her service at the booth she had been most careful of her tongue, and then the very last young man had made

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her forget herself and what was due her hostesses. Molly could not understand it. He had sort of carried her away. Still, he had not been bold like some of the cowboys or flirtatious like others. At least she did not think so. But then she might have been wrong. The trouble was he had surprised her into liking him. No doubt of that! Molly burned within and without. And she was ashamed and shocked to confess it. What had good Mrs. See brought upon her?

This perturbing state of mind got sidetracked at the hotel. Molly was thrown in contact with women whom the Sees knew, and at dinner they sat with friends, so she was not able to think for herself until she got to her room. There, anticipation and delight assailed her again, into which crept a dread of she knew not what.

Then she spread the white gown and accessories out on the bed, to revel in them and forget the proximity of catastrophe. The following hour was one of exultation and dismay combined. She fixed her hair this way and that, never satisfied. It was an apparition which stared wide-eyed at her from the mirror. Who was this girl? Her arms and shoulders were bare. She could not get over the feeling of being still undressed.

When Mrs. See came in, to exclaim in raptures over her, Molly's last vestige of sense went into eclipse. She needed to be scolded and reminded that she was only Molly Dunn of the Cibeque, instead of being lauded to the skies and told that not one of the society girls at St. Louis, where Mrs. See had once been, could hold a candle to her.

"Upon your haid be it!" murmured Molly tragically.

AND so they went out to the dance, which was held in the town hall, a few blocks from the hotel. They walked, and the girl trod on air. Inside the hall there was a goodly assembly, among whom were Mrs. Price, her daughter Ellen, and an awkward son about Molly's age. They at once appropriated Molly, and this, perhaps, was the time of greatest strain for her. It was hardly necessary for her to remember Mrs. See's injunctions. She scarcely had a voice at all. Fortunately, she was too little and dainty to be clumsy, and shyness only added to her charm.

There was a good deal of standing around, talking, and waiting, with introductions in order, while slowly the hall filled comfortably. Then the music began, and it was not a fiddle sawed by a backwoodsman, but real music, and Molly could have danced in leaden boots.

Waltzes and square dances, with the former in large proportion, were to be the program. Everywhere Molly turned she met smiles and admiring glances. They bewildered her. Yet she was keen to note that this was no wild, continuous stamping, log-cabin dance. Hilarity prevailed, but not boisterousness. She wondered whether there would be any drinking and fights. A dance without these would be new to Molly.

It was after the fourth dance, when she was standing with a group near the entrance of the hall, that she saw *him*. She felt herself tremble. He wore black and looked tall and slim. His eager eyes, dark with excitement, swept the hall. Molly knew what they were searching for. She had never wanted anything so badly as for him to see her, yet she was afraid. He did see her. His smile and bow came before he had time to look her over. Then Molly's cup grew perilously full.

The music burst forth again and another partner claimed her. But even in the whirling throng she did not lose sight of this young man to whom she had promised dances. Now and then as she turned she saw him leaning against the wall. Met his eager glance! It followed her everywhere. He did not dance. He did not mingle with the crowd. During the next intermission she saw that he was noticed by girls, who whispered to each other, and by cowboys who gave him rather contemptuous looks. Both actions struck Molly as singular.

AT THE end of the next number, which Molly had with young Price, she professed to be a little tired and wanted to sit down.

"Shall I take you across to Mother?" asked young Price.

"No, thanks. I'll wait here for my next partner," replied Molly graciously.

"Excuse me, then," he returned, and left her.

Molly hoped her stranger would be quick. But she had scarcely prepared herself for his sudden arrival.

"Is this mine?" he asked, bending over her eagerly.

"Yes," murmured Molly, rising.

Then he whirled her into the throng. His presence did not quite make her oblivious of his strong arm, his light step, his perfect time.

"I was afraid you'd forgotten me," he said, pressing her hand.

"Don't talk," returned Molly.

He laughed and obeyed her. Molly's head came about to his shoulder and she just escaped contact with it. Not that she wished to! She felt that her face must be burning and she would have liked to hide it there. She did not seem to be making any effort to dance. Yet she was whirling, swaying, gliding around among dancers who looked vague and dim. All the threatened feelings accumulated during the last two days took possession of her now.

The music ceased when they were at the farther end of the hall.

"Come. Let's get out before some of them grab you," he said. "I must talk to you."

He led her out through a corridor to a long porch, high up over a garden. It appeared deserted and shadowy. There was moonlight at the corner and just at the edge of it a bench. He found a seat for her there.

"You look perfectly lovely," he said, expelling a deep breath, as if in relief. "I just didn't know you."

"You—you don't know me anyhow," returned Molly.

"Nor you me. But at first I thought you did. It sure was jolly. To think I almost didn't ride to town!"

"That would have been terrible, wouldn't it?" murmured Molly.

"It sure would. But I don't want to tell you about myself, now. I want to talk about you."

"An' I'd rather not!"

"Aren't we mysterious?" He took her hand and held it.

Molly did not have the desire to withdraw it, nor the strength. But she managed to look up. How pale and eager he was! His eyes devoured her. And his face wore an ecstatic smile.

"All's fair in love and war," he said. "And I rustled you away from *them*," he indicated the distant dance hall by an eloquent gesture, "to have a minute with you alone."

Molly's presagement that something was going to happen to her was near its fulfillment.

"There's a strange thing about you—a lack I can't understand," he went on.

"What—do you mean?" faltered Molly. Had he found her out already?

"Oh, it's the most wonderful thing for me. I mean about the—the lack of that best fellow you said you didn't have. How does it happen? Have you a fierce father or brother?"

"I certainly have. Both!" replied Molly, with a little laugh. She was sure of her ground here.

"Then that accounts. I'm glad. I was afraid of something else. . . . Very well, I make application for the vacant place."

"Place?" echoed Molly weakly.

"Yes. I most earnestly apply for the job of being your best fellow."

"Oh, you—you cain't be serious!"

"Serious? I'm afraid it is," he said, running a hand through his hair. "You don't know me. And I haven't any recommendations. But I'd like you to take me on without these."

"It isn't customary," returned Molly, trying to be light when she feared he might hear the outrageous beating of her heart.

"I know that. But I've a weakness to be trusted with responsibility. If I hadn't, I'd never gotten into the trouble I'm bucking now. . . . You'll have to take me on faith—or not at all."

"But doesn't it—it apply to me—that way?" asked Molly tremulously.

"No. I'm a man. And you're a girl."

"Yes. I'm beginnin' to find that out."

He laughed, as if her reply was encouragement, and possessed himself of her other hand. Then undoubtedly he began to draw her a little toward him, but to do him justice, Molly imagined he did not realize it. She did, however, to the imminent danger of reserve and self-control.

"I would take you as my best girl—my *only* girl, I should say, without one single thing besides your 'Yes.'"

MOLLY felt irresistibly drawn to the edge of an abyss. Here was a situation quite beyond even her dreams.

"You're—you're—" She did not know just what he was, besides being very careless and foolish. He had her almost leaning on his shoulder now. She had not made the slightest resistance. She was as unstable as water. Still, she tried to think, in spite of his nearness and his dawning emotions. "If I said—'Yes' an'—an' afterwards you went back on me!"

"Good heavens! . . . Little girl, you had better say 'Yes' pretty quick or I'll—"

He choked at the end of that passionate utterance. Molly knew what he meant. For the moment it paralyzed her. And then it was too late. He had her in his arms—tight against his breast. She closed her eyes. She did not realize her state

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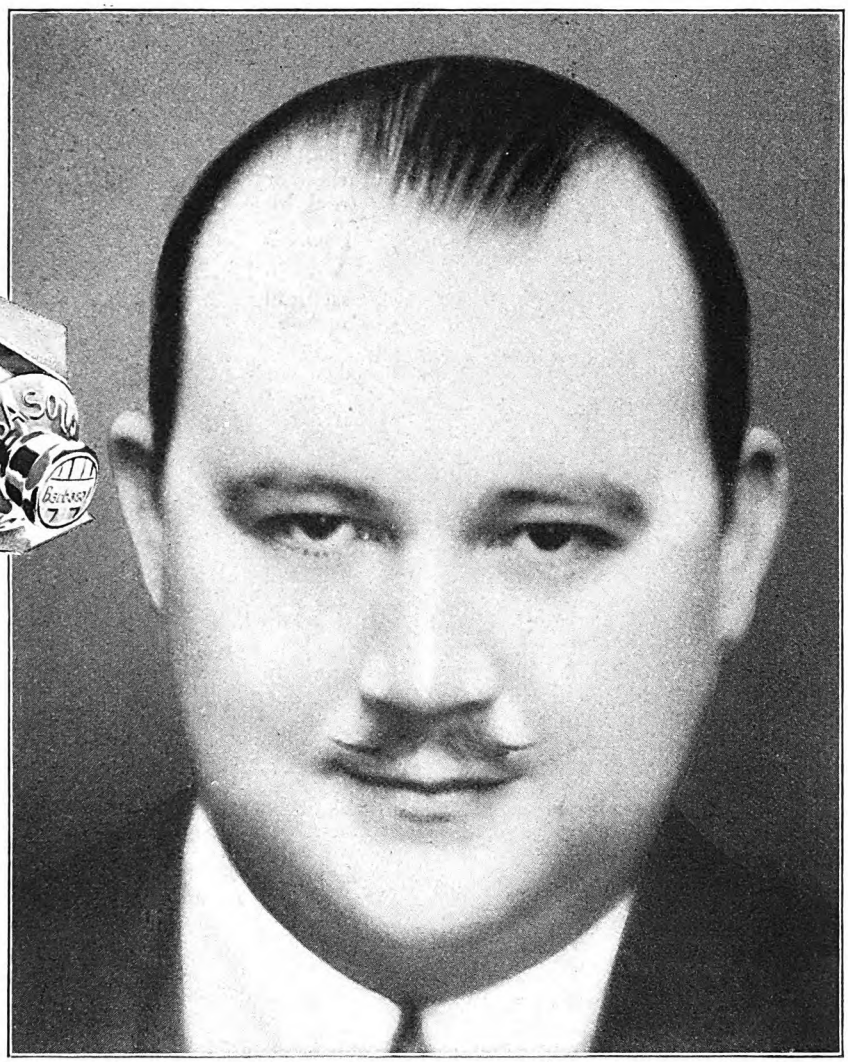

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beyond the exquisite contrast to what her backwoods admirers had aroused in her. And suddenly that thought ended in a singular revulsion. She stiffened. She repulsed him with a stinging slap which, blindly delivered, struck him across the lips.

He uttered an inarticulate cry of surprise and regret. His hand went to his mouth, and then he applied a handkerchief there. The force of the blow had cut his lip.

"I apologize," he said constrainedly. "Sure lost my head—but I didn't mean to insult you."

MOLLY, with an impulse as unaccountable as the other, placed a tender, trembling hand on his lips. "I—I'm sorry," she whispered wildly. "I didn't mean that—at all." And she followed the touch of her hand with a shy, swift kiss. Then she gasped at her utter effrontery.

"Well!—You make sweet amends," he said haltingly, as if she were beyond him. "By that did you mean 'Yes'?"

Molly dropped her head and covered her face with her hands. The tight, hot constriction in her breast eased its grip.

"I don't know what I meant, only it wasn't 'Yes.'"

"In that case you'd better explain."

Molly looked up, impelled by his tone. His eyes burned doubtfully down upon her. His face shone pale in the moonlight.

"I—I'm dishonest," she burst out. "I've slapped boys before when they—took liberties with me. I liked them, I suppose, but I didn't want them kissin' me. . . . I really gave in to you. . . . Only I wasn't fair. I wasn't honest. I hit you because I—I wanted you to keep on believin' I was what all these people thought. . . . They've made me act a lie. Me—in these pretty clothes! But, oh, I couldn't help it. I was afraid all the time. I *knew* somethin' terrible would happen."

"You wanted me to believe you were what?" he asked sharply, bending over her.

"Like Miss Price an' her friends."

"I think they might do well by being more like you," he returned. "I asked to be your best fellow. I sure never asked it of any of them."

"But you don't know me!" cried Molly, distracted.

"I can see and think, can't I? You're the sweetest, loveliest little girl I ever met!"

Molly was brutally torn between the ecstasy of that and the mercilessness of her honesty.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," she replied bitterly.

"You poor kid! . . . There's something queer here, but I swear it's not in you. I'm taking your kiss for 'Yes.' Heavens, what else could a kiss mean?"

"No, no. It meant nothin'," said Molly.

"Are your kisses so common, then?"

"You're the first man I *ever* kissed," she flashed at him.

"I'm very proud of that. Well, then, what else could it mean except 'Yes'?"

"I was beside myself. I told you. . . . I was ashamed—sick because I hit you. But I wasn't dishonest when I kissed you."

"You said you wanted me to think you like Miss Price and her friends. That puzzles me. I do think they can't compare with you."

"But you're only fooled," she said despairingly.

"By what?"

"I don't know. This pretty dress, an' the place—an' everythin'."

"Why, it wouldn't make any difference to me what you wore or where you were," he protested tenderly.

"Oh, yes, it would!"

"But, you child, didn't I fall in love with you at the booth?"

This protestation was almost too beautiful and poignant for Molly to bear. It came in the nature of a revelation of her own beset state. In another instant she knew she would surrender and fall into his arms.

"But you don't know who I am!"

"You're my sweetheart!" he returned.

Molly suffered during one instant of glorious exaltation.

"I am Molly Dunn, of the Cibeque," she said.

"Molly Dunn. What a pretty name! . . . Cibeque? Oh, that's the valley you told me about."

"Yes. They call it the brakes of the Cibeque."

"Dunn. I've heard that name, too. Oh, yes, I got into an argument with a fellow named Dunn. Slinger Dunn, they called him. He's a desperado. Wonderful-looking chap. They call him 'Slinger' because of his habit of throwing a gun. He has killed several men. The sheriff here is scared to death of him. I happened to cross his trail, unfortunately, and gave him a piece of my mind. If I ever saw lightning in a man's eyes, I saw it then. Whew! . . . Well, his companion, as tough a looking fellow as he was, dragged him away. Saved me a scare if not more."

"His right name is Arch," replied Molly, and rose to her feet.

"Of course, living around here you'd have heard of him. It must be unpleasant to have a criminal like that roaming around with the name of Dunn. People might think he is related to you."

"He is!"

THE young man rose slowly, in consternation, and made an appealing gesture.

"Impossible, Miss Dunn. . . . Perhaps a very distant relation?"

"He is my brother."

"Good Heavens! Your brother? You lovely, dainty, sweet little lady! . . . Why, I saw him again, drunk and dirty, hobnobbing with Mexicans and Indians. If he's a—one of your family, he surely must be an outcast."

"No. He was home the day I left to come here."

Her companion appeared suddenly staggered, not only by the truth, but by the nature of his transgression.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he began hurriedly. "I've hurt you. I never dreamed—please forgive me. . . . After all, it was natural enough. Another of my tenderfoot blunders! But who would ever think that you—"

"Ah! Now you've said it," she interrupted passionately.

"Miss Dunn, I was only going to say, 'Who would ever think a wonderful girl like you could have such a brother?' Well, it makes no difference to me, I assure you of that," he said bravely, making a fine effort to keep under restraint. He was regarding her fearfully, and again he had turned pale.

The bitterness of reality had steeled Molly, yet she shook inwardly as he stood there, erect and earnest, doing her honor.

"Yet it does, or you couldn't have talked so," she replied, shaking her head.

"I say it doesn't," he retorted. "And I certainly shall hold you to your word."

"Word? I didn't give any."

"You kissed me. Of your own sweet will! You can't get over that."

"No, I cain't. . . . But it wasn't a promise."

"It certainly was. More than a promise. Unless you lied to me."

"Lie! I wouldn't lie to you," she declared.

"Then I hold you to it. . . . Come, let's forget the—the thing. You see, Molly, we fell in love before we got acquainted. Didn't we?"

"I didn't say we—I fell in love," returned the girl, pondering over the significance of the words.

"Not in words—yet!"

AGAIN Molly felt the imminence of a precipice. She could not resist this young man, stranger though he was, and presently she would not care to try.

"I kissed you because I wanted to be square," she said. "With myself, same as with you. I sure wasn't when I hit you. That's all."

"How can you say that? Kissing me proved your honesty. And for such a girl as I hold you to be, a kiss means a good deal. It just about means everything."

Molly was mournfully becoming cognizant of that very fact. Desperately she cried out again that she was only Molly Dunn of the Cibeque.

At this, he seized her in his arms, masterfully, yet guardedly.

"Stop harping on that," he demanded. "What do I care who you are? You might be Sally Jones of the Missouri. I don't care any more than you'd care if my name was Bud Applegate instead of Jim Traft."

"Instead—of—what?" faltered Molly, slipping out of his arms.

"Why, James Traft. Jim, for short."

"Traft? But that's the name of—of the cattle king!"

"Sure. I'm his nephew. My dad is his brother. I was named after Uncle Jim."

"You're the new foreman of the Traft outfit?"

"Yes, I am," he replied, nettled. "That's the very question your brother asked me. Only he was insulting and you're—well, I don't care to have you ridicule me. The idea of my being a foreman seems to stick in the craw of these westerners. Why not? I'm no nincompoop."

"You're the fellow who's buildin' the drift fence?"

"Yes—I am," he replied unsteadily.

"Did you know that fence is a slap in the face to every person down in the Cibeque?"

"No, I didn't. Uncle Jim said it would rile a lot of no-good homesteaders."

"I'm the daughter of one of them. An' sister to another," rejoined Molly, in tragic finality, and with a flash of eyes she left him there.

(*To be continued*)

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I Wish I'd Never Seen a College Campus

THE other day I conducted my high-school class to our weekly Assembly. Our speaker for the day, a successful business man, spoke of the Advantages of a Higher Education. He had never been to college himself. Therefore, he urged every student before him to get a college education, even if he had to work his way through.

It took me back to the days when I, too, was a student in high school—because I used so often to listen to such advice, given by men just about as well qualified to give it as this one.

I was young, ambitious, and credulous. I believed every word that the people who had never been to college told me about what college meant. I was interested in my studies, and good at them. But my family had only enough money to get along on and no more.

When I was ready to graduate from high school, I was told I had won a cash scholarship to the state university. This scholarship, based on my marks for four years, amounted to $100 a year for every year of college.

There was a man of some means in my town who was interested in deserving students. My teachers saw him, and arranged to have him lend me the money for my tuition.

I was transported with joy. I borrowed the tuition, $150 a term for eight terms at 5% interest. I was not at all afraid to mortgage my future. My college education would soon more than pay for itself. I was encouraged to believe that this was so.

THERE were about 5,000 students, both girls and boys, attending the university. As many of them were also working their way, I arrived several days before the opening, to be sure to get a job. The woman in charge of working students sent me to a professor's house, where, in exchange for my room, I was to wash dishes, wash and iron the children's clothes, do some of the cleaning, and stay with the children in the evening when the professor and his wife wished to go out.

I also got the job of cashier in a cafeteria catering to students. I worked three hours a day there—an hour and a half each at lunch and dinner. For this I received 30 cts. an hour, or 90 cts. a day. My lunch and dinner I ate at the cafeteria, charging them against my 90 cts. I usually managed to save enough to pay for the next day's breakfast. If a reckless ice-cream-and-cake mood overcame me, I did without breakfast.

That took care of board and room, and I still had $100. But it's amazing what registration and laboratory fees, books, paper, and a winter coat will make $100 look like. To make pocket money and carfare, I arranged to work nights in the cafeteria—it stayed open until twelve to serve pie and coffee and sandwiches. Of course, I could do this only when the professor and his wife stayed at home.

I arranged my classes to fit in with my working schedule. I got most of the courses I wanted. But if classes interfered with work—the classes were out.

I made few friends—I wouldn't have had time for any. I had to get studying tucked into my schedule somewhere. I was in college on borrowed money and a scholarship. I had to make good. And I was too tired to go to freshman meetings and song rallies in the evening.

That summer I worked as a clerk in a bank, at $9 a week. I lived at home and was able to save some of this money. It gave me a start on the next year, which went along in much the same way, except that I took a job as waitress in a girls' dormitory instead of a cafeteria job. I waited on tables for all three meals—about an hour's work at each meal—and washed and polished the silver. For this, I received my meals.

THE third year the professor and his wife moved away unexpectedly, and I was unable to get a place to work in pay for my room. This was very serious indeed. But the Dean of Women arranged a loan from the university—$200—to pay my year's rent. This loan was also at 5% interest.

My last year I waited on table in a tea-room, washed dishes in a cafeteria, and took care of children for professors' wives. I finished creditably, though not brilliantly. I was worn out, nervously and physically. I had spent four years of my life in study interspersed with the hardest kind of menial tasks. I had had to work when those about me seemed utterly gay and care-free. I had to do without every pleasure and small luxury in the years when those things are most important.

In return for all this, I had a little book-learning—which I could have got at home. And I had a diploma which entitled me to teach German at the munificent sum of $21.50 a week. And I had a debt of $1,400 to which was accruing interest at 5%. For three years I have been slaving over that debt.

Suppose I had put as much work into business? With intelligence, I would certainly be making more money—after seven years. I would not have a load of debt—that much money is a load to one who makes only $21.50 a week. And I'd be in much better physical condition than I am now.

I wish some of the people who urge youngsters to work their way through college would take a try at it themselves. And I wish that parents, before they urge their children on to such a sacrifice of precious time and strength, would consider the desires, capacities, and temperaments of the children. A real problem in every family is to select those who should go to college, and those who should not go. In my case, that scholarship should have been chucked into the river. A six months' business course was what I needed.

D. L. M.

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Magazine

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1929

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May, 1929

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK'S

Dramatic Statement of America's

Biggest Problem

DRAWN BY HARRY CIMINO

'e are not tempted where we are eak, but where we are strong

Ve commonly deceive ourselves supposing that we are tempted ere we are weak," declares Dr. sdick. "The fact is that tempta- n swirls around power, and, in nsequence, the more strength we ve, the more we are tempted.

'I have before me a letter from a dent. 'This week,' she says, 'has n sensational in the extreme— ling last night with an orgy so bad t I am a wreck today. . . . It's tearing along on a toboggan, ting up more speed every mo- nt, not knowing if you can ever . . .

A generation which must handle e power than any generation got within reaching distance of e has no business to run wild in aimless license."

THE gist of the problem can be briefly stated: America faces the responsibility of handling more power than ever before was entrusted to any nation. Here in Europe, where this article is being written, this fact stares the traveler in the face. The very taxes which these people pay are in considerable proportion headed ultimately for America, to discharge debts, and the way daily life and business are conducted stands in clear contrast with the more ambitious scale on which we operate.

This fact is not a proper cause of boastfulness; it presents, rather, a serious problem. One who travels widely must observe that there are two kinds of disaster in the world; one comes from the suffering of destitution, the other from the misuse of power. In the tents of the Adwan Arabs I have been served by chattel slaves who counted slavery a godsend and voluntarily surrendered themselves to it because at least it enabled them to keep soul and body together. In that whipped and beaten land, where a succulent weed is a gift from heaven, destitution is so habitual that enough to eat is the great desideratum. Arabian pictures of heaven seem to Western minds sensual and gluttonous, but one can sympathetically understand their source. Just as arctic explorers, after a few months in the niggardly North, dream night after night about eating the viands that they relish at home, so these starved souls and bodies of the desert dream of heaven in terms of beds and banquets.

WHEN one comes home from Arabia to America, one feels acutely how different our problem is—not want, but plenty; not poverty, but power. Disaster, however, has not on that account been necessarily avoided. History shows clearly that power is dynamite. It is not the weak nations alone that have gone to pieces. Sometimes, like the Arabs, they have amazingly persisted and have produced spiritual consequences, such as Islam, that have shaped and shape still the story of a large part of humankind. The course of history is strewn with the wrecks of great empires which blew themselves

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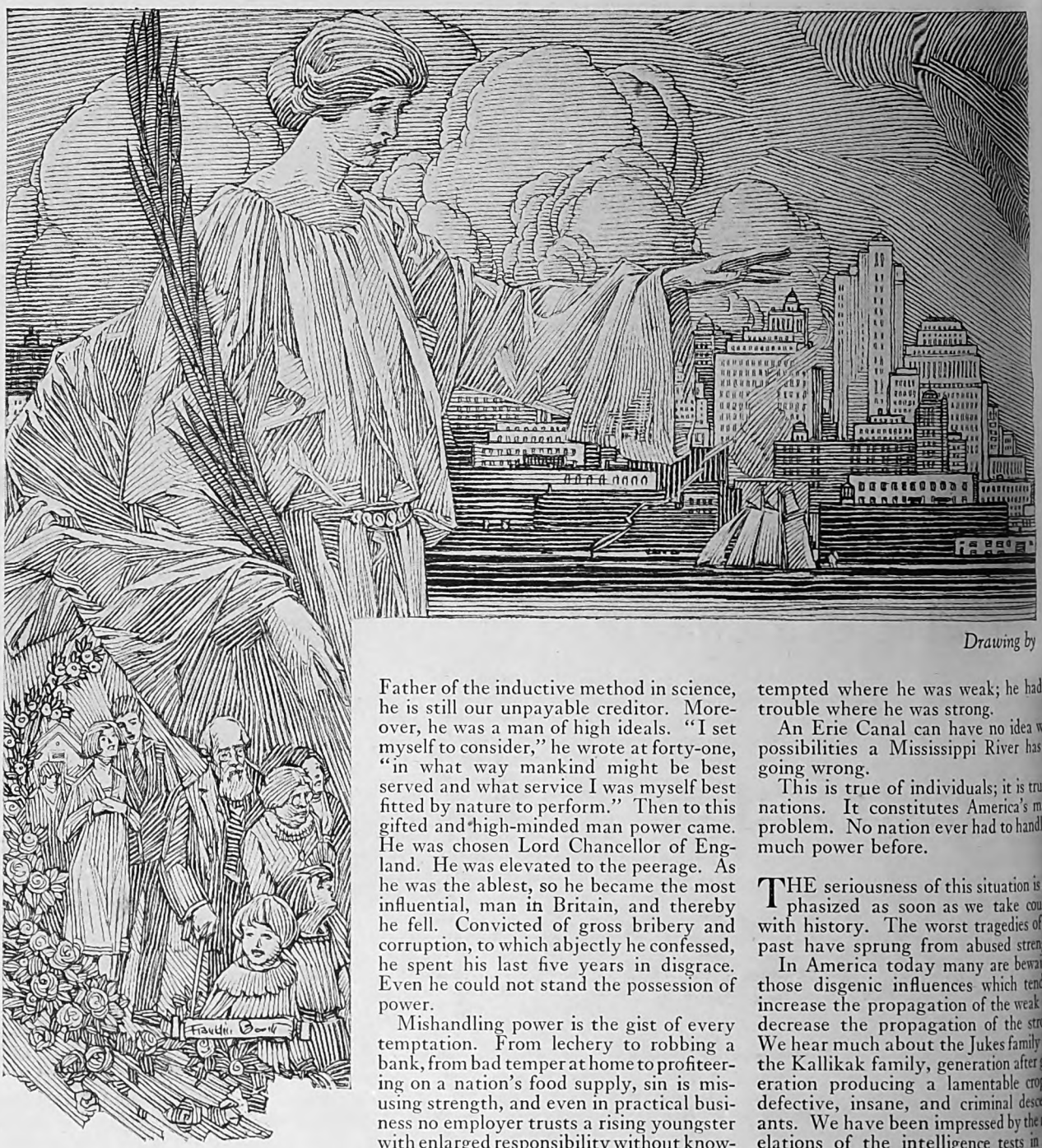

Drawing by

to ruin with their own power. Mishandled strength is, if anything, more dangerous than endured destitution.

The fact, therefore, is portentous: America in the next few years is going either to handle or to mishandle more power than any nation ever dealt with before.

THE seriousness of this situation is lighted up when we consider our own experience as individuals. One of the hardest moral problems which anybody ever faces is the handling of power. All the seers have recognized this. From Jesus, emphasizing the difficulty of getting a rich man into the kingdom of heaven, to Emerson, saying, "It is hard to carry a full cup," the men of vision have feared the tragedy of misused plenty.

Biography confirms this fact. Francis Bacon, for example, was one of the most highly endowed personalities of our race. Father of the inductive method in science, he is still our unpayable creditor. Moreover, he was a man of high ideals. "I set myself to consider," he wrote at forty-one, "in what way mankind might be best served and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform." Then to this gifted and high-minded man power came. He was chosen Lord Chancellor of England. He was elevated to the peerage. As he was the ablest, so he became the most influential, man in Britain, and thereby he fell. Convicted of gross bribery and corruption, to which abjectly he confessed, he spent his last five years in disgrace. Even he could not stand the possession of power.

Mishandling power is the gist of every temptation. From lechery to robbing a bank, from bad temper at home to profiteering on a nation's food supply, sin is misusing strength, and even in practical business no employer trusts a rising youngster with enlarged responsibility without knowing the crucial test that is involved—can he handle increased power?

We commonly deceive ourselves by supposing that we are tempted where we are weak. The fact is that temptation swirls around power, and, in consequence, *the more strength we have, the more we are tempted.* If a boy is a lawyer's clerk, his opportunities for legal evil will be scaled to his position, but if he were to become one of the leading corporation attorneys in the United States, he might make a million in a day beguiling a court. The wind cannot do much with a six-inch sapling, but when the tree lifts its bole and branches sixty feet into the air, the tempests will vehemently wrestle with it.

A mild and tepid clergyman once rebuked a New York merchant for his explosive temper. "Young man," exclaimed the merchant, "I control more temper every fifteen minutes than you will in your whole lifetime." With his choleric and dangerous disposition that man was not tempted where he was weak; he had his trouble where he was strong.

An Erie Canal can have no idea what possibilities a Mississippi River has for going wrong.

This is true of individuals; it is true of nations. It constitutes America's major problem. No nation ever had to handle so much power before.

THE seriousness of this situation is emphasized as soon as we take counsel with history. The worst tragedies of the past have sprung from abused strength.

In America today many are bewailing those disgenic influences which tend to increase the propagation of the weak and decrease the propagation of the strong. We hear much about the Jukes family and the Kallikak family, generation after generation producing a lamentable crop of defective, insane, and criminal descendants. We have been impressed by the revelations of the intelligence tests in the World War army, and the question is propounded as to how democracy can possibly continue with an average mental age of fourteen years among our people. We are breeding most from the weakest elements in the population and least from the strongest elements, they tell us, and, in consequence, feeble-mindedness and insanity are increasing, so that in Massachusetts, for example, from every dollar raised by taxation for the commonwealth, almost sixteen cents are spent to care for the mentally incompetent in public institutions.

This line of thought is so true, so important, and so vividly presented, that we, who are not feeble-minded, who have healthy heritage, good intelligence and patients, and power withal to get on in the world, come to think of ourselves as necessarily the hope of the nation. If there were only fewer of the feeble and more of the strong, we think, all would be well.

Without in the least denying the

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FRANKLIN BOOTH

olved in our crazy unwillingness to use enic information to prevent the multi- ation of the insane and criminal classes, Americans need to face another aspect he matter. The great disasters of his- r have not generally been caused by weak, but by the strong. It is not narily the failure of the feeble which es so much of the human story tragic. m the driving of young boys and girls een hours a day in the mines of Eng- to the forces that in America still hard against the release of little chil- from factory toil, we see the abuse of er. From old tyrants to modern soviets ing free speech, free press, and free mbly, we see the abuse of power. From ire chambers, where the torturers iselves are said to have begun their black-haired at night and to have d it white-haired in the morning, to nodern persecutions and excommuni- ns, we see the abuse of power.

our country today we face a dis- ful situation in the crime that comes om the slums of our great cities, where s of youths, often degenerate, some- moron, commit murder for a price spend their lives intermittently in ms and jails. But dangerous as this ion is, no one supposes that the re- c ultimately will go to pieces on it. are other men in the nation, how- not weak-minded, but of such abil- at they rise toward the top in our mic struggle, where at the top com- on sieves the feeble out, and in these w years a few such men, dishonoring urts, contemning the government, orting witnesses overseas, have ted to the world one of the most tating spectacles of wrongdoing in story.

is nation ever goes to pieces or falls world-wide disgrace, one suspects e cause will not be feebleness, but strength.

entire structure of our national government, with its checks and balances between legislative, judicial, and administrative departments, was deliberately intended by the founders to guard against the mishandling of power. They feared it. They feared it so much that they nearly gave up trying to have any central government at all. They knew history. They had read its lessons well. They understood that nations fall, not primarily from weakness, but from mishandled strength. There lies the tragic element in mankind's record. Page Pharaoh! Page Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib! Page Nero and Napoleon! Page Pilate, who, about to crucify Christ, stood face to face with him and said, "Knowest thou not that I have power to release thee, and have power to crucify thee?" That is the gist of history's greatest tragedies—the misuse of power.

THE importance of this aspect of our national affairs is emphasized when we see it illustrated, not simply in biography and history, but in the central meaning of our Western civilization. The main elements of that civilization have been contributed by applied science; and applied science means the harnessing of the natural resources of the universe. We have saddled and bridled steam, gasoline, electricity; we have made steel and radium our servants; we have, that is, accumulated power on such a scale as was never dreamed before. It has been estimated that every citizen of the United States now has, on the average, the mechanical equivalent of thirty-five human slaves toiling for him.

The possibilities for good involved in this situation are evident. It means the chance to decrease hours of work and increase leisure. It means the ability to create wealth which, wisely distributed, can indefinitely raise the standard of living of all the people. The possession of power is always hopeful.

But only a decade ago some of us were still in France, watching Western civilization using for purposes of destruction this new Gargantuan strength conferred by science. The result of so mishandling these prodigious forces has been catastrophic, as the whole world knows. I do not mean simply the loss of life, although over ten million picked men dead on the battlefields is no small matter. I am not thinking simply of the financial wastage, although a war costing 250 billion dollars in direct expenses is not negligible. I am not brooding simply over the wreck of priceless art, although one who has seen a bombed cathedral knows that it is easier to destroy than to build. Neither am I thinking primarily of the blasting of domestic happiness, although anyone who ever walked through a town like Bapaume in wartime, a skeleton in stone of what once was a living city, will (*Continued on page 82*)

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"You mustn't come any farther, Mr. Randolph

A story in which the call of duty becomes the call of love

The Higher

MARTHA FAWCETT," announced Uncle Joe Fodder, "*has got a feller!*"

The bearded liveryman, dusty hat cocked quaintly, bent forward in one of our newspaper chairs. Hands like huge claws cupped his denim-clad knees. He looked at Sam Hod, editor of the paper. He looked at me, Sam's junior partner. Likewise he favored "Big Mert" Randolph, son of old Philo Randolph, New York corporation attorney and millionaire owner of a Preston Hill residence. Mert merely happened to have been in the office when Uncle Joe came in.

The hostler had reached those Indian summer years when such trifles made his world. His dramatic pause implied that either Sam or I, as community journalists, should exclaim in surprise and clutch for our pencils. Instead of which, Sam went on tearing up worthless mimeographed publicity and drawing between pipe-puffs:

"Well, supposing she has? What's queer about that?"

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. *It's dangerous. It might cost you your life."*

Summons

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

Let it be set down for the benefit of those unfamiliar with mont-town lexicography that "getting a fellow" is something e than a bucolic colloquialism. "Getting a fellow" is the pted manner of stating that some local girl or woman, illy of questionable pulchritude, has finally succeeded in oking one man into serious consideration of her as ro- tic or possibly matrimonial material. Usually of question- pulchritude, I say. The point is important.

But—but—" sputtered Uncle Joe, "—Martha Fawcett—fine girl, o' course, but who'd ever s'pose a man'd want her?"

"Well, who does want her?" I asked.

"Arthur Winbolt. Yes, sir—Arthur Winbolt! Whatta you know 'bout that?"

"Who said so?" Sam growled.

"Flo Lawrence told my daughter Jane. All th' young folks is snickerin' over it. Flo got it fr'm Art's sister. *You'd* oughta know somethin' of it, Randolph," the liveryman said suddenly, turning to Big Mert. "You an' Flo is perty good friends, ain't

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you? Seems t'me I've heard it said so."

The tall fellow colored. A six-footer he was—sandy-haired, gray-eyed, dressed in a golf suit and rubber-soled sports shoes. From May to October he was a familiar figure about town and valley, driving a low-hung canary roadster, and usually hatless.

"No, Miss Lawrence hasn't yet taken me into her confidence about Miss Fawcett's romance," he replied good-humoredly. "As a matter of fact, I haven't the slightest idea who Miss Fawcett is, to say nothing of why she shouldn't have a romance—"

"She's one of the oldest nurses up to Putney Memorial Hospital," Sam Hod put in, without looking around. "One of those girls you just don't connect up with anything but her job. If Art Winbolt's got a crush on her—or she's got one on him, whichever 'tis—the answer's easy. Art's just come through a darn dangerous sick spell. She was his night nurse and pulled him through the worst of it."

RANDOLPH sat down on a corner of the exchange table. Hands in his pockets, he swung one foot thoughtfully.

"I can understand that," he told us. "I had a nine-week spell of typhoid year before last. The girl who took care of me—the one who did the most for me—was as plain as a pump. Sick as I was, darned if I didn't get romantic ideas about her before I'd been on my back three days. It's easy for a man, any man, to love his nurse—at least while he's ill. Afterward . . . well . . ."

"One thing's certain," Uncle Joe chuckled, "you didn't get your crush on Flo Lawrence 'cos she took care o' you in no sick spell, Mert Randolph."

Again the chap colored—or, rather, colored deeper. I saw he was vexed. Yet he had to take the town as he found it. Vermonters, especially venerable commanders of the G. A. R., often have a weakness for discussing the private affairs of local aristocrats with a certain artless candor.

"No," agreed Randolph finally, "that's right."

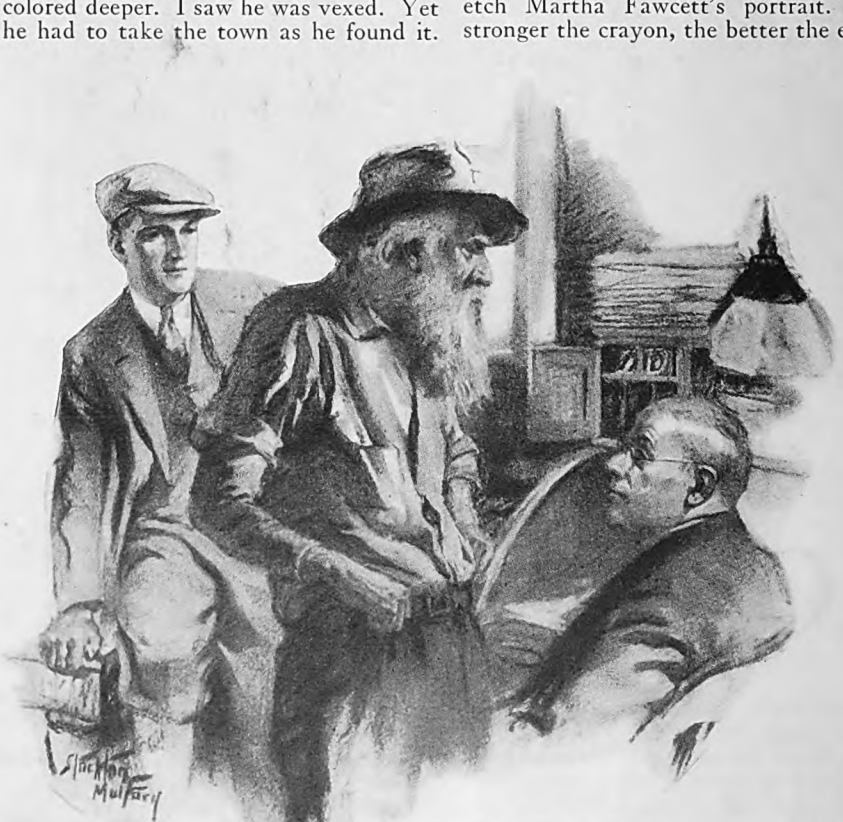
I wondered in that moment just how much this sedate, athletic, wholesome scion of the house of Randolph really loved pert, sophisticated, scatter-brained Flo Lawrence. Far easier to understand an attachment between the plain-faced hospital nurse and Art Winbolt, I found it, than to figure out why this serious-minded young millionaire had succumbed to the wiles of Judge Lawrence's daughter. The fact that she'd been several times abroad, spent her winters in New York, looked down on the town of her birth as bucolic, and that the two families intermingled freely, could have had small bearing on it. But he came from that breed accustomed to pay women deference because they were women. And then again, perhaps he saw something in Flo that the rest of us didn't.

"Well, I'm goin' over t' talk with Art," declared Joe Fodder, "an' find out if it's true. Hospital won't be th' same place with Martha married out of it."

And the old man departed—with Randolph looking after him, grim amusement on the features of the great attorney's offspring. Whereat, strange as it may seem, dramatic to the point of incredulousness, one of those real-life coincidences followed that sometimes cast switches, sending people on strange rails.

The very woman we'd been discussing opened the street door into the office. We heard her in the front room, asking for Sam Hod.

No artist would ever use a dry-point to etch Martha Fawcett's portrait. The stronger the crayon, the better the effect.



"Well, I'm goin' over t' talk with Art," declared Joe Fodder, "an' find out if it's true."

Visualize a woman twenty-eight years old—she'd entered Putney Hospital as a novice nurse at sixteen—with ash-blond hair knotted at her neck, a square forehead, a thoughtful expression in her frank eyes as if perpetually cogitating whether you were able to sit up and take more nourishment, a supple, workaday body, and shoes with serviceable heels, and that's all you need in order to grasp Martha's character. You didn't remember what shape nose she possessed, whether her lips were kissable or otherwise, what sort of frock she wore when out of uniform. You just felt that if you were ailing, you'd be amply taken care of—and let it go at that. A good person to have around in emergency. She'd know what to do and set about doing it.

"HAVE you met Miss Fawcett?" Sam introduced Merton when Martha had entered the small corner office.

"I haven't had that pleasure," the man said, with interest.

"How do you do, Mr. Randolph?" Martha greeted, offering him her hand. Just like that—straight out—no embarrassment about it—certainly no nonsense. "I think I once took care of your sister, though only for a week. When she'd broken a collar bone in a fall from her horse."

Randolph looked startled.

"Why, my sister told me about you, on her return to New York. I—I didn't realize—*you* were that nurse. I recall her saying she wished she might have known you better—had you come to the house—"

"She was thoughtful, like that. I remember I noticed. I heard that she married. Tell her I'd like to see her again."

"They're up on the Hill right now, Fred and Helen. Came up Friday night. And they've got a youngster now—boy a year old."

They were measuring each other, these two, as such comities continued—about of a height, both of them, the man the older by three or four years.

Then Mert Randolph's eyes took on another expression—a look of sudden trouble.

I couldn't have explained it. Sam claimed he didn't see it. All the same, as they chatted and Mert invited the nurse up to dinner at her early convenience, I had a vague hunch that he might be pulling a romantic chestnut of his own from the fire of circumstance. He was engaged to another girl, we understood—a girl of his own set and glamour. And, according to Uncle Joe, some sort of understanding had materialized between the capable nurse and the Water Street coal dealer, five years a widower and probably sick of it. This pair, all the same, had a quality in common—an elusive quality that defied analysis—a quality tinged with a dash of the poignant.

"I can't say what night it will be," Martha added. "With all the rain we've had this spring, hospital work is heavy at present. Besides, I expect to be married later in the summer."

So it had gone that far, I registered. Arthur had actually proposed to her and she had accepted him. Automatically it seemed to devolve on Randolph to include Winbolt in his invitation then. Which he did. For the first time Martha colored—that flush of quiet happiness

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Martha, in her wedding dress, was coming down the stairs. A group of white-faced women followed in dismay.

arking a more companionable sort of ex-tence, dearer to her heart than any of had suspected. Not the type to ad-rtise any loneliness, Martha. Assuag-g the physical and social complications others without giving them an inkling any need herself.

"Mr. Hod," she said, when Merton d gone out, "I'm in here on a queer bit business—something in which you ght say I shouldn't meddle. But some-w, having been in nursing so long, I've ached the place where it seems far more ttinent to keep people well than to do ings for them after they get sick. Mr. d, last Sunday afternoon Arthur and I n for a motor trip to North Foxboro. ing back, late in the day, we took the that leads through Mud Hollow. know Mud Hollow and all it repre-ts."

Sam had crossed over to the chair lately occupied by Fodder. He nodded glumly.

"I know Jeff Sampson, the State Superintendent of Charities, told me that the district makes more demands on him than any other cesspool of rural iniquity we've got in Vermont."

"YES," agreed Martha, seated in front of him. "But I'm not concerned with its morals. I'm concerned with its health. Arthur blew a tire in that awful wallow just after you get down the hill from Babcock's. We went into the nearest house afterward—to wash. Mr. Hod, it was awful. I'm telling you if the county doesn't do something about the way those families are living in the Hollow, a pestilence may break out there that will kill people by scores."

"No such good luck," growled Sam not meaning to be callous. "Those folks are too tough."

"Tough, fiddlesticks! Those people are frail, sickly, undernourished, indescribably filthy. And it's what they may do all over the northeast part of the county that worries me. You call the meeting and I'll go in front of the county supervisors and tell them some things they don't appear to know."

This is a recount of Martha's romance, however, not of her speech—for she never made one. The supervisors were busy with gardening or haying—or growling in their beards at the soggy, drizzly weather. To get them together for altruistic consideration of the Mud Hollow hill-billies and their lack of sanitation would have been a civic joke. Not even when Dr. Amos Johnson reported two of the families down (*Continued on page 144*)

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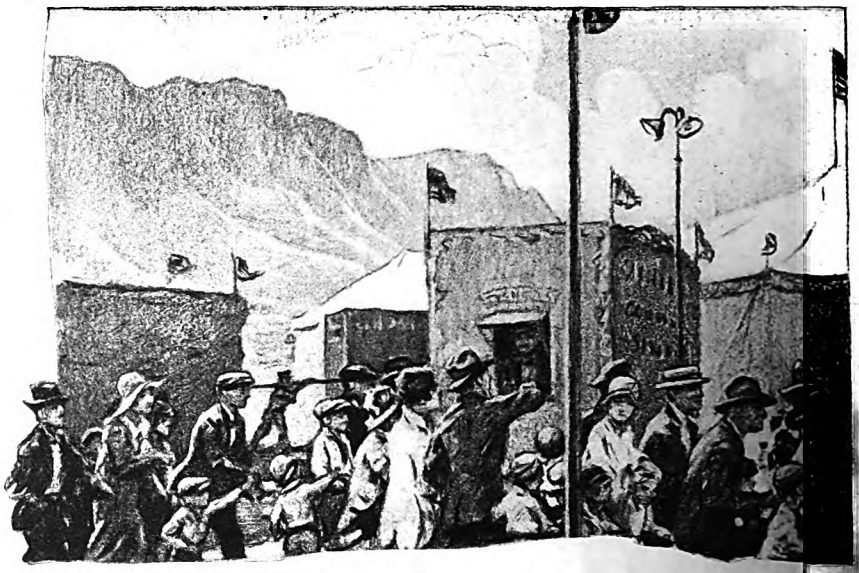
You Can't Have FUN Alone



By EDGAR A. GUEST

HIS wife and children had gone to the seashore.

He had never before been really alone. When he dropped into my office that morning I knew there was something on his mind. After the first few minutes of casual conversation, he gazed out of the window into space as if he were trying to find the best way to unburden himself. Finally he blurted out:

"Will you and your wife have dinner and go to the theater with me tonight?"

"Impossible," I said. "We're going out to dinner."

"I'm sorry," he replied, and his face backed up his assertion. He sat in silence for a few seconds and then he came at me again:

"Were you ever left alone—entirely alone?"

"Yes," I replied, "and it's a dreadful ordeal."

"Until recently, I had no idea what being alone was like," he went on. "As a matter of fact, when the family planned this vacation I thought it would be fun to be free again. I had in mind a lot of things to do with my spare time. They've been gone three weeks now and I'm sick of it. The worst of it is, there are still seven weeks more of it to endure.

"I go into the house at night and it's as terrifying as walking into a morgue. It isn't burglars I'm afraid of—it's just that awful silence. The stairs squeak and the wind blows a curtain—and I jump like a nervous woman. I can't sleep for the constant thought that every room in the house, except mine, is vacant. It's queer, too, how dismal the house has grown to be. I hate the sight of my books. All the things I've boasted of and been so proud to possess have lost their charm.

"I tell you, this is the strangest experience I've ever had. I hate the house and everything in it. I've made the discovery that things in themselves mean nothing. I need the little woman and the children in that house. The books and chairs and draperies and everything need them, too. With the folks away, I might just as well be living in a furniture store. What's the use of going home when there's nobody to shout 'Hello!' to me when I open the front door.

"I tell you, Ed," he declared gloomily, "it's no fun being alone."

I've been shouting that idea in verse for the last twenty years. This good friend of mine had just found that there is no such thing as freedom in the sense that a man is sufficient unto himself. Not one of us can provide his own delight. Owning the richest treasures in the world is useless unless someone else shares them.

You can't go it alone and wind up being anything but miserable, and sour and crabbed.

As long as you remain in this world, you must admit other people into your life.

I SUGGESTED to my friend that he go to the theater himself. There was a delightful comedy on that week, and a laugh would be good for him.

"Alone," he said, "it would be tragedy. I want somebody beside me to laugh when I laugh; to see the same lovely things I see and to help me enjoy them; to find something I have missed and tell me about it. Going to the theater alone isn't fun—it's boredom."

"I know it," I answered.

"Well, what am I to do? I've seven weeks more of this loneliness to face and I'll go mad unless something happens to break the monotony."

"Do you really want to be happy while the folks are away?" I asked.

"I do."

"There is a way," I told him. "I can guarantee you a good time. If it is not the best time you have ever had in your life, at least it will be a time that will give you the greatest sense of satisfaction you have ever experienced."

"And what must I do?" he demanded.

"Look up a few people you know who ordinarily don't get many of the pleasures of life, and give them a good time. It isn't any fun to ride alone in that high-priced car of yours. Take some poor old lady out riding next Sunday afternoon—somebody who seldom goes—and see how much fun you'll have. Get the idea?"

He thoughtfully nodded an affirmative. I saw him a week later and invited him up to dinner.

"Can't come," he said, with a grin. "Got a date to go to the theater."

"Alone?" I queried.

"Not on your life," he said. "Taking an old-maid friend of the family. She hasn't seen a good show in twelve years.

If you don't Share your *Good Times*, No one will Share your *Bad Times*

IF you want to escape loneliness, forget yourself!" is Mr. Guest's advice. "The surest road to melancholia and nervous breakdowns and mental dyspepsia is always to be thinking of yourself.

"Do things for other people. Give things—including your own good nature—to others. Thrift is a fine trait in man, but it can be overdone. Don't try to save everything. Don't try to hang onto everything. You can wear yourself out clinging to stuff that won't have any value the minute the doctor gives up your case.

"Run your life on the profit-sharing plan. Make as many gifts as you can, but put them where they will do the most good!"

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"Hey, sonny!" he fairly shouted. "Do you want to see the circus?" The boy's eyes stretched wide. "Sure," he said. "Will you take me?"

tration
by
TOR C.
ERSON

ing a great kick out of your nt. Tell you all about it y. Taking her to a hotel for st. I don't think she's eaten utside of her own house in didn't know it was possible other people happy at so expense."

t question him further then. at he too was happy, for his a real glow on it.

before his family returned, came up to the house for d we talked it all over. The confession was that he had is life to the days when he ling for a foothold. He remem- good friend who had taken him t baseball game, and the thrill noon gave to him. He recalled tomobile ride he had ever had y of it; he called to mind his dinner as the guest of another. urred to him that perhaps he st as happy doing the same sort r others. He looked up an old ends of his wife's family—who ling the hot summer days on cottage porch. He invited riding with him on Sunday They had never before in all ridden in a costly automobile. pleasure in the outing was a o him.

as one great Sunday after- aid enthusiastically. "We've several times since. Those old have painted the town red know who has had the most

t isn't all. The other after- a neighbor's boy to his first ball game and bought him peanuts and pop. Why, the weeks have flown by. Incidentally, I haven't been alone in the house all the time, either.

"THERE'S a young fellow down at the plant who is on his way up. Came here from a small town up-state to make his way in the world. He isn't earning much money as yet, but he will be later on. I found out he was living in a cheap boarding-house, in a hot, stuffy room with only one small window in it. I persuaded him to give that up and come and live with me. I had to have company, and believe me, Ed, things started to pick up right away. That youngster brought my books back to life, and he made the rooms livable. The way he'd fondle things and look at them and say, 'Gee! but this is fine furniture!' restored my pride in the stuff about the house. Why, that kid told me all his dreams and his ambitions. Happy? You ought to see him smile! He's saved up a little money and he's moving into better quarters when the family returns. But there will be a place at our dinner table for him whenever he wants to occupy it. His folks came to visit him one week-end, so he and I pitched in and gave them a real time, too. I was the chauffeur and they saw all the sights. I had a lot of fun with them myself."

"You talk differently today," I said, with a smile, "from the way you talked that morning six weeks ago, when you were in my office."

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a different man, too. I've learned a lot. I can look in the mirror now when I'm shaving and not be altogether ashamed of what I see. I'm beginning to think that life is worth while and that maybe even I am worth while. When I dropped in on you that morning I was thinking only of myself and of my loneliness.

"You remember, I wanted to take you and your wife to the theater. And you didn't want to go to the theater. You could buy your own tickets and dinner if you really cared to

(*Continued on page 134*)

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Jim shot out a hand and spun him around like a top. "Did you call me a tenderfoot dude foreman?"

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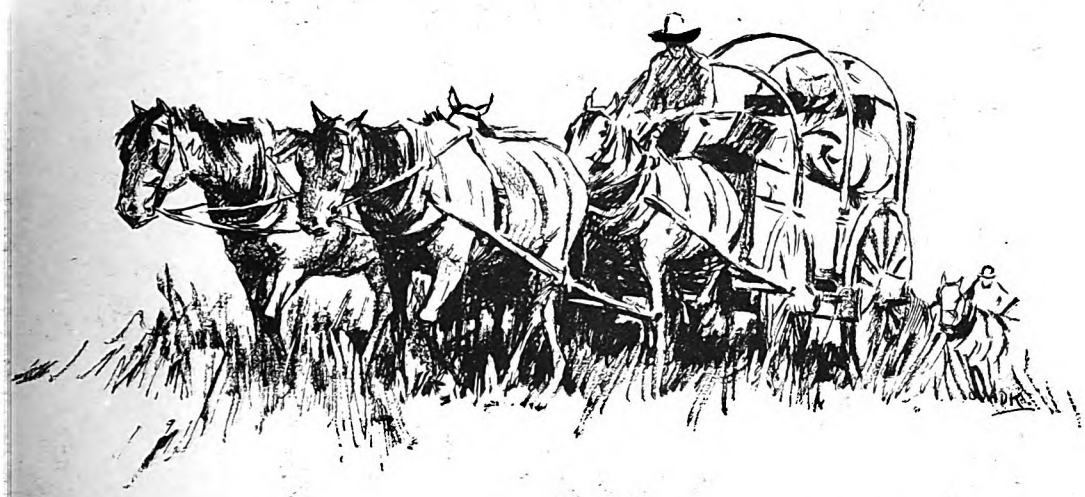
ZANE GREY'S *smashing New Serial*

THE Drift Fence



E Molly Dunn of the Cibeque—the eliest girl in all that valley—was the r of a crippled, more or less worthless eader" father and a nagging mother. em she lived in a tumble-down cabin m West Fork—with them and with " Dunn, her brother, notorious, for his ess, through all the Cibeque country. olly, starting upon the greatest ex- of her life, came rumors of the Drift which James Traft was building from own to Black Butte—a hundred miles. s was brought by Seth Haverly, chum ger" Dunn. They had talked with m Traft, in charge of the work for his d had threatened to cut the fence if it farther.

was great excitement in West Fork, fence would interfere seriously with rustling which was its chief occupa- t it meant little to Molly. The Sees ng her to a great celebration at "Flag," had only cold words for Andy Stone- llage youth, while she waited at the k general store for the Sees. r experiences in Flag justified all her ns. Mrs. See bought her new clothes, l other girls sell refreshments, she saw *odeo*—and she was the belle of the at night. And yet—there was a er all her happiness. If these people t she was only Molly Dunn of the

. . .

d to shake it off, in vain. Then the In the afternoon she had served re- s to a young man who had been so her appearance that he had lingered the dance he sought her out at once ly knew, incredible as it was, that im already.

in the moonlight, he held her in his then, for the first time, each learned her was. She, the sister of "Slinger" he, the nephew of old Jim Traft, the Cibeque outfit had sworn to the shock of his surprise, Jim had ow he felt about "Slinger" Dunn. know," asked Molly, "that that in the face to every person down e?"

t. Uncle Jim said it would rile a homesteaders."

ughter of one of them, and sister joined Molly in tragic finality. h of eyes she left him there.

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

PART II

UP TO eighteen years of age James Traft had often seen his uncle, the Arizona pioneer and cattleman, who made frequent trips East. There had grown up a bond of affection between them. From knee-height, James had listened to stories of Indian fights and road agents, gunmen and rustlers. The Westerner had never married; he was devoted to his brother, who was James's father.

Then had come an interval of four years during which old Jim Traft did not visit Missouri. His vast interests had grown so complicated that he could not leave them. During this time James had been at loose ends, trying farming, clerking, and odd jobs without any indication that he might set the world on fire. At last, a letter from the West changed the world for James.

Some passages in this blunt letter to his father were hard for James to swallow. In the natural course of events, all of Jim Traft's property would go to his nephew James. But that was something aside from James's ever making good use of it. If he were a strong, resourceful boy with guts, he might become a rancher. The cattle industry was growing. The days of the great rustler barons were gone, though cattle stealing still represented altogether a big loss to the range. And so on. . . .

At first James had been humiliated and furious, and would hear nothing of going to Arizona. Nevertheless, his father prevailed in the end, and James started West. His first acquaintance with the Great Plains had come from the window of a train, and long before he saw the vast, gray slopes of Colorado and the white-peaked Rockies, the latent spirit of adventure stirred thrillingly in him. Then the wild, timbered uplands of New Mexico and the red-walled canyons of Arizona won him to the West, long before he stepped off the train at Flagerstown.

He had telegraphed his uncle as to his arrival, but there was no one to meet him. What a funny, slow, sleepy, wide-streeted town! Every other building, all high-boarded and weathered, appeared to house a saloon. James finally found a livery stable, where he engaged a loquacious negro to drive him, bag and baggage, out into the country. What he learned from this citizen of Flagerstown in that short drive was certainly not reassuring.

But James liked the pine forest and the gray levels along the road, and the black mountains rising in the distance. And he had a fine view of Jim Traft's ranch home. Across one of the wide, grassy flats the long, low, white house stood on a pine-timbered knoll, and below it clustered a bewildering array of corrals, barns, and sheds. Cattle dotted the wide valley, and in the fenced meadows horses and colts grazed, too numerous to count.

A low-roofed, comfortable porch fronted the house. Here James deposited his baggage and, paying the driver, he knocked. Nobody answered, so he went around to the back. A wide courtyard led out to the corrals. He espied men out there and directed his footsteps in that direction.

SOON he came upon three cowboys around a horse, and then his uncle, who stood with another man watching them.

"Howdy, Jim," greeted the rancher, as if he had seen his nephew only yesterday, and he extended his hand. "Got your telegram, but forgot to meet you. . . . By gum, you've sprung up like a weed."

Traft had not changed. His garb, however, was new to young Jim, and consisted of high boots, corduroys tucked in them, and an old leather belt with an empty gun-sheath on it, a gray soft shirt, and a vest that had been new years ago. He was a stalwart figure of a man, nearing seventy, but still erect and rugged, with a lined,

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hard face expressive of his life on the frontier.

"Shake hands with Ring Locke," said Traft, indicating his companion, a tall, lean, sandy-complexioned Westerner whose narrow eyes were almost hidden under an old black sombrero.

"How do," drawled Locke, whose accent proclaimed him a Texan. "I shore am glad to meet you, suh."

"This is the nephew I told you about, Ring," went on Traft. "He has come West to run the Diamond outfit."

Jim tried to bear well the scrutiny bestowed on him by this boss of his uncle's, a right-hand ma had been with him twenty years.

"Uncle should have said I'll try that outfit, Mr. Locke," said Jim fr "I'm not afraid. But I'm an awful foot."

Perhaps his earnestness favorab pressed Locke, for he smiled and dryly: "Wal, it ain't bad to start you're a tenderfoot, just so long know it."

Jim took almost instantly to th Texan. But the three cowboys st by, apparently like hitching-post still eyes and faces, gave him an fortable sensation. To be sure, the every word. What clean-cut, lithe

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nen! The one holding the horse
n hanging low from his belt. Jim
his triangle of judges, for so
med, expecting to be introduced.
uncle apparently neglected or
it.
l go back to the house," he said,
Jim away. "Sorry I didn't meet
he train. I reckoned I would.
our mother?"
and well. Crazy to have me come,
d stiff."
! An' how's that storekeeper
f mine, your dad?"
asn't been so well lately, but I
nothing much. He sent a letter
things which I have for you."
ached the house, where Jim was conducted to a large, light room, with walls and floor of clean yellow pine. A few deer-skin rugs, a wood-burning stove, a table with lamp, an old bureau and mirror, and a spare blanketed bed constituted the contents, the simplicity of which pleased Jim.

"Come out on the porch and we'll talk," his uncle said. And Jim, after getting the letter and parcels he had mentioned, hurried out to deliver them.

"Thanks. I'll look at them later. . . . Wal, Jim you've growed. You're a pretty husky chap. Too heavy, mebbe, but ridin the range will soon change that. Reckon I might have *wrote* you about what I want and hope, but it wouldn't have been fair to you or me. Fact is, I couldn't have said all I need to in a (*Continued on page 69*)

"I'm going to the end of the Diamond with this drift fence," averred Jim. "And after it is finished my outfit will see that it stays up"

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What *your* Handwriting Tells *about* You

By MARY B. MULLETT

A CERTAIN young man in New York—his name is Jerome S. Meyer—suddenly found himself attracting a good deal of public attention. It was a curious case of jumping out of the frying pan and landing right in the middle of a regular conflagration.

For the previous ten or twelve years, ever since he was a boy, Meyer had been interested in handwriting. Not that this is anything new. The study of handwriting—they call it the science of graphology—is three hundred years old.

Whether it is a "science" or not, one thing is certain: Everyone seems to be interested in it. I have never met a person who did not like to discuss his own handwriting, nor one who did not have decided opinions about other people's writing.

With Meyer this interest became a hobby. He studied books on the subject, examined hundreds of specimens of handwriting, analyzed them, and classified them.

Meanwhile, he went to college, also into war service, and finally entered business. Interested as he was in this alleged science, he had no intention of making it a job! He enjoyed devoting some of his leisure hours to it, but his real goal was a business career. It still is; and if his hobby hadn't got him into the frying pan mentioned, this article would never have been written.

As time went on, Meyer discovered that he had picked a perfect boomerang of a hobby! He would analyze the handwriting of one friend—and, presto! a dozen other friends would come around and ask him to do it for them!

The knowledge that he was a shark at it spread in ever-widening circles. If he was invited out to dinner, he invariably went home hungry! The poor young man didn't have a chance to eat anything, because the other guests kept writing things on their plac cards and passing them up t him for analysis.

Engaged girls submitte specimens of their fiancé handwriting—and asked for confidential report. The su ject was injected even in business interviews. Prospe tive customers wanted th writing analyzed, and an a tonishing number wanted get the "dope" on someboc else.

AT LAST the young m found the frying pan g ting inconveniently hot him and began to look fo way out. Apparently, th was no end to the people w wanted to get, from t special angle, a line on th selves and others. But in s of his interest, he coul keep on indefinitely "be the goat." Something ha be done about it.

After long meditation, finally hit upon what see to him a happy solution. would enable people to do stunt for themselves; pro a way for them to analyze t own handwriting. Then haps they would stop pe ing him about it.

The result was a book w he called, "Mind Your P' Q's." The title would been more pointed if he made it "Mind Your *Own* and Q's," for, in a literal s that was what he meant.

The book is so planned a person can put his w through a series of tests, a list of the "marks," an their meaning out of the pages of the volume. H then have an "analysis" own character—and can a it or reject it, as he pl

At first, hundreds, thousands, of people be tudy, not only their P Q's, but all their other l from A to Z. From the of view of royalties, th fine for Mr. Meyer. B leap out of the frying was certainly a dismal f Instead of being impo

Compare your finals with these

Use words ending in e, h, m, n, or r for comparing finals with these below

name	Finals absent.	Selfishness.
name	Finals short.	Reticence.
name	Finals long.	Generosity.
name	Finals very long.	Decided and fixed opinions
name	Finals rise vertically.	Interest in the occult and mystical.
name	Finals curl over.	Protectiveness.
name	Finals strong and descend to right.	Obstinacy, firm convictions.
name	Finals descend vertically.	Fatalism.
name	Fish hook turned up.	Humor, perseverance.
name	Fish hook turned down.	Same as hook turned up.
name	Finals short and curved.	Lover of fun.
name	Finals thick and clublike.	Brutality.
name	Finals long and curved.	Versatility.
name	Finals used to fill what would otherwise be blank spaces.	Suspicion.
name	Finals lasso-like.	Poetic tastes.
name	Finals turned down.	Matter-of-factness.
name	Finals curl like pigtails.	Selfishness.

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nly by his friends, he was now besieged by an army f strangers, each with a whole battery of questions. Of course, it is impossible for him to answer all these uestions personally. He wrote the book in self-efense; and it is in self-defense that he now an-vers some of these questions through the pages of this agazine.

I asked him to pick out the ten which have been ost frequently asked him. I planned, after he had ished that list, to open up with my own battery of terrogations. But I found, as you will see, that these n questions cover the subject pretty completely.

Most of them came from people who are more or ss skeptical; and usually they start with arguments sed on their own handwriting.

Question Number One is put in this way: "You y that a certain detail of my handwriting indicates ertain trait of character. For instance, the position the dot over an *i*, or the way a *t* is crossed.

"But my handwriting *varies* in a good many details. metimes I make a letter one way, sometimes an-ier. You say that an *a*, or an *o*, closed at the top, ans one thing. Open at the top, it means some-ng else. But I write them in both ways. How you get around this contradiction?"

"That question," Mr. Meyer said to me, "is asked re frequently than any other. It is asked even by ple who have my book, although the preface an-ers this and most of the other common questions. parently it is a waste of time and paper to put a face in a book.

"The answer to the question is this: The occasional iations in your handwriting are of no real impor-ce. Its *general appearance* remains absolutely the ie. Even the details are practically constant; and s always easy to determine which is the form you *t frequently* employ.

The general appearance, plus the combination of *itual* details, indicates your character. The vari-ns, as I will explain later, may show a change in d or in physical condition; seldom anything more n that."

uestion Number Two: "Children are taught to e. Millions of them are trained in the same method use the same copy books. Then how can their ing indicate their character?"

That question always surprises me," declared Mr. er. "The very fact that no two grown persons e alike, even though they have been taught alike, e best of all proofs that handwriting is an expres-of individuality.

Even children don't write exactly alike. They ! And just as soon as they leave school and get from their teachers, they begin to develop their personal style. By the time they are eighteen, niform, copy-book characteristics have vanished their writing expresses themselves."

estion Number Three: "How can 'thick' or writing show anyone's character, since it de-s on the kind of pen a person uses?"

t does more or less depend on the pen," agrees Meyer; "although two persons, using the very pen, may produce lines which are quite different ickness. But the essential point is this: Which of pen do you *prefer* to use? The fine one, which s thin, delicate lines? Or the broad stub which s thick lines?

you want your handwriting analyzed, use the of pen you instinctively prefer. This preference ply rooted in your character. And the writing you produce with such a pen has literally grown these roots."

estion Number Four: "Writing is simply a ular action—almost an automatic one. Then an it reflect character and personality?"

which Mr. Meyer replies: "I don't pretend to *how* it happens, but it is a fact that it does hap-How about walking? (*Continued on page 154*)

If You Ask Me:

Before you give away a piece of your mind, be sure you have it to spare

I ONCE knew a woman who was a wonder at minding other people's business. She had a right to be—for she worked at it day and night. No one in town could take a trip, trim a bonnet, buy a buggy, or put a baby on the bottle without hearing from her that it was all wrong. Compared to this local know-it-all, Solomon in all his wisdom was a piker when it came to dishing out advice.

How she did pounce on human frailties! "I'll give him (or her) a piece of my mind!" she used to say through drawn lips. And always she made good her threat.

As a critic, she was a ripstaver. As a judge, she was the Almighty's official spokesman. As a busybody, she was all wool and a yard wide. But as a human being, she was almost a total loss.

DAY after day, she gave away pieces of her mind to people who didn't want them. After a few years, she didn't have much mind left to give. Try her on anything constructive, on any topic of general interest, and you drew a blank. Village improvements didn't interest her unless she could find in them something to criticize. She read little. The personals in the local paper were her main meat—and these she perused for the purpose of finding something to take a whack at.

HAVE I failed to paint a picture of an A-1 public nuisance? Then the fault is mine, not that of my subject.

This type of person is a familiar figure in every community. Her name is legion. Towns are tormented by narrow, prejudiced men and women who feel themselves ordained by God to be judges of human conduct, without knowing or caring to know anything about the impulses, the emotions, the points of view, or the circumstances that make people act as they do. Apparently, these self-winding critics are blind to the bitterness they leave in their wake.

Now, it strikes me that few of us have more judgment than we need right on our own premises. And when it comes to questions of conscience, I doubt that the Lord has delegated any of us to act as proxies for anyone else.

Before we try to run other folks' lives we should be sure that we rate 100 in running our own. And the person who can do that has too much common sense to be a busybody!

Merle Crowell

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Let's Go Down *the* Road *to* Meet *the* Spring!

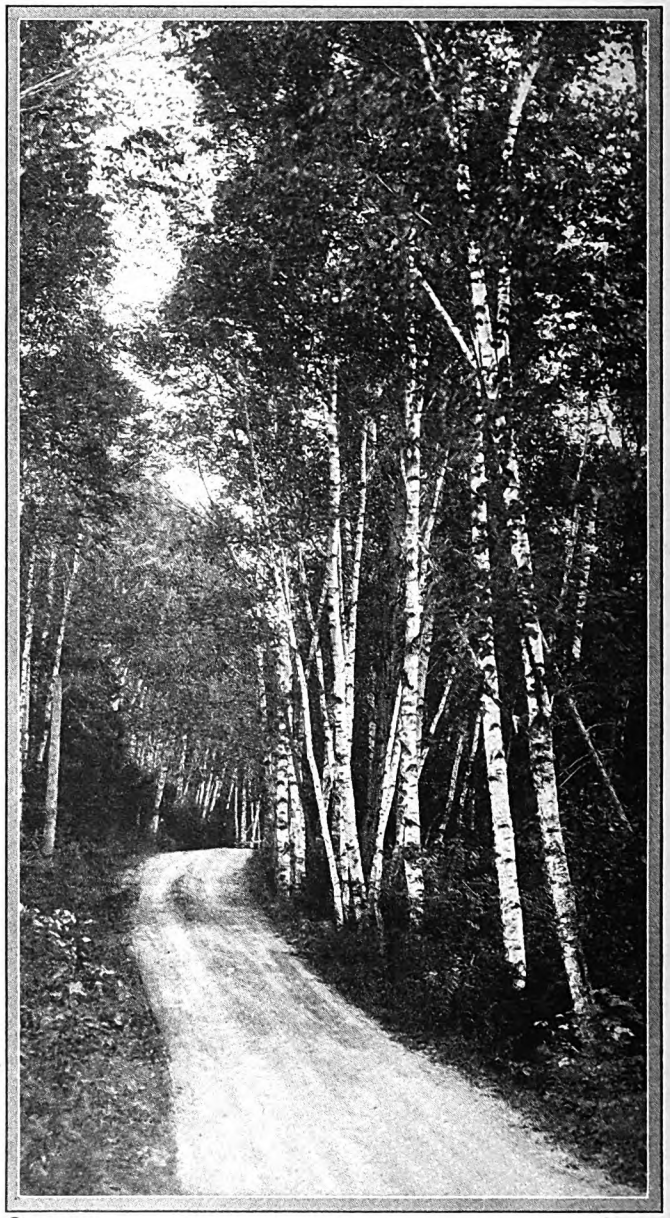
By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

CHEROKEE SYKES, a humble old friend of mine, lives in a wild clearing on a wilder mountain; sometimes I have difficulty in ascertaining where the mountain leaves off and his place begins. His fences, smothered in wild grapevines, are only semi-artificial frontiers of the wilderness. Ruffed grouse, which are supposed to be among the shyest of game birds, ravenously feed on the apple buds right in his back yard. Timid-footed deer take confident liberties with his turnips and his pea vines. He has an almost hand-to-hand fight with foxes for every chicken he gets, and with the wildcats for every turkey he saves.

"They shore did pester me this last winter," Cherokee told me that glimmering April day, when the air had a telltale, relenting warmth, as if but yesterday it had been dallying and romping with the roses and the jasmines in Florida and the Carolinas.

"These here varmints got so bold-faced I pretty nigh concluded that they would be gettin' after *me* next—and me here all alone."

Just at that moment, while we were seated on his porch lamenting the misdeeds of Cherokee's wild neighbors, a gray fox insinuated itself through the sagging bars of the pasture fence. Once through the barrier, the fox paused, head high, one forefoot craftily raised a little. For some reason Reynard did not seem to have a predatory air. Now he moved with silent and innocent grace along the inside of the fence. All wild things have a certain mercurial elegance of movement.



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After what the mountaineer had just been saying to me of the rough handling that foxes had been giving his chickens, I naturally expected him to lay hands stealthily on his gun, leaning within his reach. But he did no such thing. Rather, he amazed me by softly exclaiming—almost with that birdlike tone that children often use when playing, or when their little hearts are utterly serene—

"Now, ain't he the beauty? Ain't he pretty to watch? He can outstep a cat for making no noise! Well, love his heart!"

And this from Cherokee—a human rock oak, with all the bark still on!

"Love his heart!" What an exclamation, thought I. And you know why my shaggy mountaineer had used it: The season was having its way with him. The dewy balm of spring had entered the man's soul, subduing ancient—and, at this time, respectable—enmity. "Love his heart" in this case meant, "God bless that beautiful, thieving rascal. I can't bear to harm him now; the world's too sweet and fair."

Indeed, spring does seem to have the seductive, virtuous power to dissolve hatreds as well as lingering snows; into the deepest chill glen of the heart where implacable resentments are supposed to dwell, and sorrows irremediable, the joy of the springtime penetrates:

> And my regret
> Becomes an April violet,
> And buds and blossoms like
> the rest.

And this is true Resurrection from the Dead; for hatred of anything except sin in ourselves limits, in a final and painful degree, our capacity to love and to achieve, thus circumscribing our chance to be happy.

THE festival of joy's return spring is the rebirth of mortal and of immortal hope. And it is a season that deserves to be celebrated with far more sacred significance than mere pagan rites could represent. The pagan failed to comprehend that virtuous Beauty, God's compassion glimmering into visibility. We have reasonable right to believe that spring is one of the deliberate manifestations, not only of Almighty Power, but of Almighty Love as well. The pagan accepted spring, the animals do—physically. Feeling as he did, he wove garlands, gamboled, shouted, sang, reveled. With a human and natural grace of heart the spring, as at a shrine, we praise and adore the Maker and Preserver of us all.

Miraculously, after her journey from the sun, in the deep void of space, keeping noble pace with Neptune plunging through abysses of night, the Earth has brought us all once more safely to the season of spring. To me it is quite simple and natural to believe that God ordained the seasons. In this faith my mind most perfectly acquiesces. Moreover, it seems reasonable to suppose that the spring may serve the purpose of reminding us of our immortality; here, in nature, is the manifestation of our own far survival through the incredible awakening of the world after the freezing (*Continued on page*

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hn Kabel

"Spring"

"ONCE MORE Spring comes to us," writes Mr. Rutledge; "this divine miracle of Spring. We delight in its outward manifestations, and our hearts feel its profound spiritual import. Each Spring we renew our faith in the Eternal; and into our hearts these convictions must irrevocably take root and sturdily grow That Truth and Beauty are the language of God; Virtue is the behavior of God; Love is the will of God."

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IGOR SIKORSKY, the man who gave the world the principle of the multi-engined airplane, is one of the big figures in aviation. During the World War, he was Russia's hope in the air, for to him the Czar looked for battle planes; but the Russian debacle marked the end of his career in that country. Sikorsky came to America and for several years worked humbly and obscurely to perfect his transport carriers of the skies.

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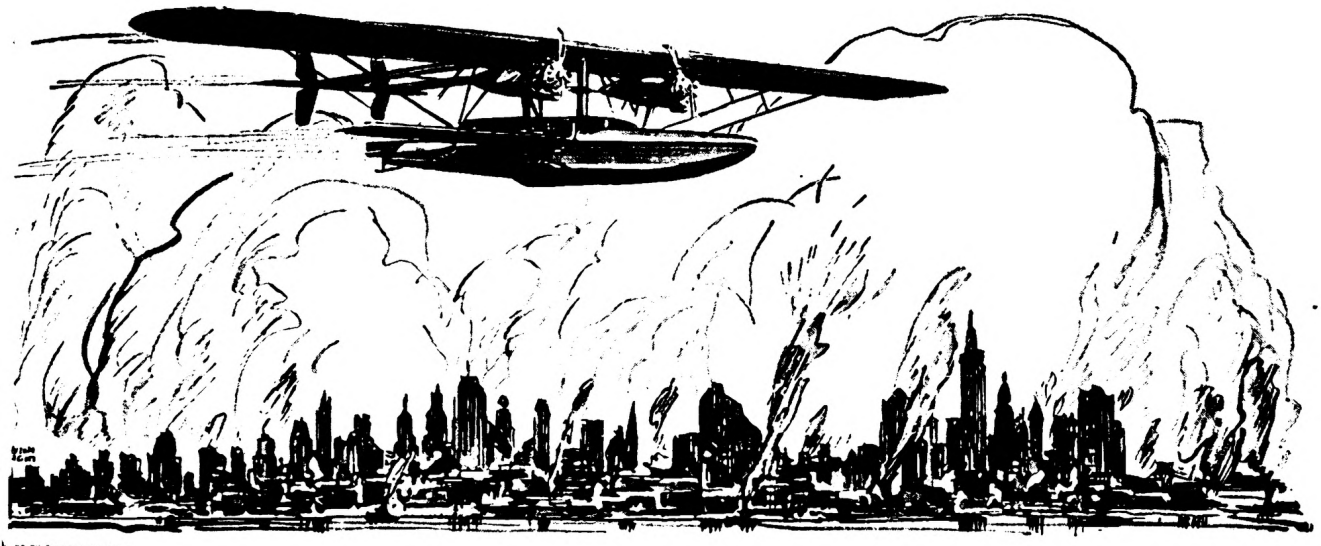
A Shirt Flapping *in the* Breeze Became *an* Airplane *in the* Sky



ING BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

As he watched the wind blow his father's shirts hanging on the line, young Igor Sikorsky decided to take up flying. . . . How he rose to fame at twenty-four, fell to obscurity, and came back at forty

HE IS not a tall man. There is the barest promise of accumulating plumpness at his waistline, a most pronounced retreat of hair from his well-ed forehead. And the voice that from under his small mustache is d musical, with something of the ed quality one often finds in the of dealers in old books.

s the genius who gave the world nciple of the multi-engined air- a master-builder of the great trans- rriers of the skies; the youth, now the matured man, who lifted a g idea from the two-dimensional of blue prints, caparisoned it ngs and motors, and sent it forth, dly to affect the course of aviation! ame is Igor Sikorsky, and he is one rare geniuses born with a golden n his mouth. At twenty-four, he beardless father of Russian avia- e prodigy of the new science. At five, eager and unafraid of respon- he tackled, amid the tumult of job of building Russia's great fleet ers.

a, hopelessly behind her industri- lies and enemies, had only one fac- give him, few skilled mechanics, notors. The High Command was netic, but emphatic. The orders Build bombers . . . more bombers once!"

ikorsky built them.

as twenty-one when he built his cessful airplane. He was twenty- n he built and flew the first suc- multi-engined plane in history—a huge, under-powered contraption, it seems now, but then a revolutionary machine.

Lean years, however, were destined to creep between the eager youth and the calm-eyed industrialist of today. The Revolution blunted his biography at its peak. Penniless, not even in possession of his own blue prints, he came to the United States and began to build all over again.

AND now, at forty, he is one of the world's foremost authorities on airplane design and construction, and approaching new and greater eminence in aviation. To his splendid factory at College Point, Long Island, has come a prosperous activity. The multi-engined plane he created—amid the derision of skeptics—has become an accepted carrier along the airways of the world.

"Did I ever lose hope?" he said, echoing my question. "Nonsense! It was a good idea, and what has come was inevitable."

Igor Sikorsky was born at Kiev, Russia, in 1889, the son of well-to-do parents. His father was a professor of psychology at Kiev University, an excellent scholar and an understanding parent.

The boy Sikorsky was passionately fond of mechanical things—pulleys, wheels, and such devices that tend to lessen the labors of men. One day, while sitting on a window ledge overlooking the family wash hung out to dry upon the line, he idly observed one of his father's best shirts flapping in the wind. To the thirteen-year-old boy this piece of wash on the line suddenly became pregnant with meaning.

If air pressure could thus lift Professor Sikorsky's heavy-bosomed shirt, why could it not lift other surfaces? He began to experiment with kites and cardboard surfaces. Though nothing came of it, he carried the thought through his early schooling at the university and the Naval Academy, through a special training in mathematics and physics at Paris, and through final concentrated study at the Kiev Polytechnical Institute. He finished this schooling in 1907, at the age of eighteen. This was just about the time that the Wright Brothers began to stir up excitement the world over. These intrepid Americans had flown in 1903—the first men to achieve mechanical flight. Now, as they improved their machine—made it stronger and more reliable—they became the sensations of the world of science.

"When I read about them," Sikorsky told me, "I decided immediately that I would build an (*Continued on page 112*)

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"Jason," Scattergood said, "this here is Mr. Str

Scattergood

With results equally amazing

By CLARENCE

Illustrated b

ELDER WENTWORTH, of the Congregational Church of Coldriver, was a granite-faced old man who admitted the making of one mistake in his life—his marriage.

To look at the Elder you would not suspect that beauty would ever have attracted his eye, even in his youth. If you studied him in his goings and his comings, his dealings and his conversations, you would have said he was a man to select his mate with calculation, having an eye, first, to her utilitarian qualities; second, to her religious behavior; third, to her reputation in the community for economy.

As to her personal appearance, you would declare, without fear of contradiction that the Elder would not be aware of it at all.

In Coldriver he was rated as an old man, and yet he was not old as age in that land of longevity goes. He had married at the reasonable way station of twenty-seven, and the woman he took to wife possessed none of those qualities which should have attracted him, but did possess in abundance that one quality which should not have attracted him at all: she was very lovely.

At the end of the first year of their married life he became the father of a son; before the end of the second year Mrs. Wentworth went away unostentatiously, leaving a note which no eyes but the Elder's had ever seen.

It gave succinctly the reasons for her going—reasons in which her husband perceived no logic whatever, for they had to do with happiness and with the beauty of life. She ended by telling him she was going away, lest her soul should die of starvation before her body was ready to perish of hard labor. "And," she ended, "I can't bear the thought of a living body housing a dead soul."

He did not follow her nor seek to find her, but often and often he pondered this saying of hers, and could make neither head nor tail of it. Vaguely it troubled him. At moments he sensed that there might be a world of which he was unaware, in which other persons lived. But he could not quite grasp that idea. It only bewildered him as one becomes bewildered who thinks upon infinity.

So he secured a dependable housekeeper and nurse in one, who undertook the task of raising a ten-months-old baby boy.

That had been a matter of twenty-three years ago. The boy was nearly twenty-four, and now, after this lapse of more than two decades, the Elder found himself bewildered again, as he had been by his lovely wife. For his son seemed able to live in that other, incomprehensible, imponderable world of which she had been an inhabitant.

IT WAS not so much what Jason Wentworth said, for he was a silent boy, nor what he did, for he was not an active young man. It was the way the boy looked that troubled the Elder; the expression which came sometimes into his eyes, as if he saw and doted upon many things that were invisible to his fat

Then matters came to a pass, and Elder, feeling that he needed other s port than lay in himself, came to p the problem before Scattergood Bai

"I got it out of him," said the El "and 'twas like drawin' teeth. Kin reminded me of pryin' a door off hinges to git at suthin' that was bein' secret."

"Uh-huh," said Scattergood.

"He's a-writin'," said the Elder hars

"Nothin' in the Bible nor the Stat of the State agin' that," said Scatterg

"It hain't a man's occupation. By sweat of the brow—that's how Scrip says we sh'u'd earn our bread. Not he's earnin' any bread," the Elder sa his cold voice.

"Books or what?" asked Scatterg

The Elder lowered his voice. theater play. Mebbe I could of end if it was a hist'ry of the caounty, or of one of the Presidents or suthin'. B theater play!"

"Um." Scattergood took his fat c between thumb and finger and twist as he did when sudden need for pre of mind was imperative. "Theater eh? I swan to man! How come h

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'ind of int'rested into theater plays"

ccounters Broadway

Broadway and to Coldriver

OINGTON KELLAND

MEYLAN

otion as that? A theater play!" n't conceive," said the Elder. couldn't git the idee of what he alkin' about, neither. He jest in words."

as?" asked Scattergood.

n' down the beauty and tragedy that was one thing he said. And d like he got the idee he was d. Sim'lar to bein' bewitched, I didn't even attempt to foller

'good cleared his throat. "Mebbe of them geniuses," he said.

he is," said the Elder," is one of terbrained."

ERGOOD let fall the front legs hair to the floor of the piazza rdware store. "Elder," he said, e don't know it all. Not even to go partners and put it all in t. The's places where theater oked up to."

kind of places?" demanded the

's got a set of 'em she bought ent—all bound up in leather— er nigh onto ten dollars. By the name of Shakespeare. The preacher he come and set readin' out of 'em a couple times."

"The preacher hain't goin' to read none out of Jason's theater plays," said the Elder.

"Um. . . . What you calc'late to do?"

"A body don't want to see his son go to rack and ruin."

"Don't seem as though," admitted Scattergood. "What you come to me fer, eh? What you want I sh'u'd do?"

"I dunno. I dunno which way to turn."

Scattergood wriggled his nose. "When a body don't know which way to turn," he said, "he ought to jest stand still and git his bearin's. Want I sh'u'd kind of talk to the boy?"

"I'd be obleeged," said the Elder.

No opportunity presented itself for some days, but on a Thursday Jason Wentworth passed the store, head down, eyes on the sidewalk, as was his custom. Scattergood called to him.

"How be ye, Jason?"

The young man started, turned, and smiled. His eyes were fine—not like the general run of eyes in Coldriver, which did not assay high in dreamers. "Very well, thank you, Mr. Baines."

"Set a spell," invited Scattergood.

"Why, thank you," said Jason, in some surprise. Then, "Did you notice the cloud shadows moving along the mountain? I've been watching them for hours."

"Um. Git any pay fer it?" asked Scattergood.

"Yes," said the young man surprisingly; "big wages."

Scattergood pursed his eyes and regarded the boy. "I dunno," he said, "but what I've earned some of the same. Them shadders is real sightly. Um. . . . I hear you're a-writin' plays."

"Father has been talking," said Jason, turning suddenly grave. "I'm sorry."

"Fathers," said Scattergood, "have a way of talkin' about their sons. Kind of natural, seems as though. What kind of a theater play be you writin', Jason?"

"Just about folks," said the boy. "Just about folks, and how they go groping along. Their gropings are—terrible; but they're beautiful too. It's beautiful to hunt for happiness, Mr. Baines, even though you never find it. It's terrible to set yourself to be decent and upright, and then to have events, or weaknesses, force you into evil. . . . I wonder if things are inevitable; or if it is all just blundering."

"ALL folks is built with different length legs," said Scattergood. "That's why some 's taller 'n others."

The boy smiled and nodded. "And some are bald and some have hair, and some are stout and some are lean. And they're as different inside as they are outside. That's why life is so wonderful."

"Wonderful, is it?" asked Scattergood.

"Amazing," said Jason.

"Um. Calc'late on gittin' your play acted in a theater? Aim to have actors speak off what you've wrote?"

"Why," said Jason, "I've . . . hardly considered that. I just wrote. Because it was there to say. It seemed as if I *had* to put it down."

"Got one all done, from start to finish?"

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"Yes, sir." The boy, without being aware of it, responded to Scattergood's sympathy.

"Ever read a feller by the name of Shakespeare?"

"Again and again."

"Is yours as good's hisn?"

Jason smiled. "Is an ant hill as high as a mountain?" he asked.

Scattergood coughed behind his hand. "I'm kind of cur'ous about that there theater play of yourn—and how you've dealt with folks in it."

The boy looked up quickly. "I—I would be grateful if you'd read it, Mr. Baines."

"Hain't much on readin'. My idee is that theater plays hain't wrote to be *read;* they're wrote to be spoke off by actors. Um. Seems as though I'd like to hear yourn recited out. Now, I tell ye what, Jason. You jest kind of set in one spot, and bear in mind that patience ketches more fish'n foot races ever done."

"Yes, sir."

"Your pa 'n' me is limited men," said Scattergood. "We hain't give much to cloud shadders on mountains. Not unless we kin fold 'em up and sell 'em by the yard at a profit. I calc'late we don't understand the true inwardness of cloud shadders."

"I'm not so sure about you, Mr. Baines."

Scattergood got up suddenly and, as was his custom, dismissed the boy curtly. "G'-by," he said. "Set tight. G'-by."

"Good day, Mr. Baines," said the boy; but as he moved off, his heart was lighter than it had been in months. He could not have told why. It was that half-hour's gracious contact with healing sympathy, felt by the part of him which dreamed, rather than perceived by any outward sense.

Scattergood peered after him, blinking. He waggled his head. "Dog-gone!" he exclaimed. "Dog-gone! Some folks is different from others, only a good deal more so."

LATE in the afternoon Pliny Pickett, former stage driver, but now conductor on Scattergood's train which ran down the valley, stopped to make his daily report.

"How be ye, Pliny?" asked Scattergood.

"How be ye, Scattergood?" Pliny replied, in perfect imitation.

"Um. Much of a theatergoer, Pliny? Eh? All int'rested up in the drama?"

"Mebbe," said Pliny cautiously. "I've pulled a sight of troupes up on the train."

"Dunno but what that qualifies ye to be a critic," said Scattergood. "Young Jason Wentworth's up and wrote him a theater play."

"Dew tell! How's the Elder take it?"

"Sets kind of heavy-like on his stummick," said Scattergood.

"'Tain't no affair of yourn," said Pliny.

"Wrote it in Coldriver, didn't he?" asked Scattergood, as if that point answered all questions as to how it became his affair.

"Is the' a villain into it, and a sawmill?" asked Pliny.

Scattergood paid no attention to this question. "If you come into possession of suthin', Pliny," he asked, "that you didn't know nothin' about, what's the fust thing you'd do?"

"I'd find out," said Pliny practically, "if 'twas any good."

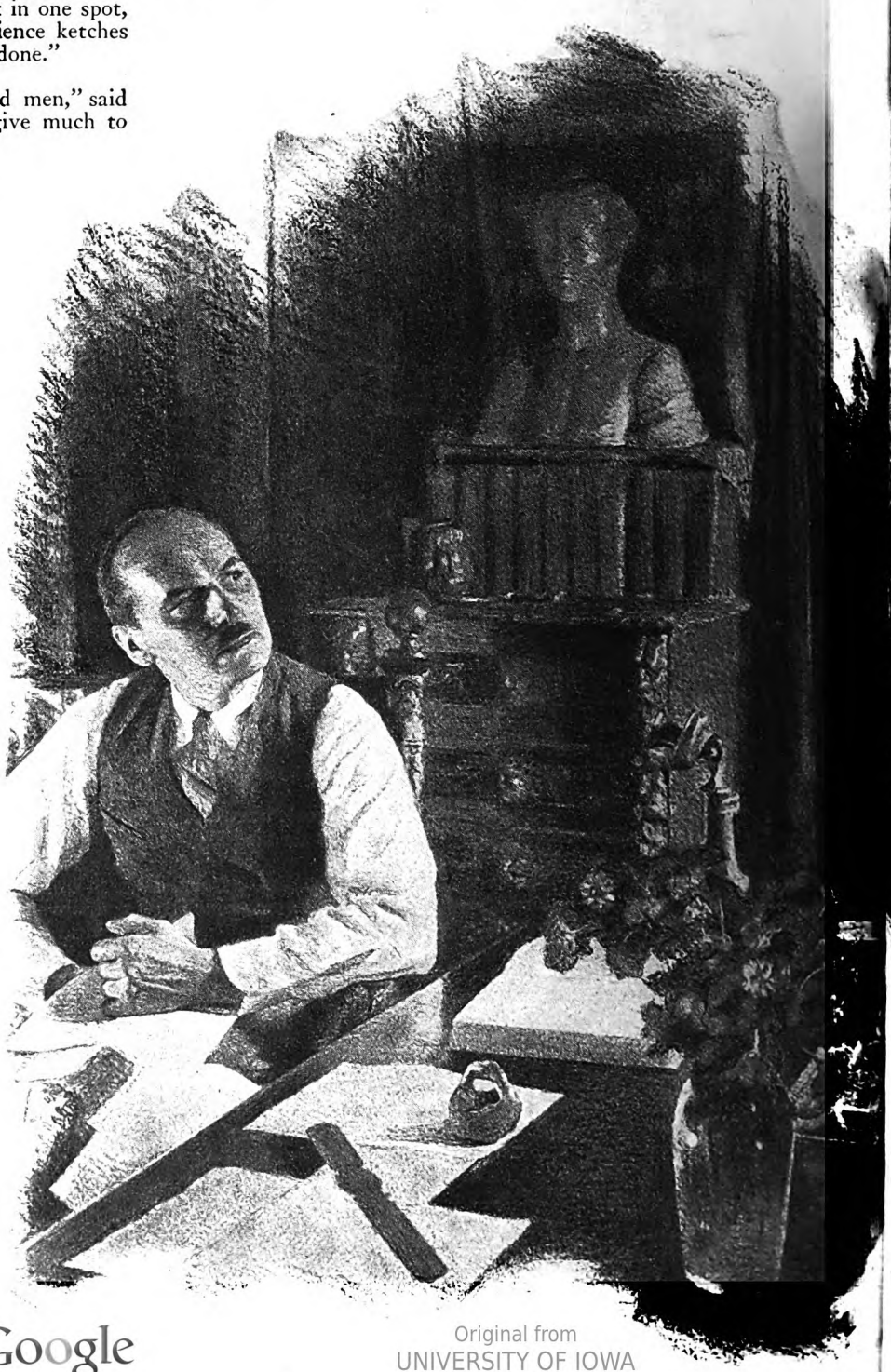
Scattergood considered. "The's a heap I don't know about this and that," he said. "Seems as though I hain't got what you'd call a wide and comprehensive knowledge."

"I SEE by the paper," said Pliny, "that one of these here fellers they call a theater magnate gits all lathered up ketchin' speckled trout."

Scattergood peered at Pliny a moment. "You fetch me that there piece," he said. And then: "I hear tell the young folks to the Congo Church is plannin' an entertainment to git some new chairs fer the Sunday-school room."

"The's talk about it."

"Who's the bellwether of it?"



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"Lucy Martin."

"G'-by, Pliny."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

Presently the old hardware merchant ambled across to the post office, for the evening mail was being distributed. He knew a representative of each family in the village would be present, either in the hope of receiving a letter, or merely to take part in a daily social event. He was disappointed in seeing the person he sought, for Lucy Martin appeared just before the general delivery window was shown up with an important crash.

"Evenin', Lucy," said Scattergood.

"Good evening, Mr. Baines."

"I hear tell you're all finished up with state college."

"I graduated in June."

"Um. Study literachoor there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was theater plays a part of it?"

"Yes, Mr. Baines. A great part of it. We even used to give plays in our course."

"Dog-gone!" said Scattergood. "How the world does move along. Kin you read a play and tell if it's any good fer anythin'?"

"I don't think anyone can, Mr. Baines. Even the most successful producers never seem to know—until the play is produced."

"Ye mean acted out onto the stage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um. Know Jason Wentworth? Eh? Elder Wentworth's boy?"

LUCY flushed, and looked quickly at Scattergood to see if he was teasing her; but she saw he was serious.

"Of course I know him," she said.

Scattergood had seen the flush and stored it away in his mind as important information.

"To be sure," he said. "You 'n' him went to the same college. Mebbe you've read that there theater play he's wrote?"

"He—he's never let me read it."

"But he would? Calc'late he would if you urged the matter, don't ye?"

"Possibly."

"Um. Hear tell you're runnin' a entertainment to the Congo Church."

"I've been planning one."

"A theater play?"

She looked up quickly, as at the presentation of a new and alluring idea. "Oh, I wonder if I could—if—if it would be all right?"

"If you was to try," said Scattergood, "I dunno but what I could contrive to donate the use of the hall." He cleared his throat noisily. "I'm almost dog-gone nigh certain I *would*," he said, "if 'twas this here piece of Jason's you was to act out."

"Oh!" she cried, and her eyes began to shine. "Oh, that would be wonderful—if he'd consent."

"Hain't you the one," Scattergood asked, "to kind of persuade him? Seems as though. If I was him I'd kind of hate to have you start in to want suthin' of me if I didn't want to give it."

"I didn't know you made compliments, Mr. Baines."

SCATTERGOOD looked surprised. "No sich thing," he said brusquely. "I was jest statin'."

"I'll try," said Lucy.

Scattergood nodded abruptly, turned his back and walked to his box, from which he extracted a variety of mail. With this he returned to the store and sat for some time in deep thought.

A month later, Scattergood, arrayed carefully by his wife Mandy—with woolen socks on his feet and a black felt hat on his head—sat in a Pullman car on his way to New York City on business. He alighted at the Grand Central and took a taxi to a hotel. When he had registered, he peered at the clerk and asked, "Plenty theaters in this city, eh?"

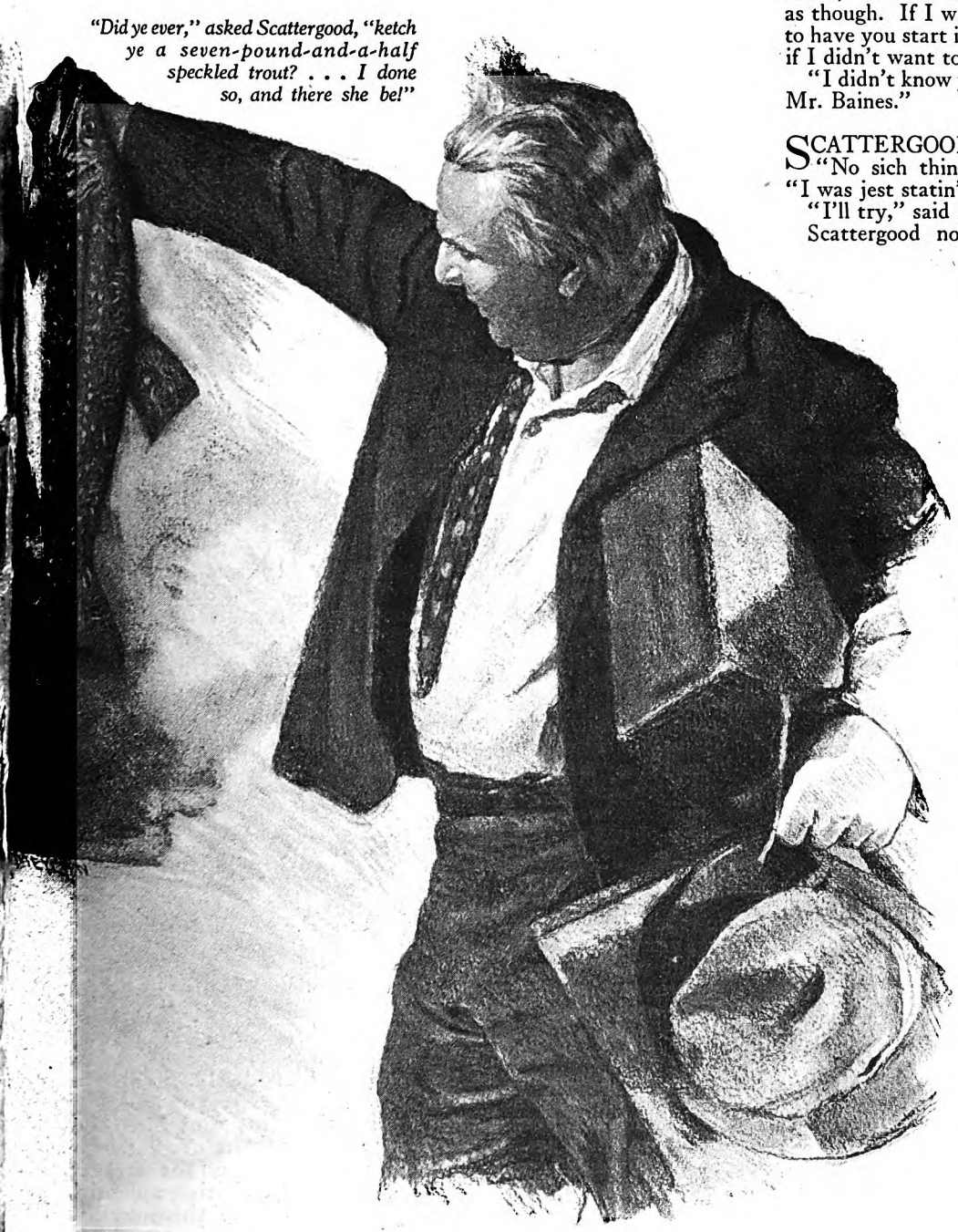
"Several," said the clerk dryly.

"How's a body find 'em?"

"Stand on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street," said the clerk, "and you'll be surrounded by them."

The next morning Scattergood stood, as directed, at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street in a wilderness of theaters. The spectacle

(*Cont'd on page 96*)



"Did ye ever," asked Scattergood, "ketch ye a seven-pound-and-a-half speckled trout? . . . I done so, and there she be!"

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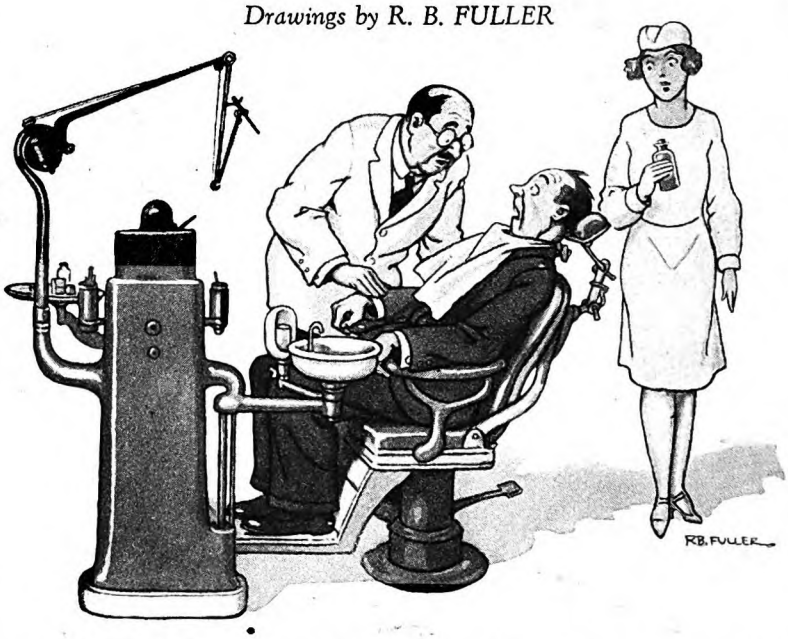
The Dentist Made Me What I am Today—I Hope He's Satisfied

By PHILIP CURTISS

Drawings by R. B. FULLER



"How long is it," he asked quietly, "since you have had your teeth X-rayed?"

I PARTED, some months ago, with an old friend, one who for many years shared the most intimate relationships of my life. His name was Dexter Bicuspid and he was the last of my teeth. Whether or not the separation caused a pang on his part, I don't know, but it certainly did on mine.

The humble teeth have suddenly become organisms of the first grade, ranking right up with thyroids and pituitaries and responsible for almost any misfortune that can happen to man. If you feel ill at ease among strangers, or restless at the movies, it's your teeth. If you have queer chills up your back, a pain in your gizzard, or a dull sensation in your left knee—it's your teeth. Even a two-year-old knows that! Nowadays you don't have your teeth out on the advice of the neighbors or even of the dentist. They are ordered out by a surgeon, by a neurologist, or by a psychoanalyst. I didn't have my teeth extracted because they *hurt* me, but because I was nervous. It was not toothache from which I was suffering, but streptococci.

But let's go back to the beginning of all my troubles.

When I was a child, our dental work, like our laundry, was done by the day. Shortly before my mother was married she had her first metal fillings put in by a rising young dentist in the county seat, and so, of course, he became the one dentist in the world for her. Even though she roamed far afield and lived in large cities, there remained only one Doctor Bisby. Coughs and colds, typhoid and pneumonia, could be taken care of in New York or Buffalo. My oldest sister was even allowed to come into the world in Plainfield, New Jersey. But when it came to a toothache, my mother would have packed up and journeyed from London or Budapest back to Millfield, Connecticut, and Doctor Bisby.

Such faith, of course, became hereditary. Once a year Mother would engage Doctor Bisby's chair for the whole period from dawn to dusk and send us children to fill it. As we grew in numbers it meant only that he worked faster. This frightful day came always on a Saturday and usually on the last Saturday before school opened in September. The only consolation in those annual trips was that, next to Doctor Bisby, the town of Millfield was famous for a huge dairy which sold ice cream. And as soon as we had left the office we were, for once, allowed to have all the ices that we could eat.

Good Doctor Bisby! I must say that Mother's faith was fully justified. No tooth ever ached again after he had once hammered it into submission, and when he had put in a filling it was there for life. Indeed, when I had my final clean-up and dispersed my whole collection, the young university man who did the pulling called in the heads of the office to show what he had found in my mouth. My dental work was all inlay, the most beautiful sort of hand work. Most of it was pure Victorian and some of it was even believed to be Empire.

YOUNG people, however, do not think in terms of artistry, and the net result of those yearly sessions was that when my dental life was left in my own hands it followed the usual course. Each time that I left a dentist's office I would solemnly promise to return in six months. Actually, I would return once in four years, when some one tooth had got to the point where it was driving me insane. Curiously, this never happened when I was near a dentist, and it never happened on a week day. It would always happen on a Saturday evening when I was cruising on Long Island Sound or was three days back in the woods in camp.

I came to know the familiar first-aids for toothache—raisins, cloves, essence of pep[illegible] permint, hot water bags, hot blankets—and o[illegible] the plains of Arizona an army surgeon taught me the frontier method. This was to hold a big gulp of raw spirits in your mouth, tilting and twisting your head until it flowed on the suffering spot and blistered your cheek. You held it there until there were tears in your eyes, after which you could swallow it or spit it out according to your mor[illegible] and political views. This remedy would keep any tooth quiet until you could get [illegible] sleep, and when you woke up you could r[illegible]peat it. By nicely calculating the amount [illegible] the bottle and the di[illegible]tance in miles to t[illegible] nearest town, an adept could usually g[illegible] in comparative comfort right up to t[illegible] dentist's door.

Since it was only when a tooth becam[illegible] absolutely unbearable that I went a[illegible] had it fixed, it followed naturally th[illegible] in the meantime, I became an expert [illegible] the minor and preliminary aches. I kn[illegible] the kind of ache that comes when y[illegible] draw in a breath of cold air and the s[illegible]den, naked stab from hot soup. I kn[illegible] the dull, melancholy pain over three [illegible] four teeth in a row that comes when y[illegible] are tired or ill from some other cause, [illegible] I knew the elflike, "sympathetic" twi[illegible] that comes in your upper teeth becau[illegible] you have something the matter with y[illegible] lowers. I knew the kind of tooth t[illegible] throbs only when you lean over and [illegible] though odontologists would probably [illegible] recognize it as a separate species, I [illegible] one most interesting little tooth [illegible] would ache only when I smelled musta[illegible]

From having at least one of these a[illegible] most of the time and frequently two [illegible] three of them concurrently, I develop[illegible] an unconscious technique for living [illegible] harmony with them. Just as a p[illegible] fighter learns to shelter a weak spot in [illegible] anatomy, so could I—by never leaf[illegible] over suddenly, by always drinking w[illegible] very slowly, by keeping my head [illegible] slight tilt, and by eating with just [illegible] sixteenth of my total grinding surfa[illegible] sometimes go for weeks and even mo[illegible] without visiting a dentist.

In theory this may have been very [illegible] genious, but in practice it was appare[illegible] unsound, for when I was about thirty [illegible]

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es in my teeth began to die. It may e been that there was nothing for n to live for. In a period of eight s at least ten of them gave up the ggle, and at one time I had not less three in various stages of being ned out and boarded up.

his was the Indian summer, the har- period, but, strange as it may appear, is also the happiest era of my odon- c life. For a dental procrastinator, a nerve, sinister as it sounds, is really deal form of ache. When once it s to go, there is nothing you can do t it. In fact, if you want to, you can one the final operation almost in- tely. One dying nerve that I had, traveling, took me into the most able offices all up and down the At- seaboard, and all the business was in terms of cotton. "I'll just fix this itil you can get back to your own t," my various hosts would say, and never felt so loyal to my own man. e years went on, I began to con- ate myself on my growing collection nproof but perfectly usable teeth. rly as I could see, when they were e that I would be in an enviable n.

URE, however, had other plans. d, by one of the bitterest ironies of , they matured at the exact moment had begun to go to a dentist with gularity. This does not mean that I imately seen the light. It merely that I had at last struck a dentist businesslike system. Instead of me go on my own promise to re- six months, he would send me a appointment at the end of that had to go or pay for the appoint- s not even I had the nerve to call and tell him that nothing was the

r this arrangement I had, for some d none of my usual aches. I had egun to believe that I had settled middle-aged dental smugness, when, one evening, while I was sitting reading, I happened to put my finger on a spot beside my nose. It was an inch and a half higher than any spot at which I had ever had a toothache; and, maliciously, as I write this, I can see a thousand fingers go to a thousand noses.

There was a little exterior soreness there, but nothing bad. I forgot it entirely until several evenings later, when I happened to touch the same spot and found the same gentle soreness. Still my mirror told me nothing, so I just let it go.

I must say this for a streptococcus — which, it seemed, was the germ inhabiting my sore spot —that it is really one of the most polite and well-bred little germs in existence. Abuse it and naturally it will fight back, but, considering the unpleasant mission that it has to perform, it will go about it in the most gentlemanly and considerate ways. For two pleasant months the streptococcus and I kept company, neither of us intruding on the other's privacy. Not once did he interfere with my plans or lose me a minute's sleep. In half that time an ordinary cavity would have been unbearable.

So far as the strep and I were concerned, we could have gone on indefinitely on just those terms, but about that time I had one of my regular appointments with the dentist.

Purely by way of making pleasant conversation as I got in the chair, I told him about the sore spot. At once the dentist was all ears. It was the position of the pain on my cheek that most seemed to grip him, and he began to feel of my face. Then he looked into my mouth.

I had one most interesting little tooth that would ache only when I smelled mustard

"How long is it," he asked quietly, "since you have had your teeth X-rayed?"

It was a silly question, for he knew perfectly well that I had never had them X-rayed. Indeed, like most of his predecessors, he had often expressed doubt that they had ever been brushed. Without, in fact, waiting for an answer, he continued, "I think that the best way to spend your time this morning is to have it done now."

I would always gladly do anything in a dentist's office that didn't involve the use of the drill, so I got out of the chair eagerly.

A WHITE-ROBED nurse led me to a shiny little room where a young man awaited me with a camera. Inside of three minutes my mouth had been snapped from every angle—the front porch, the smoking-room, and the view from the west hill. The instant the last close-up had been taken, my own dentist appeared again. For the first time in our professional acquaintance he patted me on the back and helped me on with my overcoat. "I will call you personally," he said, "as soon as these are developed."

Two days later he was as good as his word. "I have the prints of your X-rays," he announced on the telephone.

"Ah, yes," I answered casually, "and how do they look?"

"Well," he replied, "I think that you had better come down and we will talk them over."

I hung up the receiver and turned to my wife. "Maude," I said, "your husband is going to have false teeth."

Maude turned white and sat down very suddenly. To tell the truth she was not wholly unprepared. I had not been wholly unprepared myself, but, much more than I, she had been clinging to hope.

"Did he actually say that?" she asked faintly.

"No, but he said that he wanted to talk them over, and you know what that means."

"Yes," confessed Maude, "that's what editors say when a story's a frost. At any rate," she commanded, "I am going with you and he is not (*Continued on page 104*)

Exactly like a man milliner fitting a sports toque, he held out the new, shining plates in his two hands

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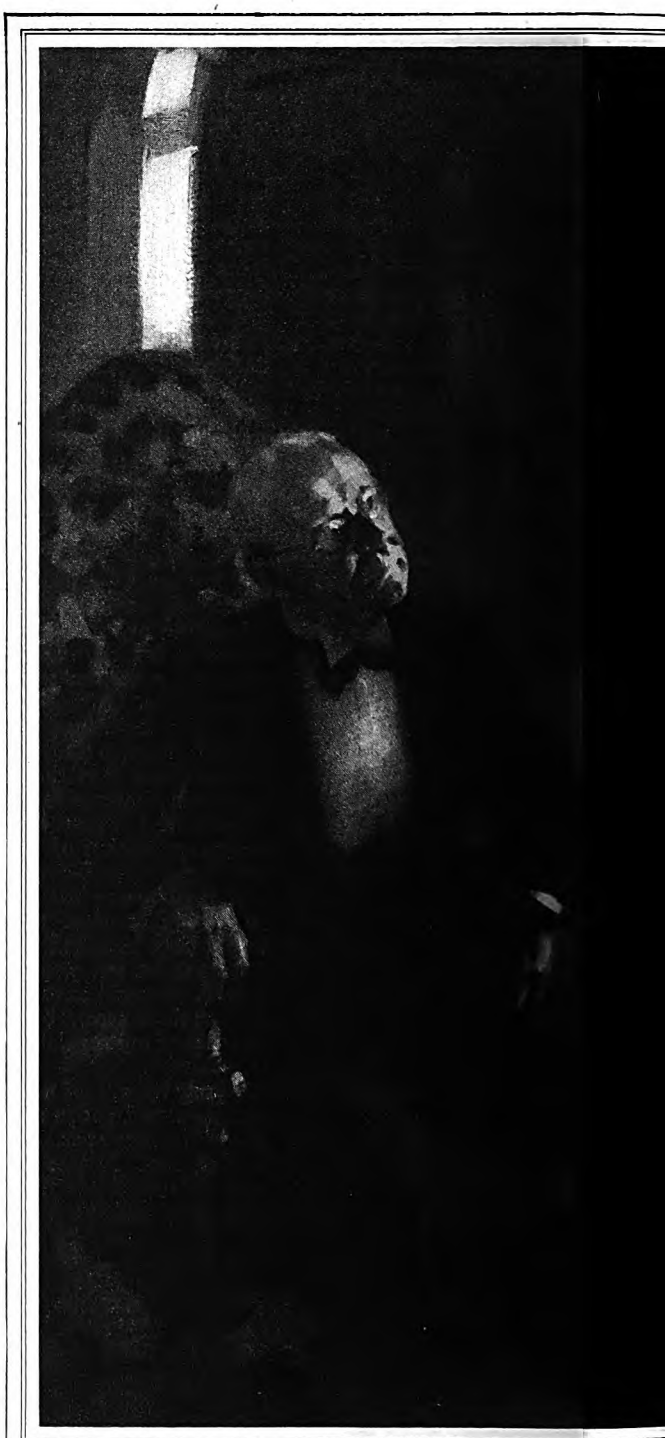
A STORY

By

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

The Best Things

Illustrated by W. B. KING



I went into a house, and it wasn't a house,
It has big steps and a great big hall;
But it hasn't got a garden,
A garden,
A garden,
It isn't like a house at all.
—*When We Were Very Young.*

NANCY BLAIR stood at the window watching Jack swing off down the street to catch the 8:15 commuters' express for the city. Her lips were pressed together, and there was anger in her heart. Not the sort of anger that comes in nebulous little gusts in the morning, is blown very thin by the comfortable routine of the day, and then with the evening's kiss is as if it had never been. No, Nancy's anger was not that kind. It was very still and quiet and bitter—the kind from which a woman can draw a chill dignity which makes her seem as unapproachable as the Jura Mountains.

It was in this cold and distant mood that Nancy had prepared the breakfast, sat down opposite Jack in their sunny little dining-room, and answered briefly his cheerful flow of conversation.

"What's wrong?" he demanded at last. "Was last night too much for you? Why don't you let a few of these high-brows eat at home for a while? You're all tired out!"

"I'm all right," Nancy had responded briefly. "That is, I'm not *physically* tired."

Jack grabbed his paper and his watch, lying open by his plate.

"Thunder! I forgot I had to stop at the bank. Good-bye, honey. Now, you rest up today and forget about dinner parties. A darned nuisance, I call them! Good-bye, dear."

He kissed her eagerly, as he always did, and left the house with a great slamming of screen doors and clatter of shoes on the steps. He was whistling as he turned to wave to her from the street. Nancy waved back mechanically, the cold arrow still in her heart, and then turned to the living-room, which recalled only too vividly the whole scene of the evening before.

She sank down in the deep chair to think things over.

The worst of it all was that Jack didn't even *know* what he had done. He was as happy and care-free now as if he had not just laid waste some of her fondest hopes.

It was not even as if she had not explained the importance of the dinner to him. He knew what cultured people the Lynns were. To have them accept at all was positively overwhelming. "Just a little informal dinner," she had told Mrs. Lynn lightly over the telephone; "no other guests." And at that austere lady's "We shall be delighted to come over, I'm sure. It's so pleasant to share young people's home life," Nancy had almost fainted away in her chair. She had anticipated an equally gracious refusal.

But it was like Nancy to aspire and to succeed. Already, during their three years' stay in Woodlawn, she had become a member of three clubs and chairman of a half-dozen mittees; and her aspirations ran still higher. She was, she considered one of the most capable of the young matrons all lines intellectual. Mrs. Lynn, who was president Women's Club, had particularly singled her out for re bility and favor. And when that personage had calle later invited them to her musicale, Nancy had felt th feet were well up on the ladder that she hoped to climb.

For the Lynns were not only wealthy, they were Woo most distinguished family. Mrs. Lynn wrote articles magazines on Club Work, and Women in Politics, and s like that; and Mr. Lynn was interested in *collecting*, a been to Greece, and actually helped a party excavat vases and bones! And they talked only about Worth Things!

SO HAD the stage been set for what Nancy felt w great scene of her social career up to date. The table d lovely. And Jane, her cleaning woman, knew how t beautifully, and was already in the kitchen. In the

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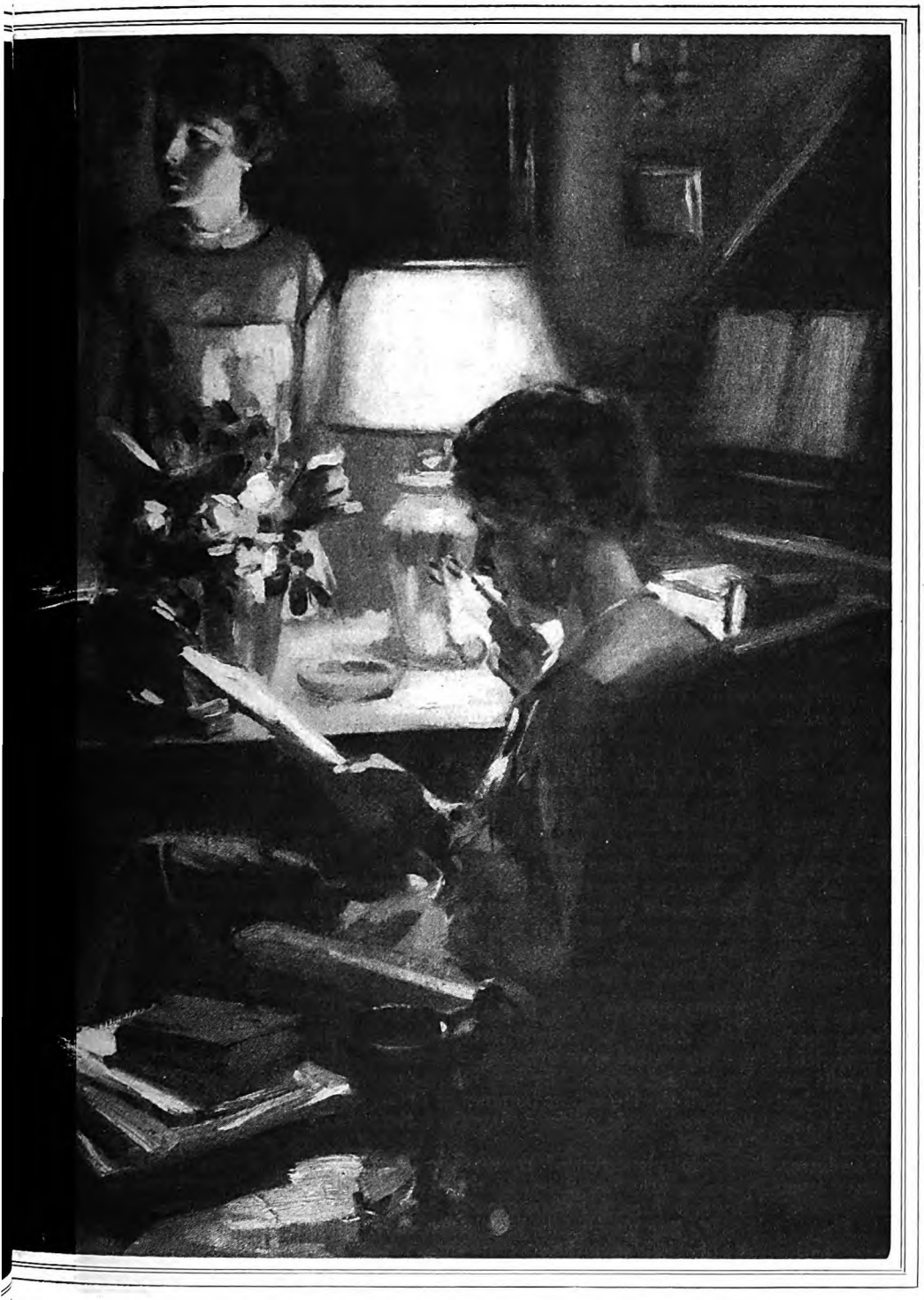

Outwardly Nancy was calm, sweetly alert, and entertaining. Inwardly, she was seething with anger, fear, and shame

"Jack, *please!*"

"Oh, all right. Can I wear a soft collar?" He started up the stairs, leaving his newspaper and salesman's satchel on the hall console table, between the two severely decorative candlesticks.

"Heavens, *no!*" Nancy called as she cleared away the offending articles.

IT WAS then fifteen minutes to seven. At ten minutes of the hour a door slammed vigorously upstairs, the sound of running water and violent splashings came down, only slightly muted, to the living-room; and in another five minutes the doorbell rang and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, poised, immaculate, and faintly condescending, entered.

At this point in her mental review Nancy paused to admit a point of honor. Jack didn't *know* that the guests had arrived. He couldn't hear anything above the sea noises he was making. But he should have *assumed* they were there and acted accordingly.

What had happened next was this: Just after Nancy had explained how *very* sorry her husband was to be late and not present to receive them, and the usual amenities had been exchanged in soft, well-bred voices, a door upstairs had opened noisily and Jack's heavy tramp was heard above, to the loud, cheerful accompaniment of this chant:

"If the riv-er was whis-ky and I was a duck!
I would dive to the bottom and nev-er come up!"

Mr. Lynn had raised pale, questioning eyes. What Mrs. Lynn did was worse, so far as Nancy's inner comfort went. She acted as if no foreign sound had penetrated her consciousness. She began, with slow animation, to speak of the last club meeting.

FOR fifteen minutes more Nancy had lived a dual existence ghastly to recall. Outwardly she was calm, sweetly alert, and entertaining. Inwardly she was seething with anger, fear, and shame.

For the singing had kept on, changing with great versatility on the soloist's part into several minor keys, until at last the lyric of the bibulous duck had been abandoned, and instead there had floated clearly down to the strained listeners in the living-room:

om, Nancy, in her best frock, which emphasized the fresh, atural pink of her cheeks, was trying to be calm and not flit bout, while the minutes sped by and *Jack did not come.* She ad warned him about being late. Dinner was at seven.

At six-thirty Jack arrived, very much begrimed from the rst hot day of spring, but affectionately blithe as usual.

"Hello, honey! Why all the dolled-uppedness?"

Then, at her expression, he sank heavily onto the ender hall chair, which was meant only for looks, anyway.

"Great suffering suckers!" he ejaculated. "I forgot this inner business! But say, listen, honey. Do you know what I ulled off today? I landed old Griscom! Yes, sir, with a good, g, fat order. I've been after him for *two years*, and today I t him, darn his old thick hide!"

"Hurry, Jack—yes, that's fine—but *hurry!* They're likely come any minute and you have to shave. *Please* hurry, ck. You know the Lynns."

"Oh, to the dickens with the Lynns! Say, you haven't ven me a kiss. Isn't it the cat's, though, about old Griscom's der? Wait till they see that roll in at the office. Oh, baby!"

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"And so they carried Carrie to the fer-ry,
And the ferry carried Carrie to the *shore!*
And the reason that they had to carry Car-*rie*,
Was that Carrie *couldn't carry any more!* Te dum, te dum . . ."

Still Mrs. Lynn pretended not to hear. That, to Nancy, set the absolute stamp of disgrace upon the whole proceeding. There was literally no hope.

AT LAST Jack had *run* down the stairs, as usual, kicking up the hall rug and then kicking it straight again. At the living-room door he had stopped aghast. His expression was really penitential.

"Why, I didn't know you folks had come! Well, say, I'm sorry. I guess you must think I'm the prize bathroom tenor! How d'you do, Mrs. Lynn. How d'you do, sir."

Dinner had been announced. But in spite of the excellent viands and Jane's really perfect service, there was something wrong. Mrs. Lynn's attitude was more and more condescending as she tried to converse with Jack.

"I've just been reading a new book on psychoanalysis. Are you at all interested in it, Mr. Blair?"

"Not a bit," Jack returned promptly. "I think it's a lot of bunk. I can't see—"

"Oh, *do* tell us about it, Mrs. Lynn; I'm really so interested!" Nancy had intervened, and from that time on had made the conversation three-cornered, while Jack ate steadily on with unmistakable appetite.

After dinner it had been little better. The subjects Jack introduced were so *plebeian*. He had even asked Mr. Lynn if he was having any trouble now with the ash man, and if he knew which kind of fertilizer was best for raising peas. And he didn't act really interested when Mr. Lynn was telling about his old pieces of pottery and his first editions.

The guests left early. There was something, *something* in the air of their goodbyes, which gave Nancy a constricted feeling in her throat, though her smile was still sweetly upon them until the door had closed. Then she had sunk miserably into the nearest chair.

"Jack," she said, and there was bitterness in the tones, "they'll never come again!"

"Gosh, I hope not," Jack had agreed calmly, as he stretched his long legs before him and clutched his pipe and tobacco box. "Say, he's the driest old bird outside a museum. He ought to be stuffed, that fellow! Poor old beggar, though. I'll bet he can't even call his toothbrush his own with that woman around him all the time!"

"*Jack!*" Nancy's voice was stern. "You must remember these people are *my friends*, and the kind of people I want to—"

"Oh, all right, honey. Like 'em if you want to. Say, wasn't it great, though, about old Griscom? Got under his skin at last, eh? He's a good old scout when you once understand him."

But Nancy was not to be dissuaded.

"Jack, those *awful* songs. We could hear every word! Why *can't* you be careful and act like a gentleman. That Carrie thing sounded perfectly disgusting. What does it mean, anyway? '*Couldn't carry any more*'?"

Jack pressed a caressing finger down his pipe bowl and reached for a match.

"Lady was stewed, I guess," he explained succinctly.

Nancy sat very still, the cold shame in her heart going deeper.

"I suppose," she said, with a deadly quiet, "that that is only another echo from army days. Did you never think nor speak of *anything* elevating in the A. E. F.?"

"Oh, sure," Jack grinned, as he blew rings in the air, "we used to sit round for days and discuss Browning's poems with the top-sergeant. Great stuff for the army, Browning!"

And that had been all. She had gone silently to bed, and pretended to be asleep at once. Against Jack's invincible good humor she felt helpless. She couldn't argue with him; she couldn't change him, or explain to him why she wanted to. He met everything with his impervious cheerfulness, his joking, his slangy banter. And she was sick of it.

As she sat now in the early morning, having reviewed all that had passed, she knew suddenly that her abilities were being wasted as Jack's wife. She was capable of taking her place on a higher social and intellectual plane. She was being held back by an uncultured husband. That was the bald truth.

And the provoking part of it was that Jack was really clever, if he would only take pains to show it to the Right People; if he would only try, as she was always urging him, to enlarge his appreciation of The Best Things.

She felt startled and shaken by the discovery. It seemed so disloyal to admit it. But the anger over last night's happenings still burned. It was by its light that she saw herself an injured and disillusioned wife. She saw her love for Jack overcast by a shadow.

THROUGH the day, as she went about her duties, the heavy sense of unhappiness alternated with a feeling of interesting sophistication. She had become one with all the important heroines of fiction who were made of finer clay than their husbands.

Little vignettes of comparison kept popping into her mind as she worked. She saw herself conscientiously reading Shaw's last play, while Jack sprawled in the big chair with the sporting sheet wide before him, and his pipe emitting great puffs. He wouldn't even smoke cigarettes. And they were *so* much more refined than a pipe! Of course, he did read stacks of books on salesmanship, and a few on travel, but outside of that he stuck to the newspaper and detective stories.

Then there was Grand Opera. He went with her, it was true, because she wished it, but it was *terrible* to have him always call it "Grand Uproar," even before strangers.

And as for that play that she had been so anxious to see—the one all the critics pronounced the best of the season—Jack had been unbearable about that. She had been thinking on the way home about the report she was to give of it at a club meeting, and she had said (somewhat experimentally, but still, she felt, rather cleverly), "It's so mellow, Jack. Mellow with life!"

And Jack had given a great snort: "*I'll* say it's mellow! It's so mellow it's rotten; that's what's wrong with it!"

And as to people! He called that handsome Mr. Whitney who almost *ran* the Country Club, "a wind-jammer." And the Mr. Carson who had played at the Lynns' musicale! Jack had been positively rude about him. He imitated him when they got home. He twirled an invisible waxed mustache delicately with his big fingers, and smirked: "Oh, sweet sassafras! Where did I leave my crocheting?"

He was like that about people who mattered.

She kept recalling, during the day, these and other instances of their real incompatibility, wondering dully what would be the outcome of it all, and sinking into an abyss of fear at what she had allowed her mind to admit as the truth.

WHEN Jack came home she tried to meet him as usual. He came bounding into the hall, his blond, giant frame seeming to fill the small space completely. He was attempting to hide a long bundle behind him.

"Got a surprise for you," he chuckled, when he had at last satisfied himself with kisses. "Guess what?"

Nancy suddenly forgot she was tied to an uncongenial mate. Her lovely face flushed delightedly.

"Oh, Jack! did you get *the roses?*"

"You bet I did. Blew myself! Two dozen of the very top-notchers! All guaranteed to bloom this summer. Say, let's plant them now!"

Nancy flew for her gardening apron and gloves. Dinner could wait.

There was indeed one point upon which they did agree perfectly, she and Jack. That was the garden. It was not large, but it was as fair as careful planning and hard work could make it. The little vegetable plot bordered by currant bushes; the banks of iris and peonies; the hollyhocks along the fence, the long beds of old-fashioned perennials; and now—the rose plot! Everything was young yet, but growing prodigiously. And every shoot, every promise or fulfillment of a blossom was watched over and discussed with loving pride. They rushed out in the morning before breakfast to see what miracle had transpired during the darkness. And every moonlight night they walked along the paths before they went to bed, planning new beauties and breathing in its peace.

Of course, Jack made wicked paraphrases on all her quotations, his favorite being: "A garden is a lot-of-work, God wot!" But sometimes, in the moonlight, he listened respectfully to what the poets had to say about gardens.

"Darned if that's not the truth!" he would remark.

Now, she could hear him rattling his spades and rakes in the cellar and singing joyously:

"My grandfather's whiskers were too large for his face,
So they grew round the rim of his hat!"

She tried to put the absurd words from her mind and think only of the roses.

It is barely possible that in the united joy of the planting and in the thrill of a particularly important bridge-luncheon invitation that reached her that night, Nancy might have successfully covered

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She had slipped up behind and put her hands across his eyes. "Guess who," she had whispered in his ear

er angry, unhappy confusion of hts, if the letter had not arrived the lay.

pale gray, innocent-seeming enve-ame the match that was to light the ering fuse. It was a message from who had been Nancy's great in the little mid-Western college they had both attended, and who er married a Banker! A Bank t! Frederick Sloane. He be-a wonderful old New England family, and was considered a brilliant man. Nancy had never seen her since, although they wrote each other their news regularly; but she had feasted her soul on lofty thoughts of what Grace's life must be. The letter asked her to visit them at their town residence, where they would be until later than usual that year.

That night at dinner, her eyes very bright, her voice eager and yet awed, she explained to Jack the quality of the household to which she was going. For of course she *was* going! The thoughts of the day before had decided her at once.

"It will be like a different world. They dress for dinner every night."

Jack looked up in sheer amazement.

"*Every* night! Do you mean even when they're alone?"

"Every night," repeated Nancy loftily.

"Do you mean to tell me that any regular he-man would put on a soup-and-fish if he didn't *have* to?"

"His position (*Continued on page 129*)

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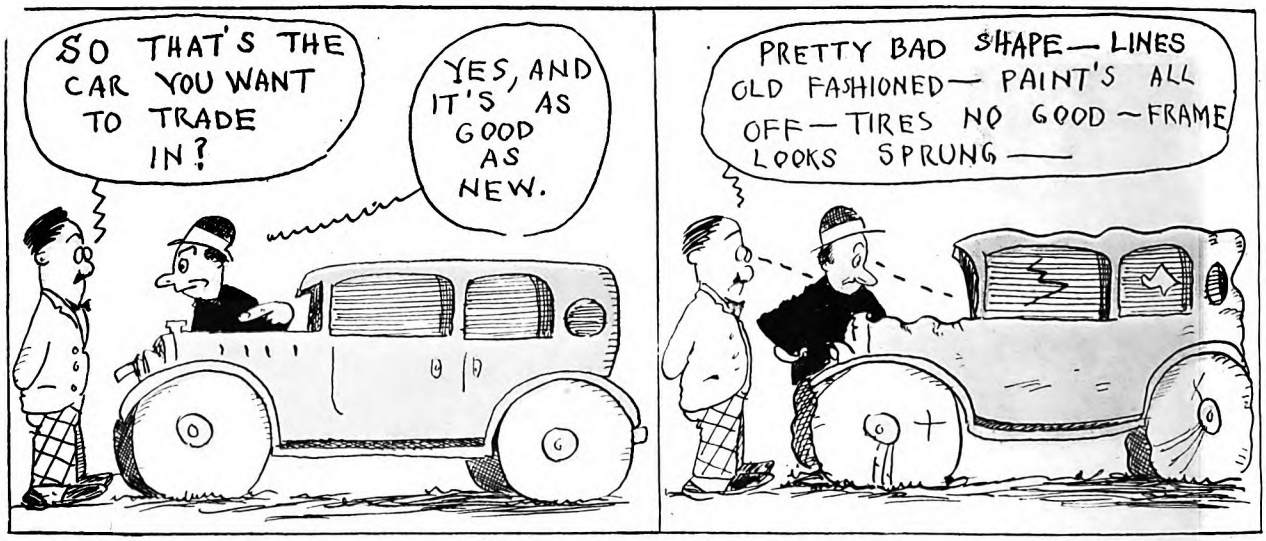


How the old car seems to deteriorate

By
H. I. PHILLIPS

"Newcaritis"

ARE you feeling weak? Do you ache all over when passing motor-car showrooms? Do you experience that all-gone feeling when reading an automobile folder? Do your powers of resistance decline when you see a magazine advertisement of new models? Does your head spin when you get a circular letter announcing further price reductions? Do you get shooting pains when your neighbor goes by in a brand-new car?

The diagnosis is simple. You have that common American malady known as *Newcaritis*.

Now, newcaritis hits different people at different times, but it appears in its most virulent form in the spring, along with spring fever, first robins, colds in the head, circus handbills, blood medicines, dandelion greens, hand organs, and the urge to boo umpires.

The first symptoms are dissatisfaction, restlessness, and a sort of far-away look. You are irritable when polishing up last year's machine. You are cross on the Sunday outing. Next comes a craving to go to a salesroom and peer intently into one of those open-faced chassis which show the motor functioning under glass. You develop a thirst for automobile literature. The malady has now become serious and the victim will feel morose when not talking to a motor-car salesman. Next comes a fever, accompanied, as you price the niftier models, by severe chills.

I have an attack of newcaritis every year, and I've got it right now. I'm growing weaker by the hour. There ought to be an antitoxin or a law or something. Few men are immune. The fellow without a car feels that gnawing urge to get one; the man who has a car longs to trade it in for something bigger and better; the plutocrat with a covey of benzine rickshaws feels the impulse to add to his collection a few models with more filigree work on the panels.

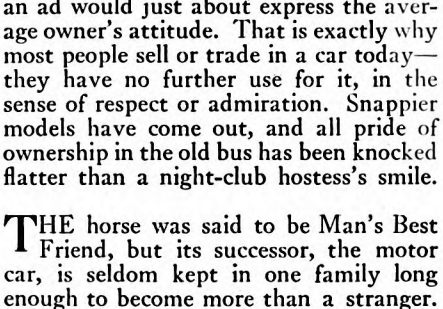
A few years ago there was a classified advertisement that was always good for a laugh. It read:

FOR SALE: Automobile, nearly new; owner has no further use for it.

It was frequently found in the humor columns as a specimen of unintentional candor. But today, in the year 1929, such an ad would just about express the average owner's attitude. That is exactly why most people sell or trade in a car today—they have no further use for it, in the sense of respect or admiration. Snappier models have come out, and all pride of ownership in the old bus has been knocked flatter than a night-club hostess's smile.

THE horse was said to be Man's Best Friend, but its successor, the motor car, is seldom kept in one family long enough to become more than a stranger.

In the country's present state of prosperity people are discarding last year's automobile with the same abandon with which they used to discard last season's straw hats. A man is known in many communities, not by the cars he keeps, but by the cars he doesn't.



Study of a man who has just bought a $3,000 car with a $2.98 cigar lighter attached

"I think I'll trade this bus in; the gloss has worn off," has come to be a rather common statement.

Today's new car is tomorrow's old boiler. The automobile has made life easier but it has made contentment harder.

The fellow with a car he has driven three or four years no longer boasts of it. He apologizes.

All the world's an automobile show and all the people merely prospects, as Shakespeare might say.

It has been my experience that few resolutions are broken with more ease than the one to make the old car last another season. As early as the January automobile show I first feel that craving to possess a car that has never been rained on. I look over the new models, noting each new gadget, gewgaw, and gimcrack inside and out. But, much as they tempt me, I push the idea away with a resolute "Nothing doing! The old car is like new. The engine is a marvel, there isn't a scratch on the body, and the tires are good for another ten thousand miles."

ABOUT the first of February, after gazing into salesroom windows a few hundred times, I say to myself, "I don't see how they can turn out such beautiful models for the money. If I didn't think my old car would do pretty well after a general overhauling, a couple of new tires and a little retouching, I might consider turning it in."

By Washington's Birthday I have probably received thirty or forty circular letters and attractively illustrated folders giving pictures of the new 1929 models with an urgent invitation to "permit our Mr. Ketchum to give you a demonstration."

"Well," I say to myself at this point

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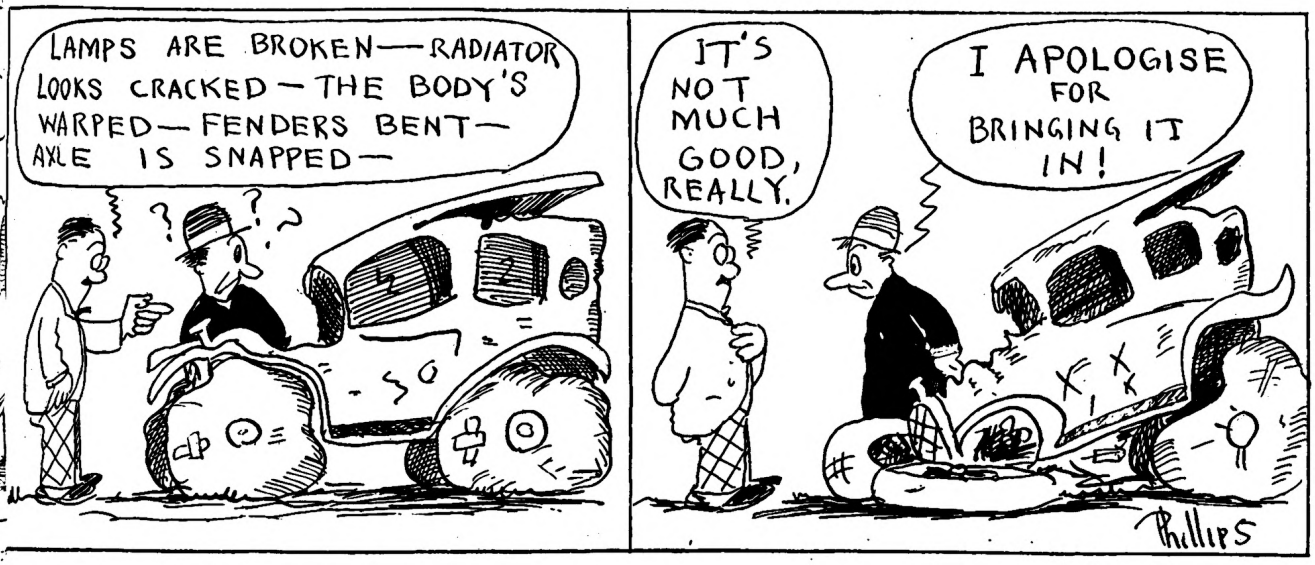


hen you're getting a trade-in allowance

-everybody's *catching* it!

s just wonderful how the automobile cers improve the models each year. I der what allowance I could get on my car? It needs new fenders, all four s are pretty well worn out, and the or needs looking into. The transion is noisy and the brakes need reing. I doubt that it would pay me to t up."

hen, around the middle of March, I ken and allow Mr. Ketchum to call give me a demonstration. When this er I am pretty well sunk.

These new models have everything," use that night. "If I want to make old car last through the season I'll to have the engine taken down and hauled, the whole body burned off repainted, new gears put in the transion, the radiator fixed up, and the inr re-upholstered. I heard a funny underneath the other day and wouldn't be surprised if the chassis were broken. Maybe the wise thing to do would be to trade it in and get a new car."

Not much more is needed to pull me under, and by April the last urge comes when several of my neighbors pass the house in glistening new sedans and look condescendingly on my last year's car standing at the curb. That settles it. I go to the telephone and call Mr. Ketchum.

"HELLO, Ketchum," I say. "I've decided to buy that new car. I wouldn't feel right in last year's model any more. Drive the new one up and take the old can away."

Weak-willed, eh? Well, the automobile makers of this country plan to turn out 7,000,000 cars this year, and they won't expect to sell them to people who have never had an automobile before. There must be at least 3,500,000 others like me.

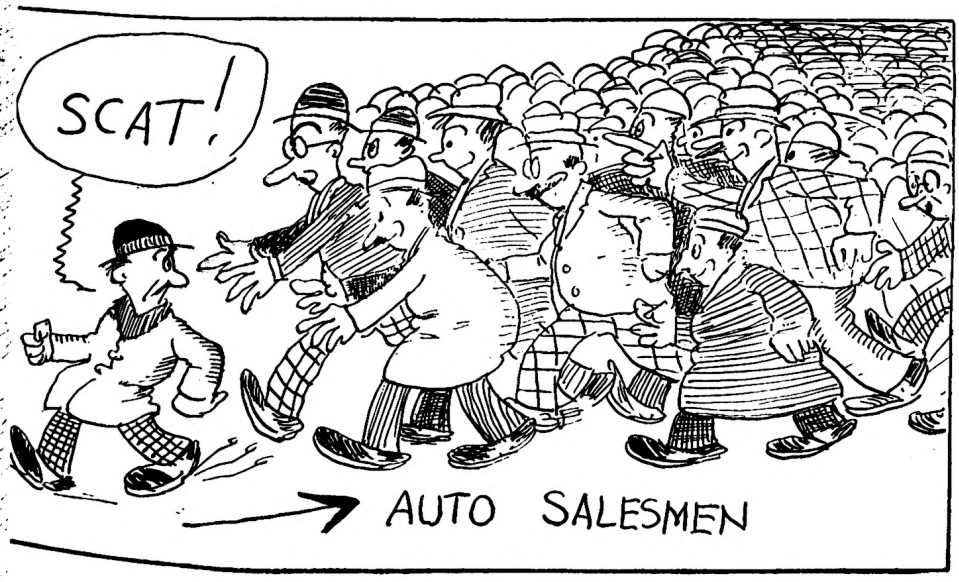
Times have changed. The man who drives the old teakettle designed by Rube Goldberg and synchronized by the American Can Company, and boasts, "I've had it seven years now and I jest can't wear it out," has almost disappeared from American life. Even the fellow who has driven the same car three seasons hurries by men with cameras in the fear he may see his picture in the papers above the caption: "Pioneer Motorist Recalls Early Days of Horseless Carriage."

Automobiles don't make the man. But they make the impression. Not that people are vain and extravagant. They just don't want to be cluck-clucks—especially not in these jolly days when the smooth-talking salesman explains the financing plan in such a way that by the time they sign on the dotted line, they feel that it is only a little more involved than subscribing to a popular magazine for a year or becoming sole proprietor of a vacuum cleaner.

There is something about this fourteen-months-more-and-you-will-own-the-car-outright psychology of motor-car sales policy that makes a financial obligation seem like coming into an inheritance. You may, to all intents and purposes, be merely driving the car on the so-much-a-month plan, but the license is in your name and you can make pedestrians jump just as far as if you had paid cash for it.

WHEN you drive up to a fashionable hotel in a new $3,000 sedan, the bell-hops will grab your baggage and the manager will raise the rates with the same alacrity they would show if you owned the car *then* instead of the following June.

Although you may have made but (*Continued on page 176*)



Spring—as it seems to a prospect

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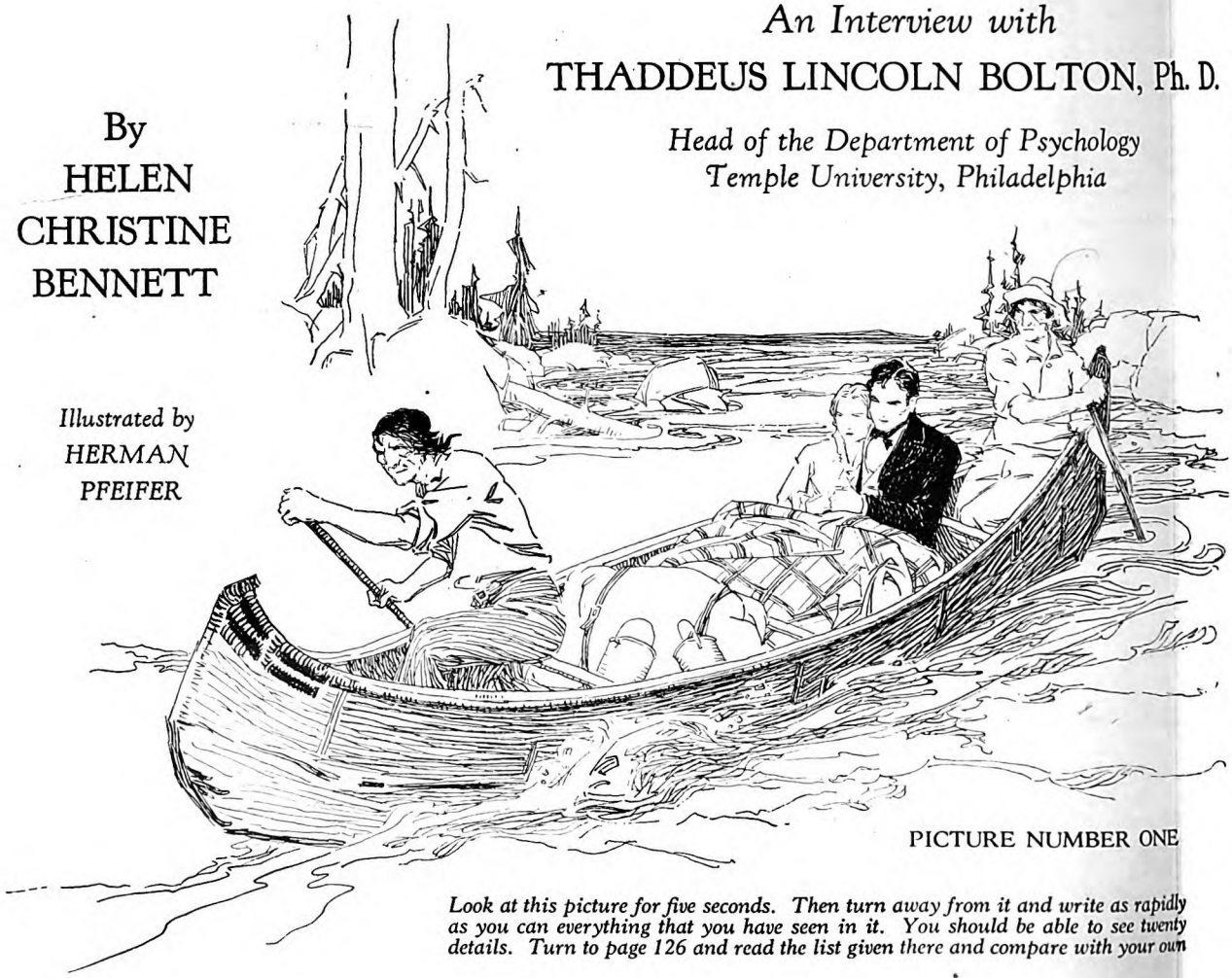
IS *your* MEMORY *as* Good *as* It Ought To Be?

An Interview with
THADDEUS LINCOLN BOLTON, Ph. D.

Head of the Department of Psychology
Temple University, Philadelphia

By
HELEN
CHRISTINE
BENNETT

Illustrated by
HERMAN
PFEIFER



PICTURE NUMBER ONE

Look at this picture for five seconds. Then turn away from it and write as rapidly as you can everything that you have seen in it. You should be able to see twenty details. Turn to page 126 and read the list given there and compare with your own

THE best thing I have to say about the tests presented in this article is that I have tried them and they work. That is, I found out what was the matter with my memory and what I could do to make it better. As a result I am confidently storing away names and numbers and facts at a rate I had supposed impossible a few months ago.

For the past three years I have listened to wails about failing memories. My husband began it; he was certain his memory was weakening; and at every gathering of our friends someone was likely to seek for some elusive fact and then remark, "My memory seems to be going. I can't hold on to things any more."

I suspected, both with regard to myself and my friends, that this loss of memory was a natural accompaniment of the first gray hairs. But when our daughter, aged twelve, came in and said solemnly, "Mother, I am sure my memory is failing. I forget so much," I threw up my hands. Evidently *age* was not the answer. I wanted to find out what was. So I hunted up Dr. Thaddeus Lincoln Bolton, head of the Department of Psychology, at Temple University, Philadelphia, and put the question to him. I felt if anyone could throw some light on the subject, he could.

"DOCTOR BOLTON," I said, "until four years ago I had a wonderful memory. Tell me any name or number and I would not forget it. Then I went to California, and in a few weeks I met hundreds of motion-picture employees, actors, and directors. I found I was not remembering their names. The movie people were very sensitive and I got into difficulties. I tried my best to force my memory to retain the names, but I failed. Since that time I cannot remember names as I once could. And all around me I hear people talking about failing memories. What is the matter with us all?"

Doctor Bolton was thoughtful.

"I cannot say positively offhand," he replied, "but in your particular case it looks as if you had a great capacity for names but that you arrived at your limit. Then you tried to train your memory and failed because you had no method.

"Everyone," Doctor Bolton continued, "is born with a certain capacity for storing isolated items like names. But every human being also has a limit. Some people never arrive at the limit, and they pride themselves upon their 'good' memories all their lives. You may have reached *your* limit when you tried to remember that large number of new names, or you may have tried to learn them too quickly. If you half learn a name and then try to learn another, you suffer from what is called 'interference of learning.' The second name interferes with the first, and neither is learned. Many people who have a good memory capacity fail to use it to advantage because they want to *hurry learning.*

"Probably you also failed to be discriminating as to which of those names were absolutely essential to your business. If you are going to remember what is *essential*, you will have to refuse to clutter your mind with anything but essentials. These three things—the arriving at your natural limit for isolated facts, learning

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hurry or half learning, and trying to rm everything at once with no selection the vital essentials—would account for ur failure."

"But what am I to do?" I asked. "I ıst remember names; it is necessary to siness."

"*Train your memory,*" replied Doctor lton. "You cannot increase your ive capacity for storing facts. But ıy few people can accomplish anything depending on their native capacities. However, to extend the natural limits your memory, you will have to enter ı a good deal of enthusiasm on the s and the training. To succeed with thing new, it is necessary to launch ith as much enthusiasm as possible. s you will be carried on against the ositions that arise. Try to have two hree people take the tests with you. tests are comparative, and they are ıded to show up differences in human gs by which the individual learns ething about himself."

TEST I

IE first test, as Doctor Bolton told ıe, is to determine the way in which *actually* remember; that is, whether have a verbal, pictorial, or objective ory.

verbal memory means that you tend member words rather than drawings jects. A *pictorial memory* means that natural way of remembering is by res or mental images. An *objective memory* means that your natural way of remembering is by objects.

Three groups of things to be memorized should be arranged.

The first group is a list of ten words denoting simple, everyday objects. Let the persons to be tested *read the words once*, and then get them to write or repeat these words in the order they are given.

The second group is of ten pictures or drawings. Allow those being tested to look at the drawings for five seconds; then cover them and see how many are remembered.

The third group is of ten objects, arranged on a table in orderly rows. Allow about ten seconds for inspection. Remove the objects and have those taking the test recall them.

Now compare the errors in memorizing the three groups. The one in which you and any others who took the test did best shows the natural method of remembering.

"There are a few people," Doctor Bolton said, "whose remembering process is by *sound;* that is, they recall things to mind by hearing them."

"Do our occupations develop our types of memory?" I asked.

"No," said Doctor Bolton, "they do not. The method of remembering is native and individual. The first thing to do is to find the type of memory you have and train it."

The second great aid to memory, suggested by Doctor Bolton, is the association of ideas. The mind can hold only a limited number of isolated facts. After the capacity point is reached, it cannot be increased except through association, which means tying something you are learning to something you knew before.

"The more you can learn of any new thing through your senses," said Doctor Bolton, "and the more associations you can find for it with things you already know, the greater are your chances of remembering it. Get an impression of it through as many senses as possible, and relate it, as far as you can, to things you already know. How hard it is to learn unrelated things is shown in this next test."

The test, as explained to me by Doctor Bolton, follows:

TEST II

READ the following twelve words in the order given until you can say them once in order. There is no time limit. Count your number of readings for learning. If you make a mistake in repeating the list in order, finish as you can and read again until you are letter perfect.

List 1—Words:

rug	put	pay
pin	sag	not
cud	rib	sap
now	tug	pew

Then read the following twelve nonsense syllables until you can say them once in the order (*Continued on page 120*)

PICTURE NUMBER TWO

Look at this picture for five seconds. Turn away and write what you have seen. Compare what you have seen with the list shown on page 126. You should be able to see at least thirty details.

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AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL *describes*

The Great Adventure of Adopting *a* Baby

MRS. TURNBULL'S delightfully human stories, most of them built around domestic situations, have been appearing in this magazine for several years. They are tremendously popular because they are so true and real. In this issue you will find "The Best Things," a short story told with the tender understanding and humor which distinguish Mrs. Turnbull's work; and in the article beginning on this page you will discover why she has such understanding and such humor. Incidentally, she answers the question which everyone has asked: How does it feel to adopt a baby? *The Editor.*

HOW does it feel to adopt a baby? This is the question which I have been constantly asked ever since a certain day nearly two years ago when I made a sudden and rather melodramatic return from a visit in another state, with a small, four-weeks-old, pink-and-white flannel bundle in my arms. Beside me was a very nervous, very proud, very much excited husband, bearing a box of nursing bottles, boric acid, sterile gauze, feeding formulas, nipples, et al.

Our good, black Julia opened the door for us on that eventful June morning with a face almost blanched with amazement, and, after peeking at the bundle, announced that she had never seen anything so *little* in her life. She further expressed serious doubts whether any baby of such small dimensions would ever grow any bigger.

She did rise to the occasion sufficiently, however, to empty the remains of the week's ironing from the clothes basket and bring forward that humble receptacle for a temporary cradle.

And when we saw the clothes basket, with its morsel of femininity, reposing upon our best chair in the center of the living-room, my husband and I sat down suddenly, looked at each other, gasped—and then laughed. All this in spite of our having spent a sleepless night on the train.

Here we were, two people on very much the yonder side of thirty, with ten years of married life behind us in which we had been free to come and go at pleasure and to order our household according to our own best comfort. And here was I, in particular, returning from what had been designed as a recuperative visit after a slight nervous breakdown—here we were, and there was the clothes basket *and* the baby!

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated my husband, "we've certainly gone and done it!"

"Yes," I returned, "and," with a flash of practicalness quite alien to my nature, "we've absolutely *no place to put it!*"

And we hadn't. Worse than that, I didn't know offhand whether infants were using bassinets or cribs that season, nor what articles of wearing apparel were necessary at once or could wait until a later day. Our ignorance of the whole problem of what to do with a baby when we had it, was minute and comprehensive.

But while we sat there, nervously discussing the matter before the child would wake up, we were reckoning entirely without the fact that already the news of our arrival had spread like wildfire along the quiet, suburban street. It was certainly less than an hour before we saw a strange procession advancing from two sides with the evident intention of converging at our front walk.

From the west came a large ivory crib on wheels, propelled by a good neighbor three doors above; from the east came a bassinet, also on wheels, proudly pushed down the street by the twins who had long since outgrown it and its mate. Behind them came their mother with an armful of sheets and tiny garments. Various other contributors fell into line with gifts new and old, and, more precious still, wise advice and encouragement.

BEFORE we knew it, one of the bedrooms had been turned into a fully equipped nursery. My husband remarked plaintively that night that he feared he would be compelled to buy a perambulator himself, as none seemed to be forthcoming from the neighborhood! As an actual matter of fact, that *was* the only piece of baby furniture we bought for nearly a year, thanks to the delighted interest and the generous loans of our friends.

On that first day, when the excitement of receiving and placing the furniture and exhibiting the baby herself had subsided, I did what I urgently advise every foster mother to do as soon as she can catch her breath long enough to go to the telephone: I called up a nurse and arranged for her to come at once. I was fortunate in getting a young woman who specialized in baby cases. She came that evening. And when I saw her calm, casual, competent ministrations begin, I suddenly realized that I had been ill, that my knees were still wobbly, that I was seeing every nursing bottle—double—or treble—and that all I asked of life at that moment was a chance to roll into bed after the most exciting twenty-four hours of my experience to date.

IN THE week that followed, however, I was initiated into all the delicate ritual of caring for a young baby. I learned, you see, as most new mothers do, from the efficient hands of a trained nurse, and began caring for my baby at just about the time that most mothers begin taking full charge of their own fledglings. The accurate information and the professional teaching I received during the week of the nurse's stay—not to speak of the relief of mind which her presence afforded—was worth three times her salary.

But now to return to the question itself which has been propounded by all types of friends and acquaintances and strangers, by grandmothers and flappers, by college youths and hard-boiled old bachelors. A few have smiled cynically and raised a shocked eyebrow, mentioning the matter as if my husband and I were guilty of something rather indecent, certainly of rank folly at the best. But most of the inquirers have shown such genuine interest that the answers to the questions have been a pleasure.

Even so, I might not have thought of setting down my reactions to the experience, on paper, if it had not been for two things: One was a remark I overheard from a woman at a tea party.

"Why," she was lamenting, "doesn't someone who has really *taken* a baby tell how the thing works? I have read articles by doctors and social workers and child welfare experts on the wonderful success of adopting children, but what I should like to hear would be a few honest remarks from a real foster mother!"

That, I said immediately to my inner consciousness, is *I*, and I shall at once set about proving it.

But the second thing goes deeper. During my search for a baby and the ultimate finding of one, I made some discoveries that were either beautiful or tragic, depending upon the viewpoint. I found out that a perfectly amazing number of childless couples are looking for a child to adopt. The very fact (*Continued on page 1.*)

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AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL with her little adopted daughter. Mrs. Turnbull's first short story was printed in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE nine years ago. Since then she has been a frequent and popular contributor to this and many other publications. In private life she is Mrs. James Lyall Turnbull, and her home is in Maplewood, N. J.

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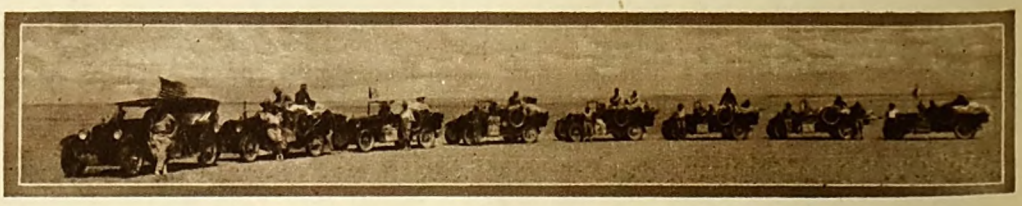
Wide World Photos

Roy Chapman Andrews

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS is the man who found that famous nest of dinosaur eggs in Central Asia—the highest-priced eggs ever laid by bird or reptile! Offers of $100,000 an egg followed his amazing discovery. Andrews is also the man who went against all precedent by making a desert exploration in an automobile. Below you see his caravan of cars in the Gobi Desert of Asia.



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ROY ANDREWS—*the* Dragon Hunter

By FITZHUGH GREEN

THE wounded man lay motionless in his blankets. Over him slatted a thin tent wall, noisy in the growing gale. By his side on a low box someone had set a dish of rice. food was cold and untasted.

feverish flush touched the man's pale ks with red. Once, when he fumbled e heavy bandages encasing the bullet in his thigh, his bloodshot eyes opened tly and rolled in pain.

utside the tent was a scene of wild dis- r. None could stand erect against the est that was sweeping down upon the from the lofty sandstone ramparts hich it was pitched. To leeward spread st waste of yellowish desert, streaked mottled by the sand-whorls that ed across its face.

ere were six tents in all. Brown men ng robes of sheepskin scurried about , piling rocks on loose gear and lash- lown the flapping edges. Every gust e rising wind brought a blast of cut- sand that made the men wince as it ed across their faces.

atch that stove!" bawled a white in a leather coat. Then, in the ear of er white man at his side, he shouted: ought to move him soon as we can!"

bsolutely," replied the other, cup- his hands to keep his words from be- hisked away in the gale.

th struggled into the tent where their ing leader lay. He roused at their nce.

i, fellows," he said weakly. "How's oing?"

retty rough," panted one of the men. v is the leg?"

ll right. Just a little throbbing."

ever mind—" The speaker hesitated. he added with finality: "We're go- take you back as soon as this beastly storm stops."

this the sick man rose to one elbow, y but defiant. "You are not," he re- .

ut it might get worse."

"It won't," the other protested grimly.

Only to avoid exciting the wounded man, the others let him appear to win the argument. They thought they could resume it next day. They did. But to no avail. Despite his pain and the danger that he might lose his leg, the leader refused to retreat.

Wounded and fever-ridden, isolated in the midst of the wild Gobi Desert in Central China, besieged by a terrific sandstorm, and shivering in the bitter cold, Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American-Asiatic Expedition of 1928, would not let a painful accident handicap his little party last spring. The work of hunting prehistoric fossils must go on, was his dictum. And it did.

This one accident of many is typical of the man who in the past ten years has thrown the searchlight of modern science for the first time on the ancient wilderness of Central Asia; a man who is known among his fellow explorers as "one who refuses to have adventures."

His theory has been that our globe was a restless creature in its early life. Its continents rose and fell; seas flowed off them and on again for many æons before our present continents came to rest. He believes that Asia was the first continent to settle down and stop rising and falling.

"This being the case," he says, "Asia must therefore have been the home of the first beasts, the first mammals, and the first men that ever inhabited the earth."

"IN OTHER words," I asked him, "it was the location of the Biblical Garden of Eden?"

"Yes, if you will," he smiled indulgently. "But the interesting part was that until our recent discoveries, such a place had been only a theory. No one had ever produced evidence that life all started in one part of the globe; and there was no way for us to tell just where to look for this part.

"But we knew that if we could locate the remains of certain early types of beasts in a country which had been geologically stable before America or Europe or the other continents settled down, then those types would indisputably be the parent stock for all the animal life in the world."

It was a bold theory and one that needed tangible proof before scientists would believe it. Theories were easy to conceive, and there were thousands of new ones every year. At the time he promulgated this one, ten years ago, Roy Andrews was, so to speak, just a young upstart. The story of how he found proof that placed the Garden of Eden in Central Asia is one of the great romances of modern exploration.

THE story really opens on January 26, 1884, in the town of Beloit, Wisconsin, with the birth of a blue-eyed baby boy. While his parents were kindly people and good, intelligent citizens, there was nothing in Roy Andrews's background or surroundings to indicate that he would become a man whose fame would echo around the world.

Yet even in his early years the lad revealed a trait that gave a clue to his spectacular future. Let his mother tell it:

"Roy liked to hunt just as most of the other boys did. And the hunting was good. His father and I didn't mind, because it was a healthful occupation and it brought fresh duck and other game to our table. However, Roy had one difference from the other boys: He didn't like to kill for the sake of killing, but for the purpose of adding a new kind of skin or head to his collection in the attic.

"He used to spend hours over this collection. I am sure he could have learned much out of books on birds and animals, but he seemed to take a greater pleasure in digging up facts for himself."

"*Digging up facts*—" How prophetic the boy's early aptitude was!

After graduation from Beloit College, young Andrews wrote to the American Museum of Natural History in New York

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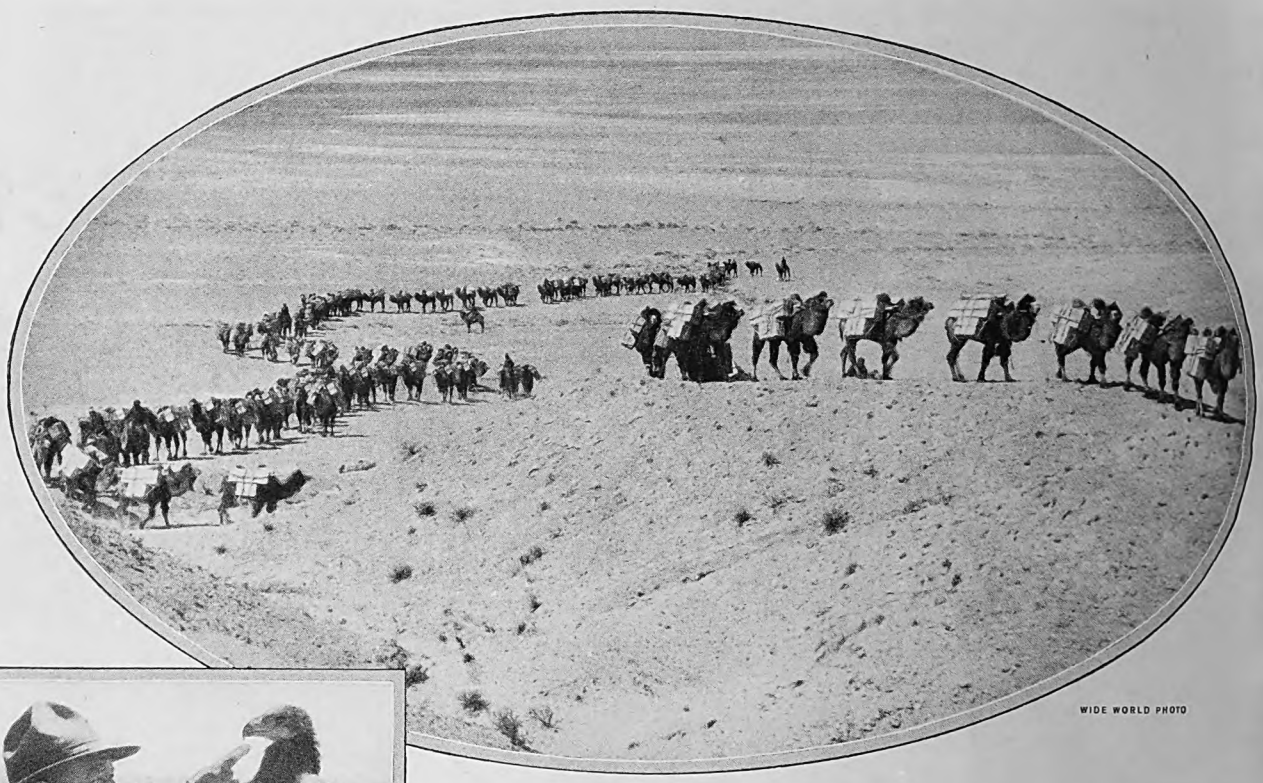

The camel caravan of 125 animals that carried the food, gasoline, spare parts for automobiles, and other equipment for the Roy Chapman Andrews party on its great Asiatic expedition. (Left) Andrews and "Goldie," a young eagle

for a job. He had heard that the Museum had a lot of animal mounting to do. It never occurred to him that big eastern universities were turning out thousands of men equipped for this sort of work, whereas the turnover in the Museum was not half a dozen a year.

SO IT turned out that when Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, the Director of the Museum, read Roy's letter, he turned to his secretary and said:

"I like the sound of that young man. Tell him to come on to New York—at his expense."

A week later Doctor Bumpus sat talking to his correspondent.

"You think you would like to work in a Museum?" asked the Director, looking severely at the bright-faced boy from the West.

"Yes, sir. Try me."

Of course, that was exactly what Doctor Bumpus intended to do. Because, like all executives, he had long since learned that no amount of reputation or training is as helpful in judging a man as are the man's own actions.

It so happened that only a few days previous a whale had been reported washed up on the beach on the south shore of Long Island. Its body was half sunk in soft sand. The January weather was bitterly cold. And, as any seafaring man will tell you, there is no nastier job in the world than cutting up a dead and decomposing whale.

Doctor Bumpus sent Roy Andrews down to get that whale for the American Museum. He disappeared for about a week.

"Gone home, I guess," grinned Doctor Bumpus to his secretary one morning. At that moment the telephone rang.

"This is Roy Andrews, sir," came a faint voice at the other end. The wires were humming with the second blizzard in five days.

"Oh, hello!" The tone of the Director's response held both relief and surprise. "I hope you're all right."

"I've got your whale, sir."

For a moment Doctor Bumpus could

Andrews and one of his Oriental helpers looking for trails that lead to the East

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not speak. "Where?" he asked weakly.

"Here at Amagansett, ready for shipment to the Museum. Please send some trucks as soon as you can."

That whale is now mounted in the Museum.

"Didn't you nearly freeze to death?" asked Doctor Bumpus later, trying to jump the real story of his achievement from Andrews.

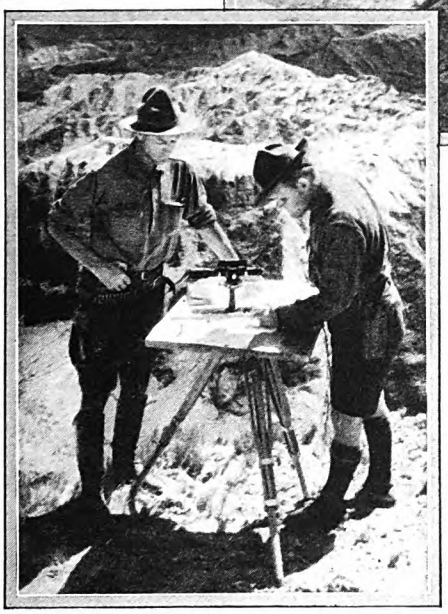
"Shucks! We have it twice as cold in Wisconsin," was all the answer he got. The danger and excitement of the job were of no importance compared to the doing of it.

ABOUT this very thing, Andrews said to me: "The public wants to hear about adventure. Many of the so-called explorers are not explorers at all, but just bored people seeking excitement. They are hoping against hope that they'll have a tough time and some sort of narrow escape from death. This sort of thing is their stock in trade when they come home. It makes a book or a lecture romantic; at least, they think so.

"My idea is entirely different. The explorer who has a lot of adventures has usually made a lot of mistakes.

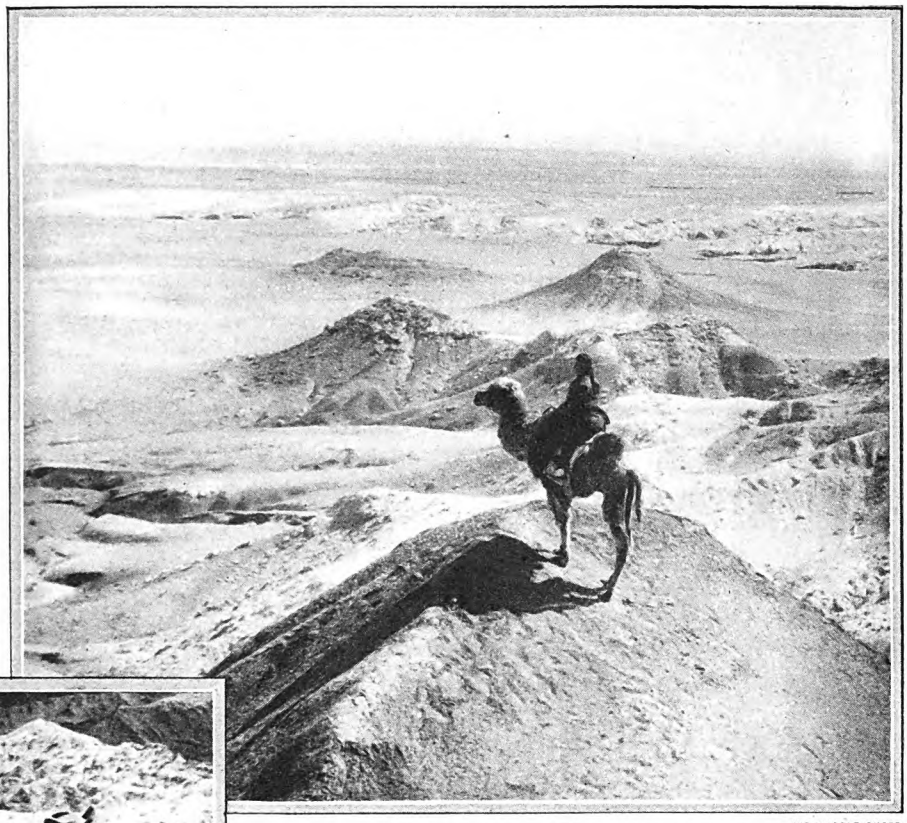
"For the explorer or investigator has a problem to solve just as a business man has. And so long as things go as they should, there are no adventures. It is when a man makes mistakes or underestimates the grub or overestimates his strength that he has what may be called an adventure."

The way he killed the whale in 1908 got young Andrews the position he coveted in the American Museum. Later led to his scientific study of whales along the Alaskan coast in 1908. It was the indirect cause of his being attached to the U. S. S. Albatross on a voyage to the Dutch East Indies, Borneo and Celebes in 1910. It took him into the Antarctic on a hard-bitten whaling ship for over a year. And it led, finally, to his now classic work investigating whales up the Japanese and Korean coasts until



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Mapping the Bad Lands of Mongolia



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The head camel man takes a look into the weird and unknown country toward which the expedition is traveling

When it was that he was first seized by the inevitable fascination of the "Dragon Country," toward which he had since—unknowingly—been heading.

In side trips he caught glimpses of the vast and mysterious Mongolian desert that lay to the south and west of Korea. He had vague tales of the Desert of Gobi in the center of China stirred strange yearnings within him.

Finally he could resist the temptation no longer. His secret was that in the center of Asia might be found the answer to the riddle—*Where did Man originate?*—was the lure that drew him.

Officially the project was called the "First Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum." It left in 1916. After covering part of Tibet and western China, it returned in 1917. Andrews went out again in 1919, and in a year encircled the outer fringes of bandit-ridden Mongolia.

"I sort of wanted to get the whole picture in my mind," he explained. "I wasn't sure what I was going to find, but I wanted to know where to look for it."

There were plenty of obstacles when the final great expedition was organized. One was money. All explorers have learned that money is the lifeblood of the modern expedition.

"My experience had already taught me that the two prime essentials of a scientific expedition are time and money," Roy told me. "I could give the former; but my friends had to provide most of the latter."

Despite this, Andrews nearly broke his health and nerves rushing about the country lecturing, writing books and articles on trains, and trying to collect his men and equipment in New York. Every penny he could scrape up in this way went into the great scheme for a final big effort to prove or disprove his theories. But it was a mere drop in the bucket.

He tells it: "In something close to despair I went to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. I met him in his magnificent library on Thirty-sixth Street. With some qualms I shook his hand and opened my mouth to explain my predicament.

"But suddenly I found myself speaking with confidence and ease. I think the reason was that Mr. Morgan is at heart an adventurer. His big, rugged frame, his expressive eyes, and his friendly smile made me feel that he would like nothing better than to go out and do just what I was trying to do.

"'It's a great plan,' he said when I had finished. 'What do you want me to do?'

"I told him the expedition would cost $250,000, a good deal more than I had been able to raise. He didn't ask me why, or cross-question me about how I was going to spend it. He just said: 'All right. I'll help.' And he did.

"THE expedition reached Peking on April 14, 1921. The worst dust storm in years was blowing at the time."

"'It is a bad omen,' Chinese savants told me. 'It means we shall have famine, war, disease, and death. Your enterprise is doomed to failure. You will not find what you go to seek.'

"The Chinese were largely correct in their predictions. Smallpox broke out in the very districts through which we had to go. Civil war, already raging, swept northward across our path. A drought of fourteen months began to culminate in a famine that made brigands out of peaceful Chinese farmers. But I couldn't afford to wait. I might not be able to get the money again."

So westward Andrews fought his way; literally *fought*, too. There were actions with bandits; tormenting sieges under battering, blinding sand-storms; (*Continued on page 151*)

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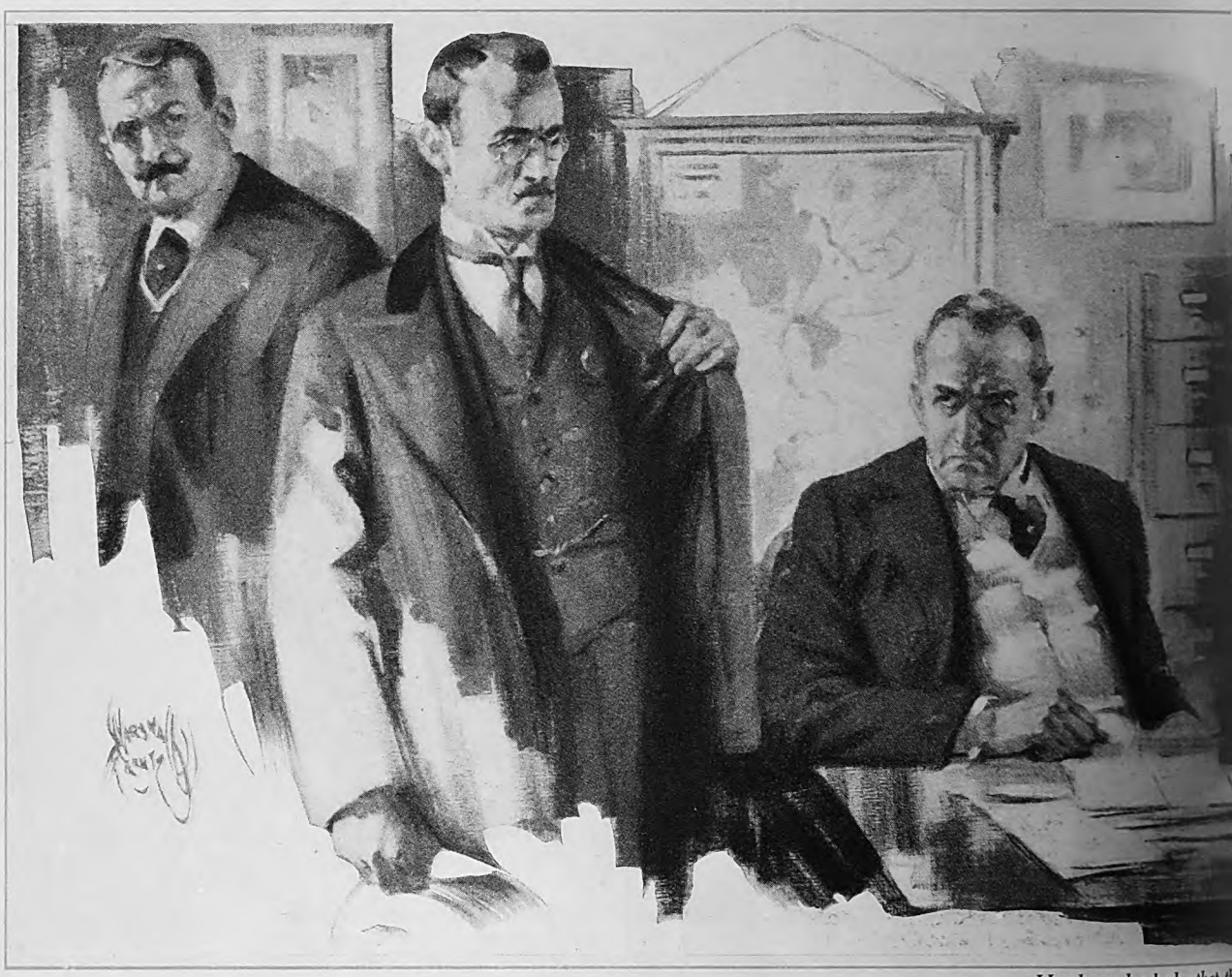

He showed a badge that th

How America's *Secret Agents*

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

"IT IS a terrible affair," said the Chief of the French Secret Service in Switzerland. He spoke almost in a whisper. His face showed strong emotion.

"What a blow they have dealt us, those Germans!" he exclaimed. "Fooled us about their great offensive that almost crushed, first, the British Army, then ours. Tricked our secret service like schoolboys. Caught there in Germany twenty-one of our good men, that we depended on, and, *pouf!*—snuffed them out. A firing squad at dawn. Then, in those men's names, they sent us forged false reports. We never knew, until too late."

Eyes flashing, he struck the table a blow that made the glasses ring.

"One man did that!" he cried. "One man, though the master of many more, men and women. Ah, what a master, of things dark and sinister. He is a veritable Mephistopheles!"

Cautiously the Frenchman looked about the obscure café, then leaned forward and lowered his voice again.

"And now," he whispered, "that man, that devil, that Master Spy—he is here—"

The American officer in civilian clothes started, and looked about too. He was not yet inured to all the game's abrupt transitions, its dull monotonies, its melodrama. He smiled apologetically.

"You mean somewhere here in Switzerland, of course," he said.

"Right here in Berne," the French Chief replied. "Perhaps we pass him on the street, and do not know him. Perhaps," waving his hand toward a nondescript group just out of earsho "perhaps he sits at that table, and watches us. Who know He has two, three, four, one cannot know how many, identities

Then, with a shrug:

"Eh, *bien*, this Mephistopheles is human, for he leaves trai and he has not caught all the hounds of our Deuxième Burea The trail ends in Berne. He is here, contriving who know what new evil to the Allied cause. It is for us, all of us, to bre up his game. That is why I asked you to meet me here— seek the help of the American service."

The American thrilled at the idea.

"YOU flatter us," he said; "asking us to help catch t famous 'Master.' We've heard of him, even if we are no at this 'secret stuff.' The Germans can't have all the crew attachés and agents and spies they have in Switzerland wit out there being some leaks."

He smiled.

"And do you know," he said, "the American dollar is regular divining rod when it comes to finding those leaks."

The Frenchman was beginning to smile, too.

"But, yes," he said, "it is true. Last week Major v Bismarck (a schemer, that one, like his famous ancestor) w roaring with laughter over some false information they h sold the Yankees."

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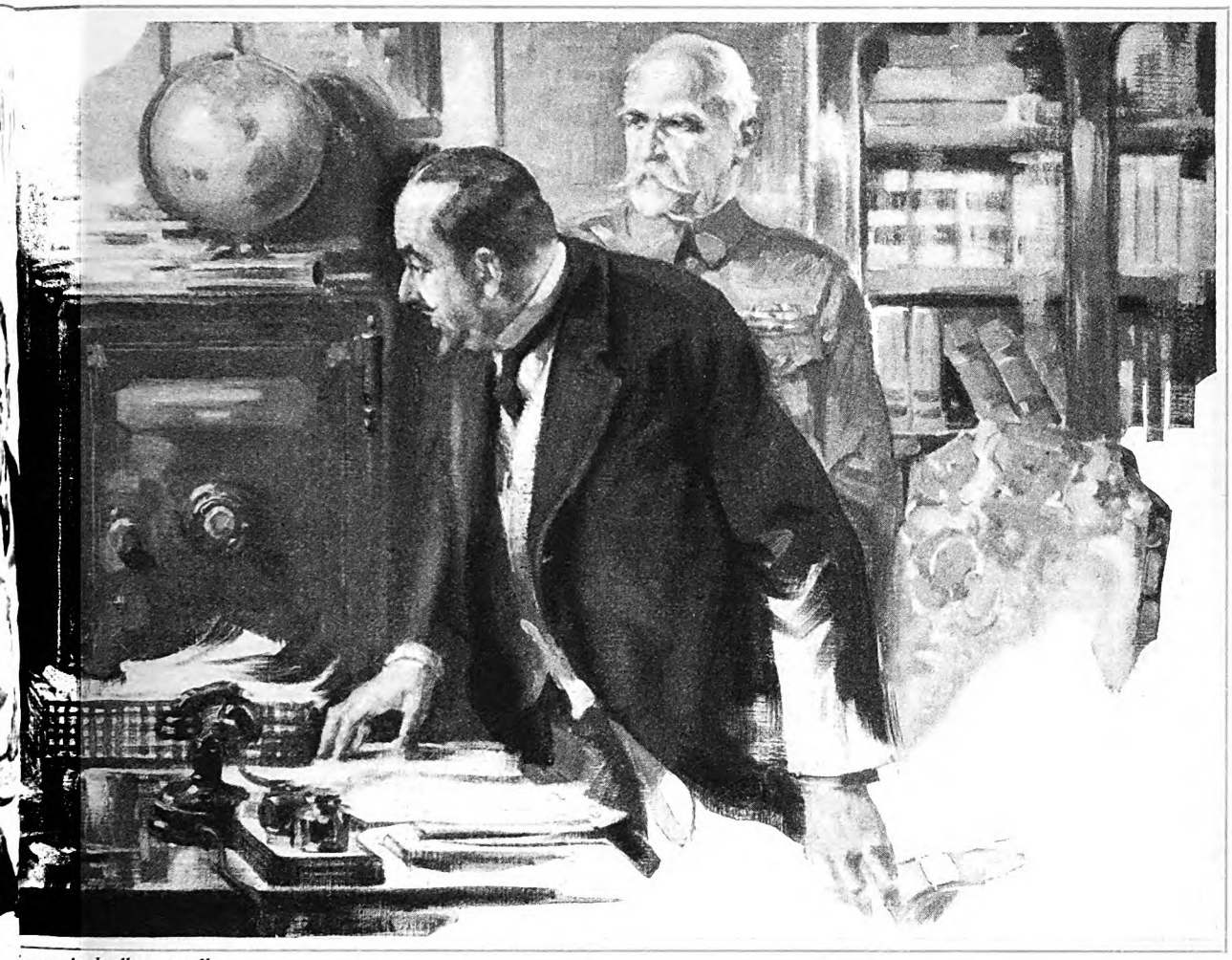

recognized all too well

Caught Germany's Master Spy

Illustrated by MARSHALL FRANTZ

he American's smile turned to a flush.

Oh, he was, was he?" he said dryly. "Well, maybe he'll be ised—he and the rest of them."

ow, that prediction came true. The Americans did catch laster Spy. How, is one of the most thrilling true tales of ecret service in the World War, a tale that has never been intil now, eleven years afterward.

his is not fiction. "The Master" lived and moved in his rious ways for the cause of the German Empire. Perhaps l lives; so in this narrative he must be fictitiously named, gh his name (an appropriate one) is known. He was one most formidable figures of that half-world where men and n of strange identity, or none, with motives the highest basest, flitted and dodged, unstoried and unsung, in a r, secret war—the war of the spy and his enemy, the r-spy.

that war the favorite battlegrounds were the neutral ies bordering on Germany: Holland, Denmark, Switzer- and foremost of these was Switzerland. Surrounded by ny, Austria, Italy, and France, great Powers in death e, little Switzerland had as much chance of escaping ched as a child in a white dress making mud pies.

tzerland was on the line of march of the secret war; a base for all sorts of dark operations directed by Ger- nd Austria on the one hand, by Italy and France on the other. Nor were they the only players in the masked game. To this crossroads of Europe all the nations of the world sent members of their Intelligence Services. Here were suave and smiling diplomats in their element, army officers trying to hide professional stiffness in civilian clothes, ready to buy the information peddled by "traveling salesmen," whose chief stock in trade it was, after trips into one or another of the surrounding countries, or from railroad employees, or customs guards, or hotel servants. Spies and spying everywhere. Normal, peaceful citizens scarcely knew where to turn.

The Alps had become a whispering gallery; the clear, free air was tainted with deceit. These thousands of invaders had tainted it perhaps, but some Swiss succumbed. Speaking German, French, and Italian, they could make money as spies for one Power or another—or several, sometimes on different sides. There were other pennies to be turned carrying messages, or smuggling over the borders.

EARLY in 1918, long before the Frenchman and the American met in the Berne café, all the Intelligence Services had but one thought, the great German Spring Offensive. The Germans sought to conceal their plans and to mislead the Allies, who strove by every means to find out when, where, and how the blow would fall. Fierce and unscrupulous waged the secret war. Switzerland's half-world hummed with the Allied spy-drive to get into Germany and get the precious information.

By land, black closed cars sought hidden byroads near the frontier. By water, motorboats slipped across Lake Constance,

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to get strong swimmers within reach of the German shore before patrol boats brought a pistol fight and sudden death in the dark. In the air, supposedly neutral, the hum of motors was heard at night, and brave men, dropped by parachutes, tried the hard task of deceiving grim German spy hunters, who, too, lived with wits astrain, to repel the stealthy invasion. All the Allies worked together, the splendid British secret service, the Italians, adept at stealth, the Americans, supplementing their budding service with former Russian spies, and, most numerous of all, the French. From a score of points in Switzerland they tried to get their trained men through the German net.

At a French vice-consulate in a certain smaller Swiss city, perhaps the regular business that the office did with its right hand concealed and aided what it did with its left. It was part of the game to be thus ambidextrous. Anyway, there were rumors in the half-world.

There came one day to this modest and retired vice-consulate, a caller who put his foot in the door, then showed a badge that the staff recognized all too well.

"Swiss secret police," they whispered.

TO RESIST meant at least arrest and deportation from Switzerland. To yield might mean a thorough search, producing evidence that would cause far more serious international complications. With quick, nervous strides the unwelcome visitor gained the center of the room, a wiry figure of middle height, dominating all. His face, of a man of about thirty-eight, bespoke determination, magnetism, even dominance; a forehead broad, imposing, over black eyes flashing keenly behind glasses, nose straight as an emperor's, mouth masked by a dark brown mustache.

"Let no one leave," he said in excellent French. "I am, as you see, an officer of the Swiss Government. I have come to look for suspected violation of Swiss neutrality."

Then dramatically he thrust forward a pointing hand.

"Let me see the contents of that safe!" he said.

"But, Monsieur," an official remonstrated, "this is a French vice-consulate. I assure you, there is nothing wrong here—and we have never been asked to open our safe."

"Nevertheless," said the visitor, "I demand that you do so."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. The really important things, he hoped, were not in the safe. He stood by while the man with the badge eagerly transferred papers and memorandum books to a small bag he carried.

"I shall examine these," he said, "at my leisure."

The Frenchman stepped forward.

"Examine them here if you must," he cried, "but you have no right to take them away."

Like a flash the visitor's hand went to his coat pocket.

"Ah, have I not?" There was a ring of command in his voice. "We shall see. Let no one move."

Nimbly as a cat, he stepped to and through the door, slammed it, and shot the bolt. Came the sudden drumming of a powerful motor.

The secret war in Switzerland began to go badly for the Allies. In another Swiss city, a prosperous Swiss merchant, perhaps a trifle pro-Ally, received a call from a Swiss secret police agent who insisted on seeing reports of his traveling men in Germany. The Swiss agent showed a badge. A masterful man—yes, middle height, wiry, not quite forty, mustache, glasses, piercing black eyes.

"It is the same man," said the French secret service.

Next day came a code telegram from Zurich. The identical Swiss agent had called there upon a trusted Allied agent, shown the badge, and asked questions that could be asked only by someone who had seen papers that might have been in the vice-consulate safe. He seemed to be on a trail or two.

"It becomes serious," said the French. "What are the Swiss up to?—Or is it, after all, the Swiss? But that badge—"

There are French Swiss as well as German, and one of these reported next day:

"A police officer of Zurich says this man is a *bona fide* Swiss agent, and it's all right."

The Zurich officer was a German Swiss and had been long on the Allied suspect list. They could prove nothing, but they could watch. Then came a report from Geneva:

"The British aviator X——, here on leave, has been seen much with a man about whom we have been curious for some time. He passes as of the Swiss secret police and speaks English well. He seems not quite forty, middle height, slim but strong, brown mustache, glasses, black eyes very keen and glittering."

Then, like a thunderclap, word from the Deuxième Bureau in Paris:

"The British Independent Air Force who conduct, from airdromes in the American area in Lorraine, night bombing raids upon the German Rhine cities, believe that the secret of their system of signaling by lights at night has been betrayed to the Germans. Several times lately German airplanes have flown at night over British airdromes, flashing British code signals to light up. When that was done, the Germans bombed and machine-gunned the airdromes, destroying airplanes and killing and wounding aviators and mechanics. There is reason to believe they got this information in Switzerland."

Search as they would, the British could find nowhere in the Royal Air Force an aviator named X——.

BUT there was worse to come. All this time, the French secret service in Switzerland had been congratulating itself on its success in getting men into Germany and their reports out again. The great German Spring Offensive of 1918, these reports said, would be a stupendous blow against the French in Champagne, possibly linked with a pincer attack on the new and small American force near Toul. So, while other channels of information contradicted, steps were taken to be ready. On March 21st the great blow fell—not at all on the French in Champagne or the Americans in Lorraine, but on the British on the Somme, a hundred miles and more away. The French could hardly believe this was the main attack, and their reinforcements were slow, all but too slow, to aid the hard-pressed British. Then, suddenly, the French spy reports from Germany became queerly mixed.

Expert checking showed them a combination of truth and falsehood so ingenious that it was almost impossible to tell which was which. Much of the true information the Allies already had—and the Deuxième Bureau found that the Germans must have known it. Horror-struck, they tested out their supposedly safe and sure information service working from within Germany via Switzerland. They ordered it to secure plans of the great plant of the Badische Anilin Fabrik at Ludwigshafen, the great German gas factory—of which they already had plans that they knew were accurate. By the underground railway, bearing the proper marks of the French secret service, came back a set of plans labeled "Badische Anilin Fabrik"—but they were not the true plans. The Germans had been tricking the French secret service.

How? For how long? Here was a task worthy the keen Latin mind, to be done in desperate haste, for other German drives were coming, even now were in preparation. Where? When? A trusted source of information had been polluted by the enemy. And the trained agents, who had crossed the German border so confidently but who seemed to have sent back false reports—where were they?

LIKE eager hounds, the Deuxième Bureau beat the cover of Switzerland and the German border, and soon found a scent here, a trail there, small bits that, put together, revealed the dim outlines of tragedy. Every one of the twenty-one skilled agents who had gone into Germany to find out about the great drive had been doomed before the frontier was reached. The Germans had let them walk into the parlor, locked the door, watched from behind a curtain while they went about getting information, noted every move. With the greatest pains they had found out how the French spies sent back their reports, by secret messengers, code telegrams, newspaper advertisements, whatever means. Then, like hawks tired of hovering, the Germans had pounced. One French spy after another had stood gray-faced before a gray-clad firing squad. One by one the Germans had snuffed them out—and sent back, in their names, falsified reports. It was indeed, for the French, a terrible affair. And how many British lives had it cost?

French secret service sought the creator of this masterpiece of trickery. Gradually there appeared the figure of The Master. But only gradually. For long he was a name, a phantom; and not even those who had seen him, like the staff of the vice-consulate, knew just who or what he was. They cursed him as The Master and then looked over their shoulders.

Again the French Secret Service Chief and the American officer were talking.

"Every vice-consulate man we set looking for him, all over Switzerland," declared the Frenchman. "And, *voila!* right here in Berne one comes to me greatly moved.

"'I have found him!' he cried. 'In the office of the police!'

"I assure you, I could hardly contain myself.

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"'But certainly,' says my man. 'From e hall I saw him talking, laughing with a lice officer. A typist told me he was a od friend of the officer and comes often. e left, he took a taxicab, he walked ound a block, then to an apartment use and into a door on the first floor. e *concierge* was a veritable Prussian ter-*offizier*. No use to ask him. But e *concierge* came out, walked up the eet. I seized some newspapers from an cient *vendeuse*, I ran in, rang his door-l. There came to the door a man of height of him I followed, but broader, ker, with heavier features, different ression, in short, another man—and he uniform of a captain of the German ny. I looked into the apartment, a ll one—and I swear there was nobody . The man I had seen go in—was not re!

'I had just wits enough to offer a spaper. The German officer looked l at me, took the paper, fumbled in pocket, went back into the apartment, took from an overcoat some money—again, I swear, the overcoat was that e man I had followed, the man of the -consulate. But this captain was her man, or seemed so.'

"OU know, my friend," the French Chief continued, "we have a little t you call rogue's gallery, with pictures ose who are suspect. Almost immedi- our man chose a picture. 'Here he e said. It was a Captain von Einem, who voyaged often, by Government permission, between Germany and Switzerland, to care for German soldiers interned here. For long we had suspected that under cover of this humane work he was part of their underground railway, a messenger for and probably a recruiter of spies. I ordered him watched day and night, and soon our agent reported:

"'This morning Captain von Einem took the train for Zurich. I followed, and at the station a limousine met him. He closed the curtains. The car drove slowly for a half hour, then went to an apartment house in a quiet street. The door of the car opened, and out stepped—another man. The Captain had vanished. This new man wore rather sporty civilian clothes; was short, stooping. I caught a glimpse of his face—not that of Captain von Einem. Into the house went my man. Around the corner I bought a basket of vegetables, turned up my coat collar, and went back. The *concierge* was surely German, but a woman was sweeping and to her I said:

"'"These are ordered by Herr Glauber, who just alighted from the automobile."

"'"Get away!" she cried to me. "We know no Herr Glauber here. That was Herr Michaelsen, who has lived here this long time. You have the wrong house."

"'And they told me at our Zurich branch:

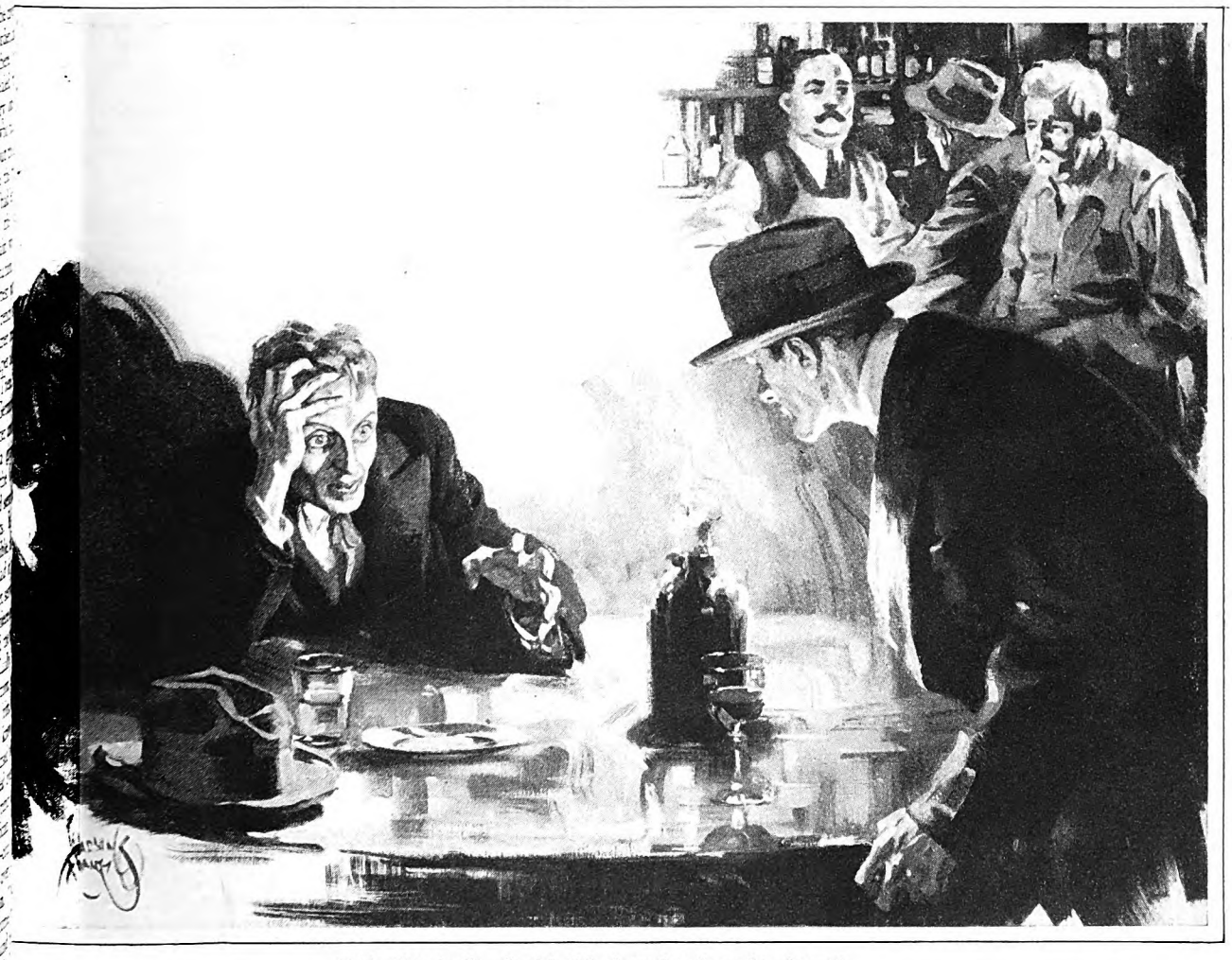
"'"Yes, Michaelsen is on our suspect list. He is attached to the German vice-consulate, in the bureau for exchanging German coal for Swiss milk, cheese, and other products. He speaks German, French, English, and German-Swiss. That would make him a dangerous spy if he were discreet enough. But this Captain von Einem, we never heard of him."'"

THE French Chief leaned back and lit a cigarette.

"What an affair, my friend," he said, with an expressive gesture. "Was the raider of the vice-consulate, with his Swiss badge, friend of the police of Berne and Zurich, also Captain von Einem of Berne, and again Herr Michaelsen of Zurich? Which was his real identity? And all this elaborate deceit by a Swiss agent merely seeking neutrality violations? He could be only one thing, a consummately clever German agent, a Master Spy—the master of things dark and sinister, a Mephistopheles. Listen:

"He had some unholy power over many of the professional spies and informers of the Swiss underworld—those who will do anything for a prize: report what indiscreet Allied officers, a little 'zigzag,' might reveal, crack a safe, steal, beat up, drug, or kill an Allied agent, for enough money. Some he held by bribes, some by threat of exposure, some wretches did his bidding for the drugs he always had. His power went beyond the underworld.

"The two Swiss police officers are only the beginning. We cross his slimy trail everywhere. We find him or von Einem or Michaelsen in (*Continued on page 138*)



"Ah, that devil!—I wish I had my hands on his throat"

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The Trail Eater

A Story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

LAST INSTALLMENT

AT THE same hour, the white light of morning was slanting in through the windows of the Golden Sands, making sickly union with the glare of electricity. Though it was nine o'clock on the third day of the race, many of the men present had never left the saloon. The news that Hinkey Scott was on the home stretch had turned the place into a bedlam. Odds changed on every entry. Money began to come in on Hinkey.

An hour went by. Rance Herrington was pacing bearishly between the bar and the Dog Room. His eyes burned in his dark, unshaven face, and he was betting with a recklessness that made gambling Nome look aghast. When he offered two thousand for one that Tokon would quit at Death Valley, it was Tolovana, up in the women's betting-parlor, who sent down the money to cover it.

Word came in that Harry Dunn had reached Candle with one dog dead on the sled and four running loose; then Gene Christy was reported with two dogs on the sled and three running loose. But the crowd in the Golden Sands paid little attention. Everyone was interested in Kerry Wayne. Though Hinkey, Jake, and Slim were all out ahead of him on the home stretch, it was said that he still slept. Some of those who had bet on him were now cursing him and trying to hedge their bets.

WHEN Kerry did leave, a little over six hours after his arrival at Candle, speculation was greater than ever. The day wore on. Reports came in between long waits filled with changing odds and restless drinking:

"Hinkey has stopped at Snyder's to rest."

"Jake has passed Hinkey."

"Slim has passed Hinkey, still resting."

"Hinkey has left Snyder's, two dogs lame in the shoulders."

"Harry Dunn has left Candle, his dead dog on the sled."

"The Trail Eater has passed Snyder's, Tokon in the lead."

"Gene Christy has left Candle on the home stretch."

"The Trail Eater has overhauled Hinkey Scott, and gone on ahead!"

The afternoon light was growing dim. Kerry had been gone from Candle five hours. He should now be nearing Death Valley. Would Tokon quit? That was the question asked by the men walking nervously about awaiting the report from Haven House.

The telephone jangled. Men jumped. Rance Herrington ceased his pacing and stood, hands clenched. The bookmaker listened, nodded his head, and rose to chalk the announcement on the board:

"Kerry Wayne arrived Haven House—"

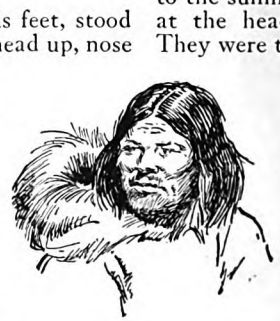
He fumbled his chalk and dropped it. Then he finished the sentence that sent a great "A-a-a-wh!" of disappointment droning through the crowd:

"Before crossing Death Valley will feed and rest."

Two and a half hours later Kerry was talking to his dogs in front of Haven House. In the clear, cold twilight the team lay harnessed, ready for the return across the Valley. Despite the rest, during which he and his helper had massaged and rubbed the dogs down with alcohol, they were stiff, footsore.

He was very gentle with them, examining webbed traces, easing collars, adjusting dog-moccasins. He patted heads and scratched behind ears, answering yawning protests against the start by praising the dogs until dull eyes brightened and lifeless tails beat a tattoo on the snow. But beneath Kerry's forced cheeriness he was torn with anxiety.

Tokon, the only dog on his feet, stood looking out over the Valley, head up, nose twitching. Kerry went to him, and taking his head between his hands gazed into the proud, mysterious eyes. "Tokon, old man, you're packing the bank roll now. If you lie down on me here, we're all through. But if you go on, there isn't a team behind us that I'd give a hoot for, and we can pass anything in front. Old boy, are you going to stand by me?"



Tokon looked up, yawned one eye shut, and pushed his muzzle confidingly under his master's arm. There was something so natural, so reassuring in the action, that Kerry's tension vanished. He grinned and, putting his arm about the husky, swayed him affectionately from side to side. "Oh, you gosh-darned, glorious old meat-burner!" he exclaimed joyously. "You're going to stand by me! I know it!"

He seized the handlebars. "Come on, babies!" he shouted. "Let's go!"

Tokon lunged forward; a few of the pointers came to their feet, but Cultas and Tong lay flat. The leader, all business now, swirled, lashed out at them, straightened his line again, and made another start. This time the swing dogs followed, but with slack traces and mincing steps. Tokon looked back over his shoulder, growling a warning before he threw himself into the collar. The dogs responded, stiffly at first; but when they had limbered up, Tokon swung them into a pacing gait.

Meanwhile, Kerry "jollied" them into renewed interest in their work. And whenever he looked up at Tokon swinging steadily ahead through the deepening dusk, he got a lump in his throat. The leader was going on. . . . They were through the scanty timber now. . . . They were down on the floor of the Valley. . . . They were past the danger point.

He stopped the team then. He couldn't help it. He patted Tokon, murmuring extravagant endearments and praise into his tawny ears. He could have wept aloud for the thrill that ran through him.

Tokon, proud and tail-wagging, licked his face.

THEY went on across the Valley, tonight a lonely white vale glistening under the moon. It was clear, cold, brilliant, with a keen wind blowing over crusted snow. The trail was ice-silvered, glittering.

They were across the Valley, climbing to the summit of the low mountain range at the head of Telephone Gorge. . . . They were traversing the divide on top of the aurora-lighted world. . . . Now they were plunging down again into the iced dusk of the Gorge. Kerry rode the brake and a fanning of splintered ice.

The worst part of the Trail was behind him; he was certain now of the leader, and all he had to do was overtake Slim and Jake. He knew Jake couldn't last at the pace he was going. And Slim—Slim was worrying. He hadn't rested as he should have done back at Candle. . . .

But when he swung out over the ghost Fish River Flats, even though the trail was good, he could sense a new weariness in his team. Poor pups, he thought; they've been going steadily for such a long trail.

As the Trail stakes slipped by, he found sleep creeping in on him, persistent, heavy, obscuring his mind with a lulling haze. By and by his body didn't feel

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When he turned to look at her, the expression in his eyes made her catch her breath. "You did this for me, Barbee?"

any more . . . didn't feel anything. s pleasant and soothing, this balanc- ıechanically on the swinging sled. . . . caught himself. He *must* keep e. Slim and Jake were ahead of him. his dogs— He wrenched his mind to them. They were going very r. He'd have to sing to them. He always get them going that way. an effort of will that stabbed him ıausea he forced himself into what l have been a rollicking song. The n was there, but his tones were hoarse, grotesque sounds breaking the stillness of the lonely night:

"Sure, old Mickey Brannigan owned a bull pup,
'Twas bred of real illigant stock.
For sivinteen hours he battled and fought,
So he did, on me soul, by the clock! . . ."

Heads began to rise along the line. Ears came up at a listening angle.

"But I'm telling you, fellas, that there isn't a pup in this outfit who couldn't lick Mick Brannigan's dog. Yes, sir—any one of you could clean him!"

Kerry's stomach began to flutter, and a film came before his eyes. As he clutched the handlebars, waiting for the spell to pass, something stirred deep within him. Something that he had buried in his subconscious when he began this race. Something he must not think about.

His stomach turned over again. But he knew what that was now. Fellows had told him about it—the first sign of exhaustion hitting him. He must hurry and get to Baker's Cabin. A few hours' rest would put him right again. He bit his lips

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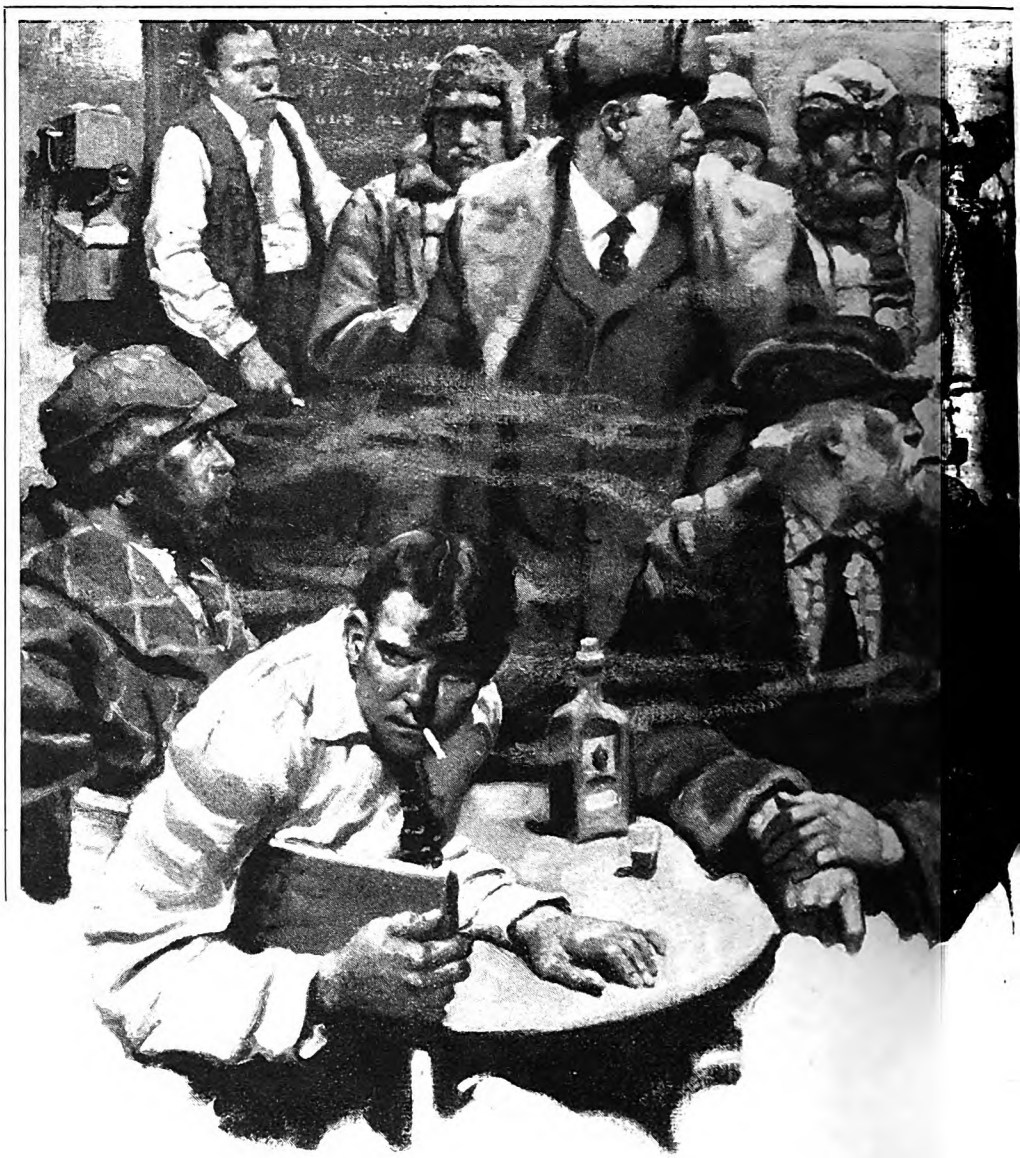
and stepped off the sled. Trotting might clear his head a little.

He went on mechanically, yet the bottoms of his feet were so sensitive they felt every little ice crystal in the trail. And it was a good trail too. It sloped ever so gently upward in the gloom. But what was this queer thing he was running into? He couldn't recall having passed it going out. From either side great waves of white land rolled like a field of alabaster plowed into furrows with ridges high as tree tops! How high it was up here on the ridge! The rolling land made him dizzy. He shut his eyes for a moment.

When he opened them, the alabaster ridges were gone. His dogs were padding along on a trail as level as a floor. He could hardly keep from laughing at himself. He knew what was the matter with him now: Illusions. Fellows had told him about those too. Phantoms of the Trail that came from weariness and lack of sleep. But if you got over them, you got your second wind. Well, they shouldn't fool him again. He'd pay no attention to any—



But what was that down the trail now? A man with a pack? Why, it was Doorknob! And on top of his pack he'd got a little husky pup. It was Duna! . . . But there was something wrong about that. Duna was a dog now. . . . Duna was—

SUDDENLY he remembered he was racing. "Hey, Doorknob! Get off the Trail there! You can't pace me that way! I'll be disqualified! Get—"

Doorknob was gone, and it was very lonely in the dusk. Very cold. And he was tired. . . . But his team was going good. They always did when Duna led. "That's right, Duna. Not so fast. . . . Wait for me, old man . . . I'm . . . so . . . tired. . . ."

He was passing a cabin—Boston House. From a window the light shone out on the snow. Warmth, food, sleep, all there! But he couldn't go in. No business in a Syndicate station. There were two racing sleds out in front—Slim's and Jake's. His swing dogs were pulling toward the cabin. "Hey, Duna! Line 'em up, boy! That's the way to do it!" Duna was managing the swing dogs; he was taking them on by. "Atta boy, Duna!"

The helper at Boston House opened the door and stood with the light behind him. He turned to someone inside and tapped his forehead. Kerry waved to him as he passed. "Mush, Duna! Swing 'em in to it, lad!"

He went on.

Another cabin light. Baker's at last! Murphy was coming to meet him. He'd turn the dogs over to him, and rest. He'd have to rest. But first he'd go up and tell Duna what he thought of him, rub his little gray ears. "Here, fella. Tha's ' boy . . . fine pup. . . ."

But what was this—a work collar on Duna, who was leading loose? And his fur—his gray wolf coat? In the light that streamed out of the cabin Duna looked tawny, and he had two pale-gold spots above his eyes.

Kerry's head cleared suddenly. *Duna was dead.* The dog he held in his arms was Tokon, tired, trail-worn Tokon, weakly wagging his tail and snuggling his frost-scarred muzzle against Kerry's chest. Sobbing, he tightened his hold and pressed his haggard young face against the rough comfort of his leader's neck.

Meanwhile, back at Boston House, Slim Carvey was lying in his bunk trying to close his ears to the rumbling monologue of Jake. The helper had reported Kerry's passing, and Luce had promptly ordered Jake out on the Trail again.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, quit worrying abou those dogs! Win or lose, you get you money just the same. Now, shut up. you're going to shove off—get along. Slim turned his face to the wall and ke it there until the cursing Jake had d parted.

Slim's weary malamutes snored an sighed on a bed of straw in a corner. T Syndicate helper sat with his ear glued the telephone receiver. Slim lay wi closed eyes. He knew he should sleep; b his mind kept going forward to Ker now at Baker's, and back to Hinkey Sco and Harry Dunn, who were both at Te phone. Then forward to Kerry again. half an hour Jake, poor blind boob, shou pass Baker's. Would Kerry be lured in hitting the Trail again?

SLIM tossed restlessly while the clo ticked off an hour. Nothing had be heard from Baker's.

Still another hour passed, with no wor Torn with uncertainty, Slim had helper call Baker's. Yes, Kerry was s there. Yes, Murphy had seen and hea Jake go by some time ago. No, Murp didn't know when Kerry was going on

Another hour went by, and Kerry, far as Slim could learn, hadn't move

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Rance stood backed against the bar. "What? Stakes not high enough yet?" he yelled. "Then I'll lay fifteen thousand on Slim against the Trail Eater!"

linkey Scott had left Telephone and coming fast. . . . Again he had 's called. This time no one and.

n was badly worried now. Better afe and get on the Trail. . . . And m started out from Boston.

BAKER'S cabin came in sight he eered anxiously ahead. Kerry's sled not outside the door. He yelled. hy appeared. "Yes, the Trail Eater's " Slim shouted to his malamutes and racing them along the river trail. swung around a bend and was surto see Kerry only a short distance . The Trail Eater trudged listlessly, g on his handlebars. Two of his ere hobbling behind him in mocca-Up in the spike Tokon limped, one ind feet scarcely touching the trail. rossbreeds behind him were logy. erry, who had a reputation for never his team, was now using profanity valed Slim's. But he was doing it as ad no energy to put into his oaths. is relief, Slim could hardly keep aughing. His malamutes were at ail Eater's heels now. He sang out: ry, old man! Guess you'd better e the Trail!"

right, Slim. Wait till I pull over." took Tokon by the collar and held but the precaution was unnecessary. There wasn't one of his dogs that showed any life. They hardly turned their heads to see Slim's frisky malamutes go by.

Slim glanced sharply at Kerry. The fellow looked as if he might collapse any moment. "What's wrong with you, Kerr?"

"Stomach's all shot."

"Too bad!" said Slim with genuine sympathy. Yet he couldn't help feeling good over the outlook for himself. "Well so long, old man. See you in Nome!"

At the next telephone station he stopped and got Luce Barton on the line. In code he gave him a message:

"Kerry down and out. Nothing can stop me!"

Luce smiled to himself as he dwelt on Slim's message. His use of the Siberians had been justified. Jake had run Kerry off his feet.

The lawyer buttoned up his coonskin coat and came out of the door of the Golden Sands into the cold, bright morning—his purpose a walk around the block. He was returning to the door of the Golden Sands when he caught sight of Kitty Kramer hurrying down the street. She ran toward him.

"Ooooo, Luce! They'll be in today, won't they? Tell me who to bet on, like a good boy!" Both her hands were on his arm and her hazel eyes were regarding him as if he were the one man in the world who knew all the secrets of the race.

"Better hang onto your little money, Kitty."

She pouted. "You men are all alike. I called Rance up last night; but he wouldn't even talk to me when he found out who it was. He—"

"I know. That was just after they'd reported Tokon crossing Death Valley. He lost two thousand to Tolovana, you know, and he was sore as a boiled owl. Why, his foreman came in from the mine and tried to ask him something; but Rance wouldn't listen. You see, the boys are rubbing it in about his giving the best dog in his team to Kerry, and then losing money betting against him. But don't bother your pretty head about him. You run on up to the women's betting-parlor and I'll come up after a while and dope out a nice little bet for you so you can win back your housekeeping money."

"Oooooo, Luce! Will you?"

He took leave of Kitty and went back into the Golden Sands. He saw by the betting-board that the drivers out on the Trail were all changing positions. Slim had passed Jake and was coming in, with nothing to stop him. No doubt, Jake would soon drop out now; but his work was done, so it made little difference to the Syndicate. Harry Dunn, driving the third team, was leading Hinkey Scott. Harry would win second. Hinkey third. And that was as it should be. It wouldn't do for the Syndicate teams to take all three places.

This racing game was easy if you used your wits. Of course, he had hated to sacrifice the Siberians. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't found out the Trail Eater's time. Kitty had done him a real service there, and he'd have to see that she won a nice little bet. He found himself feeling indulgent, even tender, toward Kitty.

AN HOUR later his equanimity vanished. Harry Dunn had withdrawn from the race. His leader had brought him in to Baker's, snow-blind.

Hardly had the buzz of comment died away, when another report was chalked up on the board. It came from Timber, sixty-five miles from Nome:

"*Kerry Wayne passed Jake Minton, every dog in the traces.*"

"Passed him with every dog in the traces?" roared Herrington. "I don't believe it! The fellow was down and out when he crawled through Council!"

"That shows (*Continued on page 184*)

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UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

"I don't favor no traipsin' wimmin . . ."

This was how the mountain folks looked upon me when I first went deep into the Kentucky hills as a court reporter. But my adventures with those great mountaineers will forever be my happiest and most thrilling memories

By JEAN THOMAS

Drawings by B. J. ROSENMEYER

WHEN I went into the mountains of Kentucky as a court stenographer, it was with misgivings, even with grave fear. Fear, because of the gruesome tales I had heard from childhood, of mountaineers, bloodthirsty and villainous, hiding behind bushes and trees, shooting down an enemy for some old grudge. All my life I had heard how these lawless men made whisky in the mountains—by moonlight—murdering revenue officers, defying taxation. How, I wondered, would these dangerous fellows look upon me, a woman court stenographer? Maybe they'd take matters into their own hands and put an end to me forthwith! I felt goose flesh creep up my spine. But it was too late to turn back.

It was almost dark when the rickety vehicle which brought passengers from the railroad station, twenty miles away, halted in front of a ramshackle frame building in the shadow of the courthouse, in the small mountain town which was my destination. By the weather-beaten sign, I knew it was the old Hawkins House, to which the judge had recommended me. I knew, too, that the old man in the doorway must be Lije Hawkins, the proprietor.

With portable typewriter in one hand and brief case in the other, I, a lone traveler, alighted. "You're the short writer, I reckon"; my host looked at me suspiciously from square-rimmed spectacles as he took my luggage. "The judge named hit to me last court about your comin' for Babe Vinton's trial. The judge and the lawyers'll be along in the mornin'," he drawled, leading the way into the house and up the creaking stairs. He pushed open a door and put my luggage on the bed. "Ye kin take this room hure alongside Vinton."

"I aim to make inquiremint into this!"

I stifled a scream.

"This hure room's a heap more comfortabler," he went on, quite unconcerned, in his slow voice; "kinda back agin' the mountainside—not so windy hure."

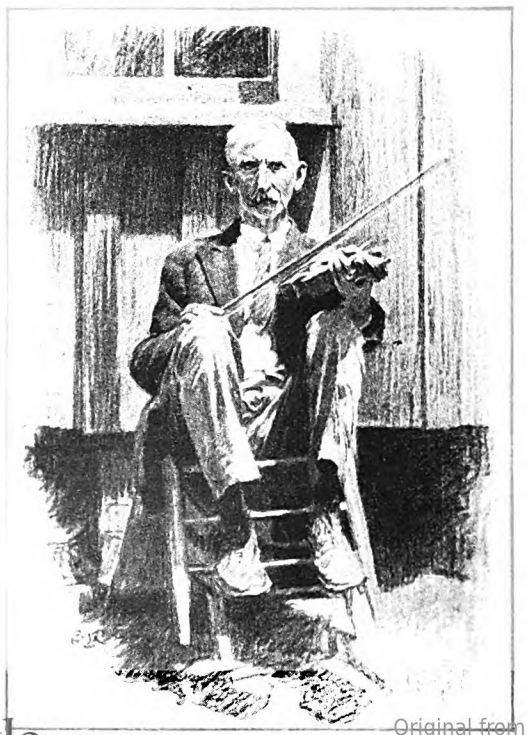
The advantages of the room were los upon me. I was sick with fear. It woul have been bad enough to be under th same roof with the murderer, Babe Vin ton, but here was I, alone, helpless with but a thin wall between us. Al ready I pictured the whisky-soake ruffian with bloodshot eyes and to bacco-stained beard.

"Come along down and have a bo snack a' vittals; ye look kinda peeki —tuckered out, I reckon—the road is turrible." There was nothin lacking in Lije Hawkins's hospital ity.

"I *am* tired—too tired to eat— I lied heroically. "I believe rest an sleep would be better for me." Th proprietor took me at my word an went on down the stairs.

NIGHT came at last, and with it more goose bumps.

I examined the door. There wasn even a lock on it! I banked the heart fire and, turning down the wick the oil lamp, I set about barricadin my door. Stealthily I moved abou To be sure, there was the ponderou four-poster, but I couldn't budg that. There was a washstand wi bowl and pitcher; I couldn't tou that without rattling all the crocker I decided on the old bureau. In t dim and broken looking-glass, caught a glimpse of my reflection,



Fiddlin' is a real part of mountain life

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ɔked worse than peekid! Finally, I t the bureau squarely across the or. I blew out the lamp and crept to bed—clothes and all. For an ernity, I lay there in the darkness, vering with fear. Grizzle-bearded es hovered about me; bloodthirsty es leered at me; the murderer Vin- thrust his fiendish face right ough the looking-glass of the old reau. He had a gun in his hand; it s pointed straight at me. . . . . There was a loud bang!

"Kivver up your head, Sis, and come in and make your foir!" husky voice of Lije Hawkins ed from the door.

I sat up with a start. The sun amed through the window and ced on the patchwork quilt upon bed. The smell of bacon and corn d came up from the kitchen.

"Wait a moment," I called. Hur- ly I moved the bureau enough nat the proprietor of the Hawkins se could squeeze through the .

The old fellow took in the situa- at a glance. There was a look of red pride on his face. "Woman!" voice trembled, "I don't aim to my folks slurred in no sech fash- " He shook a condemning finger at the silent evidence of nistrust; then he yanked the old bureau back to its place ast the wall. He turned on me. "This hure is betwixt me you—hit won't never go no furder. I'd cut off my right arm Babe Vinton shall ever know hit." Lije Hawkins's work- ed hands fell limply to his sides. "I take hit you've ollered law—for long—around hure." There was a of tolerance in his voice—pity for my ignorance. 're strange to us mountain people."

It's my first trip to the mountains," I ventured apolo- illy.

)N he had the fire glowing on the hearth. I brushed d fixed my hair while he went down to bring a kettle t water. This ice in the washbowl had to be thawed. e didn't make much headway with it—the water d on top and the cake of ice stuck fast in the bowl. y, a young lad who had been watching timidly from oorway plucked up the courage to suggest: "Uncle was a-thinkin' if a body het the foir poker and jabbed thar, that chunk a' ice 'ud riz right up." I was sur- at the quality of the boy's voice and pleased at the e set about to help. His patched, ill-fitting clothes d quite out of keeping with the lad himself. As he ver, I saw a deep knife scar across the back of his Without knowing why, I pitied him.

low I'll fotch anuther kittle a' hot water," he said, turning his head away from me as he left the room. hat's an accommodating boy," I remarked to Lije ns at breakfast that morning.

as," he quickly replied, jerking a thumb over his er toward the boy, who had crossed over to the ouse, "he stands in good credit the countryside over. plum shame too—seventeen year old and cain't is name—has to make his mark; same as his pap and ndsir afore him. Nary one of the Vinton's ever fol- ook learnin'."

clanging of the courthouse bell interrupted us. I d up my notebooks and pencils, buttoned up my nd hurried out bareheaded. Lije Hawkins rushed e. "Hure," he said, extending my hat, "put hit on," onished, "hit 'ud make talk." I pulled on the hat nked him gratefully, calling him Uncle Lije like the and I knew he was pleased.

court-room was crowded when I entered. The odded pleasantly to me as I took my place at a ble beside the empty witness box. There was much and craning of necks among the jury and the crowd. see that a woman court stenographer was some- w in their midst. However, after I was sworn in,

As native to the mountains as the rocks and trees

and the lawyers had greeted me kindly, and the attorney for the commonwealth had placed my chair so that my back was to the people, I felt at ease.

"Commonwealth of Kentucky versus Babe Vinton!"—the clerk called the case.

AFTER a half dozen state's witnesses had been examined, defense counsel addressed the judge: "Your Honor, please, I'd like to have the defendant sworn."

"Babe Vinton!" bellowed the judge, bringing his gavel down with a bang. "Vinton! Come forward!"

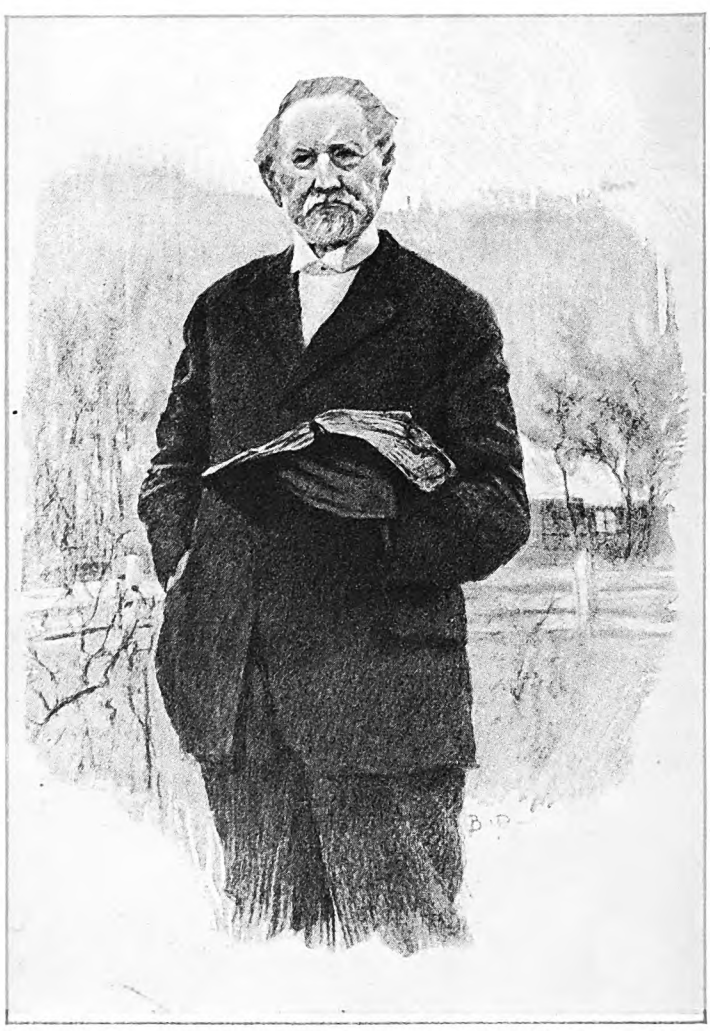
In the waiting silence, I wrote the defendant's name quickly across my notebook in readiness for his testimony. I always feel a certain thrill when a prisoner is called in his own defense.

"Do you know what it means to swear a lie?" asked the judge.

"Yas—yas," came a faltering voice, "hit means the reform school an' hell's foir!"

I could not bring myself to look up at the witness. I was blinded with tears; I knew the voice. It was the boy! *He* was Babe Vinton—being tried for murder!

And now there he sat, after taking the oath, rubbing the palms of his childish hands over the knees of his faded breeches.



A stern and mighty pleader for the Lord

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"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," defense counsel began slowly, "I could pack this court-room with character witnesses for this boy and I could substantiate their evidence by Lije Hawkins—we all know Lije. He'll tell you that in the months this boy has been in his custody, he's been faultless. I'll not burden the Court—I'll show you the lad's body—take off your shirt, Babe!"

THE command was such an unusual one and so unexpected by the boy, that he blushed to the roots of his hair, drew his ill-fitting shirt closely about his throat and looked quickly toward me—seated scarcely an arm's length from the witness box. I caught the expression on his face and bent my head over my notebook. Reluctantly the boy obeyed the counsel. With his back toward me and his face to the jury he stood stripped to the waist—confused, embarrassed, the eyes of the curious crowd gaping at his nakedness.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, not one knife wound—but twenty-five! In breast, and back, and sides. Beach Fraley tried to sever the head from this lad's body," the lawyer spoke earnestly as he indicated the ugly scar that stretched across the back of the neck. "See here, and here, and here," his hand passed quickly to ghastly scars on back and sides and breast. "Why, it's a miracle that Babe Vinton lives. Stabbed and bleeding—there was nothing else for the boy to do but shoot his way out to safety! Self-preservation, gentlemen of the jury, is nature's first law," came the low, persuasive voice. "It is your right! My right! This lad's right!" He paused for a brief second. "Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant rests." He bowed as graciously as a knight before the throne of king.

The lad sat fumbling a moment with the fastening of his shirt at neck and sleeves. Meaningless words were pounding in his confused brain . . . "self-preservation—nature's first law." Suddenly his look of perplexity gave way to understanding. He straightened his shoulders. Quickly he was on his feet—heedless of his counsel's detaining hand—heedless of the admonition of the judge. With bravely uplifted head, he looked straight at the jury, his hands raised ever so slightly in supplication.

"'Twarn't that-a-way," he began in boyish, pleading tones. "He's contraried hit all." He shook his head to clear the confusion. "I didn't keer what they done to ME, an' I warn't aimin' to hurt nobody, but—they taynted me." He hesitated, unwilling to go on with his story, looking helplessly toward the crowd. "Then—then Beach Fraley says to me, 'Yer base born! Susan ain't yer sister, she's yer Ma!'" The boy threw back his handsome, dark head; his eyes were aflame. "Then I drawed my gun." The voice and the boyish form grew tense as he re-enacted the tragedy. "'Ye kin do what yer a-mind to agin' me'—I sez to Beach Fraley, 'but ye kain't fault my wimmin folks.' Then—then—I foired."

He sat down, hands on his knees, head proudly erect.

Need I tell you Babe Vinton was acquitted?

Court reporting, I soon came to know, was not without its lighter moments. If it had not been so, I doubt that I should ever have been able to hold out. It was in another county that I made the acquaintance of Aunt Arimathea Holbrooks.

The first time I saw Aunt Arimathea, the judge pointed her out to me. She was standing under the big oak in the court-house yard with a bevy of mountain women about her. I had just reached the county seat that morning. The sheriff had kindly offered me the use of his office, adjoining the court-room, and I was busy typing orders and affidavits for the opening session.

From the window, I could see bonneted heads huddled together, nodding and shaking, and Aunt Arimathea jerking her thumb now and then in my direction. Then she'd put her cob pipe in her mouth, drawing in till thin cheeks cupped toothless gums. The other women peered suspiciously toward me from hostile eyes that were almost hidden beneath their dark slat bonnets.

"I'm plum puzzled," I heard Aunt Arimathea say, "seein' her sottin' that a-punchin' and a-jabbin' at that contrapshun that's got a whole passel a' white buttons a-stickin' up on hit. Hure that?" Her bony hand cupped a thin ear. "That's a leetle bell a-ringing on hit an' they is a leetle black rollin' pin a-goin' back'ards and for'ards on the top of hit." Aunt Arimathea shook her head in bewilderment. "I taken notice," piped a quavering voice, "that she putts paper—puore white—nary mark on hit, into that contrapshun and tirectly she pulls hit out an' there's writin' on hit." The bonneted heads wagged. "Puore wondermit!" said Aunt Arimathea.

It was with difficulty that I kept a straight face.

"I don't favor wimmin folks a-traipsin' aroun' with a passel a' lawyers and judge," a toothless mother in the group was saying, as she shifted her offspring from one hip to another. "She come hure from Morgan with 'em, an' they say she is a-goin' on to Elliott arter this court!"

Bonneted heads wagged and nodded.

"NOW, wimmin," Aunt Arimathea tapped the bowl of her pipe in the palm of her hand, "I ain't to say a-takin' sides with that woman"—the stem of her pipe was pointed in (Continued on page 161)

The home of a Kentucky mountain man

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Jane *Loses Her* Umbrella

And with it the complex that had shut her away from happiness

By MARY BADGER WILSON

HE had all the qualifications of the perfect secretary. Even her name was secretarial. Jane Brown. Plain and eable, neat and undisished.

d Jane was like her name. ore neat, undistinguished es, which followed the , to be sure, but always at reet distance. (Her skirts short but not *that* short, u know what I mean.) ad not been born plain, he managed to achieve ess by means of large, immed spectacles and becoming coiffure.

sessing a short, slightly ed nose, a mouth that d upward at the corners, yes that quirked upward e corners too, she oby needed an impertinent ut. But she wore her ong and twisted into a knot on the crown of ad, and stray locks were ntly escaping from her cuous hairpins.

for the spectacles, she opted those for dignity's The oculist who exl her eyes had assured at she could see a fly Woolworth Tower. The sult of the spectacles, was simply to render ompletely invisible to a ine eye.

visibility is but one of o essentials for your perfect secrehe second and the more important course, efficiency. Jane had that the *n*th degree. She could take on as fast as anyone wished to give r; she could spell; she could find a fter she had filed it; she had a good y, tact, and a loathing for chewing What more could any employer

ainly Paul Wetherby asked for better. He used to cross his surreptitiously whenever he said to "Gosh, but she's good!" He never d this encomium to anyone except however, because such public on of his secretary's talents might btracted a jot or tittle from his ry. Paul, you see, was a go-getter. the junior member of the longhed advertising firm of Wetherby, nd Wetherby.

company was dying of dry rot breezed in," he often told his cronies at the club. "But I've put new life into the old dog. Efficiency. New ideas. New contacts. Pep. Up-to-date approach."

He clipped his words nicely, and his cronies nodded with brisk understanding.

Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

CERTAINLY he had introduced into the conservative old firm a number of new titles, a quantity of new furniture, and a shiningly new vocabulary. Office managers and executive secretaries sprang into being overnight. The battered old oak furniture was replaced by glass-topped mahogany. Bells buzzed constantly, following some complicated system of signals. There was great talk of "contacts," "selling yourself," "the right approach," "psychology of salesmanship;" and many brisk young men were about the place, always beginning to get ready to start something.

Paul Wetherby himself moved snappily from conference to conference, perpetually "on his toes," as he himself phrased it. Always a correct picture of what the well-dressed man will wear, he caused many a skipped heart-beat among the typists and telephone girls in the big central office. Whenever they saw the phrase "captain of finance" in their tabloid newspapers, they envisioned Paul Wetherby.

But chiefly they were enraptured by his good looks—his quick gray eyes, his tanned skin with its pleasant suggestion of sports and country clubs, his lean fitness, his perfect grooming. Oh, he was altogether the perfect hero of modern romance!

AND at this point it has to be admitted that Jane Brown, otherwise quite the perfect secretary, did have one defect. There was just a little something lacking in her polite attention when Paul would interrupt her steady work to tell her of a new, Napoleonic plan, or a fresh efficiency in office organization brought about by his progressive zeal. There was a failure on her part to be properly impressed, an absence of sweet feminine wonder—oh, the thing was hard to define, entirely intangible. But Paul felt it.

"She's a splendid cog in the wheel, but lacks vision," he explained it to himself. And in his helpful way he took occasion more than once to speak to her of the "great value of the coöperative spirit in an office."

Jane listened politely to these helpful talks, and went on with her work. She had, you see, such a lot of work to get through in a day. First of all, when Paul arrived in the morning, he expected to find a nicely dusted desk, and in the exact center of the mahogany surface a neatly prepared memorandum which should remind him not only of the day's engagements but also of the new "prospects," the best methods of approaching these prospective clients, the best men in the office for making the new contacts.

With such a memorandum before him he could immediately start pushing bells and summoning subordinates to his desk for a series of conferences. Later, when clients began to arrive, Jane had to prepare other memoranda. For each client she must consult the files, and from the data therein make a clear, comprehensive

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report of previous accounts, work to date on the present account, and other pertinent "remarks."

With such memoranda in hand, and with his own brisk "line," Paul Wetherby could be most impressive. Without the memoranda, he might have found some difficulty in achieving his results, because he seldom carried more than a superficial knowledge of a contract in his mind.

"Details—they are for subordinates," he would say with a disposing gesture.

Add to Jane's duties the routine dictation which Paul gave her daily, the routine filing, the non-routine and frequent consultations with those who wrote and those who illustrated the advertisements, all of whom had discovered that she alone could tell them what "Mr. Wetherby's idea was"—well, you can see that Jane's days were pretty busy. Doubtless that was the reason she had so little time to admire Paul's ability.

IT WAS good that she had much work to occupy her days. Otherwise she would have been woefully lonely. For Jane did not make friends easily and, save for her work, her three years in New York had been quite empty. People were uniformly courteous and respectful to her—but, to a young woman of twenty-two years, respectful courtesy is just about as inspiring as cold oatmeal.

At the boarding-house where she lived, when the other girls drifted off to the movies after dinner with sleek-haired young men, Jane was invariably left behind to amuse herself in her neat, small room with a library book and her sewing basket.

At the office, if she came up to a whispering group of girls, giggling over a scrap of office gossip, they promptly separated their boyish-bobbed heads, diluted their giggles with politeness until they became perfunctory smiles, and asked tentatively:

"Did you want something, Miss Brown?"

It gave Jane a shut-out feeling, and it hurt. But nobody suspected that it hurt, because everybody thought Jane's shyness was coldness. They thought she was self-sufficient and a bit high-hat, when, as a matter of fact, she was timid and afraid of rebuffs.

The real, fundamental trouble with Jane was that she was a battlefield. Inside of her small person centuries of Gallic fire and fervor and Gallic love of beauty, which she inherited through her French-Canadian mother, fought valiantly against generations of iron control and repression and distrust of anything beautiful or joyous, which she inherited from her New England father.

Her mother had died when she was little more than a baby; consequently, her father's ideas and ideals had dominated. But the very suppression of those warm impulses which were her maternal heritage caused them to burn the brighter in the secret places of her heart.

She had a little, faded picture of her mother which showed the same upquirked corners of mouth and eyes, the same tip-tilted nose, that she herself possessed. And she had two or three precious trinkets—a coral necklace with a gay pendant; three cheap little gold bangles that jingled pleasantly if one put them on together; a rather good cameo set in a brooch. Old-fashioned and unwearable, all of them, but Jane loved to put them on sometimes when she was alone in her room.

And sometimes, when she was thus alone, she would pin up her skirts so that instead of being short, they became *that* short, if you know what I mean. And she would arrange her hair to imitate an impertinent bob. And she would leave off her useless spectacles. Then she would look at herself in the mirror, and a sparkle would come into her eyes and a flush into her pale cheeks and she would make a coquettish curtsy to her mirrored self, quite as her French mother might have done.

But she never had the courage to do any of these things where people could see her. Nobody knew Jane except as the cool, quiet, unstylish, oh, so terribly efficient Miss Brown. So it would seem that on Jane's battlefield the Puritan ancestors had won the victory. Until that day, that rainy day in April.

Jane was tapping away on her typewriter, alone in the small anteroom which guarded the privacy of Paul Wetherby's spacious, impressive office. Paul, however, was not there to be guarded. He had telephoned to Jane early in the morning that he was staying over another day with the friends on Long Island with whom he had been week-ending.

Such a blustery, wringing wet, dirty day as it was made small promise of important developments; and since nothing but routine appointments were scheduled, he was suavely sure that Jane could handle them. The quirks at the corners of Jane's mouth had straightened into little indignation marks at the implication.

So Jane sat all alone, tapping the keys of her typewriter. And so busily was she tapping and so noisily did the rain swirl against the windowpane with every gust of wind that she did not hear a "drip-drip-drip" on her blue Persian rug. Until finally a throat was cleared apologetically, and a pleasant masculine voice inquired:

"Isn't there some place you would rather I'd drip? This looks like a pretty expensive rug."

LOOKING up, startled, Jane beheld the wettest object she had ever seen. From the brim of his hat, held respectfully in his hand, from the shoulders of his coat, from the ends of his sleeves, the rain dripped, while from his shoes it oozed soggily.

Every New England ancestress that Jane possessed had a voice in the housewifely horror of her exclamation:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Yes, darling, I know; but where else am I to stand? Your room is so small and your rug is so big that there's no space around the edges," the wet object answered impertinently.

Jane's cheeks flushed pink; but she whisked a morning paper out of her desk and spread it competently over one end of the blue rug.

"Please, if you'll just stand here until you dry out a bit," she suggested.

"Quite so," agreed the visitor, shaking himself like a great, shaggy dog, so that big raindrops splotched the outspread paper. Jane noted with instinctive solicitude that his suit was a heavy tweed that shed the water instead of absorbing it. He wouldn't catch cold then, she thought relievedly. She did hate for people to catch cold, even impertinent strangers like this one.

"But however did you get so soaking wet?" she asked.

"Well, you see, I'm one of those fo optimists who always think the sun coming out," the man said. "When I le my own office, I glanced up at the sk and I was sure I saw enough blue sky b tween the clouds to make a sailor's pa of pants. That means it won't rain a more, you know," he explained.

Jane's nose tilted a trifle more than normally did.

"Superstitions," she sniffed.

"Sure, superstitions," the man agree "I like 'em. Don't you?"

"I never think of them," Jane sa disdainfully.

"YOU miss a lot," he told her earnest "Superstitions put color into li Heaven knows, it needs color in this stan ardized age."

"But they aren't *true!*" Jane protest

The man looked across at her from newspaper island of safety, and twinkle in his sea-blue eyes was ed with a sort of tender pity.

"I'm not so sure of that, Horatio!" laughed. "Some smart person has s that in the days of superstition peo used to quarrel over how many an could stand on the point of a nee while in the day of science they qua over how many germs can get on the po of a pin. Well, you can see your dirty germs with a microscope. I grant that. And you can't see my angels un you have the superstitious eye. But angels were prettier, weren't they? when they hovered over the thought men, the soft swish of their wings m have made a lovely sound!"

Jane looked at him wonderingly. was a ridiculous figure, big and sha parked on her outspread newspaper. of course what he was saying was absurd. And yet . . . and yet . Well, the French half of her liked it. the New England half clutched practicality.

"You got pretty wet following superstition," she remarked dryly.

The man laughed. A great boom laugh that caught up everything in small room, including Jane, and wra them around with good nature.

"Didn't I, though?" he agreed. cloud came scudding over the blue turned itself upside down right on to my head. I tried to hail a taxi, but know how they whiz past you with m ing contempt when it's raining. Sti like to see them reflected in the wet p ments. Great splotches of yellow and and blue. . . ."

Jane regarded him with wide wonder. How could a man caught dirty city storm think about the flections in the wet pavements?

"And of course you had no umbre she said aloud, following her thought

"Why the 'of course,' sister?" he as

"Oh, you wouldn't ever have an brella, I'm sure," Jane said, with contempt.

Stepping across the news of the w to the very edge of his paper island reached out a long arm and extende

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"And you can't see my *Angels* unless ☆☆ ☾☾ you have the superstitious eye!"

rm hand to Jane. She shook hands
im tentatively, wonderingly.
ank you," he said feelingly.
it what for?" Jane asked.
r the high 'character' you've just
me, to be sure," he explained. "For
that I have a free spirit, an unfettered imagination, and a courageous soul!"

Jane gasped.

"Why, I never said any such thing."

"Oh, yes, you did. You said all of that when you so firmly dissociated me from umbrellas. The umbrella, my child, is the symbol of caution. Now you, I very much fear, are an inveterate umbrella carrier."

Involuntarily Jane's eyes turned to the clothes tree in the corner, where hung her serviceable coat, her practical hat, and her neat umbrella.

The man's eyes followed hers.

"Ah," he (*Continued on page 171*)

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A group of Yosians off for a day's tramp with their leader, J. Otis Swift

The Only Entrance Fee *to this* Brotherhood *is a* Pair *of* Good Feet

SIX years ago J. Otis Swift was scurrying about town covering stories of every description for a New York newspaper—births and deaths, marriages and murders, kidnaping and graft. He was busy with everything in the world but the one thing that interested him most—at heart he was a naturalist. Every spare moment he had was spent in the hills and along the mountain trails about New York, observing animal and bird life, studying the flowers, insects, trees, the science of rocks and rivers, and other phenomena of nature.

During these hikes Mr. Swift had done considerable thinking. As far as he was concerned, these jaunts of his out into the wilds were absolute life-savers. They were the one and only thing that made city life bearable. Furthermore, Mr. Swift had a theory that in spite of our outer crust of sophistication, most of us really love the out-of-doors. Folks might not forsake the movies and the hurly-burly to get out into the country themselves, but he had a sneakin' feeling they'd at least like to hear about it.

J. Otis Swift

Now, Mr. Swift had always dreamed of becoming a nature editor. But, whenever he mentioned this idea he got the merry ha-ha. People didn't want to hear about nature! But he held on to his idea, and squeezed nature into his stories whenever occasion permitted.

Came the day, finally, when his patience was rewarded. Mr. Swift was called into the office of the executive editor, who said: "Otis, just as an experiment, we're going to run a bit of Nature in The World . . . and I want you to take a shot at it!" And soon there appeared in a lower corner of the editorial page a short item, NEWS OUTSIDE THE DOOR, in which was a curious miscellany of nature lore, with an account of a cross-country ramble. To everyone's surprise th first item brought in a flock of lette to the editor, with queries from inte ested readers. And almost every on of these letters ended up with, "Is possible for outsiders to go along o these hikes?"

This question bobbed up so pe sistently that one day Mr. Swi added a short postscript to his co umn, inviting any readers who we interested to accompany him on ramble into the Westchester hill That first Sunday morning twen folks appeared, and the tramp was huge success. They all wanted come again and bring their friends, the invitation was repeated. T next Sunday morning fifty people a peared, and the Sunday after th there were more than a hundre And so it went, until now, after a litt over five years, a great brotherho of nature lovers has developed, w 16,000 members in every part of th country and other countries of th world. They have adopted the nam Yosian Brotherhood, meaning N ture, or the Great God Heals.

And there is never a week-end, ra or shine, winter or summer, but wh hundreds of these town-tied folks esca from the roar of cities into the wilderne Boys and girls, young men and wom mature couples, white-haired patriarch sweet-faced old ladies—you'll find endle groups of them getting off trains a trolleys. Within half an hour, perha two hundred folks are waiting, gossipin meeting old friends and making new on

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en the whistle blows and the crowd ves off across the fields and into the untain country, Mr. Swift leading the y, and talking through a megaphone out trees, birds, flowers, geology, folk-e, history, everything that is suggested the natural things along the trail.

Then there is lunch by a woodland ing, each person bringing his own prov-ler, and there is a great camp fire ere steaks and corn are roasted and fee is made. Then, as the flurry of ch is over and the fire has settled into wing embers, a song leader, sometimes man, sometimes a woman, will start ging old folk songs, songs of romance, riotism, love. Or Mr. Swift will gather group about him and give a short talk out some phenomenon of nature.

In the evening a railway station, trolley line, or bus line is reached and the Yosians depart for home. Cheeks are red, eyes bright, shoulders braced, lungs full of oxygen, and hearts happy. From the highlands of the Hudson, the Ramapos, the Orange Mountains, from Long Island, Jersey, Westchester, the Yosian groups are converging on New York, bringing back with them a little of the woodsy freshness, the peace of silent places, and the unutterable beauty of the wilderness, to help them through another week.

According to Mr. Swift, the Yosians have no set organization, and there are no dues or responsibilities of membership. Anyone in the world may become a member, irrespective of race, creed, or education. "More than anything else," says Mr. Swift, "the Brotherhood is a state of mind. It includes numberless young women from offices of big corporations, teachers, clerks, and young men from all walks of life, from street-car conductors and laborers to bank clerks, heads of departments in business houses, writers, and a few college professors."

Scarcely a day passes that Mr. Swift's desk is not piled high with letters from enthusiastic Yosians in every part of the world, including even China, Japan, India, England, and France. I know, for my desk is not more than ten feet from his. Mr. Swift is one of the busiest of men. Fifteen or eighteen hours a day on this job of his is not infrequent. And Mr. Swift's eyes twinkle as he excuses himself by saying, "You see I made myself this job out of my hobby . . . and it has turned out to be a pretty big job."

DOROTHY WORTHINGTON

The Girl Who Helped Put Radio on a Balanced Diet

'WAS early in 1921. A golden-aired girl sat in the living-room of a farmhouse in western Penn-ania, the phones of a homemade set fastened over her ears. father stood by her. He had the crude little set for his blind hter, hoping to add a bit of ty to her quiet life. She had ated herself and tried to carve niche in the world's commerce, handicapped by ill health and of sight, she was home con-cing after nearly a year's in-ism.

low does it sound, Marjory?" ther asked, a little nervously. s his initial effort at radio con-ion and Marjory was the first test the set.

program to which the girl was ng was "dead music"—that e broadcasting of a victrola or a piano roll. There was else but this type of music in days, for radio was but a huge, force feeling its way into nce and beauty.

w does it sound?" the father again.

girl tore herself away from dio, jumped out of her chair, er father's arms. "It's won- Unbelievable." And then ded softly: "At last, I be-here is a place in the world for me."

there was. That girl was Marjory t. And the same enterprise and ich enabled her to work her way h university and seek a job in New City, led her less than eighteen later to create for herself an en-new position—that of radio critic, ion KDKA, Pittsburgh.

ty-seven years ago, in the little f Perrysville, Pennsylvania, Mar-ewart was born, one of a large of strong farming folks. But hovered around that birth. A ter she was pronounced blind.

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR

Blind Marjory Stewart, who was radio's first critic

At an early age the child was sent to the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind, at Pittsburgh. Almost immediately she showed a tremendous interest in literature and a deep love for anything dramatic. Later on, encouraged by her English teacher, she tried for and won a college scholarship, which gave her free tuition at the University of Pittsburgh.

"I was all ready for my first day at university without the faintest idea of how I was to acquire my daily assignments," Marjory explained, "since at that time there were no textbooks at the university written in Braille."

At Assembly the first morning Miss Folk, an instructor, stood up and said to the co-educational gathering: "A blind girl has come among you. Her only hope for a college education remains with you, her fellow students. If you will read to her for a small part of each day, she can achieve her desire."

The response was overwhelming. Never during the four years did she lack for anybody to read to her. After four winters of study and four summers of teaching the adult blind the Braille system of reading, Marjory was graduated from the university—an honor student.

Marjory Stewart got a job in New York City, but after a year of working she had a nervous breakdown and was forced to return home, where she lay helpless for nine months. It was during her convalescence from this illness that she heard her first radio program and resolved to become a part of this vast, new force.

Procuring a letter of introduction to Mr. J. C. McQuiston, Publicity Manager of the Westinghouse Company, she called on him and asked for a position.

McQuiston was about to turn her down flat. But suddenly it occurred to him that because this girl's sight had been denied her, her other sensibilities were quickened many-fold, and undoubtedly she would be able to detect flaws in the radio programs which a physically sound person might pass over or never recognize at all.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "You listen in every night for a month, and furnish us each morning a critical report on the previous evening's entertainment. At the end of that time we'll either dispense with or retain you if we think you can be of value to the company."

So Marjory hired a little room in which the Company installed a radio, before

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which she sat, patiently working out constructive reports and programs. At the end of her first month she was definitely engaged as a radio critic.

The changes brought about by her efforts are too numerous to detail, but among other things, it was her job to help the radio announcers perfect their art—to coach and criticize their voices and their English.

It was because of her repeated efforts, too, that a time limit of fifteen minutes was placed on each speaker. And so, today, with few exceptions, no one is allowed to speak longer than this specified time.

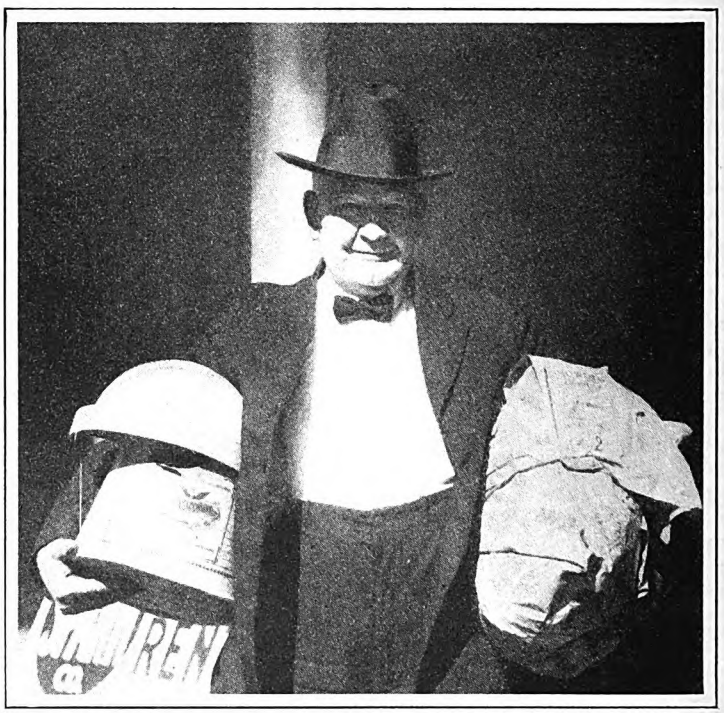
Also, on Marjory's advice, no opera, today, is ever broadcast until the announcer has told his radio audience a terse story of its action.

Realizing that isolated people are intensely interested in books and plays, even when they have no opportunities to read and hear them, Miss Stewart herself broadcast reviews of books and plays which she had carefully prepared.

Day after day, night after night, this patient, earnest, gifted girl has sat at her desk in front of her set, improving, developing, suggesting, hoping, and dreaming. There is not space to detail all the splendid work she has performed, but without a doubt the well-balanced radio program which comes to you today is, in large measure, traceable to the efforts of this blind girl from a Pennsylvania farm.

ROSA STRIDER REILLY

A Church Which Pays Its Congregation to Come To It



Judging from the bundles in the Reverend Mr. Hassler's arms, some folks have just heard of his wonderful work with the Junior Church

SOMETIMES it is strawberry-ice-cream Sunday at the Hassler Junior Church in Indianapolis. Every once in a while it is popcorn-ball Sunday. And in winter, when all the little boys and girls seem to have colds in the head, there is a handkerchief Sunday, and every pupil gets a large, white handkerchief. It may be the first handkerchief that many of them have ever owned, for the Hassler Junior Church draws its congregation from among those who, in many cases, cannot afford shoes, and to whom even shirts are something of a luxury.

There was Willie, for instance—one of the first members of the class which the Reverend Anson Hassler organized five years ago. One winter day Willie came to Sunday school snugly fastened up in a ragged coat and a stocking cap, both of which he seemed loath to remove. The Reverend Mr. Hassler tries to teach his pupils good manners as well as Bible lessons; and he also feared that Willie would feel the out-of-door cold more than ever if he kept his coat on in the warm hall in which the class met. So he said:

"Willie, if you want to please me you will take off your hat and coat when you come in." And Willie did.

"After that I was more careful in making such suggestions," Dr. Hassler said, "for the child had nothing under his coat but a pair of suspenders."

It was for the Willies of Indianapolis that Anson Hassler, who is now past his seventy-seventh birthday, organized his Junior Church. His kindly blue eyes beam as he tells of its growth from a class of two pupils to a gathering that frequently exceeds three hundred. The first meeting, five years ago, was held over the ice-cream table in a corner drug-store. The meetings are now held at Cadle Tabernacle, a building constructed and given free to Indianapolis for use by religious gatherings as an ex-drunkard's memorial to his mother.

"After finishing my education at Heidelberg University I preached for fifty years," the white-haired pastor told me. "I also attended services in a great many different churches. And I noticed this fact about all of them—there didn't seem to be any *poor* people in the congregations. This worried me, and I kept thinking about it. Finally I figured that the reason poor folks did not go to church, was because they felt uncomfortable among the better dressed members of the congregation. Then, too, they had no money to help pay for the support of the church and that put them at a further disadvantage. 'What's needed more than anything else,' I said to myself, 'is a church where folks won't have to worry about clothes and contributions—where they can get religion free.'

"There was mighty little money to begin with, but I found an out-of-the-way hall which I could get rent free. The next step was to get a congregation. I felt that if I started a junior church I would, through the children, eventually reach the parents. Therefore, I made the rounds of the poorer neighborhoods inquiring for children of Sunday-school age. After I'd visited seven families I found twenty-five children who were not attending any Sunday school and who evinced great interest in mine. They all promised to come the following Sunday, and I went away full of hope. But when Sunday came, only two of them showed up. Of course, I couldn't hold much of a service with only two pupils, so I took them to the drug-store and treated them to ice cream. I told them to come again the next Sunday and to bring their friends.

"Evidently the prospect pleased them, for the second Sunday there were seven children, and the third, twenty-one. Instead of asking the children to bring pennies, I gave them a penny apiece, and a penny for each new pupil they brought. Later I substituted pencils and flags and handkerchiefs—something new each week but nothing expensive, of course. Soon my work became known, and the newspapers began printing stories about it. Donations came to us—sometimes candy, sometimes clothing.

"A father was fitted out with respectable clothes so that he might come to church to see his two daughters baptized; motherless little girls were given warm dresses as well as spiritual advice; and tough little boys not only came themselves, but brought their pals and told their parents about this new kind of Sunday school; and, as a result, it has grown with gratifying rapidity. Donations of money from people in more comfortable circumstances help to support it.

"The purpose of the Junior Church is to do good in every possible way," Dr. Hassler explained, "without putting up the children or their parents a single cent of expense. I teach them Christ and the Bible; I teach them to care for both body and soul, and to get the most out of life wherever they live it."

LEONORA K. ROSS

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Here is America's great family soup!

"A meal in itself"

Better meals with less time in the kitchen!

MORE vegetables mean better meals . . . Better for everybody in the house, especially the children . . . For plenty of vegetables are needed for good health . . . You place 15 different choice garden vegetables on your table when you serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . And here's the wonder of it . . . It's already cooked — on your table in almost no time . . . It's a lunch or supper in itself . . . 12 cents a can.

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Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

I bring good news to all who choose
To please their appetite:
My sure appeal is Campbell's meal
For health and real delight!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 23*)

etter. Your dad would have throwed a t. I reckoned it'd be better to get face to ace, an' have it out. Don't you figger that ay, too?"

"I certainly do, Uncle, especially if it's s big and hard a job as I imagine. And it's really true that you have made me our heir. I appreciate your kindness, ut if I can't make good as a rancher—ell, I don't want the property."

"Ahuh, I see." Jim felt the piercing in-nsity of eyes like a pale blue gleam, yet ot lacking understanding. "However, hat becomes of my property ain't the ain issue with me. Blood is thicker than ater. An' under any circumstances I'd ant my only kin to have what I left."

"Then, Uncle, what is the main issue?" eried Jim anxiously.

"Wal, I reckon it's I want you to be as ar a son to me as possible."

"That's easy, Uncle, if it depends on sin-rity and affection and obedience."

"They'll help; but it depends most on at I said in my letter. Guts! Jim, the I want you to take is the hardest in the st."

"I don't care. The harder the better," lared Jim.

"Son, that's straight talk," returned his le, nodding his head thoughtfully. "An' ked the way you spoke up to Ring ke. If he took a shine to you, it'd help t. . . . Jim, the thunder of it is no cher who knows the West ought ever ive a tenderfoot from the East such a but I'm just bullheaded enough to t a Traft an' nobody else to take my e."

"If you were a young man, Uncle, d you take care of this job?" asked curiously.

"Yes. An' I reckon I could do it yet."

"All right, then," returned Jim, "I'll mit myself here. I'll *do* it."

"INE! I like your spirit, son," ex-claimed Traft warmly. "Now, listen. runnin' about eighty thousand head ttle, mebbe more. But we can never count. That's a lot of stock, Jim. er out the value at forty dollars a head, h is a low estimate. Wal, I lose from usand head up every year. Most of oss can be laid to cattle thieves. I've n to believe Ring Locke knows it's than he'll tell me. Anyway, he's the posted cowman on the range. Blod-uns a big lot of cattle. So does Hep itt. They're all losin' stock, too."

"ncle Jim, this is bad," declared Jim, rprise. "You're being robbed, but on't know where the cattle go?"

"umph! We know darn well where e goin'. South of here, in the brakes the Diamond. An' the Diamond, I l explain, is high country south of On three sides it sheers straight an' cattle can't get off. But on the or forty miles or so, it slopes off into ghest canyon country in Arizona. r than the Tonto. These canyons p high in the timber an' run down rough. All of them have fine grass ter. Wal, a good deal of stock, lly cows with unbranded calves, drift into these draws an' work down into the brakes. There the cows are killed an' the calves stolen. It used to be these thieves would take the meat an' bury or burn head an' hide. But lately they kill too many. Locke's last report riled me."

"Then, Uncle, this tough job you're giving me has to do with the thieves," asserted Jim.

"Wal, I should sort of smile it does," drawled Traft.

"But why not entrust it to an experienced Westerner, like Locke?"

"Locke can't bother with it, an' wouldn't if he could—at least, the way I want to stop it. An' as I told you, I want a Traft to do this. Son, it'll be a big thing for the range, if we succeed. I don't want one of these gun-packin' cowboys to have the credit when I can throw it to you."

"You're very kind, Uncle," said Jim. "Are you sure anyone but a fool tenderfoot would tackle the job?"

Traft laughed. He was growing more at ease with Jim. "Some of my boys are achin' to get the job. Jim, my Diamond outfit is the toughest bunch of cowpunchers in Arizona. An' it's this Diamond outfit you're to take charge of. . . . Now to come out with my plan. I want a drift fence built from my ranch here clear down across the Diamond to where it jumps off. A hundred-mile fence!"

"What's a drift fence?"

"It's just a fence along which cattle will drift south as far as they can go, then drift back. It'd have several good uses, but the main one is to keep the cows an' calves from driftin' down into the brakes."

"Well, the building of a fence even a hundred miles long oughtn't to be so difficult."

"Shore, it won't. But keepin' it up after it's built is where the difficulty comes in."

"There'll be opposition? Down on the Diamond?"

"Shore will. An' for that matter, all over the range. Even Blodgett is oncertain about fencin' the range. You see, a barbed-wire fence in this country is nothin' short of murder. An' these nesters an' homesteaders an' backwoodsmen will lose by it. An' as for cowboys—Lord, how they hate any kind of a fence! I reckon I used to. But I'm ahead of my day. I can see what is needed an' what is comin'. So, Jim, you can trust me so far as the benefit to ranchers is concerned."

"UNCLE, have you an actual right to fence the range?"

"Shore, but it's open to question. If it even went to law I'd have to prove my contention. An' whoever sued me would have to show why he was bein' hurt. No honest cattleman will ever take such action. An' I'm shore doubtful about any of the homesteaders goin' so far."

"Could you prove your contention, which, of course, is that you are being robbed?" queried Jim earnestly.

"Wal, I could if Ring Locke an' some of my cowboys would testify. But they hate the idea like sixty. I'll expect you to find out what they know, an' then add evidence of your own."

"I see. How about your moral right?"

"Jim, I'm glad you ask that. You're no fool, if you are a tenderfoot. The question of moral right is the most puzzlin' one—the most open to argument. My own conscience is clear on that. I *know* in the long run the range will benefit."

"How do you know? Prove it to me."

"Wal, you can see how us big cattlemen will profit by it, an' the little cattlemen will have to stop stealin'."

"If there's no more to it, you're absolutely right. But won't you close the range or fence off part of it from them?"

"In some sense, yes. But only those draws an' canyons I told you about. There's shore water an' grass enough in them for ten times the stock they own. Any one of them will admit that. These honest ranchers will just stop appropriatin' calves they're not shore they own. An' the other kind—wal, we'll put them up a stump. Some of them will quit. An' others will cut our fence an' go right ahead stealin'. That's where our trouble will come in. Mebbe we can stop it in a few years, mebbe not. Some of the ranchers here think it'll start a long, hard fight. An' that's why they're leavin' it to me."

"WELL, Uncle, what do *you* think it will lead to?"

"Nothin' much compared to what I've been through. But I reckon some fence-cuttin' an' hard ridin' an' shootin' will seem a whole lot to you. Jim, I'm puttin' a lot on you. An' I reckon in a way it's selfish."

"No. Nothing of the kind," replied Jim hastily. "I believe implicitly in you, Uncle Jim. I'll make your ideals and motives mine . . . otherwise I'm scared stiff, but I believe I like the tough job you've given me. If I can only make a go of it!"

"Wal, the best encouragement I can give you is that I like the way you face it," returned Traft.

"Thanks, Uncle. That'll help a lot," declared Jim feelingly. "I'd like some advice, too. At least you can tell me what you'd do, if you had all your knowledge of the range, yet were only my age."

"Haw! haw! That's a stumper. Jim, I reckon I'm a-goin' to like you, outside of blood relationship. What'd I do? Wal, let's see. . . . First off I'd go to town an' buy the best cowboy outfit I could get, an' that means saddle, bridle, spurs, chaps, sombrero, gun, boots, an' so on. That would be for special occasions. Then I'd wear most of the time just plain overalls. I'd pack the gun an' begin to learn to shoot it. I'd have a little straight talk with the boys who was to work under me an' I'd let them know I was to be boss. I'd always do my share of any an' all kinds of work. I wouldn't be too nice to take a drink on occasions when it might be wise, but I'd leave drink alone. Also—an' I hardly need to tell you this—I'd leave the town slatterns alone. I'd lend my money free, but never my hoss or saddle or spurs. I'd always stand the brunt of any trouble directed against my outfit. That'll be hard, for you'll find each an' every one of your

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cowboys keen to do that same thing. Last, an' I reckon most particular an' hard, I'd stand up under the hell the Westerners will make for a tenderfoot. I'd run the gantlet. I'd make all the decent fellows like me—an' most of them *are* decent—an' I'd make the others respect me."

Jim had the good humor and the nerve to laugh in his uncle's face.

"Ha! ha! ha! Is *that* all, Uncle? I thought you were going to give me something hard."

"Wal," declared Traft gruffly, with a dubious look at his nephew, "I was a-goin' to add somethin' that I never could do myself. Get married pronto."

"Whew!—Uncle, that's a sticker. I'm afraid I'll have to jump the traces on that one."

"Jim, I'm onreasonable," said Traft wistfully. "But I'd shore like to hear the laughter of children round this ranch house before I die."

A WEEK elapsed before the Diamond outfit came in from the range.

Jim made the most of that reprieve. He went at Ring Locke like a youngster who could not swim in a swift current and was going to hold on or die. But Locke seemed only kind and aloof. He answered some questions; he never vouchsafed any range lore. Jim was sharp enough to find out, however, that Locke had a keen eye for him, and this gave him some grain of comfort.

During this wait he rode or tried to ride all the mustangs and bronchos about the place. He familiarized himself with every nook and cranny of the ranch, and there were a thousand acres and more, including the timber. He could not avoid coming into occasional contact with his uncle's cowboy outfits. And these instances were painful.

One morning he had returned from a disastrous determination to stick on the back of a mustang and had again taken up a dirty job at the barn, when a farm hand brought him a message: "Boss says the Diamond outfit is in, waitin' for you."

Jim let them wait a while until he got himself thoroughly dirty and tired and cross. Then he limped round to the bunk houses. His uncle did not appear to be among the bunch of cowboys at the last house.

Jim approached the young men, and before he got even close he saw that they constituted a remarkable group.

"How do, boys," he said bluntly, as he halted before them. "So you're the Diamond outfit I'm to boss? . . . Well, I'm not a darn bit gladder to meet you than you are to meet me."

Most of them greeted him with a word or nod. Jim found that he had not exactly spoken the truth, for he certainly sustained thrills when he looked these cowboys over. There did not appear to be one as old as he was, nor for that matter as big, though several were as tall. Lithe-bodied, long of limb and bow-legged, with small, round hips and wide shoulders, lean and sharp of face, bronzed and sunburned, with expressionless eyes like gimlets, they certainly belonged to a striking and unique class.

"Who was your last foreman?" asked Jim.

One of them replied: "Jud Blue."

"Is he here with you now?"

"Jud was shot last month down on the Diamond."

"Shot! . . . Was it an accident?"

"Shore was, for him. But whoever did it was lookin' pretty straight."

Jim did not betray the shock this intelligence gave him.

"Which one of you has been longest with my uncle?"

"Hump Stevens, heah, was in the first Diamond outfit. Six years ago, wasn't it, Hump?"

"Round aboot thet," drawled a tall, tawny cowboy.

"Stevens, then, ought to be foreman of this outfit," returned Jim. "And after him every one of you according to your service. Well, let's understand each other right here. I certainly am not stuck on the job and think I'm the last fellow on earth to tackle it. But my uncle has put it on me. He wants to leave his property to me. And I won't have it unless I can deserve it. And that means make good at ranching from the ground up."

Blank, still faces baffled Jim. It was impossible to tell whether or not these cowboys were in the least impressed. They certainly thought he was a liar.

"You can lay off till Monday morning," added Jim curtly. And he gathered that his first order to them had been received with a pleasant surprise.

Perhaps the ensuing hour was the most profoundly thoughtful of any since he had decided to embark upon this adventure. What an unknown quantity, the Diamond outfit! He had needed only one look at these devil-may-care boys to realize it. Cowboys were not wholly strangers to him. These, however, were the dyed-in-the-wool range product. They were potential chain lightning and firebrand. He was conscious of admiration, dread, and an acute desire to make friends with them. After meeting them, he realized he could not expect any material help from Ring Locke or his uncle. The matter was personal.

WHEREFORE, he carefully kept out of their way for a day and a half. On Saturday afternoon he went to town, and he had not been there long before he heard that the Diamond outfit was painting some very vivid red.

Presently he went into a pool room to buy a smoke. The place was fairly well crowded, and at the very first table he saw a cowboy he recognized as one of his Diamond outfit. He was in the act of making a shot. But he straightened up. His fine, tanned young face was flushed and there were other indications that he had been drinking.

"Boss, I ain't doin' nothin'," he said.

"Who said you were?" returned Jim.

"You're lookin' for Curly then? Sheriff Bray just collared him. Honest, boss, Curly was behavin' himself strick proper. But Bray has got it in for us Diamond fellars. This sheriff is a four-flusher, boss. He's never had one of us in jail yet."

"Which way did they go?" asked Jim.

"Down the street. The jail's across the tracks."

Jim hurried out and in the direction mentioned. He did not take kindly to the idea of one of his cowboys going to jail. While crossing the tracks, he espied Bray dragging a reluctant and protesting cowboy along the station platform. Jim intercepted them. This cowboy he also recognized, a tall, handsome fellow with curly yellow hair, just now very red in the face, but not so drunk as Jim had been led to suppose.

"Hold on, Sheriff," called Jim, as he confronted them. "You've got one of my boys. What's the charge?"

"Hullo!" gruffly returned Bray.

He was a burly man, thick-featured, with a bluish cast of countenance, and he wore his sheriff's badge and gun rather prominently. "Oh, it's young Mr. Traft. I didn't know you. . . . Wal, this boy was gettin' a little too obstreperous to suit me. So I'm runnin' him in."

"Curly, what'd you do?" inquired Jim.

"Boss, I was singin'," asserted Curly. "This heah one-hoss occifer sings in—choir an' he thinks he's—only singer."

"Wal, you can sing in jail," declared the sheriff.

"Bray, I reckon you'd better not run Curly in," said Jim coolly. "Let's walk along and get away from this crowd. I'll take Curly around the block."

"Say, for a tenderfoot you're startin' right in to play a high hand," sneered Bray.

BY THIS time Jim's blood had grown a little hot. He jerked Curly free from the sheriff.

"I'll arrest you both for resistin' an officer," threatened Bray.

"Boss, let go an' stand aside. This heah ain't funny no more," spoke up Curly. The change in him, the ring in his voice, made Jim jump, but he did not release the cowboy.

"No, Curly, I'm responsible here," he replied.

Bray had subtly altered, which fact Jim attributed to Curly's sudden menace.

"Wal, Traft, I'll let him go in your care," he growled. "But I'm givin' you a hunch. Prentiss said somethin'. This Diamond outfit ain't funny no more."

"Thanks, Bray. I consider that a compliment to me. Come on, Curly."

Jim walked the cowboy down the block and up a side street until they got out of the center of the town. Finally Jim halted in a corner.

"Curly, will you go back to the ranch? I'd go with you, but I've errands to do."

"I reckon. The Diamond ain't disobeyin' orders. But what'd you want to go do this heah trick for? The outfit will be sore at me. They ain't a-goin' to stand for me bein' friends with a tenderfoot boss."

He wheeled and strode away. He across the street he turned. "Boss, I fo got. I'm in an orful fix," he said, and stro back. "My gurl's in town. I haven't la eyes on her for two months. Shore, it wou be safe to let it go longer."

"Well, I daresay you *are* in a fix. Curl I'll help you out. Promise you'll not ta another drink today. Then walk out the ranch and walk back tonight. That sober you. And you can see your gir

Curly swore. He bent a strange, bl gaze upon Jim.

"I reckon there ain't no help for it," muttered. Then he went away.

Jim was entering the hotel, where he pected to meet his uncle and ride ho with him, when he was detained by ano member of the Diamond, who barred way obviously, if not rudely. Two o cowboys drew back.

"Excuse me, Mr. Traft. I'm H Jocelyn, an' I'm wantin' a word with yo He was cool and insolent.

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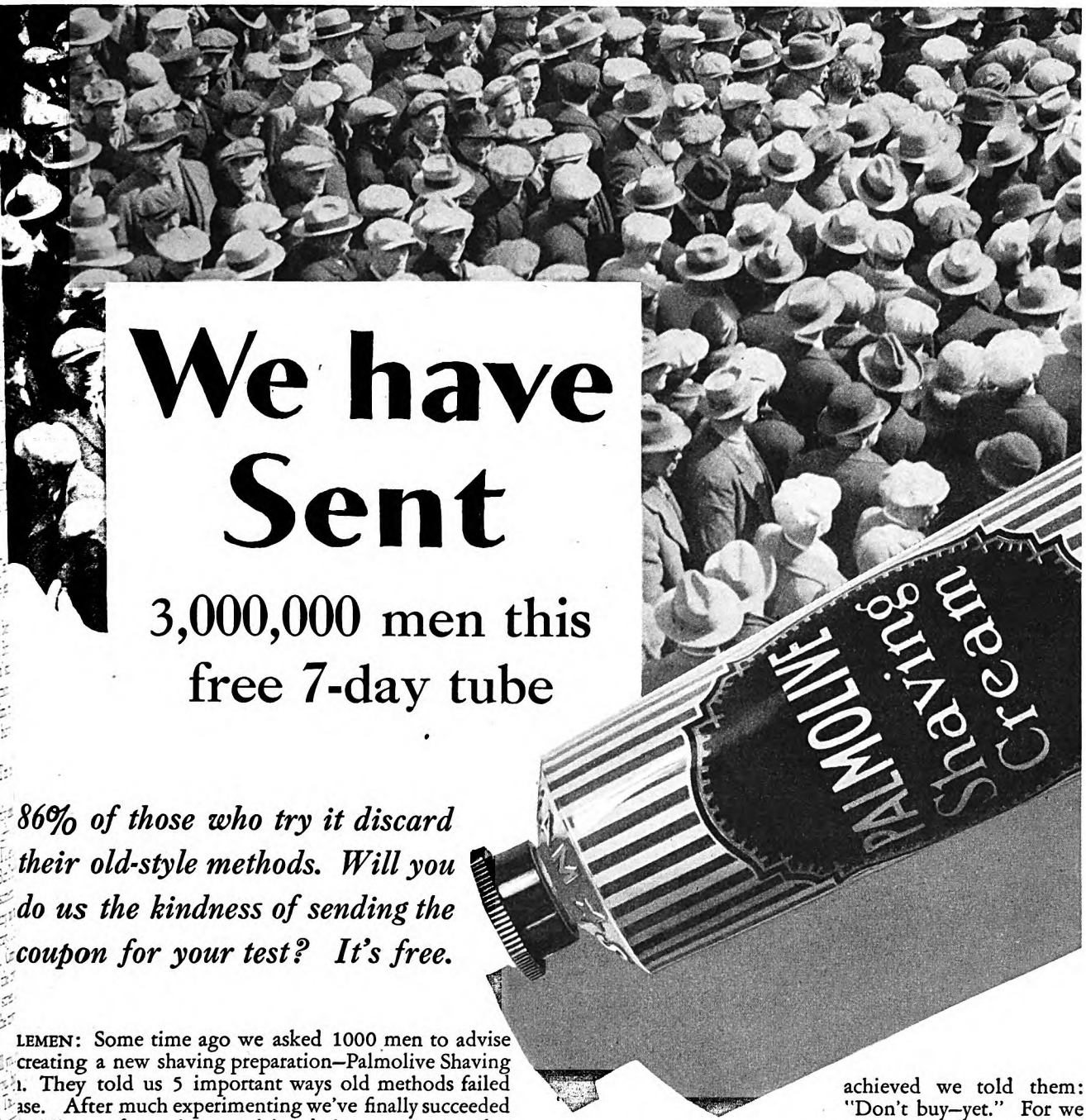

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"Aren't you one of my cowboys?" asked Jim.

"I've been ridin' with the Diamond, if thet's what you mean. But I ain't shore I'm stayin' with the outfit."

Jim had been told by no less an authority than Ring Locke that horses and men could not separate the Diamond outfit.

"You're not, eh? Well, you want to be pretty sure, or you won't be riding for it. What do you want?"

"I was in Babbitt's an' they told me they'd sent out a wagonload of barbed wire to the ranch. Fer the Diamond outfit! An' I calls him a liar."

"Then you'll have to apologize. It was for the Diamond. And there's a carload more ordered."

"Thunder you say!" ejaculated Jocelyn, in amaze and gathering anger. "An' what's it fer?"

"None of your business, Jocelyn," retorted Jim. "If you'd asked me civilly I'd have told you."

"But barbed wire is most used fer fences!" exclaimed the cowboy. His two comrades edged closer until they were beside him, watchful, hiding their feelings, if they had any. "An' nobody would reckon the Diamond'd have anythin' to do with thet!"

"The Diamond is in for some new experience, Jocelyn. And you may as well know fence building is one of them."

"Haw! haw! It shore is. A tenderfoot dude foreman! Then barbed-wire fence! What's the range comin' to?"

Jocelyn had half turned to his companions, to whom, in fact, his exclamation had been directed. Jim shot out a hand and spun him around like a top.

"Did you call me a tenderfoot dude foreman?"

"Wal, Mr. Traft, I reckon I did," Jocelyn drawled.

Jim knocked him flat. He had not calculated consequences. In accepting his uncle's job he had burned his bridges behind him. But when Jim saw Jocelyn lying there, then slowly rising, his hand to his face, which was black as a thundercloud, he awoke to another sensation. He would not, however, have recalled the blow.

"Jocelyn, you're fired," he said, as coolly as the cowboy had spoken. "But if you come out to the ranch and apologize to me, I'll take you on again."

THEREUPON Jim turned to enter the hotel, where among several persons who had been spectators of the little byplay he found his uncle and Ring Locke.

"Hello! Say, I'm sorry you happened to see that," said Jim regretfully.

"Come inside," rejoined Traft, and when the three of them were out of earshot of bystanders, he turned to Locke. "Ring, he called Hack's bluff. An' mebbe he didn't poke that puncher's snoot! I darn near choked myself to keep from yellin'."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Jim, as surprised at this speech as at Traft's glee.

"Son, the only fault I can locate in you so far is you talk too quick an' too much. It'll get you in serious trouble."

"But I couldn't stand for that," expostulated Jim.

Ring Locke shook his lean, hawklike head forebodingly.

"Wal," he said, "it's bad an' good. More good, I'd say. If the new foreman of the Diamond had stood fer that—wal, he couldn't have had a chance. But I was thinkin' of what it'd mean. . . . Young man, this same Hack Jocelyn has shot fellars for less."

"It's true, son," corroborated Traft somberly. "That's the worst of it. This gang of yours has made 'way with nine men since they rode for me. Shore, some of them were darn good riddance."

"More'n nine, boss," corrected Locke. "Lonestar Holliday got drove out of Texas fer a shootin'."

"What!" gasped Jim. "Those fine, clean boys murderers?"

"Jim, you're out West now," said his uncle testily. "When two men get into an argument or quarrel an' draw, it ain't murder if one is killed. We couldn't run the range without cowboys and they're shore a tough crowd of young roosters. . . ."

LATE on Sunday afternoon, while Jim sat on the porch, his uncle called attention to a cowboy approaching.

"Bud Chalfack," announced Traft, with a chuckle. "He's the peacemaker of the outfit. Whenever anyone is in wrong Bud is elected to set him right."

"Ahuh," returned Jim dubiously. He watched the cowboy stroll up the lane and down the path to the porch. Bud appeared to be a little fellow, but sturdy, bow-legged, and otherwise suggestive of long association with horses. He had an open, guileless countenance and he reminded Jim of a rosy-faced cherub.

"Good evenin', Mr. Traft, an' howdy, boss," he said cheerfully. "May I set down?"

"Shore, Bud," replied Traft genially. "Reckon you look sort of weak. What ails you? Too much town?"

"Weak? We bin wrastlin' all day with Hack. But you ought to see the other fellars. They're laid out."

"Is Hack here?" asked Jim quietly.

"He's down at the bunk house. I been sent fer him."

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"Wal, fust off he wouldn't come, an' I reckon now he ain't able."

Bud's grave, infantile face was averted for a moment, during which Jim shot a quick glance at his uncle, to be rewarded by a wink. Jim drew a breath of relief.

"What ails him? Did he get drunk last night? Sick this morning?"

"Boss, I reckon both. But it ain't them. We was sorta put out with Hack. Shore we didn't mean to let him bust up the Diamond. An' he was daid set on thet. So after arguyin' all day we got tired, an'—wal, Hack's in bed."

"I see. Then he can't come over to apologize and get his job back. Or did he want to do it?"

"Wal, Hack shore wanted the job back all right, but he hated the terms. He said, 'Jest tell the boss I'll apologize if he'll swear I won't have to dig no post holes.'"

"Bud, I'm afraid Hack will have to dig holes along with the rest of us," said Jim.

The cowboy looked incredulously to Mr. Traft for corroboration.

"Bud, it's up to Jim. You can tell the boys, though, that Jim will not give them anythin' he won't tackle himself."

"All right, sir. Thet's shore fairer'n any foreman I ever rode under. . . . But Hack won't never dig no fence-post holes. We had it out with him an' so I may as well tell you. Boss, shore your uncle has told you what this drift fence will do!"

"He hasn't told me anything."

"Wal, some of us will have to then," said Bud. "Hack swears we'll have to fight. He knows Seth Haverly an' his outfit of the Cibeque. Bad hombres, he called them. An' Slinger Dunn don't need introduction 'round Flag. You can see his trade-mark in more'n one place. . . . Some of the boys agree with Hack. We'll have hell buildin' thet fence an' wuss'n hell when we get it done."

"Bud, is the Diamond outfit game to build that drift fence?" queried Jim.

"You bet your life it is," flashed Bud.

"Are you going to stick together?"

"Wal, we reckon nothin' but death can bust the outfit."

"If I left it to a vote, how many of you would be for building the fence?"

"Boss, we've already voted. This mawnin'. An' Hack was the only fellar to drop a black mark in the hat. Leastways, we think it was Hack. The most of us believe that Mr. Traft knows more an' sees farther, an' wouldn't never do no homesteader or little cattleman a low-down trick. We're goin' to believe he's right an' stand by him."

"But you all think he shouldn't have saddled this job onto a tenderfoot nephew?" queried Jim penetratingly.

"Wal, I—I reckon we do," replied Bud.

"There!" cried Jim triumphantly to his amused uncle. "See what you've done! . . . Come, Bud, I'll walk down to the bunk house with you."

He found half a dozen of the boys there, but missed Curly Prentiss. Hack Jocelyn lay on a bunk under a window, the light of which showed him badly bruised up.

"Hack, you get your job back, but it was a half-hearted apology," said Jim.

"Boss, I'd never give in but fer this low-down, lousy outfit," replied Jocelyn. "An' I'm tellin' you straight I won't dig no fence-post holes. I'll cut an' haul posts, I'll cook an' wash an' I'll pack water an' run errands."

"Hack, you don't look as if you were sorry you insulted me."

"Boss, I don't reckon it no insult. I was only bein' funny. But you shore do wear nice store clothes, don't you?"

"Can't I wear overalls all week and put on clean shirt and pants without being a dude?" inquired Jim.

"Wal, it depends on the pants an' the shirt."

"Matter of taste, eh? Well, I'll wear out my St. Louis clothes pronto."

Jocelyn peered hard out of his uncloses eye at this new specimen of range foreman and then gave up with a disgusted grunt.

NEXT morning before sunrise the Diamond rode out upon their momentous adventure. Thirty saddle and pack horses, one four-horse wagon hauling wire and tools, and the chuck wagon, made quite a cavalcade. Ring Locke's last word was one of commendation of Jim's wise move to pitch the first camp five miles out of town. Jim intended to drop bales of wire along the way, then work back from camp.

Jim started the work just after the noon hour, and it beat any circus he had ever attended. He dug the first hole himself.

"There!" he exclaimed, in satisfaction.

"Whoopee!" yelled Hack Jocelyn in a stentorian voice. "Boys, hear ye! The grandson of the Diamond!"

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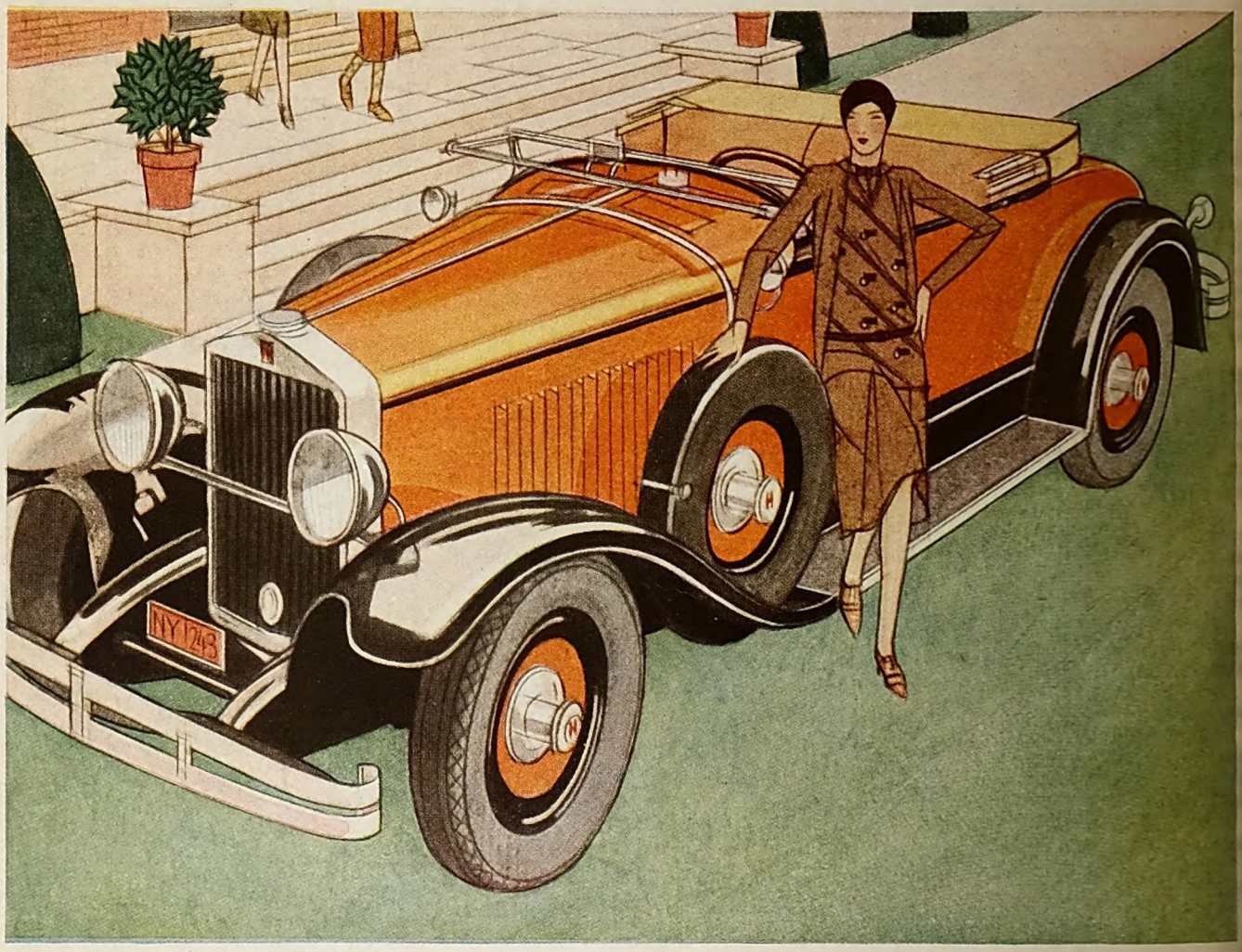

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His fellow cowboys whooped so wildly reply that Jim felt constrained to be-e Jocelyn's pessimistic augury. Then, ler Jim's orders, they set to work, and y yelled and swore, and kept up a con-nt harangue with each other. Jim had ee of them dragging in long poles, which e cut into seven-foot lengths, five feet which were to stand above ground. Jim thought out his plan and it bade fair work. Bud Chalfack, Lonestar Holli-, and Hump Stevens had volunteered handle the wire, which, next to post-digging, seemed to be the most ob-ous to these aristocrats of the range. ortunately for Jim, it was not neces-to build the drift fence in a straight A general direction to the south, ing to levels and the easiest way, was ule. Jim marked the line and the holes certain distance, then went back to in all details of the labor.

HE first day ended with Jim's adding a me back and blistered hands to his ills. They had camped in the open where a few straggling pines had es-d the lumbermen, and the site was far pretty.

e cook had been highly recommended m, by no less a person than himself, hat, too, in writing. He claimed to fairly well, but he was dumb. Shot throat once, by a vicious cowboy!

ay, when is thet cadiverous galoot to yell 'Come an' get it'?" de-ed Hack.

nybody know what his handle is?" another.

oys, our cook's name is Jeff Davis," nced Jim. " He hails from Alabama. n't talk but he wrote he could hear well."

dumb cook! Holy Jupiter! We're ed for keeps."

ne. He cain't cuss the daylights out

al, if he can cook—O-Kay!"

r supper they had a camp fire, which they sat and smoked. Jim d that hour. The infinite and vari-ods of the boys seemed to have flag-hen, one by one—some without re-their boots—they rolled in their lins. Jim took off some of his clothes, en he stretched out in his bed with a he felt that he would never move How delicious that bed! He burned ed all over, and, tired as he was, could n go to sleep. The canopy of white eemed so wonderful and strange. , which had turned cold with the ind down off the mountain, blew s face. Jim had heard his first coy-us at the ranch, so he was, in a way, d for another at close range. Evi-this visiting bunch sat round in a le, just behind his bed, and barked, and whined their wild cacophonies. enly he felt something tugging at k of his bed, at the blankets under made him start violently, and in-ely frightened him. A coyote! Did engering beggars steal that close? ed, with much meaning but poor tion:

t!"

e popped up. He could see a short back of his bed. Nothing there! oot he beat around back of his coat, had folded up for a pillow. Then, ll shaking hand, he felt back there. And it came in contact with a rope. It had been tied to an end of the blanket over him, and this had been drawn half off.

"Well, by gosh!" he muttered.

From all around strange sounds arose. He sat there amazed, until he grasped the situation. The cowboys had played their first trick on him and were now trying to hold in a fiendish and bursting glee.

Jim untied the rope and flung the end as far away as he could. Sons-of-guns, he called them to himself! Nevertheless, he took this as an augury of good luck. His uncle had assured him that if they played tricks on him, there was hope. If they suffered him in silence and let him severely alone, the case was hopeless. Jim lay back happy despite his chagrin at being scared half out of his wits, and went to sleep.

Next morning he hobbled around cheerfully without mentioning the incident, and went to work. That turned out to be a trying day, particularly in keeping at it. Upon returning to camp, he washed his blistered hands and then, thinking to rest a little before supper, he sought his bed.

But it was gone. At first, he imagined he had mistaken the place, but he soon reassured himself that he was right about the location. After a few moments he discovered his bed-roll high up in the pine tree, swinging by the rope. Jim swore under his breath. If he had to climb that tree, crippled as he was, it would afford these devilish cowboys a treat. He just would not attempt it. They stood and sat around, waiting for the call to supper, and obviously they were aware of his predicament.

"Oh, were I a little bir-r-rd," sang one of them.

Jim decided he would make one gigantic bluff. He had been pretty lucky so far. Why not play that to the limit? Whereupon he went to his pack and, taking up his revolver, he aimed steadily at the rope above his head and shot. He cut the rope. As he gasped, the bed-roll fell with a heavy thump. Jim flipped the gun in a way he had learned through a week's practice, and carelessly tossed it over to his pack. Then, approaching the cowboys, he said seriously: "I sure hope none of you hombres make me throw a gun on you."

They seemed to be a wide-eyed and stricken group.

"Boss, I shore ain't goin' to do thet little thing," spoke up Curly.

So they had to score another for the tenderfoot. That night around the camp fire they were thoughtful, and whispered behind Jim's back. He went to bed knowing the war was on and that he was in for utter rout. Ring Locke had said cowboys, when pressed, would do anything under the sun. Jim had thought it all out, and he could only regulate his conduct according to theirs. The main issue for him was to earn their respect.

BY the end of the week they had finished the drift fence townward to where it joined Traft's ranch. They had also about finished Jim. Saturday night he spent alone in camp, except for the cook. Late Sunday afternoon the cowboys began to straggle back in twos and threes, some of them still pretty drunk. Jim resented that. He watched them come, careful to see who were the sober ones. Bud returned, holding Hack Jocelyn in his saddle: and Curly performed a like office for Cherry Winters.

At sunset Jim took a long walk, which in a way mitigated his mood. The supper gong recalled him. As he neared camp, his keen ears caught Curly saying, "Wal, it's shore eatin' into my gizzard. I reckon he's pretty decent, considerin'."

Jim wondered if this talk referred to him or his uncle, and after a moment's consideration decided it was about himself. Curly then, as Jim had grasped before, was leaning a little toward championing him. It was the one bright spot in a gloomy week-end.

ON Monday at dawn they broke camp and drove south to the edge of the timber, perhaps another five miles. Here the camp site delighted Jim. It was on a grassy bench just where the pines began, and near a beautiful spring.

At this camp matters came to a pass where Jim grew beside himself with rage. And the incident that capped the climax was when Curly Prentiss, after gradually and perceptibly leaning toward friendship for Jim, suddenly became alienated. Jim laid this to influence of a clique of four in the Diamond outfit, the ringleader being Hack Jocelyn.

"Curly," Jim said, "you've got a saffron streak as wide as the road."

"Boss, is thet thar relatin' to my work on this heah drift fence?" queried Prentiss, with a keen glance on two of the cowboys who had certainly heard Jim.

"No. I'm bound to admit you do more than your share."

"Wal, then, I'm takin' your remark as personal, an' if *you* ain't just as yellow, you'll step out with me."

"Good heavens, Curly!" ejaculated Jim wearily. "You wouldn't make it a matter of guns?"

"Wal, in this heah country a man has to protect himself."

"Ahuh. And how am I to protect myself from most of this devilish bunch without a friend?" queried Jim bitterly. "I've been banking on you right along. You have helped me a good deal, though you may not know it. I like you. And I swear you were beginning to like me. Then all of a sudden you turn cold and mean."

"So that's why you called me saffron?" asked Prentiss, with curious little flecks of light in his eyes.

"Yes, it is."

"Wal, the outfit put it up to me this heah way: They accused me of bein' friends with you. An' they made me cut the deck. You or the Diamond."

"So that's it," replied Jim. "I never thought of that. Naturally you'd stick to them."

"Shore. An' I'm demandin' an apology before the outfit," said Curly, with the air of one who held the whip hand.

"Suppose I won't?"

"Wal, then, as you cain't stand fer a little gunplay, I'll have to lick you," drawled Curly.

"Curly, you couldn't do that if you tried it every day we are building this fence."

This retort, as amazing to Jim as to Curly, came out of the past days of Jim's turmoil.

"Mr. Traft, I'm shore differin' with you. An' I'll show you pronto."

"Well, let's get the apology over first," replied Jim dryly.

It happened to be just before supper-

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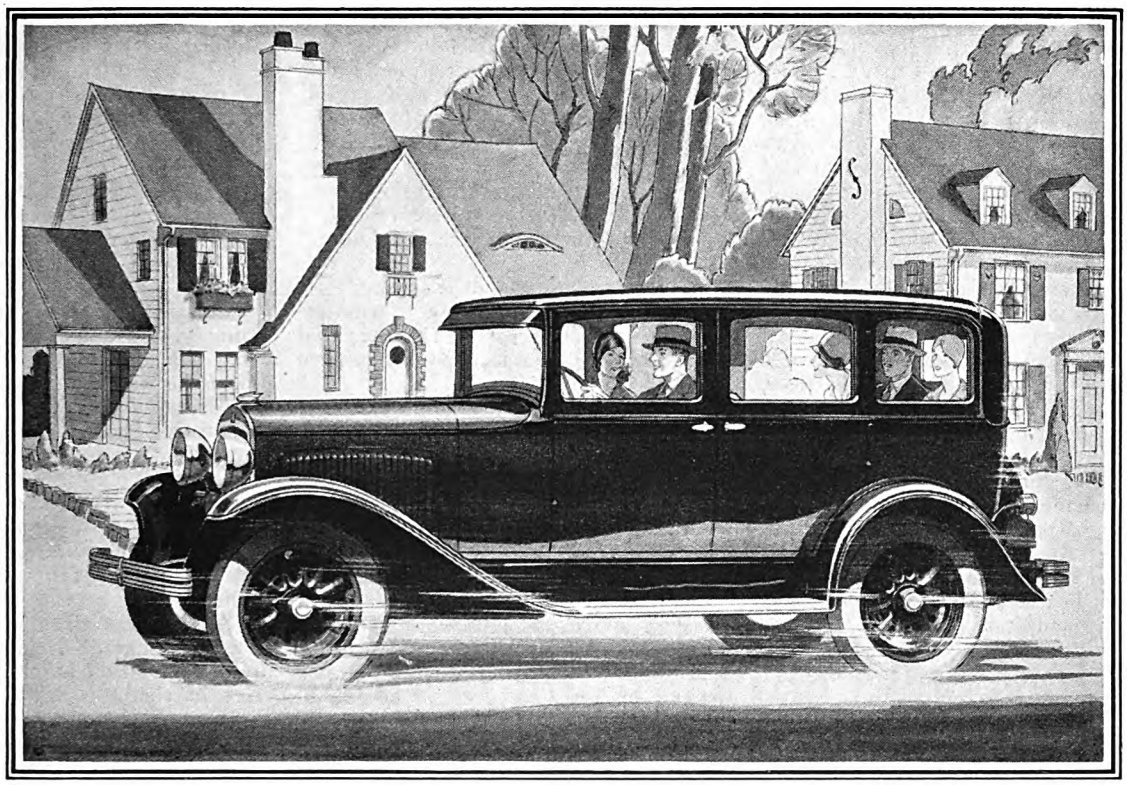

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Know, too, that Plymouth has big-car solidity; big-car dependability; big-car safety and sureness. Beneath its *full-size* body are a *full-sized* rugged chassis; *full-size* axles; *full-size* springs with compensating, shock absorbing leaves, and Chrysler *full-size* weatherproof internal-expanding hydraulic brakes on all four wheels.

Best of all, Plymouth's low first cost is followed by consistent economies in gas, oil, tires and general upkeep.

With the introduction of the Plymouth, the day definitely passed when a small price automatically implied a small car.

$655
AND UPWARDS
F. O. B. Factory

PRODUCT of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship, the Plymouth has been so named because its endurance and strength, rugged honesty and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that Pilgrim band who were among the first American colonists.

PLYMOUTH

Coupe, $655; Roadster (*with rumble seat*), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*), $695; 4-Door Sedan, $695. *All prices f. o. b. factory.*

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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time and all the boys were there. Jim did not require to be told that they had heard about what he had called Curly.

"Fellows, I've a word to say," he began, and the slow, sly glances he drew made him want to swear at them. "I want to apologize to Curly before you all. I told him he had a streak of saffron. Well, I take it back. And instead of Curly, I'll apply it to those of you who made Curly turn me down. I don't know who they are but *you* know. It is pretty low-down. This rotten job I've tackled for my uncle has got on my nerves. There's so much I don't know. Curly or any one of you could help me. I think he was leaning that way. But you made him quit."

Then Jim turned to Curly.

"There, Mr. Prentiss. You politely invited me to a gun party. And then threatened to lick me. But neither of these made me apologize to you. It was because I had done you an injustice. Now I'll tell you some more before your grinning ape pards. You can't lick me. And unless you make a blamed good stab at it right here and now, I *will* say you're yellow."

Curly's face was more of a study than that of his allies, which certainly presented a good deal in puzzles.

"Boss, I reckon your uncle will—" began Bud, conscience-stricken.

"Shet-up, you durn little crow!" bawled somebody, presumably Hack.

Lonestar Holliday burst into the circle: "Fellars, heah comes thet Slinger Dunn," he whispered warningly.

TWO riders had come out of the woods. They were not cowboys, yet Jim could not in a glance determine why he made that distinction. The first rider looked like an Indian, but his skin was dark bronze instead of red. His features were shadowed by the brim of an old black sombrero, yet piercing eyes shone out of that obscurity. He wore a buckskin shirt, much the worse for long usage. The rest of his apparel corresponded with any cowboy's.

The second stranger was a lean-faced, hard-lipped young man, with eyes that appeared to oscillate like a compass needle.

Both were mounted on long-haired, ragged, wild-looking horses. The saddles were superb, with long tapaderos. Rifles were slung in saddle sheaths.

The foremost of these two riders did not greet the Diamond, individually or collectively. And Jim, quick to note this, and that none of his men spoke, waived any sort of greeting himself. But he stepped out in front with an air of authority. This placed him somewhat closer to the rider, in a better light, and he looked up into a handsome, still, strange face.

"You the new boss of this heah Diamond outfit, hey?" inquired the rider, in cool hostility.

"Yes. I'm supposed to be," replied Jim.

"Howdy, Mr. Traft, I shore am glad to meet you," drawled the rider, without any intimation that he intended to reveal his own name.

Presently Jim replied. "I can't return the compliment if you don't say who you are."

Holliday took a couple of slow steps, which placed him beside Jim, an action that somehow thrilled Jim, though he might have misunderstood its significance.

"Boss, it's Slinger Dunn an' his pard, Seth Haverly, from the Cibeque," said Holliday crisply.

"Howdy, Lonestar," returned Dunn.

It was noticeable that Holliday had no more to say. But Jim greeted the visitors and asked them to get down and stay for supper. Dunn might not have heard, for all the sign he gave.

"Say, ain't you buildin' sort of a long fence?" he queried. "An' barb' wire too. What kind of a fence is this goin' to be?"

"A drift fence to hold cattle, Mr. Dunn," returned Jim.

"What's the idee—a drift fence?"

"What do you suppose?" counter-queried Jim, just as curtly. Then he gazed up into burning eyes that positively gave him a shock.

THE second rider came up. "Arch, let's be goin'," he said.

"Wal, I suppose a lot. But I'm askin' questions," went on Dunn. "This heah fence is ole Jim Traft's idee?"

"Certainly it is."

"Is he aimin' to fence free range?"

"It will divide the range, that's sure."

"Wal, I reckon you won't go far," drawled the other meaningly, and he rolled a cigarette without ever taking his gleaming eyes off Jim.

"Arch, I'm sayin' let's rustle out of this," interposed Haverly.

"I'm going to the end of the Diamond with this drift fence," averred Jim. "And after it is finished my outfit will see that it stays up."

"Your outfit? Say, Mister, you cain't have it in your haid thet *your* Diamond outfit will stick to you."

"I've got that notion."

"Wal, you're plumb off the trail. Even down in the brakes we heah what Jocelyn thinks of you. An' Cherry Winters. An' Uphill Frost."

"I'm sorry to admit that some of my men ridicule me," said Jim feelingly. "Perhaps it's deserved, for I sure am a tenderfoot. But all the same the drift fence goes up and *stays* up, if it takes half a dozen Diamond outfits."

Dunn poised his cigarette, arrested by a speech that evidently struck him.

"Traft, no drift fence will ever stay up in Cibeque country," he returned presently with grim passion.

"That remains to be seen. Thanks for giving me a hunch. And now, since you're neither polite nor agreeable, will you please mosey on out of my camp?"

Dunn's face showed the darker for a wave of blood. His companion roughly seized him, nearly unseating him from the saddle.

"Slinger, I shore ain't waitin' to be ordered out of no tenderfoot's camp," he said gruffly, dragging at Dunn.

"You're a little late," put in Jim, with sarcasm. "My invitation included you. Now I say to both of you—*get out!*"

THE instant Jim had delivered this contemptuous order he realized he had done something terrible. Not only Dunn's aspect, but his own men appeared to freeze. Jim had never seen such a blazing hell in human eyes as he encountered in Dunn's. Haverly reached down and, grasping the bit of Dunn's horse, wheeled it and rider away.

Jim turned to his men. As he did so, he observed Curly Prentiss move his right hand, containing a cocked gun, from behind his back.

"I don't think much of you men," he said, with a ring in his voice. "You may be the great Diamond outfit, but to me you're a lot of four-flushers. What do I know about Slinger Dunn and his kind? Some of you might have chipped in and stood by me."

"Boss, I reckon we stood by you without you knowin' it," declared Curly Prentiss. "You were doin' the talkin'. An' if we'd chipped in there would have been gunplay."

"Curly's right, boss," added Lonestar Holliday. "I don't know if Dunn seen Curly slip his gun out. But I reckon he did, as he was shore civil for him. This Slinger Dunn has a bad rep. He's killed several men an' shot up more'n you could count."

"Boss, I'll chip in a word," said Hack Jocelyn. "It shore was nervy of you to fire Dunn out of our camp. If you hadn't been a tenderfoot, you'd never have done it. You want to look out for Slinger Dunn."

"Aw, I'm not afraid of him, even if he is a gun-slinger," declared Jim passionately. "How do I know it wasn't another trick, hatched by some of you? You may think you're having fun at my expense. Perhaps you are. But there ought to be a limit. You're such awful liars I can't believe one word you say."

"Boss, are you callin' us liars?" inquired Curly, in a queer tone.

"I reckon I am. You're more. You're a flock of swell-headed, cross-grained, cantankerous cowboys. Now put that in your cigarettes and smoke it!"

NEXT day the stretching of wire fence went on, and now with a remarkable celerity, compared with the work done in the open country. The strands of wire were nailed upon trees, and seldom had a post-hole to be dug. Three days later the camp was moved ten miles down in the woods into a wide, pleasant draw where a creek ran. And another week-end went by, including Sunday, when Jim was left in peace.

He was nearing the end of his rope now. As the days passed and the drift fence lengthened, these incomprehensible cowboys of the Diamond outfit were driving Jim to distraction. They meant to break him. They were going to. No tenderfoot out of Missouri could ever run the Diamond! So Jim had overheard.

On Monday the wire wagon went on ahead, along a line Jim had blazed on Sunday, and dropped its load, then went back to town for another, necessitating now a trip of three days.

Jim, driving the men hard that week, reached the end of the blazed line before the wagon returned. Friday, at the lunch hour, Bud Chalfack approached him.

"Boss, I'm talkin' fer the outfit," he announced. "We figger thet we're aboot done on this week's work, an' we want this afternoon an' tomorrow off. There's a rodeo on in Flag, an' tomorrow's *rodeo* day. Most of us are entered."

"But we can't stop our fence building to go to *rodeos*," protested Jim.

"Shore, we can. We-all cain't see a hurry aboot the fence. An' when the Fourth comes we'll be way down too far to ride in. So we want to have a chance at this *rodeo*."

Jim actually could not decide whether

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believe, that with draining efilling at regular intervals, and with reasonable care of your car, the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your new engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, our tests have shown that Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

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Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .	. . .	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	. . .	. . .	A	Arc.	A	A	. . .	. . .
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	. . .	. . .	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .	A	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
" Model T	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	. . .	. . .
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .
" *other models*	. . .	. . .	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight, 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
" *other models*	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

The New

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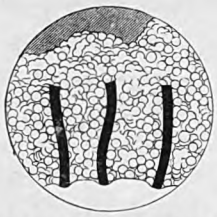
smoother, closer,* small-bubble *principle gives altogether different shave



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified.) Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

AT five or six in the evening do you wonder if you'd better shave again—or do you figure on "getting by"—do you hope that others won't notice? A longer lasting shave is wholly a matter of proper preparation so as to get a closer shave. That means the beard must be properly moistened. Big air-filled bubbles won't do. Only Colgate small-bubble lather can carry sufficient water to do the job thoroughly. Common sense confirms this principle.

Now home-shaving is infinitely easier, for the minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

A comparison between ordinary big-bubble lather and Colgate small-bubble lather awaits you, if you mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1711, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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this was insubordination or the legitimate claim of a cowboy.

"Very well, you go on your own hook," he said to Bud.

They rode off, a gay and superb group of young riders who made his heart swell with pride and yet saddened it with the thought that he never could be received by them. Why had they not asked him to go with them? He would have been delighted. He had never seen a *rodeo*. But they did not want him; they were ashamed of their tenderfoot foreman.

After they had gone, Jim strode off toward the woods. He was astounded to hear the supposedly dumb Jeff Davis call:

"Boss, you oughtn't go out alone. But if you must go, take a rifle."

Jim did not answer, though he was grateful to Jeff. The cook, then, had perpetrated a hoax on the Diamond. Here would be one on the cowboys, presently. Jim assured himself that he would not betray Jeff. He did not, however, take the latter's advice, but went on into the forest alone and unarmed.

THE afternoon passed and he returned to camp, there to eat supper in silence without appearing to remember that the cook had spoken to him. He slept well but in the morning the old bitterness and hopelessness assailed him again. An impulse to ride to town seized him, and straightway he acted upon it.

He reached home about noon, to ascertain that his uncle was at the fair. Jim rode out there, and walked his horse. Weary and distressed, he entered the fair ground and, espying a gayly decorated booth advertising lunch, he dismounted and approached the counter. He gave an order to a girl behind it. When he was about through, he happened to look up to see a pair of gold-brown eyes upon him.

And they wrenched out of him the question, "What would you do if you were abused licked?"

It was when the girl had finally said, "I'd get up an' fight some more!" that Jim really looked at her with seeing eyes. If her spirited reply had stirred him, how much more did the toss of her pretty dark head, with its glints of gold.

She was a little girl, very young, and she wore a dainty blue dress. Still, there were contours under it that betrayed womanhood. She had a small, oval, almost dusky face. Her hands were small and brown, yet they struck him as strong and capable. She was western, of course, but she was a little lady of quality. He kept talking with scarcely any idea of what he was saying. And that suddenly betrayed to him a swift and remarkable interest in her.

By the time he had found out she did not have a sweetheart, he seemed faced with a strange, new adventure; and when he rode away toward the stands, with her shy but promise of a dance that night, he changed his mind about his mission to Flagerstown.

"I'd get up an' fight some more!" She had looked it, too. What a sweet and fiery little girl! Evidently she had taken it for granted that he had been knocked down. Well, he had been. But he had gotten up. And he would act precisely and indomitably upon her advice. Fight! He would whip each and every one of the Diamond outfit.

He gave his horse to a boy at the stands and went around to the stand, where

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food ~

From a Health Standpoint

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THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food ded to build health and strength, the penalty is ain and severe—frequently broken health and ietimes death.

f-truths are often more dangerous than false-ds. While it is true that an excess of fat is lesirable and frequently dangerous in the later rs of life, it is not true that young people—er thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to e good health if they avoid wholesome body-ding foods and persist in a rigid "re-ing" diet. There are certainly more cases uberculosis among young "underweights" n there are among those of normal ght.

ing childhood and the early adult years, ure demands a bodily reserve upon which can draw in time of need to fight disease. outh a few pounds of excess weight are a able protection against physical break-n. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may lt in permanent injury, although the unting may not come until years later.

ite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

Our booklet, "Overweight", tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-A which will be mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

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soon found his uncle and was welcomed in a way that made him ashamed. It pleased his uncle that he had come to town in his work clothes.

The *rodeo* was on. And Jim sat enthralled. He saw Curly Prentiss ride wild bronchos that threw all the other riders; he saw Hack Jocelyn break the record for roping two-year-olds; he saw Bud Chalfack climb all over a horse, racing at breakneck speed; he saw Jackson Way ride two beautiful horses, standing with one foot on the back of each, and beat his opponents two full lengths; and lastly he saw Lonestar Holliday win the money for the perilous feat of bulldogging steers.

Out of sixteen events, the Diamond outfit took nine first prizes. Jim could scarcely contain himself. That was his band of cowboys. He might have hated them before today, but now he loved them. He gathered vaguely that something tremendous had happened to him.

He rode out to the ranch house in a trance, divided between pride in his cowboys and anticipation of the momentous dance near at hand. He shaved and washed and changed his clothes, aware of an undue regard for his appearance. Then he was off to the dance, eager, with palpitating heart, amused at himself, amazed and glad.

But he had not prepared himself for a vision in white—his girl of the booth—stunningly transformed by a gown, a brown-armed, brown-faced beauty with haunting dark eyes. She saw Jim at once. She bowed. And whatever had not already happened to his heart happened then.

Jim did not approach anyone; he saw only her. And he was in a torment waiting for her to give him the opportunity he longed for. How the dark eyes met his across the hall, through the whirling throng! Soon she sought a seat with her young partner, and obviously dismissed him. Jim made haste to reach her, to bend over her.

"My dance!" he whispered.

(*To be continued*)

America's Biggest Problem

(*Continued from page 13*)

never forget it. I am rather remembering as one must remember here in Europe, the indirect, oblique, long-drawn-out consequences of modern war. We cannot any longer let so much power loose for destructive purposes and expect civilization to survive the ruin.

Scientists, today, are facing the possibility of breaking up the atom. What that means it is not easy for a layman to imagine. We are told that a bird-shot magnified ten billion times would be as large as the earth; that an atom magnified ten billion times would be less than three feet through; that the nucleus of an atom magnified ten billion times would be as large as a pin point; but that within this nucleus one ten-billionth of a pin point, as many as three hundred and eighty-four electrons may freely operate. Science is getting to the point where, in requiring faith, it makes even the most incredible of religious creeds look simple! Whatever it may mean, the breaking up of the atom, which scientists now are aiming will, the

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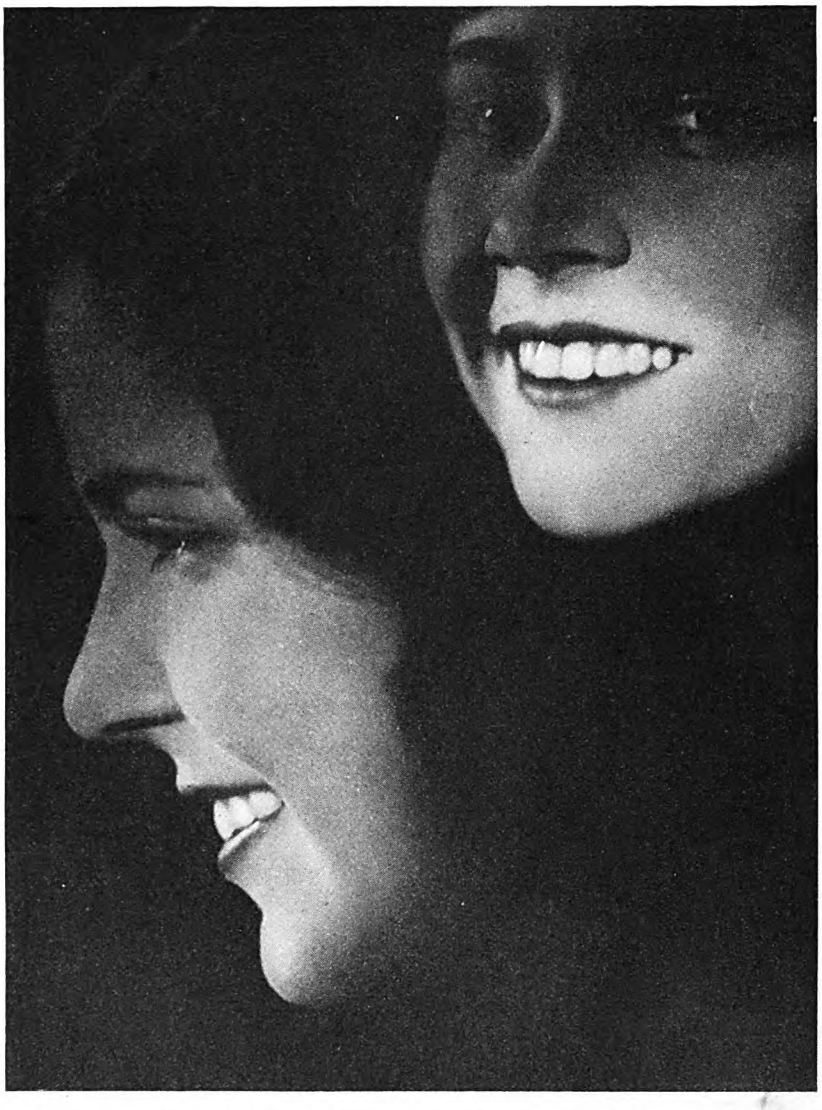
New facts about CLEANING TEETH



YOU KNOW . . . .

at there are thousands of tiny crevices healthy, normal teeth and gums?

ut no toothbrush can get down into these croscopic places?

at food particles and mucin deposits lge in these crevices and may start decay?

ut the real test of a toothpaste is its ability cleanse these crevices?

EMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts cleaning the teeth.

entist carefully measured the power thpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices th and gums where food particles lodge and where begins.

und that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer e of the teeth. Others go partly down into the crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has her penetrating power than any of the leading rices on the market today.*

is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to —it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

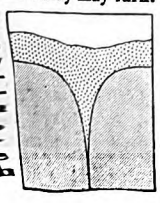
In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

and only 25¢

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's Cleans re The Toothbrush Cannot Reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



Try Colgate's *one week* FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1603, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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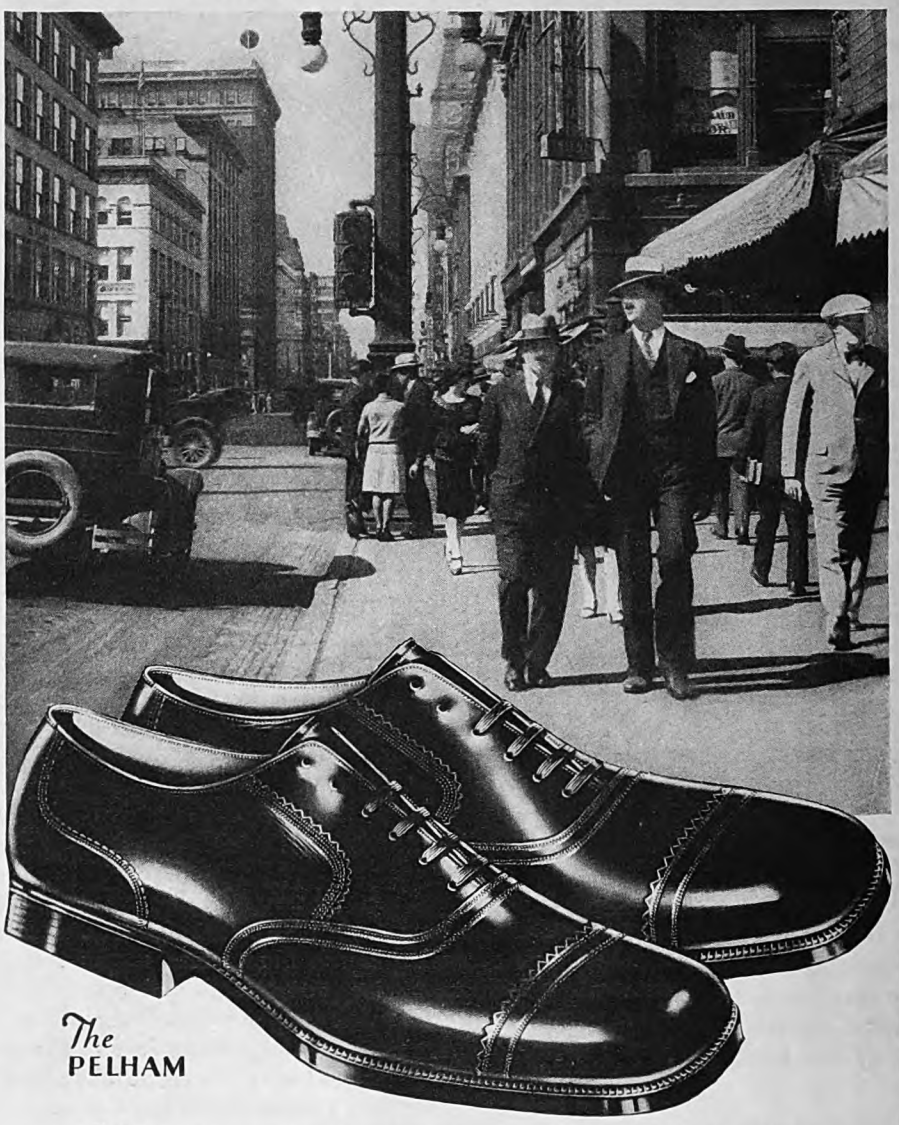
IN DENVER MEN WEAR

BOSTONIANS

SHOES FOR MEN



The PELHAM

IN Denver, the Gateway to the Rockies, where East and Westbound travel stops to marvel at the natural beauty of Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods, Bostonians mark the feet of well-dressed men with correct, smart style, and do it at the reasonable price of $7 to $10 the pair.

BOSTONIANS Shoes for Men

Where will you find Bostonians outstanding style? At leading shoe and men's wear stores. In Denver, the new Bostonians await you at Fontius.

Our new Style Booklet, A-7, is a guide to the correct use of color in men's wear. And it also shows the newest styles of Bostonians for Spring. We have a copy for you; where shall we send it?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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tell us, release unimaginable stores of energy for human use.

More and more the problem of Western civilization lies in the handling of power.

Here is one of the deep distinctions between the Occident and the Orient, one of the major reasons why the East and West do not easily understand each other. In China, for example, the root difficulties, which must be overcome before the dream of her forward-looking minds can be realized, are problems of lack.—First, lack of food! The excess population of China presses so cruelly upon the inadequate food supply that a famine is always ravaging the land, and only when it rises a little above the threshold of the ordinary do we hear about it. One of the most experienced correspondents in Peking told me that he never thought it worth while to report a famine until he found at least 25,000 starved to death in one town.—Second, lack of literacy! The estimates of literacy among the vast population of China vary from 5% to an obvious whitewashing of the situation which dares say 20%. Surely, I think no more than 10% of the Chinese can read and write.—Third, lack of communication! There are hardly enough railroads in that continental land to supply a decent city in the United States, and not only do outward communications fail, but so many and varied are the dialects that Chinese living only a few miles apart often cannot talk to one another. When the Manchu dynasty fell in 1912, friends of mine found villages, within twenty-four hours' walking distance of Peking, that three months afterward had not heard of the great event and would not believe it.

Such are the root needs of China—elemental lacks which it will take centuries fully to supply.

When one returns from China to the United States one feels acutely the contrast. Here is plenty to eat, education spreading with amazing speed, mechanical means of swift communication beyond anything ever known on earth before, and permeating all, a constant increment of harnessed energy, the forces of the universe trained to do our bidding. The prospect is exciting. The possibilities are immense. But the outcome of it depends upon what hitherto has proved to be the most difficult thing for any society to acquire: the moral and intellectual ability wisely to handle power.

EVERY department of American life is being affected by this problem. Obviously our personal morals are. Here is a young girl from an American family who has gone the limit and at fourteen has first more to learn about the raw side of life. Says the report of the juvenile court proceedings: "Situations that would make a woman physician grope for words, Clara took at a leap with a dialect composed of Elizabethan English and the coarsest of modern slang. She knew every dance hall, cabaret, skating-rink in town. Her favorite waiting places were drug-store telephone booths and rest rooms of department stores." And her parents never dreamed that anything wrong was going on.

What interests one most, however, is the comment of the social worker: "A generation or two ago," she says, "Clara would have been flirting, more or less innocently, at husking parties and church socials. The automobile, modern hot

Here is all
t Now costs to Telephone

60¢ New York-Philadelphia Hartford-White Plains Chicago-South Bend Cincinnati-Lexington Milwaukee-Chicago	**75¢** Scranton-New York Indianapolis-Dayton Decatur-St. Louis Philadelphia-White Plains Ashland-Cincinnati	**$1.15** Houston-Shreveport Pittsburgh-Detroit Montreal-Albany New York-Washington Waterloo-Omaha
$1.35 Boston-Philadelphia St. Louis-Chicago Indianapolis-Cleveland Milwaukee-Detroit Montgomery-Nashville	**$1.65** Atlanta-Memphis Cleveland-Milwaukee St. Louis-Omaha Baltimore-Boston Phoenix-Los Angeles	**$1.95** Chicago-Toronto Denver-Wichita Dallas-Kansas City Atlanta-New Orleans Pittsburgh-Boston
$2.35 New York-Dayton Dallas-St. Louis St. Paul-Detroit Boston-Cleveland Denver-Kansas City	**$3.00** Chicago-New York New York-Atlanta Chicago-Dallas St. Louis-Philadelphia Montreal-Chicago	**$8.75** Coast to Coast (New York-Los Angeles)

This assortment of "samples"—basic day rates—shows how little it costs to talk and get your answer

very essential thing about calls to distant s is the new low rates, but more important at they will accomplish.

example, one call from Ohio to Virginia, g $2.10, sold 10 carloads of flour.

all from Mississippi to New York closed),000 wholesale dry goods order.

all from New York to South Carolina g $3.65 completed a real estate trans- of $160,000. A telephone conversa- om New York to Toledo purchased ion dollar flour mill.

Not that one call always closes the deal. As a matter of fact by far the greatest value of telephone calls to any company is their regular daily use in developing business.

What out of town people should you call now?

Service to points near and far is so speedy that the operator will probably ask you to hold the line.

Calling by number takes less time.

Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . . . *Inexpensive* . . . . *Universal.*

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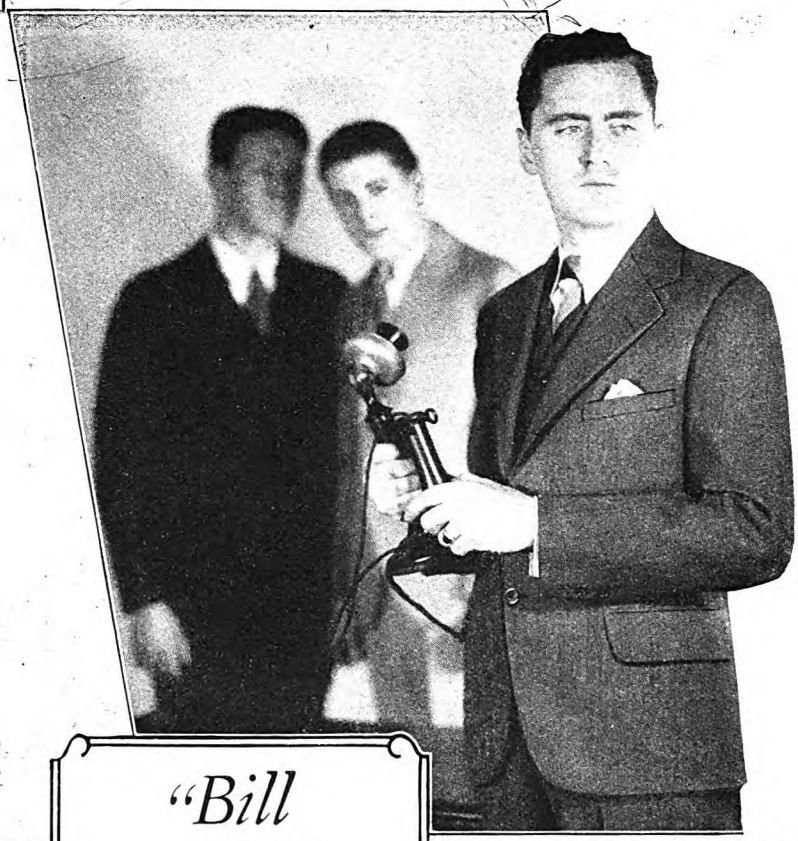

"Bill must be doing WELL!"

AN investment in *good* tailoring always pays real dividends. And "good" doesn't mean "expensive." No matter how costly the materials nor how smart the style, you will never be judged really "well dressed" unless your clothes not only have been cut to *your own* measurements, but also draped and balanced to your attitude.

That is exactly what the exclusive Ed. V. Price & Company "Attitude Method" of tailoring does—and at prices that will amaze you.

Especially this Spring! We have never offered greater values! Smart imported and domestic weaves to please every taste and suit every purse.

By all means go to the nearest Ed. V. Price & Company representative—see what he offers you. If you don't know him, we will gladly send his name. Mail the coupon.

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Ed. V. Price & Co., AM-5
319-339 West Van Buren Street
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the name of your nearest representative, and your new style booklet, "Men's Togs."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

and city have merely enlarged her opportunities." That comment covers m facts in our present situation. Humanture has not changed; the same eleme desires and passions, motives and stincts, are at work in us that were in grandsires; but into the hands of our eration have come countless new m ments of power, from autos and movi knowledge about birth control, and power always means a moral strain many cannot stand. If Clara had b born in one of those European pea families whose daughters I see in the f plowing behind their oxen, she prob would have been a husky, chaste, h working girl, marrying a yokel in her and bringing up a family of hardy Instead she was born in America. She to cope with a situation much easier, tically, than that which a peasant meets, but inflicting, I suspect, a h strain on moral character. She ha handle the freedom and power conf on American youth by the amazing instruments of modern life.

Our problem of criminal gangs in like Chicago and New York is a p esque illustration of this same fact. are no worse in their essential morals they used to be. Consider, for exa the following statement and guess, i sible, when it was written: "I thin world is worse than it used to be; a rate, that part of the world which is k as New York is a great deal worse. Riot, disorder, and violence increa our city; every night is marked by outrage committed by the gangs of y ruffians who prowl the streets." comes from the diary of a citizen of York on New Year's Day, 1840.

What has changed is not gang psy ogy or gang morals, but the instru which gangs can use. The new th the situation is having "young ru armed with gas bombs and machine

THE effect of new instruments of po on character, however, does not com acutely home to most of us in outrageo moral delinquency and criminality. Wh concerns us is the attitude which the gre mass of our normal, healthy youth are g ing to take in the presence of America central problem. Some young people co ceivably might make it their ideal to l themselves go, do as they please, ha their fling, and take what they wa when they want it. Marooned on a Sou Sea island, youths might pursue that ide without doing the world at large gre harm. Such an ideal, however, will not for young people who are to be trust with more power than ever was committ to any generation in history before.

Our loosening of moral grip, therefo is more than an individual matter; it i national disaster. Mussolini represe attitudes and policies poles asunder fro my own ideals; I utterly disagree with h on almost everything he does, from urg prolific families to rattling the sword war. But I have been deeply stirred wh listening to an Italian prince pleading Mussolini's régime because of its moral fect upon the youth of Italy. "It has re stated," he said, "the all-but-lost ideal self-denial and self-discipline." In o own democratic ways we must somet achieve that same result. We Americ need to relearn the serious meanin

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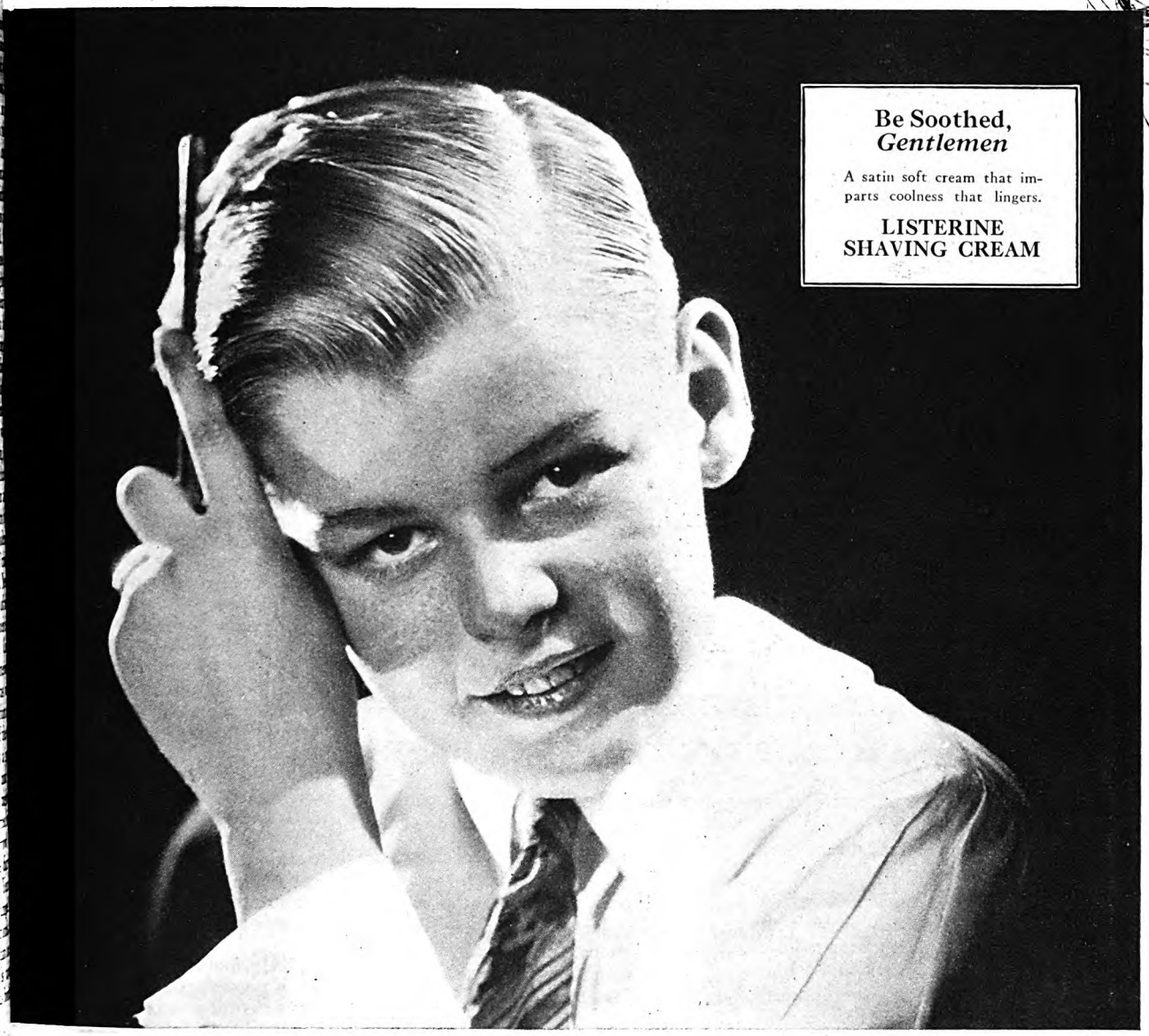

hecking dandruff in children

YOUR children are attending school watch t for dandruff. There, thousands of cases heir start. The cause: contact with others. the first sign of it, douse Listerine full gth on the hair and scalp. With fingers about ch apart, thoroughly massage the scalp with n rotary motion. Move the scalp itself—not ngers. Keep this treatment up systematic- for several days. You will be amazed to find quickly you get results.

s a curious fact that often, after costly and licated "cures" have failed to check dan- Listerine has done the trick.

ndruff is an infection caused by germs. Derma- sts advise repeated massage and the frequent ation of effective, but healing, antiseptic solutions as a successful method of combating it.

As you know, full strength Listerine is a powerful germicide yet so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity. Even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) are killed by it in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the Federal Government and the medical profession. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

lls 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

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Sidney Lenz tells *Jim Henry*

Jim Henry, *famous Mennen salesman, is talking with Sidney S. Lenz,* the *bridge authority. Mr. Lenz—as every card player knows—is acknowledged the most brilliant player in the world.*

"Shaving finesse *works* when there's COOLNESS in the lather"

"I don't say, Jim, that this new shaving cream of yours helps a man's bridge game—but I do say that I, for one, am all for it.

"My opponents and partners at the card table are usually pretty well known people. Naturally I try to look fairly presentable. That's why I like the smooth shave that Menthol-iced lather gives me. But the best part is the *coolness*. I suppose it is the menthol in the cream that makes the difference. Anyway — it certainly makes my face feel cool and fine all evening long . . . Jim, I think that this new Menthol-iced idea is the extra trick in shaving!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

Cool—the moment the lather bubbles up from the brush—Cool while your blade does its work—Cool for a long time after—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced shave! Its bracing, tonic-like stimulation suits young faces, young ideas—and young standards of well grooming.

Skin specialists say that cool shaves are *good for the skin*. The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) soothes and heals tiny shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin after shaving. Try this Modern, young man's shave. Send the coupon now!

Both creams have Dermutation

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the team-mate of the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams give you *Dermutized lather*, the lather which whips up fast and thick in any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. Dermutized lather softens the beard and lubricates the blade — gives quicker, smoother, happier shaves!

Finish the shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. *It does not show. Protects the skin after the shave . . . Great after a bath, too!*

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. D-3, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim. If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Sidney Lenz say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name.....

Address.....

self-denial and self-discipline, not in subjection to a prudish morality, but in view of a towering fact: We must handle world power.

I have before me a letter from a student, a girl devoted to her art and of rather typical modern views. "This week," she said, "has been sensational in the extreme—ending last night with an orgy so bad that I am a wreck today, sick of it all and scared to death to go on a bit more this way. It's like tearing along on a toboggan, getting up more speed every moment, not knowing if you can ever stop." When I face, as so frequently I must face, this aspect of our modern life, whether in people old or young, I am concerned first of all, as a Christian minister should be, for the individual's character. But always in the background the larger problem looms. A generation which must handle more power than any generation ever got within reaching distance of before has no business to run wild in such aimless license.

The whole matter comes down to this. It is one thing to win freedom and power; it is another thing to use them. Our emphasis in America during these last two generations has been chiefly on the first. We have been the most acquisitive people in history. We have been amassing wealth and power with incredible speed. In modern India the entire rural population, constituting about ninety per cent of the inhabitants, lives on an average of twenty-five dollars a year per person. Many of our ancient forefathers used so to live, but our new civilization has liberated us from this and countless other limitations and fears. We are a powerful and prosperous people. And precisely at that point we run headlong into the real question—have we stamina and morale enough to handle all this well?

THIS question concerns more crucially, if possible, our handling of social problems than it concerns our personal morals. I have had this present line of thought in active operation before national conventions, first, of America's leading bankers, then of America's leading iron and steel men. They were men of influence; they held in their control the financial and industrial reins of the nation. One felt as he watched them how crucial for the country, bane or blessing was their handling of power. No magnates in history ever controlled so much influence as do American financiers. I am writing this article within easy reach of the home of the Fuggers, the medieval prototypes of modern capitalists, and within the last few weeks I have seen dozens of castles from which fastnesses old barons controlled the traffic of river and mountain passes. But the ancient worthies were infants compared with those who run America's economic life. Many a merchant on a side street in an American city does more business and carries on a more far-flung trade than any medieval king ever dreamed.

This amazing creation and control of wealth is stimulating to watch, but no blind man can fail to see questions which loom above it all. Arabia facing desolation is like a river run dry; America facing unrivaled prosperity is like a river at flood. If it goes wild, it will wreck everything in sight.

Restrictive laws will not solve our problem. Endless legislative don'ts are hard

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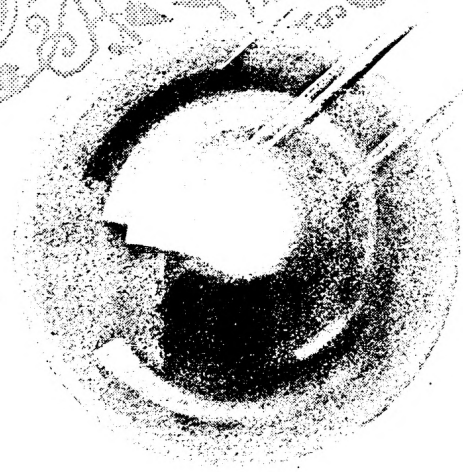
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Because engineering science has taken advantage of that fact to eliminate friction evils, machinery used in the home and on the roads, in the factory and on the farm, is today more efficient, more dependable, more economical, longer lived.

New Departure Ball Bearings never need adjustment. This is an exclusive characteristic of ball bearings—an important advantage which year after year holds all working parts of the machine to their original efficiency and reduces repairs and replacements to the minimum.

For ball bearings are the longest lived bearings. Because of their design they cannot slide; they roll. Because they roll so easily they are freest from wear and high upkeep expense.

The heavier the load, the higher the speed of the machine, the more manifest are the longevity and ruggedness of New Departure Ball Bearings.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

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Tom Sawyer's secret . .

how mothers are using it today

"LIKE Tom Sawyer, mothers are finding that an easy way to get children to do things is to turn routine into play," says Dr. Leslie E. Luehrs, noted child psychologist.

Other authorities on child guidance are telling mothers the same. When youngsters rebel at restraint and the routine of everyday habits, there are simple ways of handling them. Just such ways as Tom Sawyer's, when he made whitewashing seem the one pleasantest thing in the world.

You remember that when Aunt Polly made him whitewash that fence, on a bright Saturday, Tom racked his brain and—made a game of it! Treasures piled up at his feet, boys argued to wield the brush, while Tom sat back and relaxed!

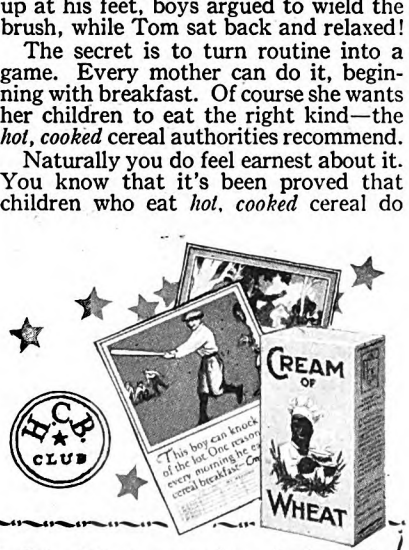
The secret is to turn routine into a game. Every mother can do it, beginning with breakfast. Of course she wants her children to eat the right kind—the *hot, cooked* cereal authorities recommend.

Naturally you do feel earnest about it. You know that it's been proved that children who eat *hot, cooked* cereal do better in lessons and in games than children who don't eat it. In 70,000 schoolrooms this rule is now displayed:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Perhaps you've approached it as nothing to do with fun. Perhaps you say, "Eat your nice cereal! That's what little boys and girls need." What child responds to the stark plea of *need?*

Yet all the time there's an easy, happy way you might be using. Children don't dawdle over their Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever hot cereal they're given—when they're having fun. This way is a children's club so full of interest that youngsters scramble to eat a bowl full of good *hot* Cream of Wheat.



FREE — *the plan that works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses their interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-23
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's Name.....
First name *Last name*

Address.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy growing children need. It is all real food.
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

a palliative, much less a cure. The American citizen's own sense of responsibility in handling the power committed to him must issue in self-imposed codes of behavior which the individual will accept for himself and the separate businesses and professions encourage and support.

This building up of codes of honor within special occupations and trades is one of the most thrilling events in man's moral history. Take nursing. A century ago, so a historian tells us, a nurse meant "a coarse old woman, always ignorant, usually dirty, often brutal, a Mrs. Gamp, in bunched-up sordid garments, tippling at the brandy-bottle or indulging in worse irregularities. The nurses in the hospitals were especially notorious for immoral conduct; sobriety almost unknown among them; and they could hardly be trusted to carry out the simplest medical duties." That was widely true only a century ago in spite of the constructive service that Roman Catholic nuns long had rendered to the sick.

Then came Florence Nightingale. Her parents were frantic when she wished to be a nurse. Year after year they fought her off from this disgraceful occupation, but while at times discouraged, so that she wrote once in her diary, "In my thirty-first year I see nothing desirable but death," she carried on. She was determined to redeem nursing, and she did. In retrospect, the Crimean War is notable chiefly, not because of the Charge of the Light Brigade, but because of Florence Nightingale. The soldiers used to kiss her shadow as she passed, and the upshot of her work and that of her companions and successors is with us still. Nursing bears a noble name. Its code of honor is among the highest.

HELPING to build up such standards of honorable procedure in our professions and businesses is one of the most necessary and useful contributions that anyone can make to this generation. Consider the influence of a man like Charles P. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company. Tall tales used to circulate about his large holdings in the company and his tremendous salary. Then he died and his will was probated. What he had was a workman's life insurance policy for $1,500, an antiquated automobile, and a few extras. He had no share-holding in the company. He did not have any salary at all. He had only an expense account. He did not want to be bothered with money. He said he would do his work for its own sake; money should have nothing to do with it. I hasten, as a married man, to add that I do not see how such a policy can be carried out in detail except by a bachelor! But when anybody puts himself into his work with Mr. Steinmetz's spirit, makes it not a trade but a fine art, how the name of his calling is lifted!

Physicians tracing their code back to the Hippocratic Oath know what it has cost and costs still to maintain in their profession what military men call "the honor of the corps." Men on the stock exchange, where millions pass upon a nod or a word, know how indispensable is the honor of the corps. Today, when so often our public morals seem to be slipping, these standards of honorable behavior in our businesses and professions, like sheet-anchors to the windward, are among the finest elements in American life. They need to be strengthened and improved. They are g

The Cold Control is a simple dial which regulates the freezing speed of ice cubes and desserts.

Frigidaire

alone *offers the new Cold Control*

urn the lever... and de-cious new desserts freeze quickly . . . perfectly

ice again Frigidaire has devel-ed a new way to make refrigera-n simpler, more convenient, d more truly automatic.

The new Frigidaire Cold Con-l is a simple dial with six freez-g speeds. It enables you to *con-l* the time required to make arkling full-size ice cubes... and tap Frigidaire's surplus power freezing unusual salads and sserts easily and quickly.

Now you can make entertaining pler, easier, pleasanter... and Frigidaire Cold Control... surplus ice freezing wer...its many exclusive conveniences will simplify, immeasurably, the planning and preparation of your meals.

Frigidaire is unbelievably quiet. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. There is no other electric refrigerator which offers the Cold Control. And, there is no other which can give you the dependable, trouble-free service assured by more than 750,000 successful installations.

NEW LOW PRICES

See the complete Frigidaire line today. Find out about the remarkably low prices now in effect. Find out what we mean when we say that it costs you more in dollars and cents to do without Frigidaire than it does to own one. The Frigidaire dealer will be glad to show you the complete Frigidaire line and quote you the new low prices.

NEW FROZEN DESSERTS

Write for our new recipe book which shows you how to make hundreds of delicious new frozen delicacies with the Frigidaire Cold Control. It will be forwarded together with a copy of our book on refrigeration for health. Mail the coupon now.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. C-103, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me the Frigidaire Recipe Book and the new catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

FRIGIDAIRE
The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

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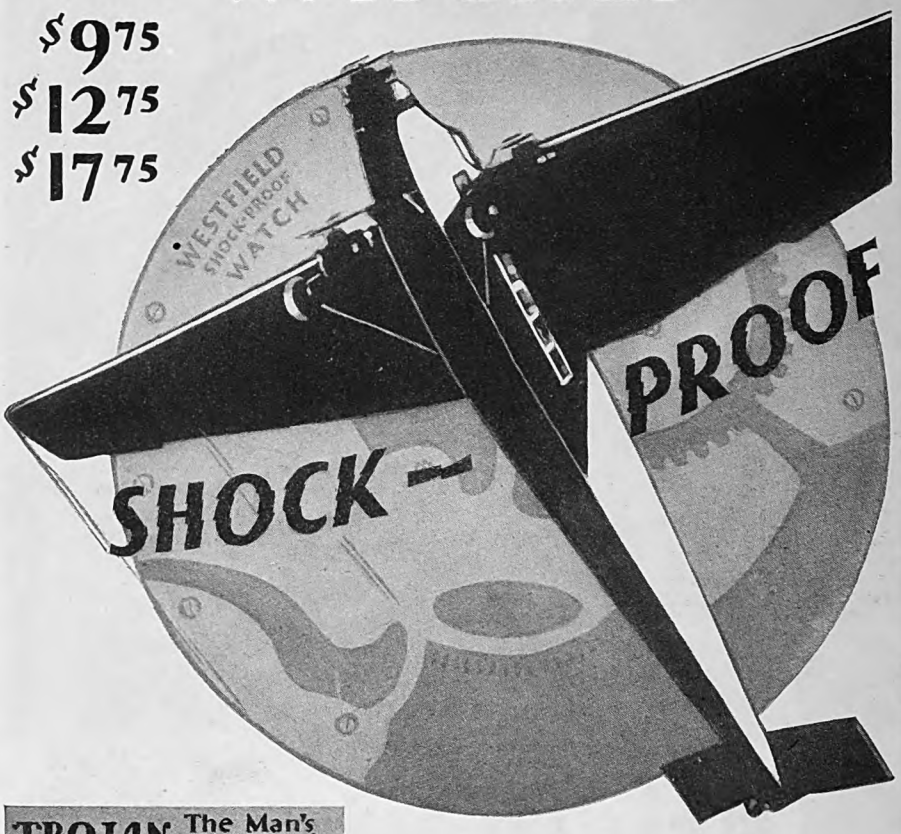
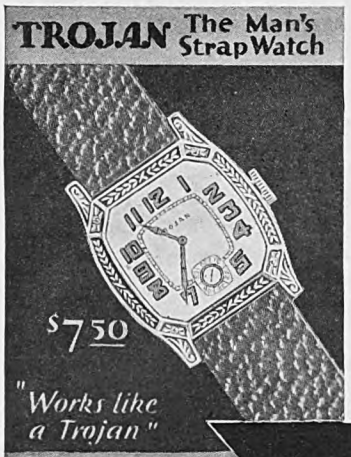
WESTFIELD
SHOCK-PROOF
WATCHES

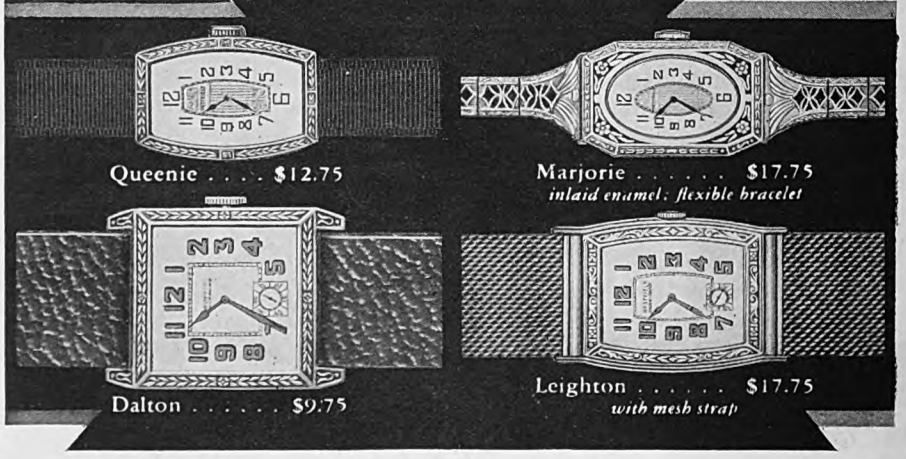
$9.75
$12.75
$17.75





YOU enjoy in a Westfield Watch the exceptional advantages of *Shock-Proof* construction—a reliable movement, ruggedly protected against jolts and jars. Have your jeweler show you the many smart new Westfield *Shock-Proof* watches for men and women—priced at $9.75, $12.75 and $17.75—each the best watch value the money can buy!

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY
1 West 47th Street · New York



ing to face more strain than ever yet has been put upon them.

America's economic history has been a succession of graduations to new levels of financial ability. We are like a child that has moved on from a baby carriage to a kiddie-car; from that to a bicycle; from that to an automobile; from that to an airplane. The process is very stimulating. The possibilities are great. But the result will be disastrous unless each new increment of energy to be controlled is matched by an increased steadiness of head.

THE danger in a nation's enjoying such prosperity as we enjoy is a sentimental optimism. We have had so rich and prolific a continent to exploit, we have lifted the standard of physical comfort so far above the point reached by any other land or time, that for us genially to think that probably everything will come out all right, no matter what we do, is as natural as breathing.

Moreover, along with such sentimentality, the vanity with which all nations are afflicted and which constantly bedevils the world tends to be accentuated among us. Cecil Rhodes said that he thought the British "the greatest people the world has ever seen." Voltaire prophesied: "Some day, to be approved of others, it shall suffice for one to say: This was the taste of the French; it is thus that this illustrious nation thought." Wrote Professor Lasson, of Berlin: "We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers. It is the same with our organizations and with our institutions." Said a great American diplomat, my personal friend: "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can." Of course, such "boasting as the Gentiles use" is nonsense.

That America peculiarly is tempted to it is obvious. As roughly as such matters can be figured, the United States probably has in its possession about one third of humanity's wealth. Mr. Hoover has told us that in the last half-century the country, while a little more than doubling its population, has increased its riches tenfold. No nation in history ever faced such a situation before. No nation ever was so assailed by the subtle temptations that come with conspicuous wealth.

Repeatedly in our history we have shown that we can handle adversity. We go back to rememberable origins in that regard—to pioneers, for example, who, if they could not raise anything else on New England's rock-bound coast, proposed to raise men there. They were a rugged breed. In days like those of Valley Forge also we have shown that we can face calamity, and the figure of Abraham Lincoln sitting all night by the telegraph instrument, waiting for the news, reminds us that stamina and morale have not been lacking when disaster overhung the nation.

If adversity should befall us again and instead of being the richest we should become one of the poorest peoples in the world, we may be sure that self-denial and self-discipline would rise to the occasion. We should be drawn together in a riveted fellowship of endurance and endeavor. We could handle adversity with high spirit and resounding consequence.

Today, however, we face another kind of problem altogether. We are the rich-

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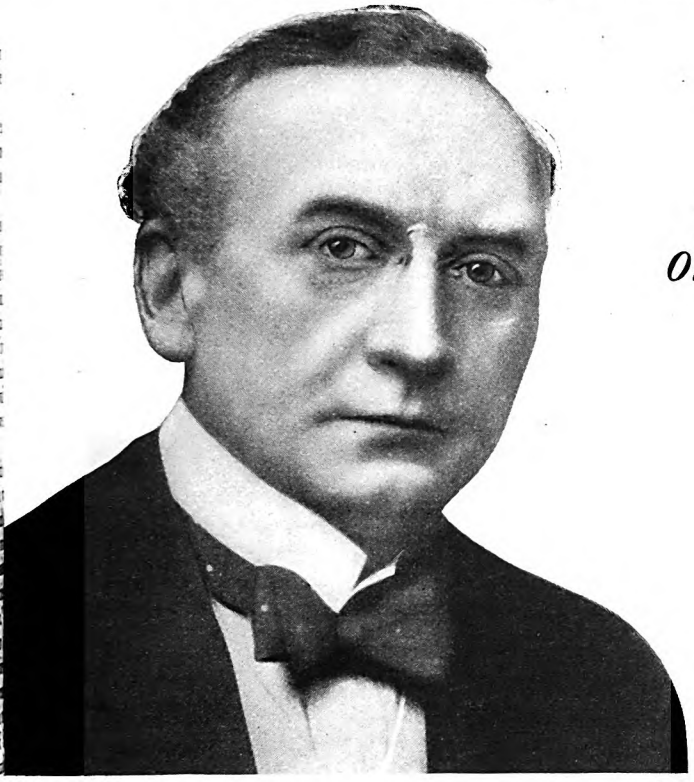
DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS



recommends yeast in place of the old-fashioned cathartic

Famous Harley House, where Dr. Leonard Williams has his office . . . Fellow of British Royal Society of Medicine; Corresponding Member, American Climatological Society and Hydrological Society of Paris; has served as physician at the Metropolitan Hospital and the Millar Hospital and the Princess Hospital for Soldiers; author of *Minor Maladies, The Science and Art of Living*, and other works.

"Yeast possesses a power of physical purification superior to all the purgatives. It rouses the system to full physiological efficiency.

"A large number of persons at or about middle age have forgotten what it is to feel perfectly well. They are not ill but they ail . . . For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting."

Leonard Williams

IN THE words of Dr. Leonard Williams, famous British authority on glandular and intestinal disorders, *Yeast is superior to every known cathartic.*

To quote his exact statement, yeast "rouses the system to full physiological efficiency."

Nobody escapes constipation completely. Between "not being sick" and being really healthy and vigorous there is a vast amount of difference.

For keener spirits, renewed vigor, a clearer complexion, and protection against colds, headaches, sore throat —eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. In a recent survey half the physicians reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestinal tract daily they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system.

Start now! Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake before or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-64, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

90 per cent of your ills start here

Here is where yeast works. From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread through your body —to blood, skin, throat, head. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep this *entire* tract clean, active and healthy.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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This tire is built to stand abuse..

then BONDED *against abuse*

YOU want trouble-free tires. How are you going to be sure of getting them?

Suppose you were offered a *certainty*, by a manufacturer who had had a 40-year record of absolute reliability.

Suppose that tire company backed each tire with the most sweeping guarantee ever offered. Suppose this guarantee not only covered your tires against usual tire hazards, but also against accidents, such as collisions and milk bottles . . . and even against ABUSES.

Why Dunlop Tires can be Bonded.

Dunlop would be too intelligent to offer such a guarantee on an ordinary tire. If brains and materials were not put into each Dunlop in such full measure as to make it stand abuse, a guarantee like this would be suicidal.

From Egypt, where only the finest long-staple cotton is selected . . . through Dunlop's own spinning mills at Utica . . . from the rubber plantations on the other side of the globe . . . through the great Dunlop factories at Buffalo . . . where rubber and cord are transformed into the finished tire by master craftsmen . . . at every step this question guides all: "Will this make a tire that can stand abuse?"

Dunlop is confident of the answer.

This Surety Bond is a seal of confidence.

A guarantee? It is far more than that. "What will make the public SURE that this guarantee will be fulfilled?"

Dunlop asked that question and thought it through like this: The public knows that a Surety Bond is certain. The public knows that no company issuing Surety Bonds has a higher rating of intelligence and reliability than the American Surety Company of New York. "Is the tire good enough to justify such a Surety Bond?"

That was the natural question of the bonding experts. The fact that they decided to put the name of the American Surety Company behind the guarantee, was the answer.

It is sweeping . . . it covers tire hazards from accidents to abuses. It is iron-clad . . . a guarantee in the form of a regular Surety Bond, backed both by Dunlop and the American Surety Company. Before you buy another tire, you will want to know about this. Without obligation to you we will mail you a specimen Surety Bond FREE. Mail the coupon today.

Send for SPECIMEN BOND Free . . . .

THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Department 503A, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

DUNLOP

est nation in the world and the crucial question is whether we are intellectually and morally fit to be that.

No reading could be so profitable to Americans today as history. The Greeks, for example, were magnificent in the early days when their small and doughty armies were fighting off the hordes of invading Asiatics. One cannot read the stories of Marathon and Salamis unmoved. I have stood above the Straits of Salamis and in imagination pictured that incredible victory when Themistocles, with his few ships, beat back the multitudinous fleet of the Persians under the very eyes of their king. No wonder Themistocles ascribed the victory to God! "It is not we that have done this!" he said.

Then, through victory came prestige, power, wealth, empire, world-dominion, and that saddest story of the ancient world—the inward rot and external disintegration of Greece.

Some peoples have fallen through calamity, but the list of such is short and sweet compared with those who have fallen through prosperity. They did not lack success. They climbed ever higher before the applauding or the apprehensive eyes of all the earth until they plunged over the precipice of their own power. One who has walked above the decay of Egypt, Nineveh, Tyre, Greece, and Rome has seen the lesson written in their ruins.

TODAY America needs to pray for mental and moral balance, for a return of self-discipline and self-denial, for an unselfishness of spirit and an international good will which will make her prosperity a justifiable and a safe, because a well-handled, possession.

Some of us have lived in communities where there was one rich man to whom nearly everybody in town was beholden for help or owed money. Was he popular? Upon the contrary, he had to be extraordinarily decent even to be understood. Such is America's position in the world. We would better not swagger, develop arrogance or superciliousness, lecture the rest of the world, or talk as if we had the men, the ships, and the money too. Not only is that attitude on the part of the world's creditor nation vulgar; it is desperately dangerous to peace. St. Paul said, "I know how to abound." That is a very high art. America needs to cultivate it.

In particular, the American people are under a heavy responsibility to throw the whole weight of their prodigious influence constantly and undiscourageably against war. What we are fighting when we fight war is not simply war, but the debacle of Western civilization. One feels this acutely here in Europe. War cannot be reformed; it must be abolished. If ever another world war breaks upon us and the debacle of civilization occurs in consequence, it will not be the weak nations which are responsible. The great nations will be responsible. Once more we shall face the age-long fact that the tragedies of history are caused by misused power. To keep the United States from any share in such responsibility must be for a patriotic citizen who cares about his country's name a foremost task. For the good name of America, as history will record it, depends on one thing—the way we handle our power.

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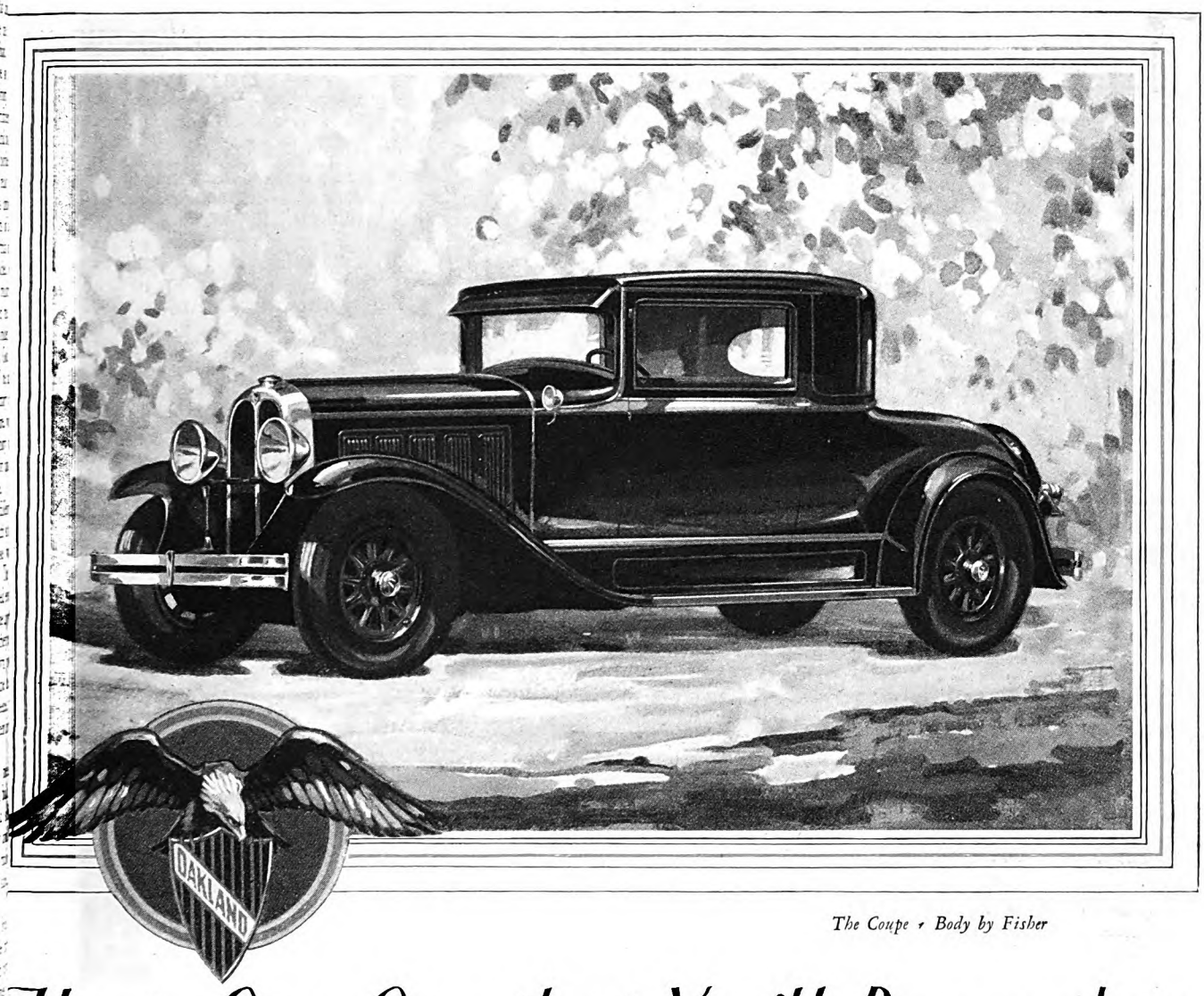

The Coupe • Body by Fisher

Here's One Car that You'll Remember

The New Oakland All-American is a car that you remember. Its style is so distinctive . . . so original . . . so different from anything else. Its radiator design, for example. You remember that . . . and its flaring one-piece fenders . . . its smartly modeled hood.

And once you drive it you'll have something more to remember. Something else to tell your friends about. We refer to All-American performance . . . a type of performance that's new to the moderate-priced field.

Drive it hour after hour . . . as far and as hard as you like. Note the feeling of security instilled by its roadability and balance . . . qualities derived from its sturdy, rigid frame. The sustained high speed produced by its big, L-head engine . . . the easy control provided by its new type steering mechanism and noiseless internal-expanding four-wheel brakes.

Naturally, it's smooth and silent to a remarkable degree. Because of the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts vibration . . . rubber cushion mountings which insulate engine from frame . . . the G-M-R cylinder head which minimizes spark knock using ordinary gasoline.

Yes . . . you remember its appearance . . . its originality of style. But "handsome is as handsome does" . . . and once you drive it, you'll remember its performance most of all.

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375. f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

The New OAKLAND All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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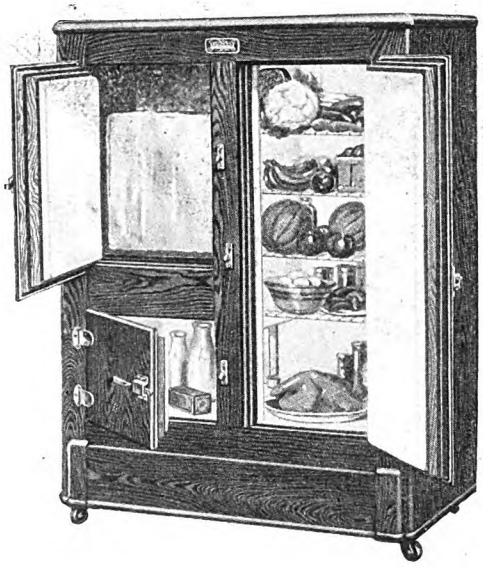
There's a LEONARD

to fit { *the size of your family*
the space in your kitchen
the extent of your budget

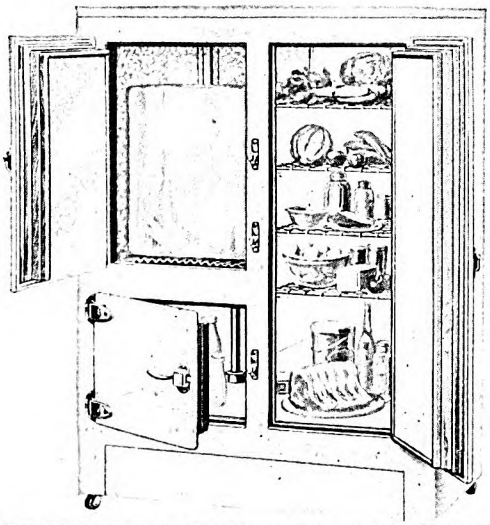


Yes, we know that your new refrigerator must meet very definite requirements. It must hold enough . . . it must fit a certain wall space . . . it must come within the price you want to pay. And it must preserve food beyond a question of doubt!

The Leonard, you'll find, meets all of these requirements. Best of all, it's honestly built. Even the $35 models are corkboard insulated.

Approved and endorsed by leading household authorities—Good Housekeeping, Delineator, New York Herald-Tribune and Popular Science Institutes, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant, Children—The Parents Magazine, and various laboratories, including Columbia University.

Adapted to electric, ice and gas refrigeration. The Leonard dealer in your city has a good display of styles and sizes. Visit the store now, or write for a Leonard catalog.



For homes—from cottages to mansions.
Oak, ash, porcelain, steel exteriors—
Leonard Cleanable interiors.
With corkboard Insulation.
For best food preservation.

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615 Clyde Avenue
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$35 to $70

"LIKE A CLEAN CHINA DISH"

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

Scattergood Encounters Broadway

(*Continued from page 33*)

rather amazed him, but he being of a practical nature, it elevated the theatrical business in his estimation. There was volume to it, and it was not to be judged wholly in the light of the troupes which played one-night stands in Coldriver.

He entered the first theater at hand and approached the box office.

"Young feller," he said, "I'm lookin' fer a man by the name of Strong. He's kind of connected with this here business, hain't he?"

"Melvin Strong?"

"That's the i-dentical one."

"He owns this theater and the production now playing."

"Um. Is he to home?"

"He ought to be in his office soon," said the seller of tickets.

"He ought to if he calc'lates on gittin' there before dark," said Scattergood. "Kin you direct me there?"

THE young man did so and, twenty minutes later, Scattergood found himself in the reception-room of Melvin Strong's offices and confronted by an office boy whose chief value lay in an ability to present a hard face to visitors.

"Mornin', bub," said Scattergood affably. "I come to see Mr. Strong."

"Got an appointment?"

"Got nothin'."

"He's busy."

"So be I," said Scattergood. "You jest knock on his door and tell him Scattergood Baines is a-waitin' out here."

"You can't see him today."

"He's here, hain't he? Is that his door?"

"I tell you he's busy."

"Glad to hear," said Scattergood, "he hain't loafin'."

With which he placidly lifted the young Cerberus over the railing by the scruff of his coat and ambled toward the sacred door, upon which his knuckles resounded impiously.

"Hey," bellowed the boy, "you can't git away with that!"

"Seems as though I could," said Scattergood, as the door opened and a young woman's inquiring face appeared.

"How be ye, ma'am?" said Scattergood, as he walked past her astonishment into the room, where, behind a huge, flat-topped desk, he saw a middle-aged man of dark complexion working in his shirt sleeves.

"Mornin', Mr. Strong," he said.

Mr. Strong frowned.

"How'd you get in here?" he demanded.

"That," said Scattergood, "hain't got nothin' to do with it—so long's I'm here. I gen'ally git to see folks I aim to see. Jest like folks that's got legitimate business allus gits to see me."

Something about the old man's voice and presence arrested the sharp answer which arose to Strong's lips.

"The's been times," said Scattergood, "when I'd 'a' lost money if I hadn't seen a feller. Yes, sir. Mostly, I set out on the front stoop right where anybody kin stop. I kind of found out that when folks know

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Tools that eat DIRT!

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is d.p.m.

Hoover dusting tools live on dirt.

Let them but touch the draperies, the walls, the door nd window frames—dust is gobbled up. Let them elve in the corners of the piano and radio, among ıe radiator coils, in the depths of the upholstery of ırniture and automobiles—fluff and dirt are instantly evoured. Give them a chance to poke in the corners f the stairs, around the tufts of mattresses, among the ooks on the bookshelves, in the fireplace—you'll see ow cleverly they search out, how greedily they swalıw, all the dust and lint and elusive bits of dirt.

Hungry dusting tools! Hoover dusting tools!

Light and easy to handle, their swivel joints make it ınecessary for you to twist your wrist, their spring ıtches lock the units instantly in place. Such helpers ve to your housecleaning, to all your routine dusting, very special speed and ease.

Yet above-the-floor cleaning is a small matter compared with that of cleaning floor coverings, which store about ninety per cent of the dirt in your home. Helpful as are the Hoover dusting tools, of even greater importance is the faster, easier, more thorough cleaning of rugs which results from the exclusive Hoover cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation." It is so effective against the embedded grit which eludes ordinary cleaning that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

Ask your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration of The Hoover and its dusting tools. Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners... The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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...Choose a Mountain, Forest or Seaside Resort

Enjoy the august solitudes and towering heights of the glorious Canadian Rockies this summer. See mountains crowned with eternal snow, giant glaciers, deep-rent canyons, jade-green lakes, and wild life forest sanctuaries.

Stop at Jasper Park Lodge in the heart of Jasper National Park. Here you can play golf and tennis, swim, motor, climb mountains, ride trail and in the evening dancing, music and other social diversions complete the day's enjoyment.

The forest empire of the Highlands of Ontario also offers wonderful opportunities for those who love the great outdoors; splendid fishing, canoeing and swimming. Or come to the sea-swept shores of the Maritime Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Explore ancient Quebec with its old-world customs, or choose a quiet haven among the many delightful watering places along the Lower St. Lawrence.

Come to Canada this summer—here an enjoyable, invigorating vacation awaits you.

For booklets and information on Canada's vacationlands, consult the nearest Canadian National Office.

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PORTLAND, ORE. Pacific Building 302 Yamhill St.
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they kin talk to you whenever they want to, they don't spend time schemin' to git to you with suthin' that hain't wuth while. It's shuttin' yourself in that kind of gits 'em all het up to see ye."

"Indeed," said Mr. Strong; but his voice had lost its edge. "And why do *you* want to see *me?*"

"Did ye ever," asked Scattergood, "ketch ye a seven-pound-and-a-half speckled trout?"

"No, nor did anybody else."

"I done so," said Scattergood, "and"—he opened the box he had been carrying under his arm,—"there she be!"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Strong. "A *fontinalis!* Man, where'd you catch him?"

"Stream I call Blind Brook. Kind of meanders through ten-twenty thousand acres of timber I'm holdin'. It's back a piece, and I don't countenance the boys in fishin' there. Come to think of it, that there stream hain't been fished in twice for five year back. Broad enough fer fly-castin' too, though I mostly use wums."

"I'd bait with alligators to catch one like that," said Strong, lost in admiration.

"The name," said Scattergood, "is Baines—Scattergood Baines. That there fish's been on ice, and she's fresh. . . . Now, I was thinkin' we could ketch a train, say, tomorrer night, and git there in the mornin'. My rig'll meet us at the junction around four o'clock, and we kin be fishin' close to five."

"What? Man, you're crazy! Do you think I can pick up and go fishing any day I like?"

"To be sure," said Scattergood. "It's jest little men that lets their business run them; fellers like you'n'me—we calc'late to run our business."

MR. STRONG became suddenly suspicious. "Who are you, anyhow? What's the game?"

Scattergood exhibited mild surprise. "I don't foller ye."

"Why did you come to me? Am I to understand you are inviting me to fish this stream of yours? Why? I don't know you. You don't know me."

"More folks knows ye than you'd think," said Scattergood, which was no unpleasant saying in Mr. Strong's ears. Then, "I allus heard city folks was suspicious. We don't run much to suspicions in Coldriver. . . . I come because I took a notion."

"But—"

"Know a feller by the name of Stillman Harper?"

"I do. What of it?"

"Got a telephone, hain't ye? And a gal to run it?"

"Yes."

"Stillman's to home," said Scattergood.

"Well, I'll be—darned!" said Mr. Strong. Nevertheless, he gave directions to the young woman, who called a number. Mr. Strong went on the wire.

"Hello—Harper? . . . Strong speaking. There's a man here who says his name is Scattergood Baines. He broke in—with a trout as big as a whale. Know him?"

"Scattergood Baines in New York!" So came back Mr. Harper's voice. "In your office! . . . Say, hang onto him till I get there."

"Who is he, anyhow? What's his game?"

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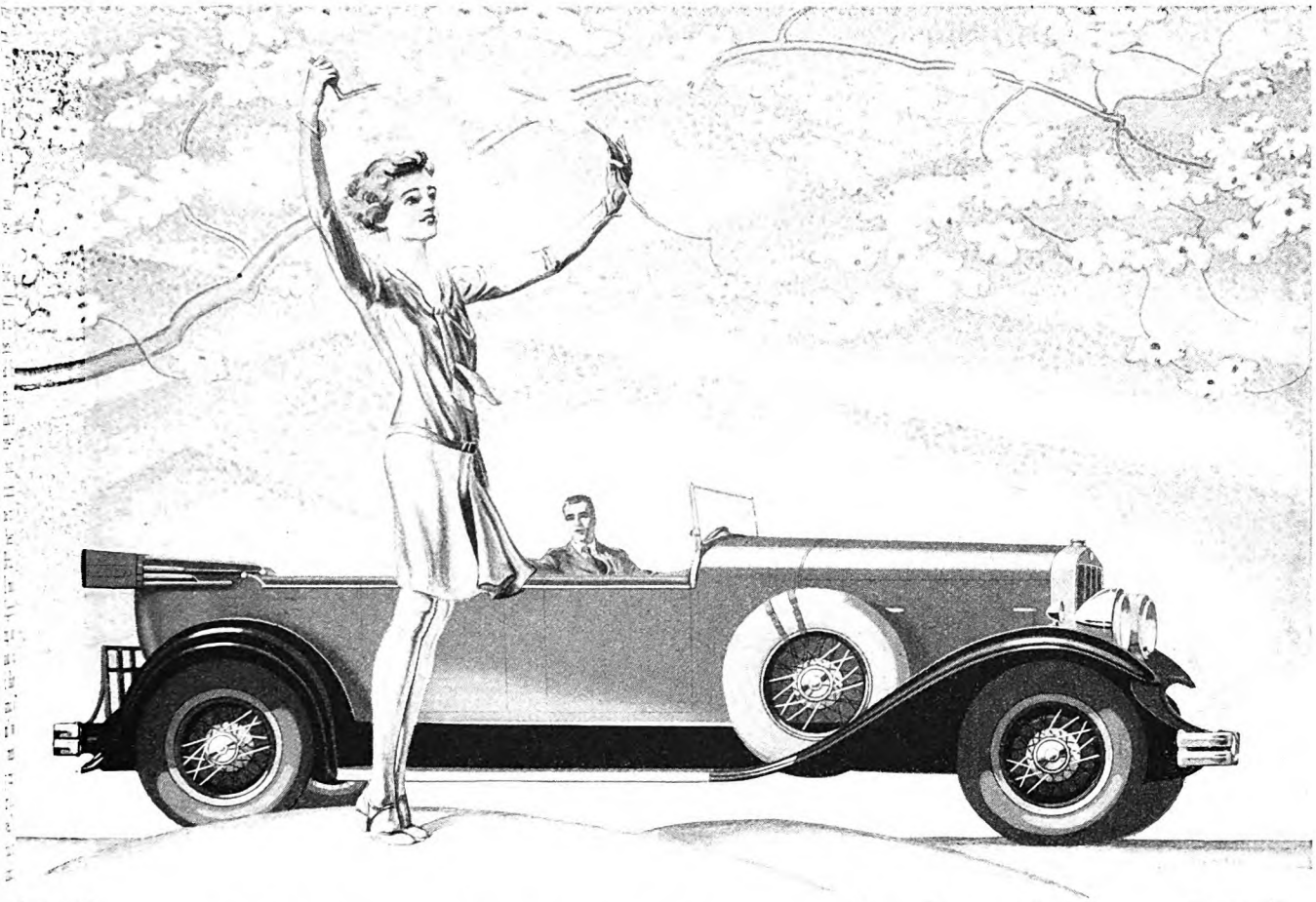

The AIRPLANE FEEL of the Franklin opens the road to new motoring thrills

You are driving the Franklin for the first time. "Incomparable," you say, as you start ahead in second speed, mounting to fifty-five miles an hour—as quietly as in high.

There's a short, easy shift to high and you are even more thrilled! Actually you feel as though you were piloting an airplane. Such a surge of power. The acceleration is amazingly fast. How smooth—like a gliding gull. Relax—you can be more relaxed in the Franklin than in any other car. The riding comfort is truly restful. *Effortlessly and confidently* you control the car.

Air-cooling has made all this possible. Franklin is first to introduce such a revolutionary and different motor car. Will you drive it? We promise you will not only enjoy it—but you will immediately become a life member of the large group of Franklin enthusiasts.

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FRANKLIN

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New Zealander Takes Stump For This Pipe-Tobacco

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! Mr. McDonald gives us a clue for tracking down lovers of Edgeworth

There are certain sure-fire clues on the books of Scotland Yard—an Irishman is marked by his brogue; a French chef by his cooking; a Swiss by his yodel.

And now from far-off New Zealand comes Mr. McDonald, who has discovered the telltale clue for tracking down the ardent Edgeworthite. Read the solution in his letter:

Ashburton, New Zealand
December 8, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

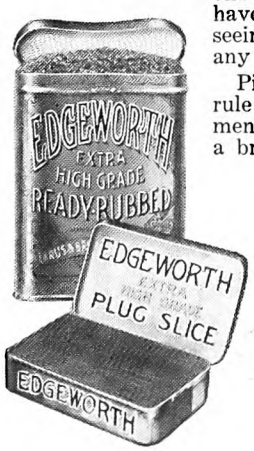
I read with interest in a recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post a letter from an appreciative Australian smoker of Edgeworth Tobacco.

I can assure you, however, that Australia has by no means a monopoly of Edgeworth enthusiasts. I am one of them myself, and New Zealand appears to possess quite a large number of them. Quite recently a spirited correspondence engaged the columns of one of our leading newspapers, the controversial subject being "Who has smoked Edgeworth longest?" In fact, a stranger to New Zealand at the time might have assumed that the bulk of our population was composed of octogenarian smokers of Edgeworth.

I have noticed that those who smoke this fine tobacco of yours appear to possess a vice (or is it a virtue?) in common. That is, that they are continually inducing, or attempting to induce, other smokers to get the Edgeworth habit.

Good luck to your fine tobacco. I am,
Yours faithfully.
(signed) H. C. McDonald

A shrewd observation Mr. McDonald—but then pipe-smokers have a happy faculty of seeing clearly through any proposition.



Pipe-smokers as a rule are calm, thinking men. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply can't be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.

FREE Offer

Let us send you *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

"Listen, Strong, that old gentleman could buy you and throw you away. And if he's got any game you'll never find it out till he's ready to let you in on it. What's he want of you?"

"Just dropped in to ask me to go fishing with him."

"Hey—don't move till I get there. I'm on my way. Tell him I'm coming too."

Mr. Strong turned away from the instrument. "He seems to know you," he said.

"Calc'lated he would," said Scattergood.

"But—I'm puzzled, Mr. Baines; why come to me with this invitation?"

"I jest got the notion," said Scattergood.

IN TWENTY minutes Stillman Harper burst into the office and wrung Scattergood's hand, reproaching him for failure to notify him of his coming.

"Calc'lated I'd see ye," said Scattergood.

"When do we start?" asked the young man.

"Hey, there!" Strong interjected. "Go easy."

"Am I invited?" asked Harper.

"To be sure. To be sure. And welcome."

Scattergood got to his feet in a few minutes. "W-al," he said, "I'll leave you two to argy about it. I'm leavin' tomorrer night. Ye kin come or stay—whichever suits ye best."

And so he went out, while Harper remained to make plain to Strong numerous facts about Scattergood Baines—all of which served to increase that gentleman's astonishment.

"But why should he walk in here and invite *me* to go fishing?" he asked.

"There's a reason," said Harper. "But you won't know it till it's too late. One thing you can bet on—the old gentleman knows what he's up to."

"By Jove," said Strong, "I'll go. Nine tenths to fish, and one tenth to satisfy my curiosity."

On Thursday morning they arrived at the junction. They fished Thursday and Friday and Saturday with such results as made Strong's eyes bulge. It was a trout-fisherman's heaven.

"But why," he asked Harper at every opportunity, "did he ask me, a complete stranger?"

"Can't say," said Harper. "Just thank the gods and keep your mouth shut."

Late Saturday afternoon they drove into Coldriver and Scattergood took them home to Mandy, who cooked the dinner in person. And there Mr. Strong became acquainted with the meaning of the term "a square meal."

"Mandy," said Scattergood, after the blueberry pie had disappeared, "seems like we got to entertain these here city fellers through the evenin'. You'n' me hain't satisfyin' talkers, seems as though. Hain't they no movin' pitchers?"

"No. The Congos has got the Hall," she said.

"What fer?"

"Some kind of a entertainment," said Mandy.

"Um. I bet ye you fellers hain't been to a real country church entertainment—mebbe never, eh?"

"I haven't," said Strong.

"Dunno what it 'll be. If we don't cotton to it, we kin git up and git. Might prove amusin'."

"If," said Strong, "it's on a par with the rest of the entertainment you've given me, it'll be a large evening."

"Don't promise nothin'," said Scattergood. "What is it, Mandy, singin'?"

"Don't seem as though. The young folks has been practicin' nigh a month fer it."

Scattergood, who never had owned a car, borrowed one for the occasion, and at eight o'clock they found themselves seated in the hall where Coldriver's dances and entertainments were held. The large room was full, including the babies and the orchestra of the Congregational Church, which latter intrigued Mr. Strong to no slight extent.

"What," he asked, "is the nature of the performance?"

"Suthin' the young folks got up," Scattergood said noncommittally, and with that the guest had to satisfy himself.

Then the curtain went up jerkily upon a set devised and painted by home talent. It represented the kitchen of a farmhouse, and Strong closed his eyes and sighed mentally.

But, somehow, the dialogue interested him. Crudely and amateurishly though the lines were spoken, he found, to his astonishment, that he was listening—and then listening eagerly. The piece was unfamiliar, and he thought he knew all of the old stand-bys likely to be attempted by home talent shows. But this was one he never had heard—never had heard of. It troubled him that it should have escaped his attention—he who could have written a history of the American Theater. . . . At the end of the first act he sat silent and frowning.

"Had enough of it?" Scattergood asked.

"I'm—er—rather interested. Let's stay along, if you don't mind."

Then, to himself he said, "Well, it was a first act; but the second can't live up to it. . . . Where in blazes did it come from?"

Whoever had drilled the players had been wise. There was no attempt at elocution, a minimum of stage business—only such action as bare necessity demanded. But the act moved, it marched. There was an inevitability about it, a sure march of events to some climax. Why, a play such as this should be well known to any theatrical man!

Simple it was, yet full of stark realities, naked with truth, flowing, marching, crowding its characters on and on through moving events to some peak of destiny. . . . There was humor, too. Deft touches. . . . When the curtain went down Strong sat tense, excited—moved as few plays had moved him. . . . He saw that act as he himself could produce it.

Then the third act and the final curtain.

"BAINES," he said, "where'd they get that play?"

"'Tain't Shakespeare, is it?" Scattergood asked innocently.

"No, it's not Shakespeare," said Mr. Strong.

"Putty good, wa'n't it?" Scattergood asked. "Didn't nobody forget their piece."

"I'm ashamed. I ought to know that play; but I must confess I never read or

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saw it. It is new to me. And I can't comprehend that it should be. I thought I knew every great play that has been produced in this country."

"Was this here a great play?"

"If," said Strong, "that play, newly written, came into my office, I would throw a fit. I'd say that at last America had produced a dramatist."

"Um. . . ." Scattergood stood up and called across the moving crowd. "Hey, Pliny, what's the name of the piece they jest acted?"

"Dunno. 'S on the program."

"Know who wrote it?"

"Sure. Jason Wentworth."

"No! Dew tell!" He turned to Strong. "It was wrote by a boy in town, Elder Wentworth's young'un."

"I don't believe it," said Strong.

"W-al, Pliny does sometimes slide off'n the edge of strict truth," said Scattergood.

"Please find out," Strong said, his voice vibrant with excitement. "Where's the young man! I want to see him."

Again Scattergood's voice arose. "Where's Jason?" he bellowed. "Tell Jason I want he sh'u'd come here."

"Here he is," somebody called, and Jason forced his way across the house to Scattergood's side.

"JASON," Scattergood said, "this here is Mr. Strong. He's kind of int'rested into theater plays. Somebody jest said you made up this here one. Did ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the author of this play?" asked Strong, his eyes on the boy's face.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you—er—a manuscript of it handy? I—er—would like to read it."

"Why, I think Lucy has a copy." His eyes grew eager. "Did—did you think it was terrible, sir?"

"Have you been writing plays long?" Strong asked, disregarding the question.

"This," said Jason, "is my third."

"What did you do with them? Have they been produced?"

"No. I— Well, I just wrote them. I didn't think about their being produced. If you can understand anything so foolish, sir—I just wanted to write down the things I saw and thought."

Strong continued to eye the boy's face, the face and eyes of a dreamer of dreams. "Yes," he said, "I fancy I can understand. . . . But about that manuscript. May I read it?"

"I'd be grateful to you, sir."

Scattergood coughed. "Know who this feller is, Jason?"

"No, sir," said Jason. "I never met him before."

"Um," said Scattergood.

Presently Jason returned with an ill-bound, ill-typewritten manuscript, which Strong seized eagerly. "I'll read it tonight," he said. "I want to see you in the morning."

"Ye might come out to the house when I git up," said Scattergood to Jason.

Strong was eager to be gone; a fever possessed him, nor was he content until, beneath Scattergood's oil reading-lamp at his elbow, he sat with eyes upon the first page of the manuscript. Nor did he lay it down until he reached the final word "Curtain." Then he sighed and went to bed.

At breakfast in the morning he was absent of mind. More than once he shook

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UNITED STATES SENATORS SILVER FLEET ON STEPS

Republican and Democratic Leaders Extend Official Welcome

Senators and Congressmen Sign Book of Good Will Greetings

15 Cars and 19 Pilots Pause on Demonstration Tour to Receive Greetings of Nation's Law Makers

Fifteen gleaming silver cars rolled up before the steps of the Nation's Capitol in Washington . . . Nineteen smartly uniformed pilots hurried into line before their shining hoods . . .

A courier hastened up the steps . . . disappeared through the great portal. .

Then . . . at the door . . . a group of men. Senators, Congressmen . . . lawgivers to the Nation. From below, a command.

The Silver Fleet stood at salute before the Congress of the United States.

* * *

Fittingly, the Silver Fleet . . . on parade before 120,000,000 people . . . was received in Washington by the elected representatives of the Nation.

Congressman Tilson and Congressman Garrett, Republican and Democratic floor leaders signed the good will book. Senator Capper of Kansas and other members inspected the fleet . . . asked interested questions . . .

Then, while cameras clicked and news reels ground, the last signature was added, the last inspection made.

Pilots slipped again behind wheels . . . motors hummed.

A double blast from the Flagship siren . . . and the Fleet wheeled away . . . down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with crowds to watch another notable procession.

From the broad avenues of Washington the Fleet heads South. Across Vir-

SOLONS GREET ADVENTURERS. *Here's a view of some of the senators and representatives who greeted the Silver Fleet on Washington visit. Photo taken at the foot of the steps of the Capitol.*

HEADED FOR DIXIE! *Photograph at the right was snapped as the Fleet rolled out of Washington and headed South for Florida.*

CAPITOL FROM THE AIR. *Passengers in Goodrich plane which accompanied Fleet to Washington got this view of the Capitol. Members of both houses of Congress attended ceremony on the steps of the center wing.*

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AND CONGRESSMEN GREET
OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL

nia, the Carolinas, Georgia. Over the marl roads of Florida's coast line. Through a gulf-state winter. Across the dry Southwest. Into a California spring . . .

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To demonstrate to you the unsurpassed dollar value of Goodrich Tires. Their rugged stamina . . . their great wearing power . . . their sure-footedness on any road . . . their enduring quality in the face of great obstacles.

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Find out when the Fleet will reach your section of the country . . . And be on hand!

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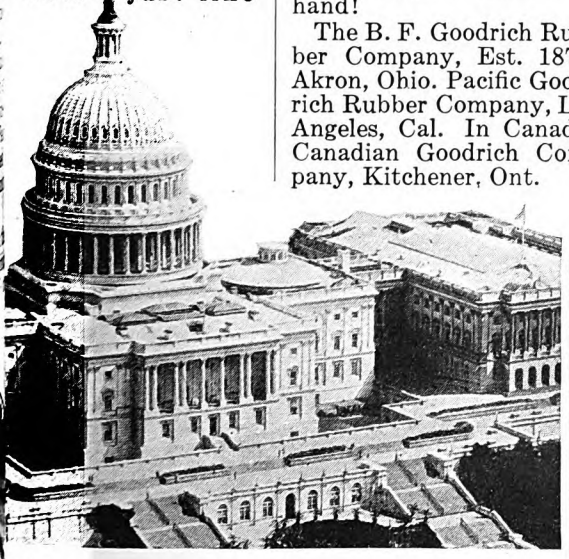
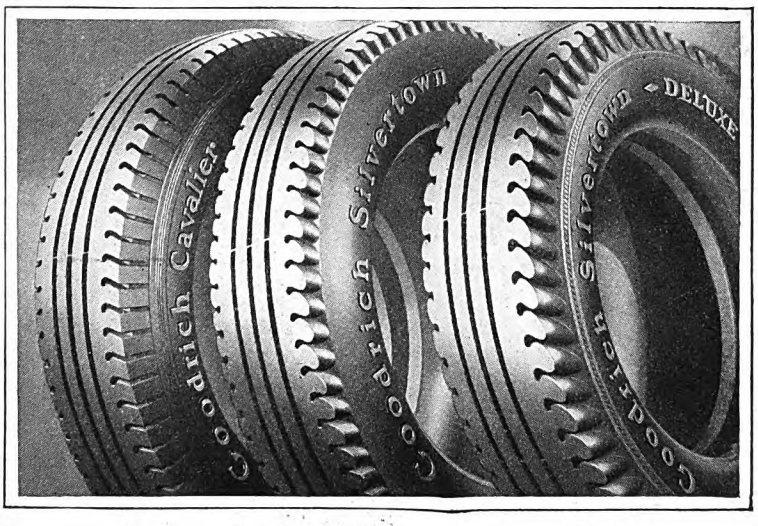
NO POLITICS IN THE FLEET! *Congressman Tilson, Republican floor leader, greets Commander Schaeffer, while Congressman Garrett, Democratic leader in the House, looks on. A non-partisan welcome from leaders of both parties.*

SENATOR INSPECTS FLEET. *(In oval) Senator Capper from Kansas inspects the 15 silver cars of the Silver Fleet with Lieut. Schaeffer.*

FLIES TO GREET FLEET. *Commander Schaeffer and his pilots were waiting to receive Congressman Davey of Ohio when he arrived by plane at Bolling Field to take part in welcoming ceremony.*





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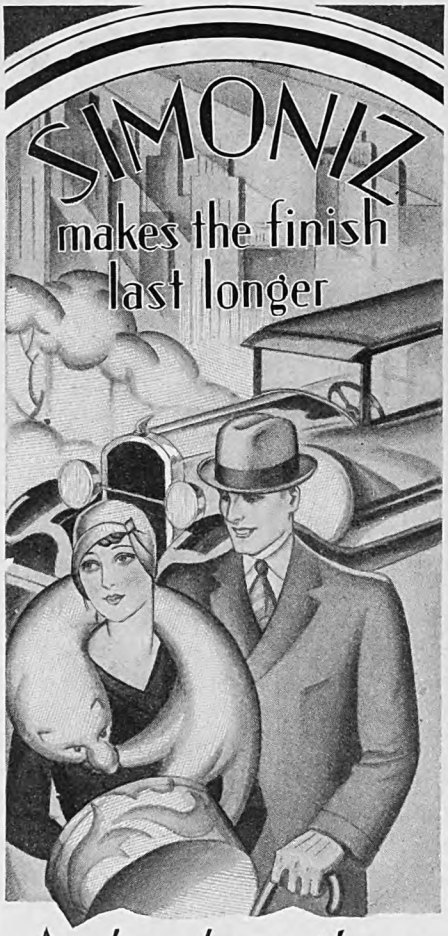

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his head and demanded, "Where's that boy? Why doesn't that boy come?"

It was late, nearly nine o'clock, before Jason appeared.

"Young man," Strong said, as he entered the door, "I am a producer. I'd like to produce your play—in New York."

"Why . . . ah . . . is it worth producing, sir?"

"So much so," said Strong, "that I have wakened men by telephone in New York on this Sunday morning who have never before been awake earlier than noon. . . . I think contracts will be here in the morning, if trains don't break down. Now, let's talk business."

"I don't know a thing about business, sir."

Scattergood spoke. "I calc'late ye kin leave that all to Mr. Strong," he said. "I figger he'll deal fair by you."

"I'll try," said Strong. "I'll try."

It was at dinner that, turning to Harper, he said, "You can't beat it. You never can tell when a miracle will happen. Imagine coming up here for a couple of days' fishing—and stumbling onto the finest play I've read in years."

"Miracle, was it?" asked Harper, with a grin. "And you stumbled on it?"

"Didn't I?"

"I'd say you were pushed over it," said Harper.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you wanted to know what Baines's game was, didn't you? Why he popped in and asked a complete stranger to go fishing? . . . It looks to me as if you've found out."

STRONG swung upon Scattergood. "Is that so?" he demanded. "Was this the nigger in the woodpile?"

"W-al," said Scattergood, "I kind of had to find out if the boy was any good. So I calc'lated the best way was to fetch up somebody that knowed. And I figgered you'd be more apt to git int'rested in a piece bein' acted than one that you jest read. So Lucy got up this here show. . . . Calc'late it was wuth your while?"

"Mr. Baines," said Strong, "my hat's off to you. I didn't think I could be bamboozled into reading a play. By and large, this is the smoothest game ever worked on me. . . . And I'm much obliged!"

"Money in it—fer Jason?"

"I'd say there was some—some."

"Enough to git married on?"

"I think so."

"But the main thing," said Scattergood, "is convincin' the Elder playwritin' is more profitable than cow-milkin'."

"I think," said Strong, with a faint smile, "we can convince him of that."

HOW the convincing was done has become a part of the history of the theater. "The Kitchen" was produced in October. It ran for upward of two years. Second and third companies played the Road—and royalties poured in upon Jason until that young man was as sadly bewildered by so much wealth as his father, the Elder, was astounded. And then a second and third play succeeded. Jason was famous, a recognized genius of the theater, acclaimed, interviewed, photographed.

The Elder paused to speak of the matter to Scattergood.

"I dunno but what Jason's come out full better'n I expected," he said. "The' was a time when I was doubtful about that theater play-writin' of hisn."

"Seems like I recall it," said Scattergood. He took off his flapping straw hat to rub his head. "Kind of teaches us the's a heap we don't know, Elder," he said.

"Mebbe so."

Scattergood chuckled. "City fellers is mighty smart," he observed. "But the's a bait to ketch the smartest of 'em. I calc'late folks is more alike'n you'd think, city or country. The way to make 'em take their medicine's to convince 'em 'tain't medicine but molasses. That feller Strong wouldn't 'a' come up here on the off chance of makin' half a million, but he come a-gallopin' to ketch him a mess of fish he could buy fer a dollar.

"Seems as though the one feller that's curiouser 'n any other is the next feller you meet. . . . G'-by, Elder. When ye write Jason and Lucy kind of remember me to 'em. . . . G'-by!"

"WOMEN do not make good spies—though married men may not believe it!" So said the chief of Scotland Yard after his wartime experience with fair "Eves-droppers." There are three reasons why women usually fail in spy work. One is that they fall in love with the men they are set to watch. Can you guess the other two? Next month Thomas M. Johnson tells you about women spies in the World War. At least three of them were brilliant successes, but scores were terrible flops! Mr. Johnson gives you their stories. It's a fascinating article.

The Dentist Made Me What I Am Today—I Hope He's Satisfied

(*Continued from page 35*)

going to touch one of them unless I am there."

"Well, and how are you today?" my dentist greeted me cheerily, as my wife and I went in together hand in hand.

I gave him one look and he laughed. Then he took from an envelope a sheet of gray cardboard on which, apparently, somebody had been pasting camera films. On a table in the room stood a mahogany box with a piece of ground glass in one side. Somewhere a switch clicked and immediately a bright light sprang up inside the box. The doctor held the pictures before the ground glass and Maude and I pushed forward. I didn't know exactly what we expected to see, but what we did see was apparently a head-on view of a

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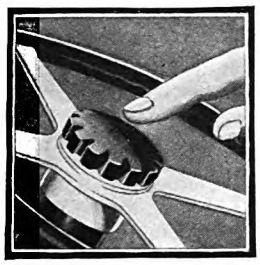

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There are thousands who have always desired a Knight-motored car but until now have been restrained by the necessarily higher cost of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine. By them, this distinctive new Six is welcomed as history's finest Willys-Knight value.

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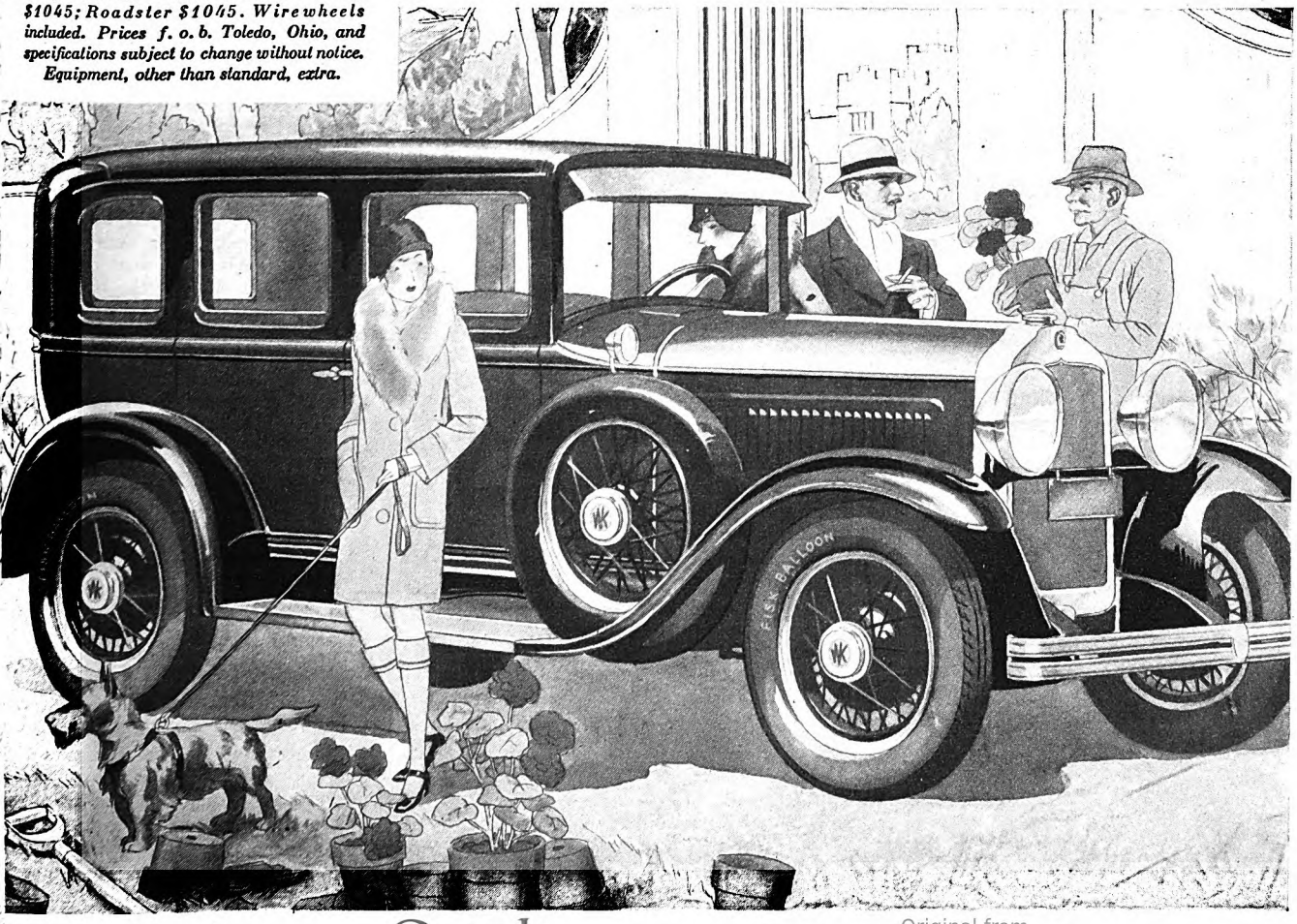

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A statement from a

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"WHO am I? I'm the man who pays the green-keepers, supports the pro—buys the prizes—makes the game what it is. I'm just the Average Player.

"And I maintain that I'm one of the best judges of a golf-ball in the world. When I say the Dunlop-made Maxpar drives farther, *I know.* I do get 10 to 15 yards more than with other 75c balls. And when I say the Maxpar stands punishment without becoming egg-shaped, *I know.* I can punish a ball more in 18 holes than the best pro can in a week. And I know Maxpar putts true, because putting is one thing I *can* do.

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MAXPAR

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dead horse. One of the other views looked like a field of peanuts.

I think that the doctor must have been rather hurt at our lack of enthusiasm, for he took a sharp pencil and began to point out the most interesting spots.

"You notice that shaded area? That is very bad."

"Is it?" I asked, for to me it looked very much like the rest.

"And this," he continued, "and this—and this—and this. There are at least seven that should come out at once."

I knew that Maude was calculating rapidly—seven from thirty-two.

"But what about the others?" she asked.

This was evidently the very subject that the doctor had wished to avoid. "Well," he answered slowly, "they are none of them very good. I am afraid that it is only a question of time—"

There was a very long silence. Seeing that no one else seemed inclined to break it, I thought that it was incumbent on me. "Do you think, then, that—that I ought to have them all out?"

The doctor seemed so relieved that at last someone had guessed it. "That is what *I* would advise," he said archly. Again he picked up the snapshots and began to study them. "What I don't understand is why you're not flat on your back. Have you ever had rheumatism?"

I shook my head.

"Or kidney trouble?"

Again a shake.

"Or anything the matter with your heart?"

"I am sorry. I haven't."

"I don't understand it," repeated the doctor, and he seemed so genuinely disappointed that I wished with all my soul that I could be more responsive. Suddenly I had an idea.

"DOCTOR," I said, "is there anything in those pictures that would explain why, for several years, a great, healthy lout like myself has felt the most utter repugnance to every form of work, mental and physical, and has shown no inclination to do anything but sit in an armchair and smoke a pipe?"

The doctor brightened instantly. "There certainly is," he responded. "Fatigue is one of the very first symptoms."

"And would it also account for the fact that when I go out to play golf I miss the ball entirely on the first tee, and on the seventh throw away my bag and burst into tears?"

"It is all a matter of nerves," said the doctor happily. "In six months you would be a new man."

I looked cautiously at Maude and saw that she was distinctly intrigued by the turn that the conversation was taking. There remained, however, a lingering doubt in her mind, and it was some time before she could find courage to put it into words.

"But, Doctor," she ventured at last, "would—would he have to take them out at night?"

The doctor laughed heartily. "In a glass of water? Oh, dear, no! You have no conception of modern dentures. They would be an absolute replica of his own teeth and he would wear them all the time.

As far as I was concerned, I was sold already, and so, I think, was Maude. Evidently seeing that he had caught us at a high spot, Doctor Wilson began to stir about briskly. "Now," he suggested, "if you will just step in for a moment and see Doctor Casey."

Still somewhat in a daze, I was led to another little office where still another young man in a white coat was apparently mixing a cream puff. But it wasn't a cream puff. It was a plaster cast, and when I left the office my poor old teeth had been made immortal.

THAT there was a great deal of truth in Doctor Wilson's promises seems to be clearly proved by the fact that now, looking back on it, I have no great interest in the morbid events of the following month, whereas six months ago I would have regarded them as an ideal subject for a blank-verse drama. I have always maintained, and I still maintain, that nothing that a dentist can do to you is as bad as a plain, ordinary filling. For cumulative, lingering horror, nothing can touch it, and in comparison a modern extraction is an episode. The only event to report chronologically is that, after the second yank, I discovered that if I reached out my hand and quivered it slightly, the nurse would hold it, and so, after that, I always reached it out.

As a matter of fact, the real interest of that month was purely sporting. The first returns showed my teeth to be much worse than even the X-rays had promised, and after that it was a daily excitement to see how bad they really could be. For if the removal of seven plague spots would make me a new man, you can imagine what I could expect from ten or fifteen. Each time, as the doctor would go through his familiar motions and the little fledgling would lie in the tray, I would lean over eagerly.

"Is it abscessed?" I would ask.

"A Zeppelin!" he would answer, and I would smile happily.

Once we actually struck a perfectly sound tooth, and you have no idea of our disappointment.

There was also another surprising discovery that belongs to this period—the number of teeth that you can lose and still both eat and look the same. It was first decided to take out the seven teeth that had screened so badly in the X-rays, and I supposed that I would come out of the office looking like an elderly pirate. Nothing of the sort. Those teeth were well dispersed in outlying districts, and their loss made no difference whatsoever in my daily life.

Then came one of those spring days that are absolutely built for sport. I don't know how many the doctor had intended to pull that morning, but each time that he paused we would look at each other and decide to go just one more. In the end, we had cleaned up twelve at that single sitting and I had now only seven teeth left, all in the front. At table I was no longer the man that I had been, but, oddly enough, I had still not changed in looks. I suppose this made me overconfident and I had no feelings of distrust about losing the last seven. But my confidence was short-lived, for on the way out I looked at myself in the mirror. Somewhere, in some magazine, I had seen a picture of a horrible old man with a

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BEACH AND TENNIS CLUB
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

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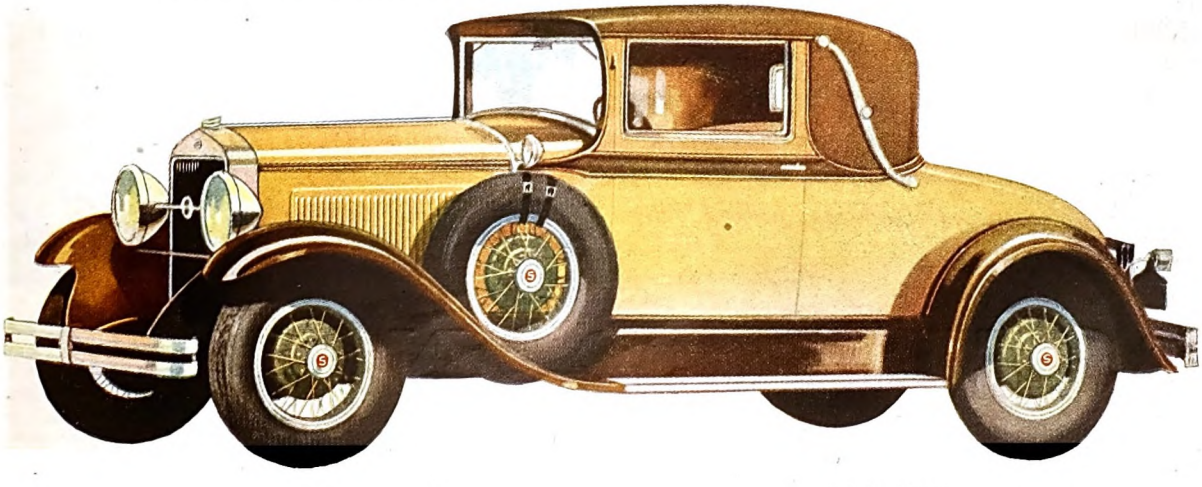

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NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN MUFFINS

TRY THESE MUFFINS — MADE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BRAN CEREAL!

How natural it is that the most popular bran cereal in all the world makes the most marvelous bran muffins!

The muffins made of Post's Bran Flakes are as feather-light as the mellow golden flakes themselves. Their crunchy crusts as crisp as the delicious flakes that fall from the package. Their flavor made doubly delicious by the other parts of wheat that Post's Bran Flakes contains. For tenderness, and for a flakiness that only *flakes* of bran can give, try this recipe masterpiece—the bran muffin recipe you will want to call your own.

Post's Bran Flakes as a cereal with milk or cream has taught you to enjoy thoroughly the bran you need to eat each day to keep you regular, fit and normal. Now surprise the family by putting part of their daily ration of bran into these piping hot bran muffins. They are as delicious as they are effective—as superior to any other bran muffins as Post's Bran Flakes is superior to any other bran cereal in the world! Serve Post's Bran Muffins two or three times a week.

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour — 1 egg, well beaten
5 teaspoons baking powder — 2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt — ¾ cup milk
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes — 3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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ideous grin—and I looked just like that ld man. When Maude saw me she began cry.

Now, as this happens to be one of the w stories that I have ever written that is a good natural plot, I have not stopped often as I usually do to lay out the ckground and etch in the characters. efore, however, we proceed to the third d last act of the drama, I must pause d do so, because, quite properly, the st act is constructive and spiritual. It ncerns itself with the human or social le. In order to give the whole picture, I ust explain that while most of the events at I have described took place in the art of a great city, yet actually we live a little country village. In a country lage, life is nothing if not intimate, d so, from the start, my wife and I were ed with a mighty problem: "Shall we l?"

RANKLY, I must say that if I were to do it again, I would *not* tell. If I had y known how good a sculptor a modern tist could be, I would have slipped ay for a month or two and then rened to a life of harmless dissimulation. t the only false teeth that I had ever iced particularly had been the kind t they show in glass cases in side ets, and I decided that the best course to have the world well prepared.

hus, one day, before the X-rays were , we went to dine with our friends, the dersons. Jimmy Sanderson is a man of ut fifty, an eager, solicitous soul, and, e was taking my coat in the front hall, sumed the brave air of a man who is ut to go to the hospital.

Well, Jimmy," I said, "I'm afraid this is one of the last dinners that I l eat here for some time."

mmy looked at me in his kindly, tened way. "What do you mean?"

I'm going to have my teeth out."

stantly Jimmy was all interest.

ell, look here," he said. He glanced iously at the doorway where Maude Mrs. Sanderson had passed into the g-room, then, putting at least four rs into his mouth, he took out some- g that looked like a horseshoe crab. ny blinking eyes made it out more ly I saw that it was really a stiff, r wire in the shape of a crescent, with teeth fastened at one end, three at other, and two at intervals in the le. Meanwhile, as he grinned his siasm, Jimmy was looking as I was to look inside of a month.

ut what was the matter with you?" ed. "Why did you have them out?"

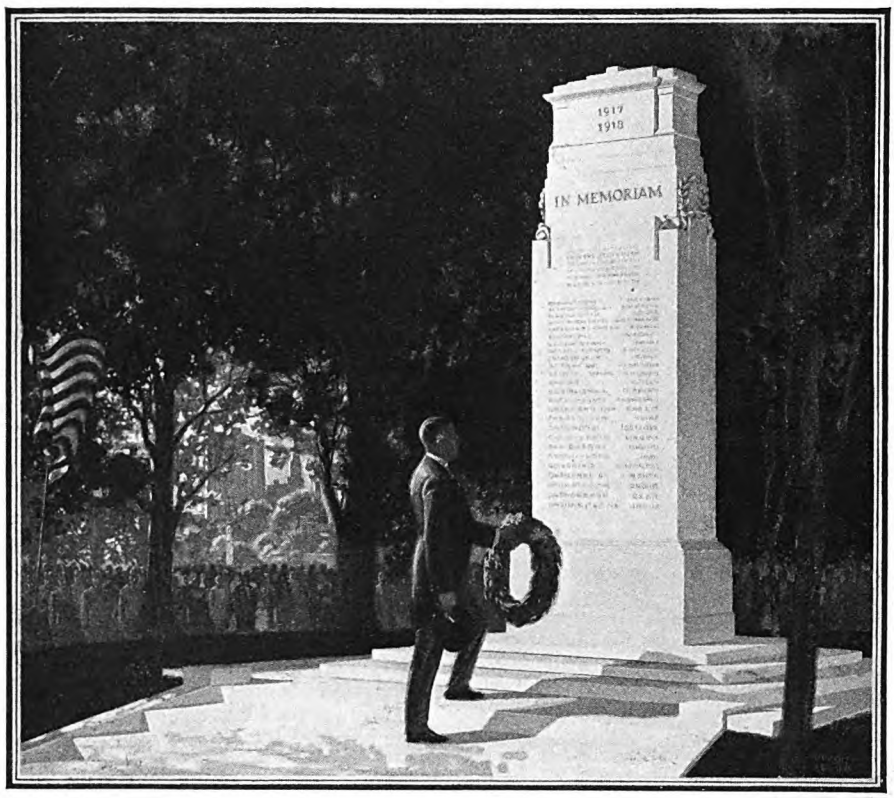
tomach," said Jimmy. "I went to doctor under the face of the sun be- hey found out what it really was."

nd did it cure you?"

bsolutely. It made me a new man."

this I felt something of a chill. I ot realized before that the world was new men. I had thought that I was to have the field to myself.

a matter of fact, I soon found that y Sanderson was rated as a com- ve amateur among the rebuilt men country, that there existed, indeed, p class distinction among the un- d. Those who had lost *all* their looked with condescension and con- on those who had lost merely part n.



MEMORIAL DAY emphasizes our human duty to erect memorials. On this day we pause to revive the memories and renew the honors pledged in public and private monuments of the past. Thus we bear high the torch of history, heroism and family tradition. Thus should we, in turn, perpetuate beyond the span of memory our own tributes to those whose service or example we deem admirable, inspiring and superb.

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The Memory Stone

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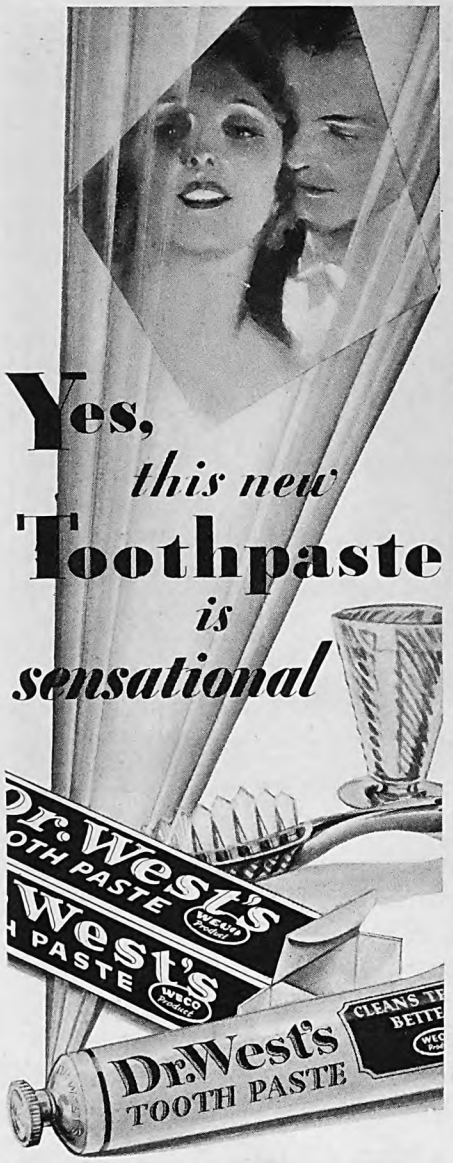

THIS offers something that may surprise you—in what it does for your teeth. A delightful, quicker-acting tooth paste which *combines* the good results everyone desires. Four facts about it are of outstanding importance. (1) It has a gentle two-fold polishing action (*not* scouring!). (2) It *combines* all the good desired results. (3) It acts *very quickly*, to meet hurried modern demands. (4) It is solidly backed by a name and reputation valued at millions—your assurance that this test will be worth while making.

NOTE: *Go to your favorite store, today. Buy one of the famous* DR. WEST'S *toothbrushes. You will receive, without charge, the large 25c tube (not a sample) of this remarkable* DR. WEST'S *tooth paste. Try it. Compare results with what you have known.* THE WESTERN COMPANY, CHICAGO. *(This offer good in Canada also.)*

Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE
An advance as great as the famous toothbrush

By this time it was no longer necessary for me to advertise my condition. I was now in the intermediate stage when the old site had been cleared and graded but the new structure had not yet appeared above ground. I was no longer willing to speak at banquets, but I would go to small, friendly affairs if they would agree to serve soup. For weeks my old friend, Alec MacGregor, let me go on without a signal, then, one night, when his wife was not present, he drew me aside. "Phil," he said, "I don't think you need feel so blue about it. Mildred won't let me tell anyone, but the truth is that I have been eating by machinery since 1912."

"What was it in your case?" I asked. "Heart or rheumatism?"

"They say now that it was debility of the blood," said Alec, "but at the time we thought it was the Princeton team."

From Alec, and also from our groceryman—another veteran—and also from the minister's cousin, and also from a sports writer I met on the train, and also from a carpenter, a bricklayer, and a plumber who were working on a house next door, and also from a motor-cycle policeman who happened to stop me, and also from about eighty other unsuspected people who gave me the high sign during the strange interlude, I gleaned many facts concerning the great clanship that I was about to enter.

For one thing, I learned that there is a certain etiquette among the elect. Just as a real Yale man never says that he has been at Yale, but always "at New Haven," and just as a West Pointer never speaks of West Point, but always of "The Academy," so do the chosen ones never use the words "false teeth." Even "artificial teeth" is rather bad form. If you want to be very jocose and hearty about it, you can say "store teeth," or you can say that you have turned in your old set and are now using mail-order molars. But the most approved way, the most elegant and nice way, is to talk about "plates."

ANOTHER thing I discovered is that there is a sharp distinction between the old-timers who lost their teeth, one by one, because they were no good anyway and the modernists who have lost them at a clip because they had some complaint or other. The former never seem to care to talk much about the subject, but some of the latter are positively garrulous.

There are also, I learned, certain grades of skill, certain championship steps in the art of wearing plates, to which the neophyte can aspire. According to one of my first authorities on the subject (I think it was the confidential bricklayer next door), the sign of the master is the ability to eat corn on the cob, but, according to Alec MacGregor, that is nothing. The real test is the ability to bite into a russet apple. Personally, I still foozle my shots and go all to pieces when munching figs.

There came the day, as the movies say, when I had an appointment with the dentist to which I was looking forward not merely with unconcern, but with positive ecstasy. I had not felt that way since the day I got my first bicycle. I was so excited that I couldn't eat my hominy porridge, and when I walked into Doctor Wilson's office I almost expected to see holly over the door. It was such a cheerful, friendly little place with all its nice, shining instruments and interesting electrical devices. "How wonderfully," I thought, "science has advanced."

As I seated myself in the chair, the doctor became positively coy. With a smile at Maude, he bustled into his laboratory and came back with a tray. Exactly like a man milliner fitting a sports toque, he held out the new, shining plates in his two hands, with the little fingers lifted at a most refined angle. "Now, open," he said.

With considerable backing and turning, we finally got the upper set in through the front doors, but the lower set was easier. I turned to Maude.

"Marvelous!" she exclaimed. Then I tried to smile at her and both sets skidded badly. She may have thought that I looked marvelous, but personally I felt like a badly made jack-o'-lantern.

"Never mind that," said the doctor hastily. "You will soon grow accustomed to it."

Again his hands went into the attitude of perfect refinement. "Now let me have them a minute," he suggested, and also with a pang I gave them up.

FOR fifteen or twenty minutes Maude and the doctor studied me in every [illegible] and from every angle, and when they were not quite sure, they would call in the nurse. It was not so much a question of what they could do as of what they *might* have done. It was the inevitable lingering doubt that always comes when one has ordered something very costly and tailor-made. Should the color have been just a shade more tawny and were the front uppers just a hair's breadth too long?

As for me, I had suddenly begun to be very silent and somber. I was like one who was looking over an old battlefield when all the war bitterness was gone. I think I was almost tearful when I rose from the chair and held out my hand.

"Good-bye, Doctor," I said. "Good-bye."

The doctor took my hand. "Oh, don't worry," he said. "You'll have to come back. You'll have to come very frequently in the next few weeks."

"I know," I said, "but it will be so cold and impersonal. It will never be the same."

And it never *would* be the same. The doctor must have known that as well as I, but it was a scene that he had frequently lived through and perhaps repetition had made him a little hard. Of course, he said, I would come back frequently for a while, and on the surface things would seem as usual. But the personal element would be gone out of it. Even if I spent a half hour now and then in his little office, he would be working in one corner and I would be waiting in another, restless and bored. It would be more like visiting a jeweler than a dentist—but better than going to a garage.

The spell of the moment must have hung over me rather thickly, for in the elevator I could see that Maude was watching me rather closely. We walked out into the crowded city streets, but still I could not shake it.

"Maude," I suggested, "do you want to do something very silly? Let's go and eat some ice cream."

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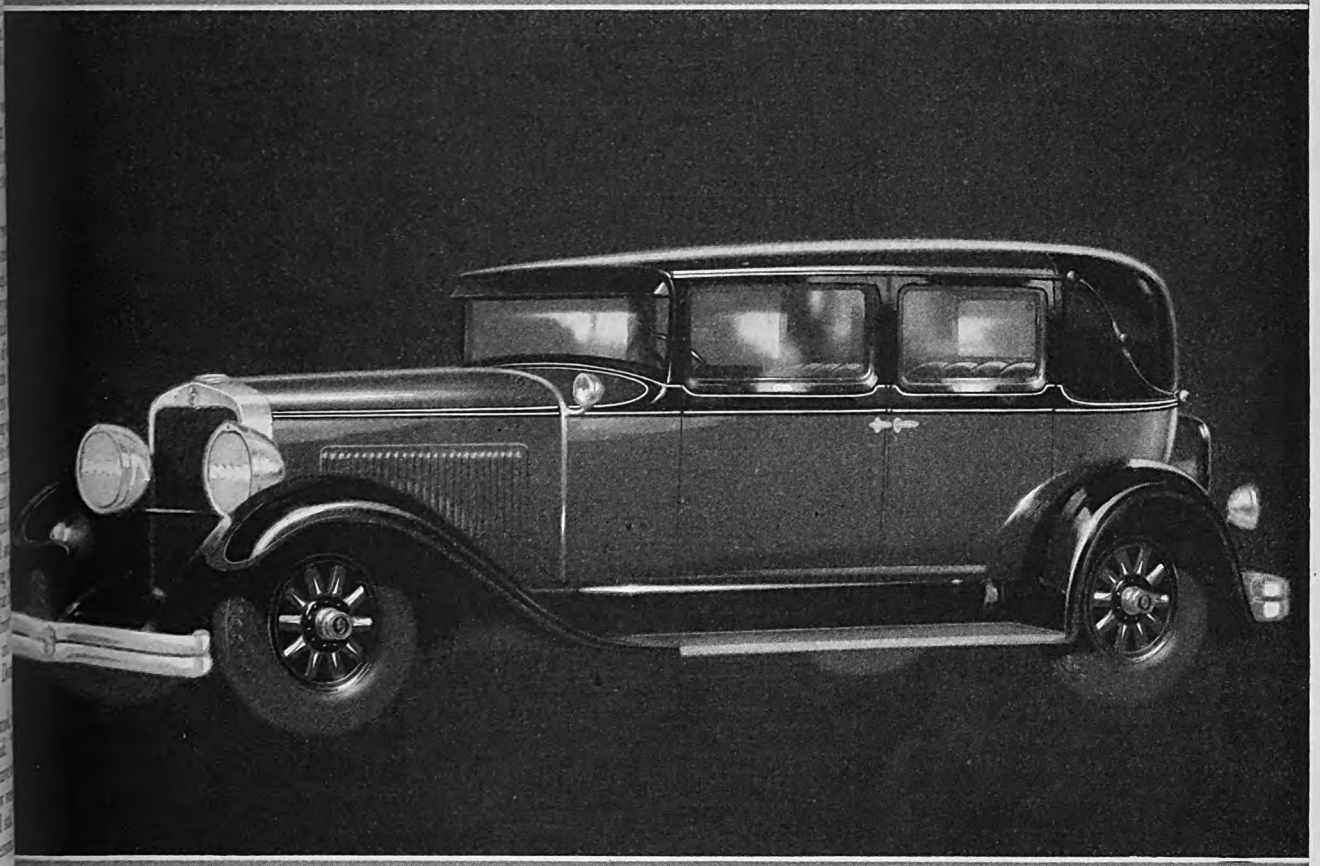
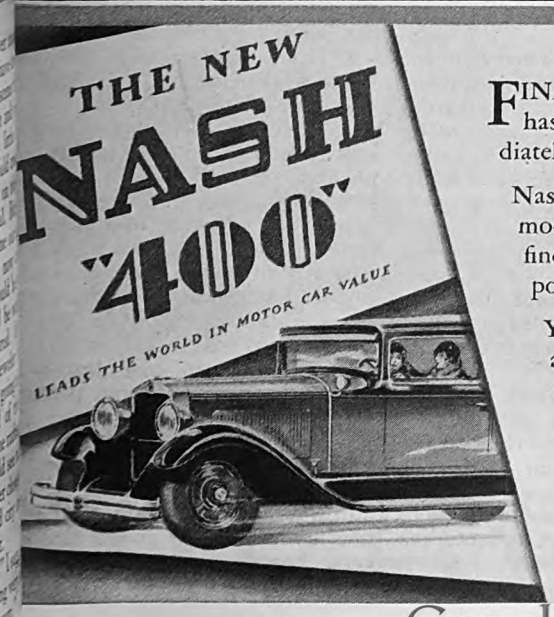
THE FINEST TYPE OF CENTRALIZED CHASSIS LUBRICATION





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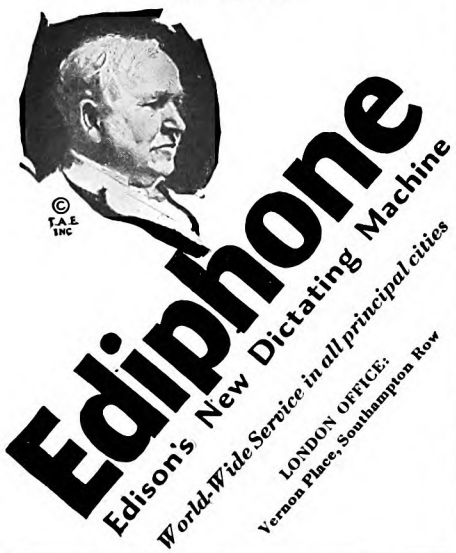

Radio Program Monday Evenings

A Shirt Flapping in the Breeze Became an Airplane in the Sky

(*Continued from page 29*)

airplane. You have no idea how much I longed to see their blue prints," he sighed. "I was burning with desire to build a flying machine, but I hesitated before the thought of the months of work I must do, simply in retracing the steps of the Wrights. Still, I had one encouragement they lacked: I knew when I began that it was possible to fly."

He went to his father and obtained some money. It was necessary to hire workmen and buy materials.

WITH the sublime optimism of all geniuses, Sikorsky forthwith started at what has since been recognized as a final stage of aëronautical development. His first design was a helicopter—a vertically rising machine. Many inventors have gone to the poorhouse trying to build this potentiality. Only last year did the first successful model appear on European flying fields.

"It was a foolish idea, now that I look back on it," Sikorsky mused, "but it seemed brilliant enough then. You see, I realized that one of the biggest drawbacks to the general use of the airplane must be the lack of good landing fields. If I could build a plane that was able to rise and descend in a straight line, this impediment would be eliminated."

It was late in 1908 that the Sikorsky helicopter, an extraordinary contrivance of circular wings and dinky motor, was ready to revolutionize the science of flight. A goodly crowd of friends was on hand to see the test flight. The young designer hopped aboard and tested the wings. Then he started the motor. It chugged gallantly enough and the wings beat furiously, but the helicopter stayed where it was.

Whereupon his colleagues conferred upon the young inventor the Russian equivalent of the raspberry, which is painful in any tongue. He did not smile. But he gently turned to them and said:

"I have made a mistake. It will fly next time."

He went home and informed his father that he needed more money. Professor Sikorsky, too good a psychologist to ask what happened to the first investment, dug into his pocket again. In the spring of 1910—when Bleriot had already made his spectacular flight across the Channel—the second helicopter was built and ready for testing.

Still grotesque it was, yet improved in design over its predecessor. Suspended under its ungainly wings was a puny 15-horse-power motor. More hopefully than before, Sikorsky wheeled it out of the hangar and took his place in the seat. He started the motor.

Lo! The helicopter swayed, tottered, and tore itself from the ground . . . hopped five feet or so . . . and then sagged to earth again, collapsing gently about the shoulders of the designer.

The skeptics who had come to jeer were mute. The ultimate fact of collapse was eclipsed by the penultimate fact of flight.

Perhaps that five-foot hop might have been construed as a success of a sort. But Sikorsky was through, for the present, with helicopters. He decided that the time had not yet come for them. He turned toward the development of the plane that is standard today.

Before the year 1910 was out, he had designed and built three extraordinary planes, all financed by his father. The S-1 (S being the Sikorsky symbol) was a biplane with a 15-horse-power motor. Cajoled by a wind of about gale intensity, it was persuaded to leave the ground. But when it returned to Mother Earth, they gathered it up in wheelbarrows.

The S-2 followed hotly upon the heels of its predecessor. It was a larger craft and was equipped with a 25-horse-power engine plant. With a great flourish it flew for six hundred feet before gravity took command of the situation. This time, the indomitable Sikorsky set about building the S-3 on the spot.

"I realized then," he said, "that what I needed was a more powerful motor. My wing designs were good. I needed only more power."

The S-3, completed in the fall of the year, flew splendidly for fifty-nine seconds before it pitched earthwards. It fell simply because the designer did not know how to fly it.

IN THESE days when our casual young flyers stay aloft for sixty hours or so at a time, it may seem rather droll that not many years ago men should have worked so hard and so long for a few seconds of flight. But don't minimize the hazards they overcame. No matter where today's trained aviators go, over oceans or mountains, flying planes twenty times as powerful, they confront no greater risks than do the pioneers like Igor Sikorsky, who perched timidly on the lower wing of a fragile and often obstreperous machine could never predict with any certainty what the next moment would hold for him.

"Yes, you can wager that I was somewhat frightened," he recalls. "You see, I had worked out certain maneuvers on paper, but I had no assurance that they would work in the air. Usually," he smiled ruefully, "they didn't."

In 1911, he built the S-4 and S-5, progressively stronger and more reliable than his earlier models. The S-5 fairly carried him into a career. Taking off from a field behind his factory, he soared to 2,000 feet. Confidence came as the ship responded perfectly to the controls. He stayed aloft for an hour, dipping and rising in various evolutions.

It was a little accident that brought about the multi-engined plane from which sprang the great transport planes now moving across the skies today. Incidentally, it almost brought about the end of a budding career. On a test flight over Sikorsky's motor quit. He had to come down, pronto—skidding desperately between a stone wall and a line of freight cars. For a moment thereafter, Sikorsky sat on the lower wing, thinking.

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The New Thrill in Motoring

[Four Speeds Forward *Standard* Gear Shift]

OWNERS say that the only new motoring thrill they have enjoyed in recent years is the distinguished performance of the Graham-Paige four speed transmission, with its *two* high speeds and *standard* gear shift. The smoothness and swiftness of *fourth*, and the rapid acceleration of *third*, can only be appreciated by personal experience. There is nothing new to learn — you start in second; first is instantly available, but seldom used. We invite *you* to enjoy a demonstration of this new thrill in motoring.

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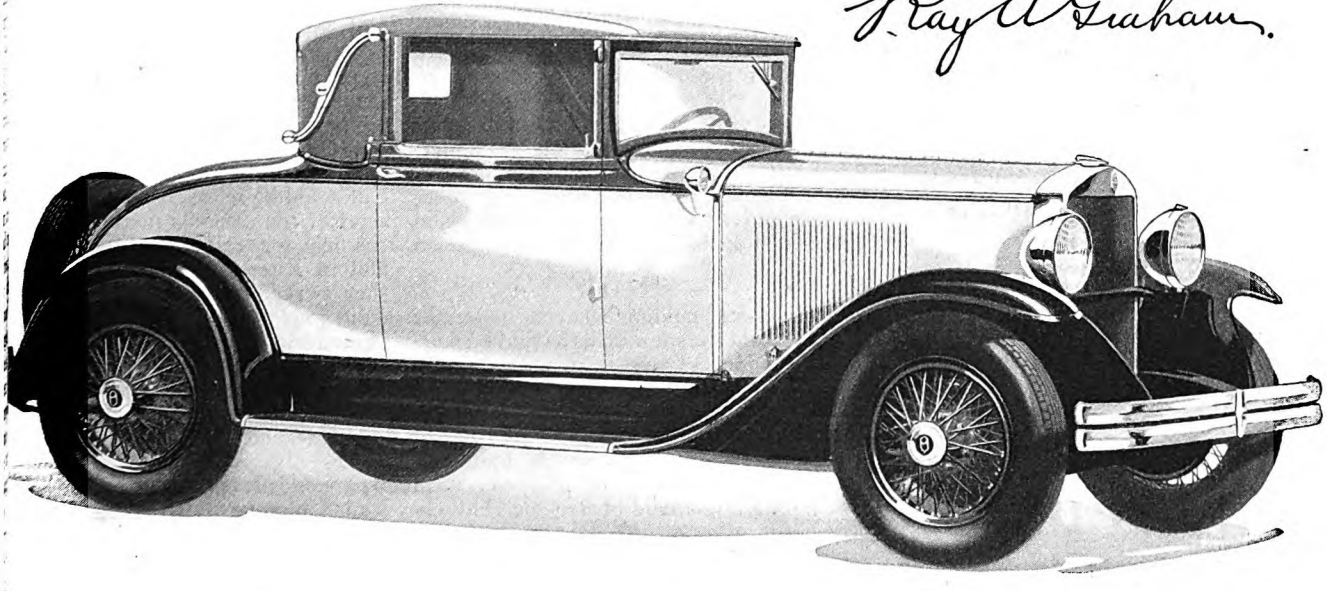

GRAHAM-PAIGE

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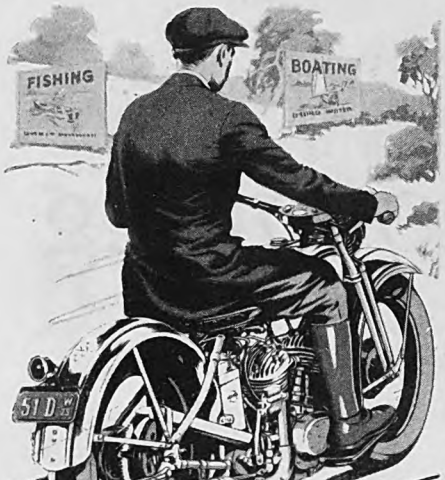

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"I don't remember exactly what I thought," the Sikorsky of forty recalls, "but I was convinced that the airplane of the future must have more than one motor.

"Why not two motors, I thought, or even three, or four? Thus, if one should stop, the plane could maintain flight on the others. More motors, other things being equal, would mean more power. More power would mean a greater margin of safety and reliability."

Other builders before him had tried the idea and failed. But Sikorsky paid no heed and went forward by putting his idea on blue prints. By this time officials of the Russo-Baltic Railroad Car Works, one of the biggest industrial corporations in Russia, had been so impressed by Sikorsky's experiments that they offered him a position in its research department. Having an eye to the future, they agreed to finance his experiments. He accepted because this would put a mighty organization behind him.

Although heart and soul absorbed in his contemplated giant, Sikorsky built only two planes in 1912, both single-engined craft. The first, the S-6A, won the highest award in the Moscow Aviation Exhibition; the S-6B captured the first prize in the Petrograd Military Competition.

The day on which he won the Petrograd award was one of the greatest in Sikorsky's young life. He piloted the S-6B himself. He was determined that it should be first. Also, there was a prize of 30,000 rubles—pre-war values—which he was eager to win. When the prizes were awarded, he became one of the foremost designers in the world. He was then twenty-three years old.

"My real joy came, however, when the Russo-Baltic company told me to begin work at once on the multi-motored plane," he said. "It would cost many thousands of rubles, and few officials believed it practical. Others said it was a sheer waste of money."

The few who believed in Sikorsky did not lose. Within a year, he built the first two multi-engined planes that ever flew. They were, for a time, the marvel of the world. The first, the S-7, derived power from four 100-horse-power, water-cooled motors.

Judged by modern standards, Sikorsky's epoch-making invention was underpowered, but it was the first successful multi-engined plane in history and it definitely proved its significant prophecy in some fifty splendid flights in a short period of time.

THE forced landing between the freight cars and the stone wall that gave Sikorsky the idea of multi-engined airplanes henceforth sharply bounded his career. He moved completely out of the school of little ships and turned his energies toward building huge transports. He built and flew the first multi-engined seaplane. Then he built a larger land plane which blithely cracked world's records right and left. One of its most noteworthy accomplishments was a 1,600-mile flight from Petrograd to Kiev and return, a trip marred neither by forced landing nor accident.

Step by step, developing new methods and principles, he molded his aërial leviathans, creating finally the giant of them all, a four-motored plane, driven by 225-horse-power Renault engines which could lift a total load of twelve tons. Now he was dreaming of commerce, of building air routes between Petrograd and the world capitals on the continent. A few months, he thought, and the time would come.

Then war shouldered into his life, and for four long years the only commerce he could plan for his beloved airplanes was bombs, machine guns, and explosives instead of the good-will cargoes of peace. Although he had designed his planes for the less spectacular missions of transportation, he had foreseen their incalculable potentialities as mechanisms of war. When Austria, Bulgaria, and Germany began to hammer in concert upon Russia's 1,400-mile front, he was already marking a place for a 1,000-pound bomb in the slots of the powerful ships he planned to build.

IT WAS in the fall of 1914 that the Grand Duke Alexander, in charge of aviation, summoned the twenty-five-year-old designer before him. The Germans were storming into France. A terrific thrust was momentarily expected on the Eastern front.

"We must have as many bombers as possible," Grand Duke Alexander told Sikorsky. "Nothing must delay you. We shall give you as much aid as possible. But we must have bombers. Success in a large measure depends upon you."

The youth gently accepted the command. He went back to his plant and thought things over. Here was his country at war with highly industrialized nations. Russia possessed few factories, and these few must be converted into munitions plants. There were no factories to build motors, and airplanes can't fly without engines. There were few pilots whom he could trust to fly them, once they were built. He turned to his foreman.

"We must work at once," he said.

He began that day, and for three years he did not stop. By the spring of 1915, the first of his fleet was ready and hotly engaged. By the spring of 1917, seventy-two others, progressively improved, had followed it. He trained workmen and built up his factories. He begged, pleaded, and demanded motors from the Allies, who had few enough to spare. He used eleven kinds of motor plants in his planes, and seldom had a sufficient number to equip the planes as he turned them out.

Of his seventy-four ships, not more than half could be released at a time for active service; the others must be kept behind the lines for training service. In summer and in Russia's dreadfully cold winter they worked untiringly. They undertook dangerous night flights, attacking enemy ammunition dumps.

In all, these ships undertook some four hundred missions, most of them against fearful odds, for the German High Command leaned heavily upon its combat planes—nasty, vindictive pursuit ships that could fly circles around the heavily loaded bombers. More serious still, the Russians did not have enough planes properly to guard the bombers. Yet, it is one of the great traditions of aërial warfare that Sikorsky's bombers always came back, some with one and even two motors literally shot out of the plane; others with the fabric sides torn to shreds by machine-gun fire.

Only one of these magnificent eagles fell to earth, and that was literally forced

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CHAMPION

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May 5th to 11th

CHANGE YOUR SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES . . .

NCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy ct engine performance ng the next twelve months should install a complete set of spark plugs now.

should renew even Cham- Spark Plugs which give h better service for a n longer period than any spark plug.

u have used your spark more than 10,000 miles, set of the new improved npions will restore new ower and speed *and save cost many times over s gas and oil used.*

Moreover, the far-reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with them—no matter what spark plugs you may now be using.

Make Champion National Change Week your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. It is a proved method of maintaining maximum engine efficiency and economy. Any one of more than 100,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

BUY BY NUMBER

A correctly designed Champion for every engine.

Auburn	4
Auburn Hi Comp. Head	21
Buick (Ex '29)	6
Buick (1929)	9
Cadillac	2
Chandler (from '23)	3
Chevrolet 6	9
Chevrolet 4	5
Chrysler	2
Chrysler Red Head	2 Sp.
DeSoto Standard	8
DeSoto Red Head	14
Diana	2
Dodge 4	3
Dodge 6	4
Durant 55 and 65	4
Durant Model 75	14
Erskine (to '29)	3
Erskine (1929)	4
Essex	9
Ford, Model A	3X
Ford, Model T	X Long
Franklin to Ser. 12	AF-53
Franklin Ser. 12-B	9
Gardner	1
Graham-Paige, 835	8
Graham-Paige, all others	3
Hudson (from '21)	9
Hupmobile 8 (to '28)	2
Hupmobile Century 8	8
Hupmobile 6	3
Jordan 8, Model JE	8
Jordan, all others	4
LaSalle	2
Lincoln (to '28)	4
Lincoln (from '28)	3
Lincoln Turbo Hd	3
Marmon 75 and 68	4
Marmon 78	1
Moon 8-80	8
Moon, all others	2
Nash Big and Special 6	6
Nash Light 6	4
Nash New Ser. 400 Sp. and Adv. 6	15
Nash New Ser. 400 Standard 6	8
Oakland (from '24)	3
Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Oldsmobile 6, Model F	8
Packard (to '26)	2
Packard (from '26)	3
Paige	4
Peerless 81	8
Peerless, all others	4
Pierce-Arrow	2
Plymouth	2
Pontiac	3
Reo (to '27)	7
Reo Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Reo Flying Cloud ('28)	8
Reo Wolverine (to '28)	1
Reo Wolverine ('28)	8
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-50	8
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-65	9
Stearns-Knight	1
Studebaker Dictator (to '29)	1
Studebaker Dictator 1929	4
Studebaker Commander (to '29)	3
Studebaker Commander 1929	4
Studebaker President	4
Studebaker Big 6	3
Stutz 6 and 8	8
Stutz Black Hawk Speedster and Weyman body equipment	14
Velie 66	6
Velie 77 and 88	1
Whippet 6	3
Whippet 4	4
Willys-Knight 4	4
Willys-Knight Great 6	2
Willys-Knight Light 6	1

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Pipe jurors *Attention!*

IF you want to give your favorite pipes a fair trial, start them all at scratch with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's milder than most, it's rich and mellow, and its fragrance is kept fresh by the heavy gold foil that lines the tin. Let Sir Walter show you how good *your* pipe can be.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
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B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

down by the weight of its attackers and the displacement of lead they poured into it. Even when the Germans took Warsaw and the ultimate collapse of the Empire was written luridly in the skies, Sikorsky's bombers worked with the zestfulness of the victorious. They furnished a glorious overtone to a somber chord.

Bitter days they were for the young dreamer. The joy he had in the realization that his planes had proved their worth was chastened by the knowledge that their mission was one of destructiveness. He hoped for peace and victory.

The Revolution streamed about him, engulfing his career as it reached his peak. The disorder and the new government were more than he could stomach. Heart and soul with the cause of the Allies, he quit his country accompanied only by his foreman, and went to France. The Bolshevists denied him his plans and his blue prints, but his blotting-paper memory made good the loss. The French government immediately commissioned him to build his famous bombers for use on the Western front.

In the midst of production, the Armistice arrived and stilled the clamor in his factories.

"I drew a deep breath," declared Sikorsky, "and came to the United States, because here was the home of the airplane, and here I knew I could build my airplane of the future."

But five years were to pass before Sikorsky could build his first airplane in this country—five years of anguished waiting. Comparatively few had heard of this Russian builder. Besides, the war over, the public had little enough interest in aviation. Those who wanted airplanes could buy them for a song from a government eager to get rid of its surplus war materials.

Sikorsky became a lecturer before boys' and men's clubs. He did odd jobs for the government, everything he could think of, to hold body and soul together. The big aëronautical companies were too poor to employ him. He must wait for what he has now learned to call in English "the breaks." His foreman patiently waited with him.

FINALLY, in 1924, a "break" came. His compatriots, among them Rachmaninoff, raised $100,000 to incorporate the Sikorsky Aëro Engineering Corporation. He gathered about himself a few Russian mechanics who had followed him to this country, and started to build the S-29, one of the most famous planes of its time.

"We rented an old garage on a farm on Long Island," he recalled. "We were all very poor. There was hardly enough money to spare for salaries. Sometimes not even enough to buy materials. We worked in the open. But my men were good, and they could do wonders with old automobile parts.

"We did not mind these difficulties. The hardest thing to bear was what the newspapers wrote. They called us refugees, insisted that we were all grand dukes, princes, and what-nots, and wrote sentimental things about our plane being the 'last hope of the aristocrats'! We couldn't make them believe that we were just plain engineers."

Difficulties notwithstanding, the S-29 was finally completed. An automobile towed it to Roosevelt Field, which did not then boast of its trans-Atlantic runway. Sikorsky looked over the rough, rock-strewn field. A very bad place to attempt a take-off.

"We'll try it," he declared.

The ship crashed against a bunker on the golf course on the take-off. Then followed headlines lamenting the crushing of "the last hope of the Russian Royalists."

Crushed? Not mild-eyed Igor Sikorsky. He and his comrades began to rebuild the S-29. Carl B. Allen, well-known aviation editor of the New York World and a war flyer himself, strolled out to the field one day and returned to tell the city that this soft-spoken, shy engineer was the man who gave the multi-engined plane to the world. And when the S-29 was rebuilt and flown, Allen was the first to extol its virtues—its extraordinary performance, and its singular ability to fly with one motor dead. "No matter what critics may say," he wrote, "the fact remains that the principles incorporated in the Sikorsky machine must fundementally affect the commercial planes of the future."

Even then Sikorsky found life very hard. What orders came in were not enough to make him prosperous—a few orders for single-engined planes, for his famous wings. "Wait, wait," he reassured his friends. His faith soared higher than his airplanes.

HIS chance came when René Fonck, the French ace, commissioned him to build, for a non-stop flight to France, a tri-motored biplane—the first tri-motor, incidentally, built for the purpose. Its cost was set at $100,000. In 1926 it was ready, having performed very efficiently in test flights. In its tanks were eight tons of fuel.

Whether the actual cause was overloading or faulty handling, no one can say; but, whatever the cause, the S-35 thundered down the runway and, unable to rise, staggered over the lip of the precipice at the end of the field and crashed in flames.

It was a blow that might have crushed a lesser faith. Sikorsky wept that gray morning, but not in despair.

"Let us not have bitterness," he told his friends. "Pioneering is always dangerous. We must take risks to learn. It is easy to blame, but courageous to try again."

Sikorsky went about his building and in 1927 created the first multi-motored amphibian to fly successfully. It possessed the characteristics its name implies—equally at home on land, on sea, or in the air.

Meanwhile, the indomitable Fonck returned and ordered another transatlantic ship—a huge biplane—to be powered by two Rhone-Gnome-Jupiter motors and capable of 4,500 miles of unbroken flight. In its construction, Sikorsky undertook a significant experiment. Designing the plane for commerical use, he made it peculiarly adaptable to transformation into a bombing plane. Thus, with a few minor changes, a peaceful transport ship can be metamorphosed overnight into a powerful engine of war.

"It is true that the next war will be largely fought and won in the air," he told me then. "It is equally true that the nation equipped with efficient aircraft will have a broad advantage. And it is true

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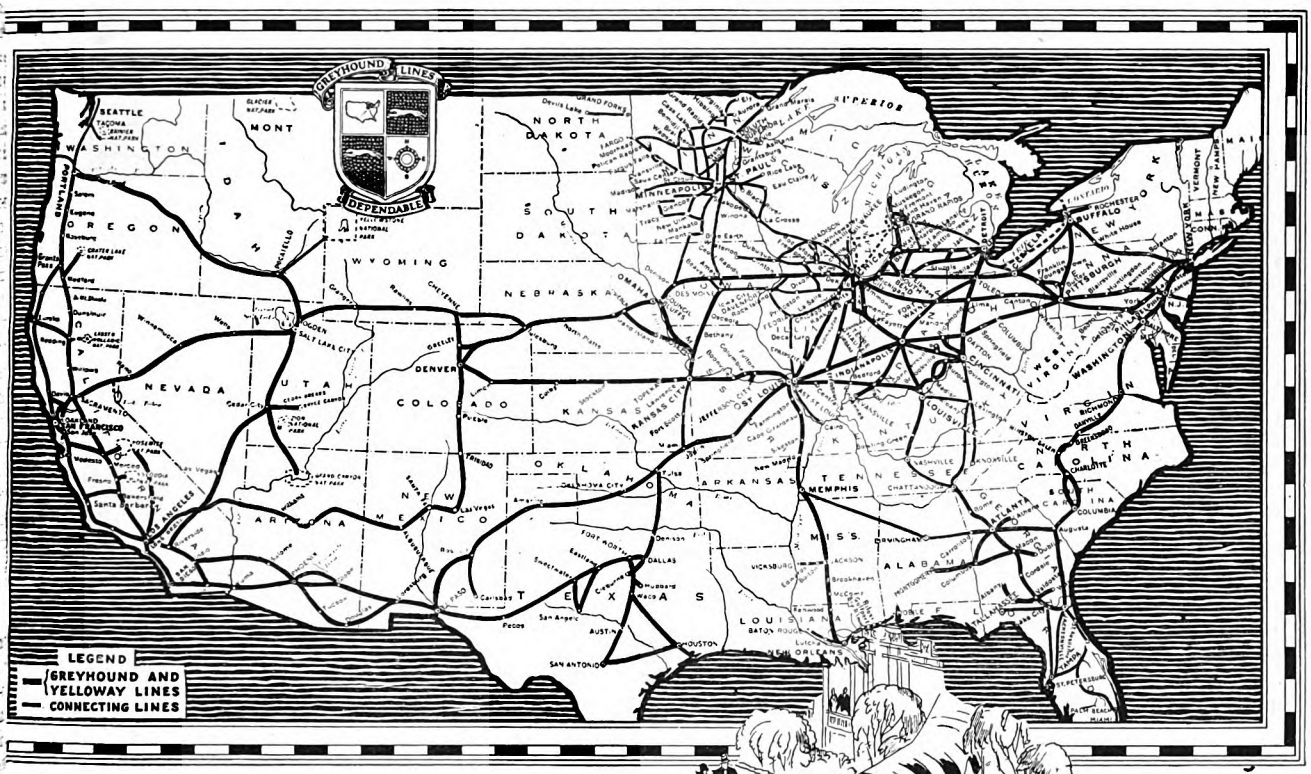
The travel habits of a nation *are changing overnight*



new amazing chapter in transportation history . .

lic demand has placed on the ıways a vast new system of de-lable motor bus transportation. es of the Greyhound Lines, in-ing "Yelloway" system, travel 7 over five times the distance nd the world. They directly e one-fifth of the nation's people.

Low Cost Transportation

to the highways, the main ts, the cross-roads. Over the henys and the rolling miles of the ssippi Valley, along the scenic to Florida, across the Rockies he Sierras, people are riding the hound buses.

e is the lowest cost overland trans-tion known. More passengers per f vehicle weight. Fuel measured llons rather than in tons.

re, too, is new travel convenience. ing fewer passengers at a time, hound buses run far more fre-tly. They offer time saving service d from a thousand cities and s. No wonder, swiftly, the travel s of the nation are changing.

motor transportation Grey-d Lines brought nation-wide operation and responsible ownership. A well-managed, reliable company watches your comfort and safety.

You travel in modern buses with deep-cushioned seats, air brakes and hydraulic shock absorbers. Buses are tested for safety before the run. At the controls is a seasoned pilot who has passed and must repass most rigid tests. Winter and summer, day and night you travel safely, at your ease.

GREYHOUND *and* "YELLOWAY" MERGE

The recently announced consolidation of the Greyhound and "Yelloway" motor bus lines is of distinct public interest. "Yelloway" is well known for its extensive service on the Pacific Coast, as well as for its transcontinental service. The Greyhound Lines, also nation-wide and reaching from border to border, serve principally the states east of the Mississippi River and constitute the largest motor coach company in this territory. Public convenience will be better served by consolidation of station facilities and by improvements and extensions which will make motor bus travel more attractive than ever before.

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A new booklet, "Motor Bus Transportation," will be sent free. Write for it and for full travel information and rates from your city. *Address: Motor Transit Management Company, 1157 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.*

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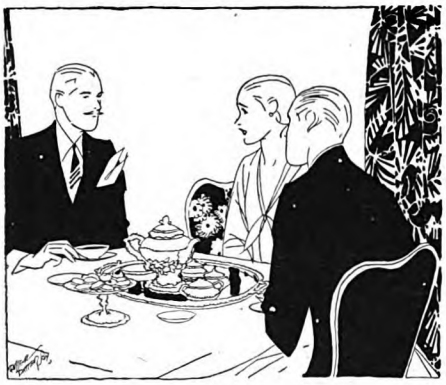

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So MANY people enjoy to the fullest their breakfast coffee—and yet strictly deny themselves its flavor and cheer at the evening meal. And all because ordinary coffee contains a drug that often upsets sleep.

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Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee is not a substitute. In fact, there's no purer, more satisfying coffee on the market. It's a blend of several of the world's choicest coffees. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee. All the family can drink this delicious coffee morning, noon and even at night, without harm. And what could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes!

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Sold by dealers everywhere. Served in hotels, restaurants, on diners. Let us send you a generous trial can. Mail the coupon.

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

that no nation can afford to build and maintain huge fleets of fighters, however interested in preparedness they may be.

"True preparedness lies in building convertible planes, planes that serve in peace times as carriers of commerce and, in an emergency, can become warcraft without expensive alterations."

The United States Navy was sufficiently impressed with Sikorsky's new model to order a sister ship.

AT THIS moment, Sikorsky is concentrating his energies upon his amphibian, the perfected instrument of ten years of careful planning. Powered by two Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines, the Sikorsky amphibian is guaranteed a top speed of 128 miles an hour while carrying a total load of 4,000 pounds and a pay load of 2,210 pounds, the latter including nine passengers, mail, express, and baggage. Its motors are powerful enough to "climb" that load at the rate of 940 feet a minute, and to hold it at a height of 20,000 feet.

This is the ship, Sikorsky believes, that must radically affect commercial design. It can be landed with equal facility on land and water. A lever in the control cabin regulates the position of the landing wheels.

"There are many who contradict me," Sikorsky declared, "but it is my belief that the amphibian is the logical ship for intercity transport. It is not to be denied that one of the greatest problems facing the cross-country pilot is the lack of good landing fields near the big cities. Yet most of the cities are adjacent to rivers, bays, lakes, or ocean harbors. An amphibian can rise, say, from the Hudson River, New York City, and settle near the water front at Boston, saving the air traveler the time he now loses in commuting to and from the flying fields at both terminals.

"Again, there are the safety factors to consider. Too many forced landings result in crashes because of the scarcity of good landing fields. A pilot who is overtaken by fog, storm, or snow urgently requires a place where he can land in safety. Not always are such spots accessible to a distressed land plane. But almost every cross-country run shows the presence of rivers, lakes, or harbors upon which an amphibian might alight with safety.

"For instance, we recently studied the air route between New York City and Washington. On the strip of territory thirty miles wide that the planes follow we found that emergency landing fields total only seven and one-half square miles, while the available water landings within the same area total five hundred and fifty square miles—seventy-three times greater.

"That is a fact which cannot be ignored."

Apparently this factor is *not* being ignored. The Sikorsky program for 1929 calls for the production of one hundred Sikorsky amphibians, all contracted for. The Navy has ordered thirty. Realty men in the West want these planes for use in demonstrating developments to customers. Wealthy men want them as private air yachts. A Wall Street broker wants one for commuting purposes. The head of a national business has chartered one to carry him to his scattered agents. A big air-line corporation wants others for transcontinental transport.

Yes, Igor Sikorsky has become prosperous, and it is a comforting parallel that the old S-29, conceived in such labor, should be prospering too. After many spectacular errands, it has finally landed in one of the most luxurious of American businesses—the movies. When I last heard of it, it was disguised—of all things—as a German Gotha and earning handsome dividends for its owner. Another ship, after three years of hard service, is still in use as a pay-roll truck up and down the Amazon River.

"They are very good ships," Igor Sikorsky remarked.

The troubles of the past?

"Well, they are all over, and I would be silly if I should say that I ever became discouraged. If one believes in an idea, how can one possibly lose faith when efforts to apply that idea fail? Failure of these efforts does not affect the validity of the idea. I always believed in the airplane. It is a system of philosophy in itself. Having spent years in proving its truths to my own satisfaction, I could not become discouraged simply because I found it somewhat difficult to make these truths immediately evident to others.

"The achievement of flight is one of the most beautiful accomplishments of man. It has opened new thoroughfares to his growing mobility. It has provided him with a new dimension, both spiritual and mathematical. It has given him mastery over his horizon!

"Years ago, when I was very young, long before I even heard of your brilliant Wright Brothers, I believed that we not only would, but must, fly. It was the next and inevitable step in mobility.

"Of course, it took time for the public to become of the same belief. The first airplanes, after all, were little better than freaks. Under-powered, fragile, undependable, they had barely strength enough to sustain the pilot, let alone passengers. And the pilots themselves had to learn how to fly by the trial-and-error method. So, too, with the designer. Only by often dangerous errors could he learn how to build stronger and more reliable planes. I think that we have learned."

SIKORSKY pointed to a huge map which hangs in his office.

Little ribbons of red, yellow, and green symbolizing air routes either in operation or projected, crept across the map. Here was one hurdling the jungles of Africa, another reaching from Paris, across the South Atlantic, to Rio de Janeiro. Here were routes etched across the steaming jungles of Indo-China, the frozen plains of Siberia, the mountains of South America and the Candian Northwest. Thick bands crisscrossed the world capitals of Europe, threaded the cities of the United States—everywhere a speeding up of old highways and a building of routes where none existed before; straight lines for commerce where lines had bent and curved.

"I believed that these routes would come," Sikorsky concluded simply. "The airplane has ceased to be a freak. It is the fact of today and the promise of tomorrow. And the realization that my machine have perhaps contributed to the hastening of that day is recompense enough for what ever disappointment I may have suffered.

"Nearly all of us, I suppose, must learn to be patient and to wait."

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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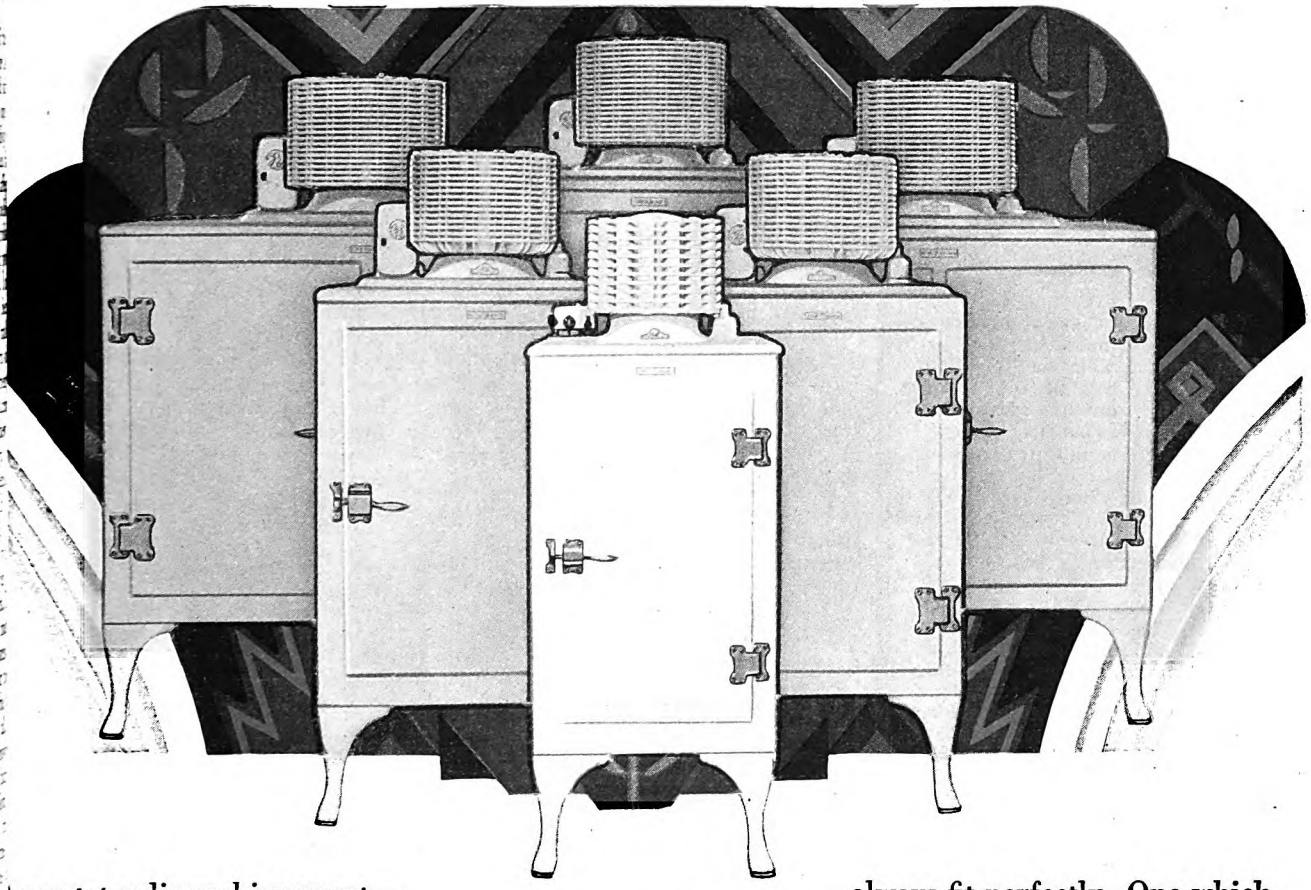

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Is Your Memory as Good as It Ought to Be?

(*Continued from page 43*)

named, counting the repetitions necessary for learning.

List 2—Non-sense Syllables:

zin	dey	piz
tud	yin	wix
lum	mox	kug
pox	lup	lek

Compare the number of repetitions necessary for learning List 1 with the number necessary for learning List 2. If you have a very good memory you may have learned the first list with one or two readings, and the non-sense syllables may take you from nine to seventeen!

"The non-sense syllables mean nothing," said Doctor Bolton, "and they have no associations in your mind. But the *words* have many associations. Every day of your life you have to learn unrelated names, figures, and facts. It will be many times easier for you to learn them if you can associate them with something already known to you."

TEST III

THE following is one of Doctor Bolton's tests of your power to remember unrelated facts. Read the following statements through once:

1. About twenty miles down the St. Lawrence River from Quebec is the quaint village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
2. The area of the Irish Free State is 26,592 square miles.
3. Few people seem to know that the name Lewis Carroll was a pseudonym adopted by the Reverend C. L. Dodgson.
4. Rayon, the first successful artificial silk from a commercial standpoint, has been on the market since 1910.
5. The bridge over the Delaware River between Philadelphia and Camden, completed in 1926, has a span of 1,750 feet between its two piers, making it the longest suspension span in the world.
6. The American Bible Society was organized on May 8, 1816.
7. Females may be married, with parents' consent, at twelve years of age in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, and Virginia.
8. In January, 1925, there were reported 299,100 producing oil wells in this country.
9. Rays of light sent out by the sun require a little more than eight minutes to reach the earth.
10. King Tutankhamen died 3,275 years ago.

Now read through the following questions and see how many of the statements you have remembered.

Questions for Test III

1. When was the American Bible Society organized?
2. What is the area of the Irish Free State?
3. What is the name of the first successful artificial silk? When did it come upon the market?
4. How long does it take a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth?
5. Where is the longest suspension span in the world? When was it completed? How long is it?
6. How long ago did King Tut die?
7. Where is Ste. Anne de Beaupré?
8. How many producing oil wells were there in this country in 1924?
9. What was the pen name used by the Reverend C. L. Dodgson?
10. In what states may girls of twelve be married with their parents' consent?

If you can answer seven of these questions correctly you are doing well. The average reader will answer five or six.

TEST IV

HERE is a test, given me by Doctor Bolton, for memorizing related facts. Read the following paragraph once:

On October 10, 1925, a strong wind which blew for sixteen hours from the north wrought havoc in and about New York City. Five persons were killed, nineteen were injured, hundreds of small boats and some barges were wrecked on the Hudson, thousands of trees were blown down, and telephone and electric services were interrupted.

Now read the questions on this test and see how you make out.

Questions on Test IV

1. On what date was there a bad wind storm in New York City?
2. How many people were killed?
3. How many were injured?
4. What other damage occurred?
5. How long did the windstorm last?

The average reader will answer all the questions correctly.

"How," I asked Doctor Bolton, "can I *use* association in connection with names?"

"Associations for names are often hard to find," he replied. "If John Smith is a blacksmith, you will have no difficulty in remembering his name; but if John Smith happens to manufacture lace, there is no connection.

"Adopt a system for remembering if you need to know names in business. Look at the person you meet, and associate him with the place in which you meet him.

"Also, it is essential that you *hear* the name and know how to *spell* it before attempting to remember it. A great many failures to remember names occur because you never really knew them in the first place. Take your time in introducing people and make others take time in introducing you. No one minds in the least your being sure of his name. Write the name down, if you can. Say it aloud, repeating it a number of times if you have any capacity for remembering by *hearing*.

"*Then fix the person in your mind by a distinctive mark.* The distinctive or characteristic mark is absolutely necessary when three or four people are presented at once. Fix each one of them by a distinctive mark and then link up the names.

"I assume," Doctor Bolton continued, "that as you have had difficulty in remembering names, you have some a

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A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER mirror was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming hair and eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight pitilessly revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out!* Rounded shoulders still kept the silky softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough.* She had been so proud of her skin—thought she had cared for it.

The cause of roughened skin is really very simple and may be simply met. Your face is exposed to many drying conditions. Wind dries it. Dust is very harmful. Smoke, always in city air, is bad. Cooking over a hot stove is ruinous. Your face and hands constantly undergo a weathering process that robs them of their natural moisture. And it's the natural moisture that makes the skin velvety, dewy, soft.

What to do about it? Obviously, this natural moisture must be replaced, otherwise the skin is certain to become rough and coarse.

As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin miraculously grow soft again—and stay soft?

The truth is that this wonderful liquid Cream possesses just what dry skin needs. How else could it have remained a household necessity for generations?

Will you be fair to your face—will you believe the truth of your mirror? Examine your skin honestly in a strong light and then compare your face with the sweet delicacy of shoulder skin. When you are convinced, please try Hinds for a week or two. Smooth it in gently whenever your face is exposed to weathering conditions. We know you will be delighted. Your skin will grow softer day by day. That rose-petal texture will return. Hinds Cream really never fails. Its many years of universal use for the more serious cases of skin drying (chapping) prove it to possess invaluable power to restore natural skin moisture.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? We know that even a brief trial will convince you of its benefits in keeping your face and hands soft and smooth. So sure are we, that we shall be glad to present you with a sample bottle of generous size. To get it just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., Eastern time; 7 p.m., Central time.

© L. & F., Inc., 1929

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors
Dept. 419, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

This coupon not good after May, 1930

LEHN & FINK (Canada) Ltd., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

remembering numbers, telephone numbers, addresses, and so on. You can overcome it if you will apply this law of association. But first you ought to know what kind of memory you have for numbers; therefore, the test I will arrange for you will show you *how many digits, or single numbers, you naturally remember,* and you will learn how to extend that natural memory."

The test mentioned follows:

TEST V

THIS is an auditory, or hearing, test. Have someone read the following groups of figures to you one at a time, as digits, thus: 5-2-9-0-7-8-4-6. Write down each number as soon as it is read. When you have heard and written them all, take the list and mark your errors.

52907846	8061[illegible]
72641583	5896[illegible]
46830917	61590[illegible]
68397152	35729810
39170584	79408263

You will find that in the majority of instances you have remembered five or six or seven of the digits correctly. That number is approximately your memory span. A few repetitions with similar lists should give you a final span.

"The ordinary memory span varies between six and seven digits," Doctor Bolton said. "If your memory span is below six, you are slightly below the average and need all the help you can get in remembering numbers. If it is above six, you are fortunate.

"Look over the numbers you wrote and *see where your memory began to fail*—not in the writing of the first four figures, probably, but, in the main, about the beginning of the last four, and so on towards the end of the line. You can easily remember four digits; very well, then, when you have, as in this case, eight to remember, *divide them into two groups of four each.* This *grouping of figures* as an aid to memory is well understood and is the reason for the peculiar formation of our telephone numbers.

"Group your numbers first, then use your powers of association to help fix them. You want to remember a telephone number, say, 6234-J. You ought to be able to remember the four digits 6-2-3-4, but if you are afraid you will forget them, add to that the association that the first '6' and the last '4' make ten and the tenth letter of the alphabet is J, which is a distinctive mark for remembering J.

"*It is remarkable how many numbers and dates, fixed beyond question in your mind by your own experience, can be forced into practical use in association.* I remembered my auto license number for 1926, which was 189294, because I took my first degree in '89, which gave me 1—89, and my second degree in '94, which gave me 2-94.

"You have been advising me to take my time in observing," I said to Doctor Bolton. "What can I do when I have to act quickly? Sometimes I have to see a number of things at once and remember at least some of them."

"Fortunately," replied Doctor Bolton, "the ability to receive simultaneous impressions is one that can be greatly helped by practice. Fix your powers of observation and you will be surprised at their rapid improvement."

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No Other Cleaning Device Has This Wonderful Sanitary Feature

That's why hundreds of thousands of women are discarding equipment which the Air-Way Sanitary System has made obsolete

ice—Why, Marge, come in and sit own for a minute—I'll be ready in I didn't expect you quite so soon ould have had my things on.

—Well, from now on I'll be early erything. Congratulate me, Grace; y took your advice and bought one se Air-Way Sanitary Systems and lighted with it. Now I know why ways say housework isn't disagree- one has the proper tools.

—Then you've used it?

—Used it! Why I cleaned my house n less time than ever before—and oo.

—So that's the reason you were get away early. Maybe we'll be shop before lunch and take in a terwards. Why, it's only a quarter n now!

—I'm so elated over my Air-Way. k of a machine that will not only gs and carpets but will polish lean upholstered furniture, dra- mp shades, under furniture with- ing it—and enable me to control festations.

Why, you haven't mentioned one fourth of the things it will do. I use mine to clean almost everything that doesn't have to be washed. And don't forget you'll never have to perform that disagreeable task of emptying the filthy contents of a bag. There's a *real* contribution to sanitation.

Marge—Indeed it is. No other cleaning device has that sanitary feature. It's a marvelous idea, and so simple and efficient. No wonder so many thousands of women are discarding old-fashioned equipment for the Air-Way System. Just think! All the dust and germs are collected and sealed in a Sanitary Cellulose Filter Fibre Container that can be detached and burned or discarded.

Grace—And no contact with the germs or dirt, either.

Marge—My husband says it's the smartest purchase I've made since we've been married. So reasonable, too, for all that wonderful service.

Grace—Tell me how you happened to get it.

Marge—You had told me so much about it and I saw it advertised in leading magazines. When a courteous young fellow called at my house yesterday I just had him come in and demonstrate. It certainly convinced me that I was not up on modern cleaning equipment, and incidentally revealed the reasons for your leisure.

Grace—Frankly, you thought I was telling you about just another old-fashioned cleaner didn't you?

Marge—Frankly—yes. I'm sorry now I didn't get one when you first recommended it. Now I'm so enthusiastic that I'm going to write mother about it. She certainly ought to have an Air-Way. I think of her lugging that heavy old-fashioned cleaning equipment around her big house when this lighter, more efficient Sanitary System is available, I'm just shocked.

Grace—Yes, write her and tell her to look up Air-Way Branch in the phone book and call for a demonstration.

Way is represented in hun- s of cities and listed in the hone books under "Air-Way ch of (your city)." Sold direct in any store. A telephone call bring a trained, gentlemanly, led representative to demon- Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM
It has raised the standard of sanitation in the home

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

Y ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. , AIR-WAY LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

No Filthy Contents of a Bag to Empty

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ONLY HALF THERE

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, AND CONSTIPATED

If you are aware of the health benefits of yeast (and millions of people are) you'll want to try this improved, modern form of yeast—Yeast Foam Tablets. Easy to swallow . . . good to chew . . . a peculiar rare flavor that everyone likes.

Eat these tablets of pure yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. As to their quality and effects it is enough that this yeast is used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government in their Vitamin B studies.

Only 5c for the little glassine envelope or 50c for the 10-day bottle. At drug stores. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

The test given me by Doctor Bolton on this point follows.

PICTURE TEST VI

LOOK at Picture No. 1, page 42, for five seconds. Then turn away from it and write, as rapidly as you can, everything that you saw in it. You should be able to name twenty things. Turn to page 126 and read the list given there, and compare it with your own.

Look at Picture No. 2, page 43, for five seconds. Turn away and write what you have seen. Compare what you have written with the list of things shown on page 126. Then compare your success with this picture with that on Picture No. 1. You should be able to see at least thirty details.

"Suppose, Doctor Bolton," I said, "that you want to sit down and *systematically* memorize something, something that must be learned, some part of your work, or a prayer, a lesson, a Masonic ritual, rules of the road for drivers, and so forth. How can you learn quickly and easily and retain as long as you wish?"

"I have already given you two aids," he replied; "but there are other aids. One of these is *order*.

"*To learn facts, present them in orderly form whenever it is possible.* Prove that to yourself by another test that I will give you."

This test follows:

TEST VII

LOOK at the following form for thirty seconds. Cover it and try to reproduce the letters in the positions they hold.

S A
N
&H
T M
L

Then look for one second at the letters of the second form. Cover it and write them in the order in which they stand.

W E R N
S D F H
R I M B

The first form contains eight letters in disorder; the second contains twelve letters in three orderly rows of four letters each. In all probability you will be able to place three or four of the first group correctly and *twice that many of the second group*.

"This illustrates directly," said Doctor Bolton, "the effect of order on the memorizing process. Order helps to fix things in your mind.

"Anything you wish to learn systematically *must be put into order*. Rituals which are fairly orderly are much more easily learned if the sentences to be remembered are divided into separate paragraphs and the initial letters of the paragraphs spell some well-known words. Suppose the words 'Grand Senior' represent the ruling member of the society. The first sentence of the ritual will begin with a G, the second with an R, and so on. The letters G, R, A, N, and D are distinctive marks for beginning the sentence and they are in order.

"You may be able to fix a long essay or a lecture in your mind by arranging the main points in order and numbering them. But any system of *order* you can devise will help.

"Your daily life is filled with a miscellany of things to be done. You forget many of them. Put them in order as a business man does, by tying them to *time*. The practice of sitting down at night and mentally arranging the next day by hours will help any memory for details. If you date yourself for nine, ten, and eleven o'clock on the morrow, you will soon find that at nine, ten, and eleven o'clock you become aware of the task assigned for that hour.

"When you shop, remember your lists by grouping them so that the first letters of the words spell a cue. If you want to buy paper, ink, carbon sheets, a ribbon for your typewriter, and stamps, arrange the list so that it reads:

c arbon
r ibbon
i nk
s tamps
p aper

"The first letters spell the word 'crisp' and the remembering of the single word will help to recall each item."

"I want you to tell me," I said to Doctor Bolton, "*exactly how to go about memorizing something*. How can I quickly and easily memorize so that what I learn will be permanent?"

"I don't know how often you will have to relearn anything until it will be permanently yours," he replied, "but I can help you to find out for yourself."

TEST VIII

He then gave me the following test:

He who plants a tree, plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant. Life does the rest.

TAKE this stanza of six lines and read it until you can say it correctly once. Mark the number of readings for *learning*. It may take from twelve to forty, depending on your native ability and your control of your memory faculties.

Lay it aside and twelve hours later try to repeat it. You will make mistakes. *Yet you have learned the lines.* To learn them permanently *something more is needed.*

Now take the poem and read it until you can say it *twice*, without fail. Mark the number of readings necessary.

Twelve hours later try to say the poem. If you make any mistakes *they will be very few.*

You have done what is called *relearning;* that is, you have learned the lines, you are *certain* of the lines. They will stay with you at least twelve hours.

Now see how many days elapse before you forget the lines. Put them away for five days. Try to repeat them. You will make many mistakes. Then *relearn* the lines. If it took twelve repetitions to *learn* them, and eight more to *overlearn* them, you will probably find it takes four readings to relearn them. Compare the number of readings necessary with the two former numbers.

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A new curved blade with a 200-year pedigree Built for Your Razor by WADE & BUTCHER

3 times as thick as a wafer blade. Not an imitation. a Patented Blade

A SAFETY RAZOR is only as good as its blade. Here at last is a safety razor blade made from a piece of steel three times as thick as the ordinary wafer blade — hollow ground — and oil tempered to the same degree of hardness as our famous Sheffield barber's razor. Curved to fit your safety, it can't crack.

Wade & Butcher Curved Blades give you all the advantages of a straight razor edge in your safety.

Sharper Blades that Stay Sharp

Rigid, individual inspection insures uniformly good blades in every package. With 200 years of experience back of them, surely such blades are worth a 10c trial.

Pkge. of Five 50c—*Twelve* $1.00. . *at your Dealer*

Wade & Butcher's 200 years of experience also assure the finest straight razors and Sheffield cutlery available today.

WADE & BUTCHER
SPECIAL
Curved Blades

WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION
Jersey City, New Jersey
Factories: Jersey City, Paris, Sheffield, Toronto

Trial Blade **10c**

Trial Blade 10c at your dealers or send this coupon to:
WADE & BUTCHER CORP., Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.
Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.

Name .....
(A5)
Address .....

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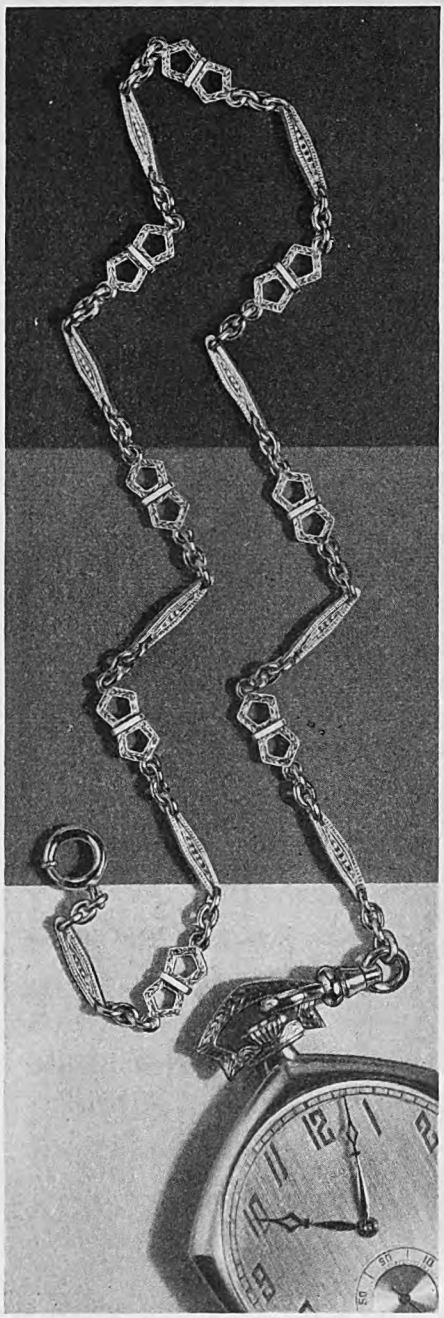
A good watch deserves a good chain



YOUR watch-chain just can't be at sixes and sevens with your watch and still do you justice. A good watch deserves a good chain . . . one as carefully, skilfully made as the watch itself! *A Simmons Chain!* The chain illustrated (a white gold-filled Waldemar, 30580, at $11.25) has been designed especially for the Gruen Pentagon. The chain may be worn, of course, with any other fine watch—yours, for instance! It is typical of Simmons leadership in smart, modern designs. Your jeweler will show you many others. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS
The swivel says it's a Simmons

"This test," said Doctor Bolton, "has great value. Suppose you have something that must be memorized permanently. If you know how long you can carry a thing in your mind after overlearning, *you know exactly when you must relearn.* You will then relearn it at the end of three or four or five days, whatever your span of forgetting may be, and when you have relearned it three or four times you will find that it is fixed *permanently* in your mind, and no more relearning is necessary. So, if you want to master the learning of anything, *learn it* to the point of repeating once, *overlearn* it to the point of repeating twice, and *relearn* it at periods of four to five days, for about a month.

"This is a much more effective process than trying to learn permanently at a single sitting, because our brains are so operated that *rest between periods of learning helps to fix things in our memories.*

"POETRY is easier to memorize than prose, because of its rhythmical presentation. And doggerel rhyme has been the means of making many people remember rules, dates, and incidents. Poor spellers, for instance, are all familiar with

> *I* before *e*,
> Except after *c*,
> Or when sounded like *a*,
> As in neighbor, or weigh.

"If you are a rhymster and making doggerel comes easy, *you have a master key to improving your memory.* It is the essence of wisdom to use the tools you have to do the work you want done. Fix names, dates, facts, by making rhymes. It is your natural aid to memory.

"Rhyme not only assists in rapid learning and permanent holding in the mind, but it is a *cue to quick recall.* Cues of any kind are valuable. But if you have no cue, one effective method is what is known as *the law of lingering.* That is, you make your thoughts *linger* about such facts as you *can* recall, until association brings forth the fact you want. In this lingering you must be sure to relax and not to struggle to remember.

"A few months ago a student asked me to write her a letter of recommendation. I could not at the time recall the name of the town in which she lived. But I did have *associations and distinctive marks.* I knew that the town was on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. I lingered along this path and found my mind turning to the name of a town beginning with T. But a mental search for a town whose name begins with T proved futile and my mind meandered to W. W proved no good. In despair, I was going for a geography, when suddenly there appeared in my imagination: 'Ottawa, Kansas.' The T and the W were present, but I had not lingered long enough to get them into proper place.

"As a last means of help, cease worrying. You are not losing your memory, but you may be piling facts into your mind with no method for storing and recalling them. Try to carry facts in your notebooks and not in your mind. Use your memory as the index to a filing system and let the files contain the bulk of the material, useless without the index, but cumbersome to carry with you."

List of Things to Be Seen in Picture Number One

You may see more than this list shows. But be certain that what you see *is there.*

1. Four persons in the picture.
2. All in a canoe.
3. One woman and one white man.
4. Two Indians.
5. The woman fair; the man dark.
6. One Indian with a hat on.
7. The others bareheaded.
8. Man and woman covered to waists with blanket.
9. Plaid blanket.
10. Old-fashioned clothing.
11. Attitude suggests elopement.
12. Bundle and two cans stacked between seats in front of couple.
13. Canoe covered with bark.
14. Propelled by paddles.
15. Stream swift.
16. Shore rocky.
17. Woods rough, suggest pines.
18. Stream winding.
19. Intent look on face of man in prow.
20. Broken trees on bank.

List of Things to Be Seen in Picture Number Two

1. Old-fashioned room.
2. Two people.
3. Man and woman.
4. Dog.
5. Woman in dark dress, lustrous, Empire style, high-waisted, puffed sleeves edged with lace. Neck low.
6. Hair dark, in knot at back, bound with white band.
7. Arms well shaped; hands cover face; attitude suggests grief.
8. Handkerchief on lap.
9. Tip of one slipper visible under hem of skirt. Skirt hem trimmed with two rows of ribbon or braid.
10. Woman sitting on fauteuil, chair of French design, with two arms but no back.
11. Slipper on fringed, figured rug.
12. Man opening door, right hand on knob.
13. Hat in left hand.
14. Hat suggests tricorn.
15. Hat trimmed with cockade.
16. Man's hair long, tied at back.
17. Head bowed.
18. Coat lighter than trousers, long, almost to knees.
19. Two buttons under pocket flap on hip, one button on side at lower edge.
20. Black shorts buckled below knees.
21. White stockings.
22. Black slippers with buckles.
23. Right foot advanced.
24. Door colonial, paneled, two short panels at top, two long beneath.
25. Far wall contains two portraits in fancy frames; left, of youthful lady in low-cut gown; right, of man with wig.
26. Beneath each portrait a silhouette, framed in oval, bow at top, decoration at bottom.
27. Right profile of the man; left profile of the woman.
28. Below silhouettes, sofa, upholstered, with wooden legs.
29. Before sofa, table with curved legs, white cloth upon it, trimmed with scroll border.
30. On table, glass vase containing two roses.
31. Basket of some kind of wire.
32. Table on figured rug.
33. Before table, chair with front legs curved.
34. Near center of room, small dog, light, looks like spaniel.
35. Floor of wide boards.
36. Right wall, grandfather's clock, with ornate top and small face over dial.
37. Right wall paneled to height of about three feet.
38. Woman sits by right wall, her fauteuil under mirror in ornate frame decorated with bird at top.
39. Reflection in mirror shows edge of a picture frame.

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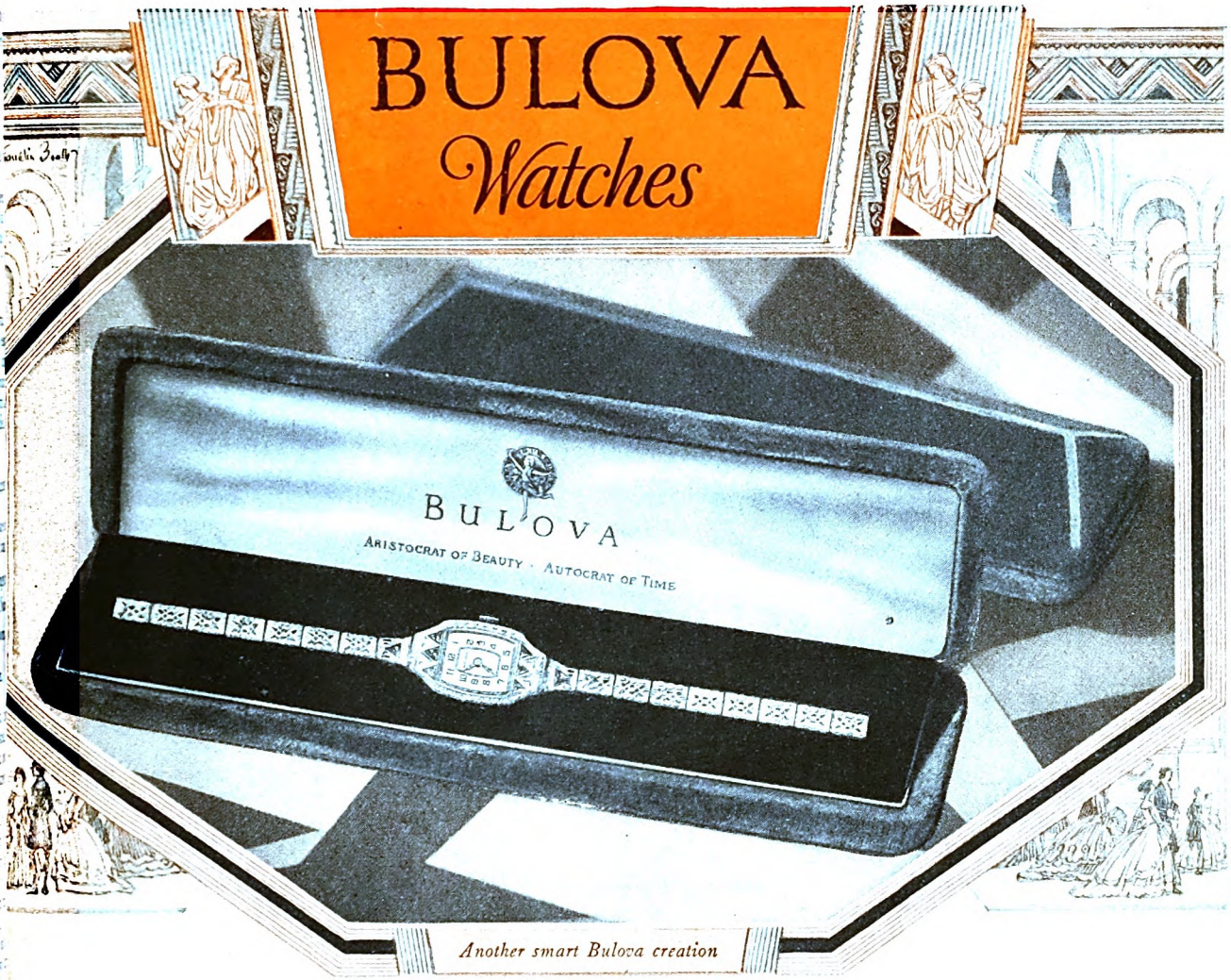
BULOVA *Watches*



Another smart Bulova creation

Presenting "MISS LIBERTY"

....an exquisite new watch with flexible bracelet, both handsomely set with gems. 15 jewel movement..$37.50

LEADING jewelers from coast to coast are now showing MISS LIBERTY.

Dainty in size, yet rugged in dependability, MISS LIBERTY will appeal to those women who appreciate the importance of style and beauty in a timepiece. Both the watch itself and the bracelet are handsomely engraved and set with jewels of scintillating color.

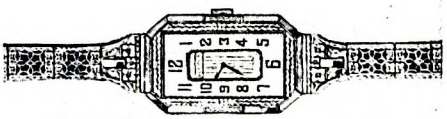
MISS LIBERTY, like every Bulova watch, knows no excuse for inaccuracy. It will tell time *on* time throughout the years.

Ranging in price from $25 to $2500, Bulova Watches are alike in dependability. Your jeweler is now showing the newest Spring presentation for men and women—and, of course, MISS LIBERTY.

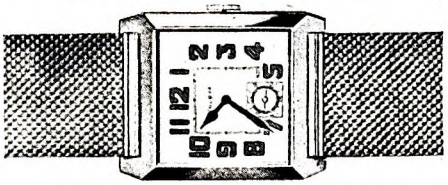
BULOVA WATCH CO., FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto

ORCHID · 15 jewel; 14 kt. gold case; diamonds, 12 emeralds (or sapphires); lexible bracelet set with 2 emeralds (or apphires) to match . . . $125.00

RESIDENT · 17 jewel movement; radium dial; curved to fit wrist; complete ith woven mesh strap . . $50.00



BARONESS · 15 jewel movement; complete with flexible bracelet . . $29.75



AMBASSADOR · 15 jewel movement; radium dial; complete with mesh strap $24.75

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · EVERYWHERE

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THE WHOLE FAMILY CASTS A VOTE IN BUYING CANDY

Whitman's finds a new way to "Sweeten" the value of the advertising dollar

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., famous candy manufacturers, noted that other big advertisers had recently investigated *family buying habits.* These investigations indicated that buying today is influenced by the opinions of two or more members of the family.

To test whether candy also came under the rule, Whitman made their own independent investigation. They questioned the candy-buying habits of 6,000 American Magazine families in towns large and small. And 70% of the answers said the kind of candy bought depended on the consensus of *family opinion.*

No matter how luscious the bits of cream and chocolate, how bright the boxes, candy usually has to be known and approved by *two or more* members of the family in order to win a place on the family shopping list.

Whitman also asked the same group of people which magazine *the family as a whole* preferred. The American Magazine was the all-family choice in 56% of the answers—more than for all other magazines combined. These results also coincided exactly with those obtained recently by other large advertisers, advertising agencies, universities and research organizations.

Here then are two facts—now scientifically proven by a number of tests—for every national advertiser to ponder. *First,* that buying today is largely governed by the opinions of the whole family. *Second,* that The American Magazine offers the means of reaching the whole family in 2,200,000 homes, at one advertising cost.

We have some interesting data on these various marketing surveys which we will be glad to present in detail, without obligation to you. Write or telephone The Crowell Publishing Company.

Seven other national advertisers whose investigations check closely with those of Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

Campbell Soup Company
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
The Hoover Company
National Piano Manufacturers Association
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

The American Magazine
First with all the FAMILY

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The Best Things

(*Continued from page 39*)

bably demands it," Nancy returned itedly.

Position, my eye! He ought to have ition enough to be able to do what he its to in his own house. Well, tell them 's a dress suit every night they don't d ever to invite *me!*"

They probably won't," Nancy said, the unhappy thoughts surging Lack. c would be so out of place in that ironment.

he day she left, with all her clothes fully refurbished and her new ones ressively placed in the top of her ık, Jack was ridiculously gay as he : her to the station. But just before stepped on the train he held her close, ıgh their good-bye was supposed to e been said.

Gee, I love you, honey!" he whis- d in her ear. "And I'll miss you!"

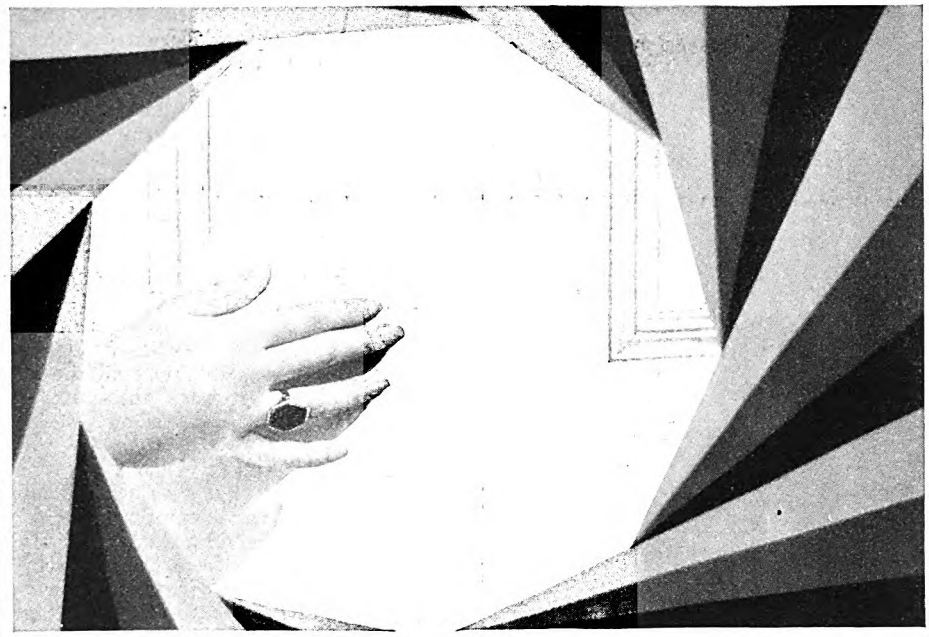
ROM the moment Nancy entered the tately doorway of the old Sloane house, knew that *at last* she was against the ıer background. And some subtle ıing of manner and behavior seemed escend upon her. She accepted the er, the white-capped maid, and the ınce of the furnishings as if she lived with them from infancy. She just the right things to Grace, who grown to look much older and more ified. She dressed for dinner in a m of excitement which flushed her ks and made her admit to herself that eally *did* look rather wonderful in her lace dress.

ıen she met her host. Her first im- sion was surprise at his youth. Why, ouldn't be more than ten or fifteen s older than Jack! But in his manner eemed to possess all the dignity and m of the ages. Such polish! Such *r faire!* And Nancy rose to the sion instinctively. Never had she more animated. Never had she made ıany clever comments on literature life. Her conversation sparkled with ıt bits of patter she had picked up and there. She even used her *mellow* h about the play. It was flatteringly ved by Mr. Sloane.

ust the words I should myself have n to sum it all up—that is, if I had clever enough to think of them," he d, with a gallant bow.

ace listened for the most part, a little y-looking, now and then putting in enchant sentence. Nancy and Mr. ıe tossed the conversational ball een them. And always by the ght look of admiration in his eyes, y knew that she had made an excel- impression.

e went up the stairs at last as if ings, and once in her own room she l before her mirror taut and tri- ıant. She could do it! She could her own on any social plane. She *ged* in a home like this, with con- l people! She was being wasted e she was! She meant to lie awake aste to the full the interesting bitter- of the situation, but she went sud- to sleep.



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Remarkably easy to apply, too. Flows freely and spreads evenly, without leaving "laps" or brush marks.

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Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

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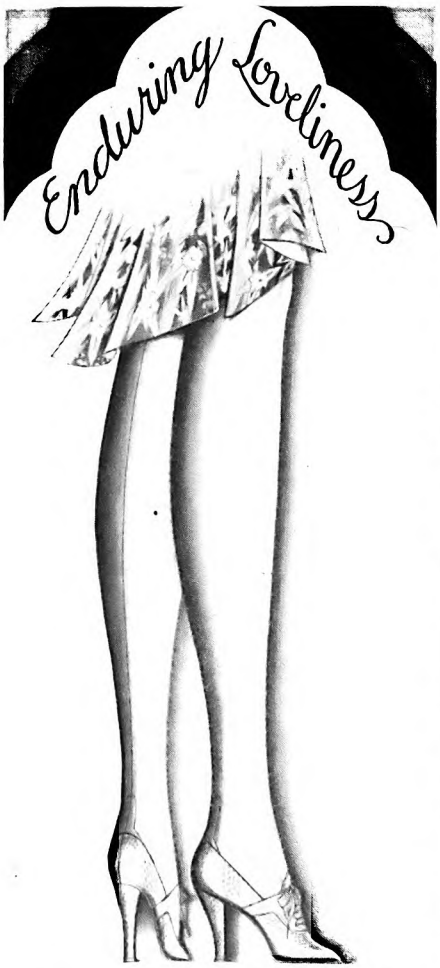

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COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
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Iron Clad

Iron Clad

In the days that followed, Nancy felt herself miraculously reincarnated. She lunched, she drove, she dined with the smart, gay, glittering people who belonged in the Sloanes' exclusive circle: people who had read everything, seen everything, been everywhere. And though it took some skillful hedging sometimes, and some hasty dips into this or that fresh "classic," she managed to keep up her end of the brilliant conversational game at which they all seemed to be playing. She wondered sometimes if they really *meant* all those hard, witty things they said about—well, about marriage and love, for instance. If Jack could hear them he would say it was "the bunk." But of course he *would* say some vulgar thing like that!

There was one time when she always thought of Jack. That was when she looked out of the windows of her room, which Grace had chosen for her because of its quiet. She somehow expected each time to see a garden, but instead she saw black roofs and brick walls beyond the small cement court. She wondered how the new rosebushes were growing at home, and whether the peonies were in bloom. If they were, the perfume would come right up to the bedroom windows. It seemed strange for people to live all their lives without a garden.

Jack had sent her an absurd sketch of himself leaning on his rake, large tears dropping to the ground; a caterpillar, a June bug, and a worm, all greatly elongated, were weeping copiously in the path beside him. Below ran the legend: "We're lonesome without you in the garden." Grace had seen the paper on her desk and looked at it strangely. Nancy had explained it to her a little shamefacedly, for Jack had drawn his denim overalls with uncanny accuracy. Grace had not laughed. She had only looked and looked at the little sketch, and then laid it down quickly and left the room without a word. Nancy wondered if she pitied her.

AS THE days passed it was more and more clear that Mr. Sloane, who had now become Fred, enjoyed Nancy's society. He took her driving. He sat next her at the theater, whispering pleasant nothings in her ear. He spent long evenings with her in the library, while Grace read in the living-room, talking with a kind of hard brilliance of his work, of art, of literature, and of the world in general, always looking with a gaze of open admiration into Nancy's eyes.

And Nancy was a little surprised and very much flattered. She even went so far as to wonder what her life might have been if Jack had not appeared suddenly in the small town where she had been teaching, three years ago, and swept her off her feet with his ardent wooing! She even went as far as that, which, as every woman knows, is very far indeed. And she lay awake often now, too nervously excited from the strenuous, glittering day to go to sleep, and pitied herself. She wondered how she could ever go back to the narrow life at home—how she could ever again be happy with Jack.

It was at the beginning of the last week of her stay that she noticed Grace's serious, tired-looking eyes watching her and her husband. Fred had grown more eager in his efforts to amuse her. He had taken her to tea downtown when Grace had to attend a board meeting; he had borne her off to a studio party, the night Grace had a headache, and introduced her to a group of *literati*.

Nancy moved as if among the angels; though the brilliant repartee and sharp discussions were not at all of a celestial nature. Even Nancy's lately acquired sophistication was not quite equal to some of it. But she waved aside any feeling of shock, as provincial. She was really *living* at last, and was thrilled to the core.

THAT night Fred held her hand a long time at the foot of the stairs and stared boldly into her eyes.

"Must you really go this week?" he asked. "I'll miss you terribly."

And Nancy wept nervously into her pillow before she slept. She hardly knew why.

The next day was busy and important. There was a formal dinner party in the evening, and Nancy helped Grace with the details.

"I'll put you beside Mr. Griscom, who has just come from New York on business," Grace said, as she surveyed the table late in the afternoon. "He's a saturnine creature, but he owns a few little railroads and plays around with factories for toys. He's important, so he must be amused. I know you'll do it. I'll have to have the district attorney and old Mr. Price by me. I won't put you next your host tonight, for I want him to notice there are other ladies present." She smiled a wry little smile, and then turned swiftly to her friend. There was a catch in her voice:

"Oh, Nancy dear, I've been longing to say something to you, but I was so afraid you would put it down to petty wifely jealousy. Nancy, *don't*, *don't* take Fred's admiration seriously. Don't let it sway you a hair's breadth from—from Jack. You have so much in your life that I haven't. You have love, and laughter, and peace—all the best things! Don't ever make the mistake of selling them for husks. Fred, you see, isn't—isn't," she hesitated, and then looked at Nancy with swimming eyes, "isn't a good man. I'm just standing by, trying to do my duty till the big break comes."

When Nancy reached her own room she sat down limply. All the sharp tension of the last weeks, all the excited elation, were suddenly gone. She was conscious at first only of feeling very, very tired. Tired of trying to be witty and clever, tired of being constantly on the alert to please. Tired—she might as well admit it—of pretending to be something she was not. All that Grace had said stood out before her like handwriting on the wall.

She thought of Jack. He loomed before her giantlike in contrast to Fred Sloane's slim, elegantly tailored figure. Jack, with his nonsense, his banter, his slang. But with the clear, honest, adoring eyes. Jack, lacking indeed in a certain form of worldly polish, but true as steel. Jack, who might scoff at gray spats and free verse, but who never scoffed at honor. Jack, of the clownish antics and the big heart.

The best things! Grace has said that she, Nancy, possessed them. *Love and laughter and peace!* Those were the ones she had listed.

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. . . and to those who are seeking permanent and profitable careers

Five hundred carefully picked college men will be added to the national sales staff of this company for special work during June, July, August and September.

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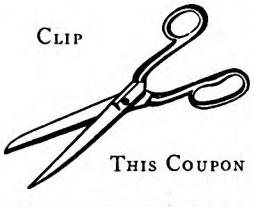

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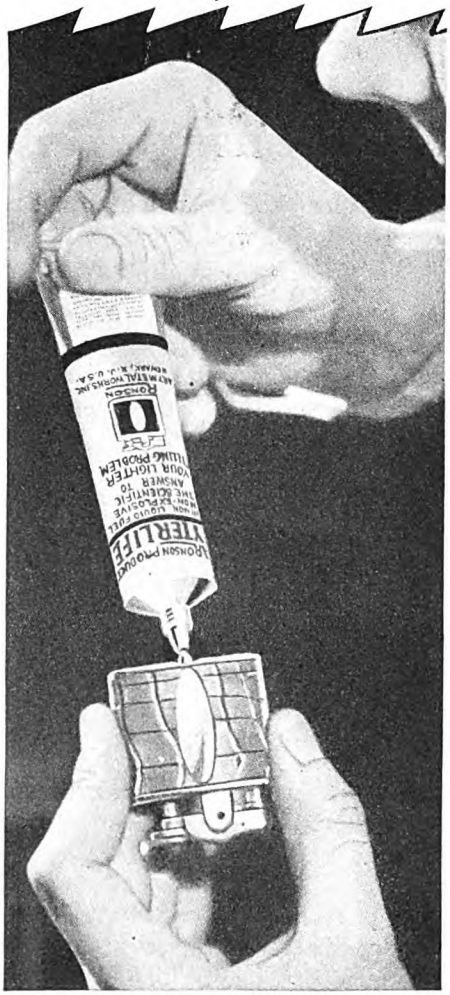

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It was a subdued, tired-looking Nancy who went slowly down to dinner in her new evening dress. She had looked forward to this event as the great triumph of her visit. Now she sat down to the shining, flower-decked table, wondering what she could think of to say, so confused and weary was her mind.

Fred was apparently greatly interested in the young woman at his right. His eyes were resting upon her as admiringly as they had on Nancy. He hung eagerly upon her words.

A sick, shamed wave swept over Nancy. How easily she had been flattered! A voice at her elbow. Mr. Griscom was speaking:

"Do I have your name right? Is it Mrs. Blair?"

"Mrs. Jack Blair, from Woodlawn, New Jersey," Nancy smiled up at him.

The saturnine gentleman suddenly smiled back.

"Well, then, it really is the charming coincidence I almost dared to hope it might be. You see, I know your husband!"

Nancy was doing some quick thinking. Griscom? Griscom? Had she ever heard Jack speak of him? How awkward that she couldn't remember! Oh, *Griscom!* Why, that was the name connected with the big order Jack was so elated over, that frightful night when the Lynns came to dinner.

Mr. Griscom was going on:

"I've just begun turning some business over to your husband. Of course, he's a fine salesman, up in all the psychology of the thing, but it wasn't that which won out with me. It was his wonderful personality. When he finally did nail me, I believe I was as pleased as he was! He's the first man for years who could make me laugh! He's a regular tonic. Always in good spirits. Not just the regular social veneer pleasantness, but real, downright joy in living. Very rare, that!"

Mr. Griscom paused, but he had not finished.

"The truth about your husband goes deeper than that. He's not veneered at all. He's genuine through and through. No sham. He does his own thinking, and isn't afraid to hold his own opinions, even if they are old-fashioned. Great judge of character, too. Never seems to make a mistake. I wish," he added in conclusion, "that I could persuade you both to come up to my farm in the Catskills later in the summer. I'm a lonely old fellow, and it would be doing me a great kindness. You see, I'm really fond of this young man."

NANCY heard indirectly afterward that she had been very charming that evening; but she never knew what she had said. She only knew that as soon as she dared she slipped off to her own room and sank down at the window looking out over the spot where there should have been a garden. Certain facts were beating upon her brain: All that Mr. Griscom had said of Jack, and much, much more, that no one knew as well as she. Her eyes seemed suddenly opened.

But in the same flash she saw herself abased. Against his genuineness she saw herself as a shallow, selfish, silly little *climber!* Straining after what she fondly believed to be culture, posing and pattering her tidbits of secondhand knowledge to make an impression on people like the Lynns, who were, perhaps, in their turn, posing too; while Jack, with his naturalness, had made a friend of a really great man like Mr. Griscom!

But, oh, if that were only *all.* If she could fly back to Jack now with nothing worse than that on her conscience. The thing that burned deep was her disloyalty. She had been ashamed of him, and wished she were free! Those horrible thoughts had had no words, but they had crossed her heart, soiling it. And now, when she longed with all her might to go home and be again in his arms, they stood between her and her old place.

She looked sickeningly out on the little cement court that showed in the light of a wan city moon. It was a symbol of the life of that household: hard, cold, artificial. No sweet, living growth from the earth itself. No natural, spontaneous blossom of joy! Poor, poor Grace.

She hated meeting Fred's bold eyes again. And Grace's sad ones made her heart ache. She wanted to go *home;* but how could she until she had somehow absolved herself!

It was in the stillness of the early morning as she lay wakeful that a forgotten sentence of Mr. Griscom's came back to her.

"He's a wonderful judge of character. Never seems to make a mistake."

NANCY sat straight up in bed. Jack *loved* her Then she couldn't be all silly and selfish and vain. There must be something fine and stable underneath; the something that Jack loved.

She sank back with a sob of relief. There *was.* She knew it. Far below the little straining vanities that had made up her married life she knew that another woman dwelt waiting. The kind of woman who belonged in the small white house with the green shutters that Jack was working so hard to pay for, who belonged to the simplicity and reality of the little garden. That's what she really was when she got down to herself.

And, knowing this, she also knew something else: She suddenly knew what her *Next Interest* was going to be. Not a new club, nor the course in psychoanalysis, nor the lectures on social service! No! Something else. She had waited long enough for it. But she knew now. She knew!

And with the thought hugged tightly to her breast like a tiny, warm body, she fell asleep.

She left for home the next day. Her parting with her host was very bright, and with Grace very tender. She did not wire Jack. She wanted to surprise him.

It was late afternoon when the taxi brought her to her own door. There was no sign of Jack about the house, but Nancy surmised where she would find him. She dropped her bags on the step and stole around the lawn. There, by the peony bed, sat Jack on the rustic seat he had built. He slumped wearily.

She slipped up behind and put her hands across his eyes.

"Guess who," she whispered in his ear.

With a great spring he was on his feet, incredulous. She came swiftly from behind the bench, and his arms went around her.

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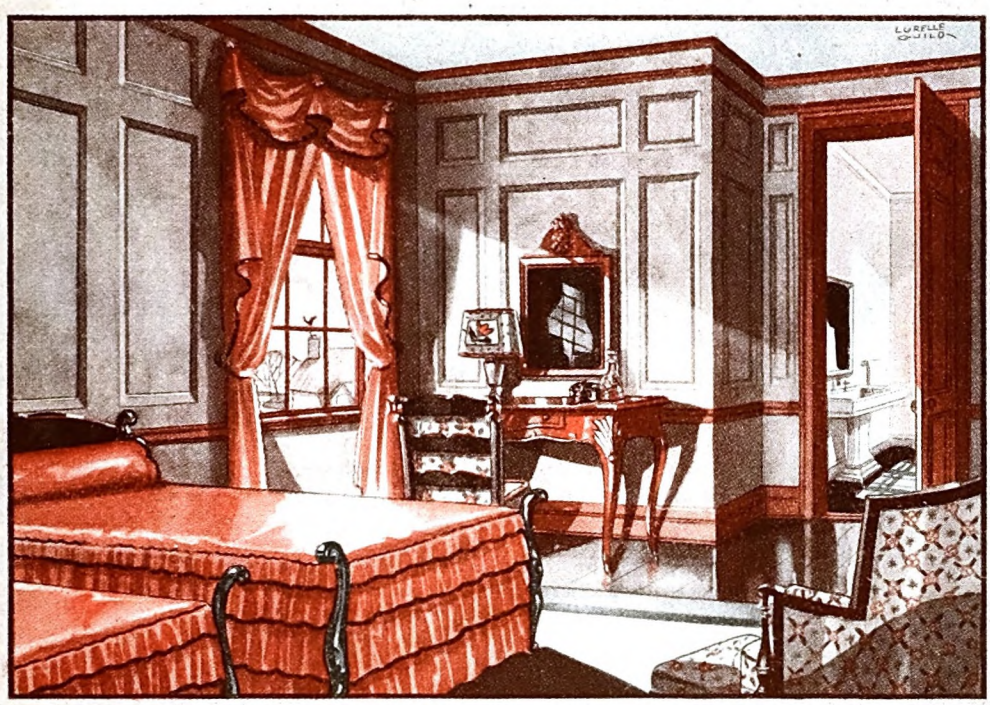

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"Why, Nancy, *honey!* Where in the world— Oh, *say*, but I'm glad!"

When she looked up at last she saw that his eyes were wet.

They sat together on the rustic seat, while Nancy drew in deep breaths of the scented air.

"Some swell dump, I suppose, at the Sloanes'! Quite a come-down now, eh?" Jack asked, a shade anxiously.

"A *come-down*," Nancy repeated indignantly. "Why, Jack, they never have this at all!" She made a gesture toward the garden. "City house all winter, hotel in Maine all summer! I wouldn't trade!"

"Met a lot of high-brows, I suppose?" Jack inquired later.

"Oh, yes," Nancy agreed, "lots of clever people, *so* much more clever than I am, or ever could be. But they seemed . . . they were—" Nancy paused. Then, very seriously, she went on:

"Do you know what those people in the Sloanes' crowd say about marriage? They say it's an outgrown institution, and that some day civilization will cast it off entirely. And at a studio party I was at, they all seemed to think that free love was the only thing for people who wanted to be spiritually honest, and that—"

Jack launched his big voice into the dusk with hearty finality.

"That's a lot of bunk!" said Jack.

Nancy's lips curved in a tender smile; but the quick tears came to her eyes. She drew a long, happy breath.

"Oh, I *knew* you would say that!" she whispered, and snuggled her head against his shoulder in perfect contentment at last.

You Can't Have Fun Alone

(*Continued from page 19*)

to go. You'd seen all the shows you wanted to see for weeks to come. You were fed up on that sort of thing.

"Well, I've found people who wanted to go to the theater; who were hungry for it and miserable because they couldn't afford it. And I've set them down in the best seats in the house where they could hear and see everything and be comfortable. In short, I've been doing things for a few people who couldn't do anything for me in return, and it's been a real experience."

THE souvenir postal card with the scrawled line, "Wish you were here," has been laughed at and ridiculed, but just the same it is an echo from the human heart.

It is a trite phrase, but it expresses an everlasting truth. It is born of the human wish to share our pleasures with our friends. It implies: "Here we are where the scenery is lovely and the breezes are cool; here we are by the ocean or in the mountains, away from the common tasks of the day; here we are at play—and we wish you were here. This is our joy today and we would share it with you."

To be the only one to see a glorious sunset is not enough. Always we long for someone else to share it with us.

One night my wife and I stood together on a cliff at Pointe Aux Barques, Michigan, watching the sun go down. It was a magnificent spectacle—almost terrifying in its beauty.

"I wish Jeff and Ella were here now," she said softly. "They would both enjoy this so."

The reason a secret is so difficult to keep, it seems to me, is that keeping it is not the really friendly thing to do. Our impulses rebel against it.

We have been told something in strict confidence. We have information in our possession which others would enjoy. It may be good news or bad news, but, good or bad, it would greatly interest certain people we know and love. And this faithful old friend of ours would enjoy knowing what we know. So we tell it to him—just to make him happy. Then he has something in his possession—given to him in the strictest confidence—and the difficulty is that he likes to share with others what he has or knows. He ought to keep it to himself, as he promised to do. We should have kept it locked within our breasts, as we promised to do. The trouble is that it burns and throbs and pounds away at us until we do share it.

I am quite sure that the only really good things in the world are those which you can share.

Could you go to a circus alone?

I doubt it. The last circus Bud and I attended together came to town a year or two ago. As we wandered about the grounds I saw one man who couldn't make a go of it alone. He had started out alone, but he soon discovered his mistake.

What attracted my attention to him was a sudden cry he made to a small boy staring at the colored posters on one of the side-show tents.

"Hey, sonny!" he fairly shouted. "Do you want to see the circus?"

The boy's eyes stretched wide. "Sure," he said. "Will you take me?"

"You bet I will," the man answered, grinning. "You and I'll do this thing together."

I was behind him as he stepped up to the ticket wagon. He knew I had been watching him and he turned to me with a sheepish grin and said:

"All I'd see after I got in there by myself would be some kid outside, itching to get in. There's no fun at a circus without a boy along."

I knew the manager of the show and I mentioned the incident to him later.

"It happens many times," he told me. "I've seen any number of men step up bravely and buy a single ticket. And then just before they get inside, they rush back and find a boy and buy a ticket for him and take him along. They just simply couldn't go it alone."

PETE ESTEY is dead now, so I may use his name. Pete was one of the rare souls in the newspaper world. The Chicago boys will long remember him.

Pete never made a great deal of money but he made friends and kept them. And one of the charms of Pete Estey's character was that he was always ready to

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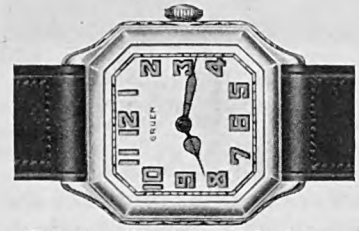
Gruen Cartouche, $35. *Similar designs in* 14-*kt. solid gold*, $40

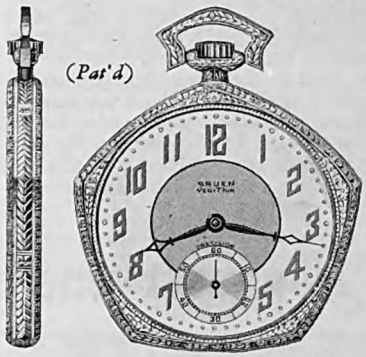
(*Pat. applied for*)

Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. solid gold Crown-Guard Case*, PRECISION *movement*, $65. *Other designs*, $2500 *to* $35

Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. engraved solid gold case, dust-proof winding stem feature*, $45



Gruen Strap Watch, $35. *Other designs*, $175 *to* $27.50



(*Pat'd*)

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, PRECISION *movement*, $75
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Gruen Cartouche, antique finish engraving, 15-*jewel movement*, $37.50

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This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

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Gruen Guild Watches

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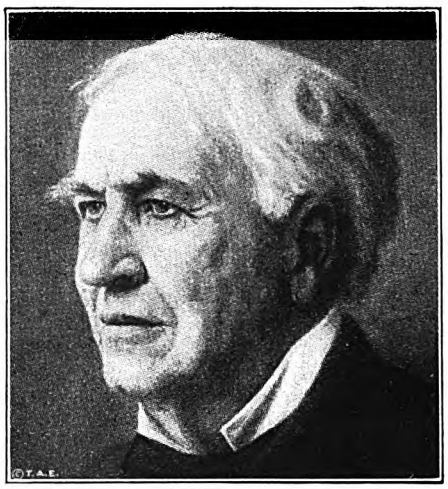
When Thomas Edison

groped in the dark



IN 1859 Edison was a newsboy on the trains in and out of Detroit. He spent every hour he could spare in the public library "grappling bravely with a certain section, and trying to read it through consecutively, shelf by shelf, regardless of subject."

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(*The Harvard Classics*)

Carlyle once said, "If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all." Time nowadays is more precious than ever before. We cannot, like the young Edison, attack the countless shelves of public libraries. Probably none of us possesses the persistency and patience which guided his early reading. We must have only the really great literature, the books that make us think straight, talk clearly and increase both our power to succeed and our enjoyment of life.

The Harvard Classics answer these requirements to the last detail. Already they are read and cherished in thousands of cultured homes. They are constantly bringing keen enjoyment and deeper understanding into busy lives. "Reading," as Edison himself says, "will never take the place of doing, but it enables us to travel twice as far with half the effort."

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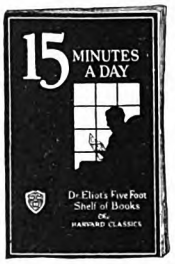

share what he had with another who had less.

For that reason, Pete Estey remained E. LeRoy Pelletier's friend to the end. Roy Pelletier and Pete had been comrades in hardship. Pete never lived to know luxury of his own, but Roy Pelletier later found fortune. He had a country estate at Orchard Lake, Michigan. Here Pete Estey always lived and played whenever he visited Detroit. It was his home.

"You know," he said to me, "I own Roy Pelletier's farm."

"You own it?" I said in surprise.

"Sure. He gave it to me. Of course he keeps the title to it and pays all the expenses, and hires and fires the help, and buys the blooded cattle, and builds the expensive chicken houses, and loses money on the apples and the currants and the milk and the eggs. But aside from that, the place is all mine. I can use it whenever I want to. I can go there at any hour of the day or night and my bed is always ready for me. The servants wait on me and do everything I ask. I have Roy's expensive eggs for breakfast and his prize-winning poultry for my dinner. Fact is, I do just as I please out there. If that isn't owning the place, I'd like to know what it is!"

WHAT Pete didn't know was that he was only a partner in that beautiful estate. I owned it too in those days. The orchards were mine, just as they were his. I could go there and know them in blossom time and fruit time. I could have all the apples and cherries I wanted.

And the curious thing about it is that Roy ceased to love the place after Pete Estey died and some of his other friends ceased to make use of it. Now it is subdivided and for sale. This might never have happened if Roy Pelletier's friends hadn't bought summer places of their own.

I spoke to him about it once and he said in his characteristic happy way:

"There's no fun doing anything for the rich. Entertaining people who have as much or more than you have is just a waste of time and good material. You haven't a thing to offer them which they aren't already tired of. It's all right to live your life with the people you like and it's fine to have powerful and influential friends. It's nice to know the Somebodies and have them call at your home and be on easy terms with them.

"But if you want to be genuinely happy and feel just a little proud of yourself, give your love and a part of the good things which have come to you to the Nobodies. Share your good fortune with those who have less than you.

"There are too many people on this earth administering their medicines to the strong and healthy. They're feeding the already overfed. I like to feed hungry people. I like to have guests out on this farm who wouldn't otherwise see an orchard in bloom. I like to take shut-ins out automobile riding and poor boys to circuses. And another thing: I never get quite the fun out of this place that I do when I've got a few friends out here to whom everything is new and beautiful.

"I don't say that I'm not proud of my rich friends. I am proud of them and fond of them and grateful for their friendship. The point is that I can't make them any happier than they now are. I can be

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th them and walk with them and visit th them, but I can't do anything for em which they can't do for themselves. "I have other friends, though, who do ed me. When they are in trouble, there something I can do. Gifts should ten burdens. They should gladden arts and enrich lives. Why give a gold tch to a millionaire who can buy any tch which strikes his fancy? If you lly want to make somebody happy, e that gold watch to the patient, plod-g friend—the father of a family—who never been able to afford that bit of ury for himself. Slip up behind him e day, blindfold his eyes, remove that -fashioned timepiece from his vest ket, and put a good watch in its place. Then ask him what time it is, and d off and see what happens to that n. If you're a keen observer, you'll see ired old heart start in to pump as it n't pumped in years. You'll see pride joy and gratitude all jumbled to-ner, and you'll have the satisfaction of wing that you have made one man py on this earth.

HAT'S Roy Pelletier's philosophy. How different from the philosophy of ther man I knew in my reportorial days se name I am not going to mention. was a politician and held public office years. I was with him one day when or, dilapidated old darky entered. Hello, Uncle Mose," he said. "Glad ee you; glad to see you! Would you a cigar?"

he old darky delightedly accepted, the politician said to his secretary: Will, give Uncle Mose a couple of e good cigars in the second drawer." t of the second drawer came a box e cheapest excuses for cigars I have seen. The grateful old darky had culty in getting one lighted. Only a entirely devoid of taste and choice I have endured it. After he had left, wily politician grinned and said: w, Will, get out the regular cigars." out of another drawer came a choice d.

keep these for my friends," he ex-ed, "and those cheap ones for the callers."

thought about that for a long time wards. It may have been good my, but it was poor giving.

is practice isn't confined to poli-s. It runs all through our social m.

o-and-so are coming to dinner," says roud lady to her maid. "They're poor old friends we have to have in a while, so you needn't get out the silver or go to any trouble. Just get ordinary meal—anything will do em."

e poor friends aren't used to style. urse, they're not. They never get a e to see it in action. You are their friends, but you keep all your style for the higher-ups. Don't do it. Pull out the good silver for the folks who don't have it at home. Light the candles in the best sticks; get out the costly dinner service and the shining glass and get up a real dinner for them. They'd like to see that good silver; they'd like to handle it. They'd like to try their appetites on a course dinner. If you really have asked them out to make them happy, go the whole distance. Give them the best you have. That's real hospitality.

Hey, you, son o' mine, get this into your head: The pretty and popular girl at the ball can have all the dances she wants. You needn't worry a minute about her. She won't miss you if you don't ask her to dance with you. You're not making her any happier by crowding your attentions upon her. But over there in the corner is a little girl, rather plain and slow and backward. She's having a miserable time. These boys are all so busy chasing the butterfly that they can't see her all alone. Beat it over there and make her happy. Give her your politest bow and your finest manners, and dance with her. She may be a better dancer than the butterfly and she may not—but don't you care—you dance your best with her. Make her happy.

Don't do it grudgingly because you consider it your duty. I'd rather you'd stay away from her than make her feel worse than she already feels. Dance with her because you want to; dance with her because she's a girl and at the party and is entitled to your attention and her share in the enjoyment. Dance with her because you want her to have just as good a time as the butterfly. In that spirit you will have as much fun as she does. Maybe more.

IT'S a queer world and we're all queer people in it. Apparently, we are put here to play the game of life without knowing much about it. But the rules work whether we know them or not, whether we obey them or not. Here are some that never fail:

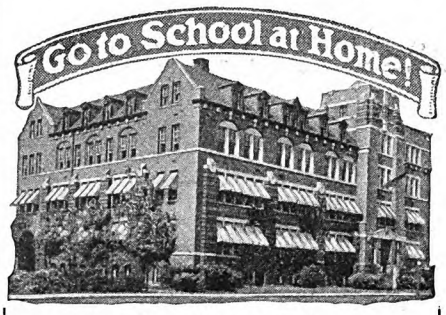
Loneliness is the price the bachelor pays for his freedom.

Loneliness is the price everyone pays for selfishness. If you take, you must give. The things you keep to yourself turn to poison. If you cease to think of others, others will cease to think of you.

Try to go it alone and you'll soon find yourself in miserable company. The funny thing you have seen is of no value until you have told it to another. The solitary laugh yearns for an echo.

The garden is lovely today. The zinnias and coreopsis and nasturtiums are at their finest. Keep them all to yourself and they'll go to seed before the week is out. So you gather an armful of them for your friends. What good are flowers if you don't give some of them away? Who would want the loveliest garden in the world if he had to look at it alone?

EFT of the sense of hearing, as well as of sight, Helen Keller hears ong of the whippoorwill; she knows the glories of the sunset and alm beauty of moonlight; even the majesty of Niagara is very real to Next month she tells you how she sees, hears, and lives through a ic sense which, allied to her acutely developed senses of touch and , enables her to apprehend and appreciate the beauties of nature. u read her article it will seem incredible to you that Miss Keller never seen with physical eyes one thing of which she writes.



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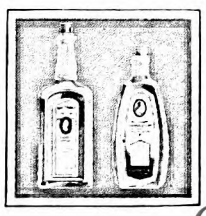

How America's Secret Agents Caught Germany's Master Spy

(*Continued from page 53*)

touch with highest and lowest. In the same day he talks with Walther Rathenau, head of the commercial staff at the German Legation, which we have long suspected did legitimate business through the front door and secret service through the back; then with a bank teller accused of theft, who the same day gets a first-class Swiss lawyer and provides high bail."

"We have heard something of it," the American said. "The man follows in Stieber's footsteps."

"In Stieber's crooked footsteps!" the Frenchman exclaimed. "That degenerate founder of the Prussian secret service used every base means to force men to work for him. Here in Switzerland this Master builds an edifice like Stieber's Green House in Berlin, where, through the lowest desires, through lust, and avarice, then through threat and blackmail, he bent all to his purpose.

"A Mephistopheles!" the Frenchman cried, with despairing rage. "He does us more harm than half their German generals. He steals the British signals, and destroys more airplanes than Richthofen. Every day many French and British and Italian and American soldiers die because of him."

THAT affair, which the French Chief had called terrible, might have been unsolved but for events that had happened in Germany before the World War began or was even dreamed of by normal, happy people. Then, a family of such people, *wohlgeboren*, of position and means, lived in a picturesque city of the romantic Rhineland. They had peace and comfort, busy days and happy evenings—father and mother; the daughter, Margrete, blue-eyed and fair, always laughing; two boys, one straight-backed, ruddy, proud of his uniform of officer in a crack German regiment. How happy they were, they and their American friend and guest, when the young soldier was ordered to join the Kaiser's personal staff.

"I feel as I felt in 'seventy when I won my Iron Cross," said his old soldier father, as they bade farewell to the new aide-de-camp of their emperor.

"It is a great honor," he confided to the American, "but our Kaiser is strict with his personal staff. What an opportunity!"

A few days later the American had to leave reluctantly, to say good-bye to Margrete with her songs and laughter, standing arm in arm with the other brother, who must find a career less arduous than the army. They had corresponded, then suddenly the letters from Germany had stopped coming. Then had come the war, and though the American had wondered often, he had heard no more. When the United States entered the war, the American, like many who knew Germany, had been assigned to secret service work in Switzerland. And now he had been asked to help hunt The Master.

On this task he concentrated eagerly, studying papers in The Master's dossiers in French or American files, cudgeling his brains day and night, seeking odd haunts, watching every face. And so, because he courted Lady Luck, she smiled on him. One day, out of the procession of faces in streets, cafés, theaters, that he scanned intently, he caught sight of a familiar one. It was the face of the slight, home-keeping younger brother of the peaceful Rhineland days. But how changed!

The body, slighter than ever, was bent a little as if under a weight. The face was emaciated, eyes staring from haggard, putty-colored cheeks. The American was shocked. A rush of old memories made him follow the German, who was in dark civilian garb, down a side street, to slap him on the back and cry his name in German.

Startled, the man turned, then grasped the American's hand with both of his.

"We are still good friends," he said. "Your Wilson has said it is only the Imperial German Government that America is fighting. You and I are not enemies!"

They talked for a few minutes, the German seeming always tense, controlling himself with difficulty. No wonder that his appearance had shocked the American. He told that he had been discharged from the army as consumptive. Then he reverted to President Wilson—the American part in the war. Was it true that the Americans were really fighting to dethrone the Hohenzollerns, help Germany free herself? Again and again, he asked about that with a fanatical earnestness almost gruesome.

"This man," thought the American, "is keeping something to himself, and it's nearly killing him." And aloud he said: "What are you doing in Switzerland?"

The German's face contorted painfully.

"I am doing—government work," he said at last; "work that I hate."

"Government work—that I hate." The words leaped into fire before the American's eyes. What had he learned in the secret war?—"Distrust everybody. Secret service knows three powerful motives: patriotism, hatred, greed. Use them." But how? Which was the key to his friend's secret? Calmly and deliberately the American decided to use all the craft, tact, resource he had to probe the German's mind.

"IT IS not a nice thing," he said to me ten years later in his quiet American home, "to wheedle and goad an old friend into telling his inmost thoughts. But war is war. No one who does not know now must ever know who that man was."

Then, on promise that the German should be called, as the American secret service really called him, "Zero," the American retold the poor fellow's horrible story. He had heard it first, there in Berne, after hours of talk, in which Zero had refused, with fearful reluctance, to mention "the good days before the war." Suddenly, he gave in completely.

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"I can hold it back no longer," he said, rds tumbling out. "It is more than my ease that has changed me so. It is ef, and hatred. Though I am a Ger- n, *wohlgeboren*, yet I hate the German pire as it is today. I hate the Hohen- lerns. I hate the army officers. Listen! 'You have talked about those happy rs when you visited us in the Rhine- d. You remember our dear father and ther, and Margrete, and how our ther went to join the Kaiser's staff, l how glad we all were went down the station to see him off? That was last happy day of my life. Soon after brother left us an attempt was made ssassinate the Kaiser—one of several. ve-shaken, the Kaiser withdrew to a uded hunting lodge, taking a few ted officers, including my brother.

The Kaiser slept in an inside bed- n, protected by an anteroom, where night two officers took turns sleeping standing guard. As dawn broke, my her lit a cigarette, relaxed, and un- oned his tunic. At that instant the er stepped into the room.

Embarrassed, because the Kaiser was a stickler, my brother jumped to his clicked his heels, and in an evil ent thrust his hand toward his tunic utton it. But sudden fear of another mpt to kill him seized the Kaiser. a flash, he drew a revolver and shot brother dead.

An instant later, he realized what he done, and almost collapsed. He tried ake every amend. It was called a ing accident, and a brother officer ght home the body. We were heart- en, but so thankful to that officer. ndsome fellow he was, a Prussian r. Ah, that devil!—I wish I had my s on his throat."

ro's emotion almost overpowered

'OU have spoken of Margrete, my sister, how she sang and laughed. heart would break to see her now. ook her, then threw her off. *Ach, Schwesterchen!*"

paroxysm of coughing came, mingled sobs.

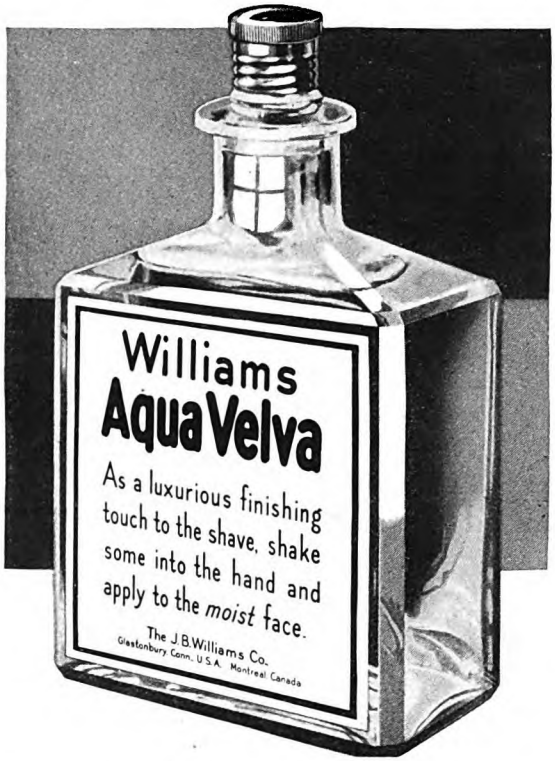
fter caring for her, I started to find and just then came the war. The re dealt us blow after blow. Mother of grief and shock. Father has not the same, but they made me leave nd go into the army. You know I ever strong, and it all broke my . They sent me here to Switzer- but to do their dirty work, to be a lave of a man who typifies every- I most detest."

emotion after another the Ameri- d felt—grief, anger, sympathy—but s he had remembered the game that love of country, made him play. ho is this man?" he asked.

ey call him The Master," Zero l.

e Master?" the American's voice d. "Why, my old friend, God him- s given you this chance for revenge. Allied secret service in Switzerland the information you can reveal. It the German Government that you eason to hate, harder than a lost "

began a struggle, fought out by rman against himself. Should he



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Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

forget the habits of a lifetime and betray this detested servant of a detested ruler and government? Repeatedly the American assured him that would help bring to Germany the democracy for which the Americans were fighting. He used every argument he could think of—the invasion of Belgium, the Lusitania, other acts of the Imperial German Government.

"All the world fights against that Government," he cried. "Why shouldn't you? It has fought you, killed your brother and your mother, ruined your sister, wrecked your health. If you don't take this chance, it will be on your soul until you die."

Finally, he won.

"GOD help me, I'll do it," Zero whispered, and he began to tell what he knew about The Master. He could tell more than almost anyone in Switzerland, but not all at once. Fear would seize him, or some vestige of loyalty to the Fatherland of before the war. The American trembled lest The Master's figure, just assuming tangible shape, should melt away before flesh and blood could be caught surely. Conferring with the chiefs, French and American, searching records, he shaped a cross-examination of Zero as comprehensive as it was hazardous. Now that he knew Zero's connection with the German secret service, he knew they could not be seen together. So each meeting must be in a different place, always one well hidden. Danger was constant, and the American carried to these trysts revolver and blackjack. Always in the back of his mind was the thought, "Suppose he is leading me on, after all."

But such of Zero's information as could be checked up, proved true. Then, at a night meeting in a forest on the outskirts of Berne, the American pressed the German to "Come clean," and Zero promised.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "take the early train for Zurich. The last compartment of the last first-class carriage. Come alone."

The American came alone, but even then, as with one hand he opened the door of the last first-class compartment, with the other he held in his pocket a Colt automatic. There might still be a trap. At first he saw nobody in the darkened compartment, then a hoarse voice whispered, "Take this." Zero, paler than ever in the half light, crouched in a corner. He pushed a violin case into the American's hands.

"It's all there," he gasped, "inside the violin. Put on these"—he handed the American a long, flowing tie and a big-brimmed black hat—"and get off at the next station."

Zero scrambled out, and the train started.

A few hours later the American and his chief brought strange notes from the violin, notes written upon the thin paper used for spy reports. Time after time they had wondered: "But who really is The Master?" Here at last was the answer! His full stature stood revealed.

He was a man of mark, of influence and power in Germany before the war. Social success had been added to professional prestige. He was widely cultured; he spoke seven languages; he was an amateur actor and a master of make-up. War in 1914 found him a *Syndicus*, a municipal councilor. As officer on the Western front, he won the Iron Cross. Wounded, they told him:

"You can do bigger things in secret service."

His dramatic sense influenced the decision, then helped him create and sustain his three personalities as he spread his nets in Switzerland. Attached to the commercial staff of the German Legation at Berne, he strove to outwit the restrictions of the Swiss government, under Allied pressure, upon trade with blockaded Germany. Introduced to powerful pro-German Swiss business men and bankers, having ample funds, he engineered daring deals. He evaded the Swiss regulation that no cotton goods could be exported to Germany by shipping there thousands of cotton nightshirts of Falstaffian proportions, eight feet long, balloon-sleeved, with a few stitches of embroidery. "Embroidered goods" could go. Rubber he sent labeled "Glue." Ruses failing, he bribed customs officials passed anything. To conceal his smuggling, he set up a brokerage office and imported to Switzerland two million francs' worth of merchandise a month—which crossed into Germany. As dummy head of this office he installed the sickly Zero, who seemed an easy tool.

Unavoidably he had let Zero see how he not only supplied the Fatherland illegally—despite a blockade he and most Germans considered cruelly illegal—but made himself super-spy, super-counter-spy, spinning a web that enmeshed hundreds, thousands, of others.

AS SPY, he, or others for him, conducted a little school in Berne, where education was sometimes compulsory. Some pupils were Alsatians or Lorrainers from among the interned Germans whom Captain von Einem visited; some were under world characters, accomplished crooks recruited by Herr Michaelsen; some were Swiss, bribed, blackmailed, threatened, by The Master. Some were loyal, patriotic Germans who did the work willingly. They were taught how to get into France, the parts to play when they got there, what information to seek, how to report. All too many returned safely.

As counter-spy, The Master loved to undermine the Allied Intelligence. Twenty-one Frenchmen caught and snuffed out just before the German Spring Offensive may have been his greatest single stroke, that won him the valued German decoration of the Order of Merit. But two hundred, not twenty-one, was the total of his victims. Two hundred Allied agents had stumbled into The Master's web, which caught them in barbed wire hidden in high grass. When he could not find out through his own secret service, or from his friends in the Swiss police, he got from a traitor.

As the French Chief had feared, there was in the French secret service an "agent double," who had worked first in Switzerland, then in France. He had sold out The Master, and he, more than any other man, had been responsible for the twenty one being tracked down and shot. It was not long before this man faced a firing squad in the blue uniforms of the French Republic he had betrayed.

To mask his work, The Master

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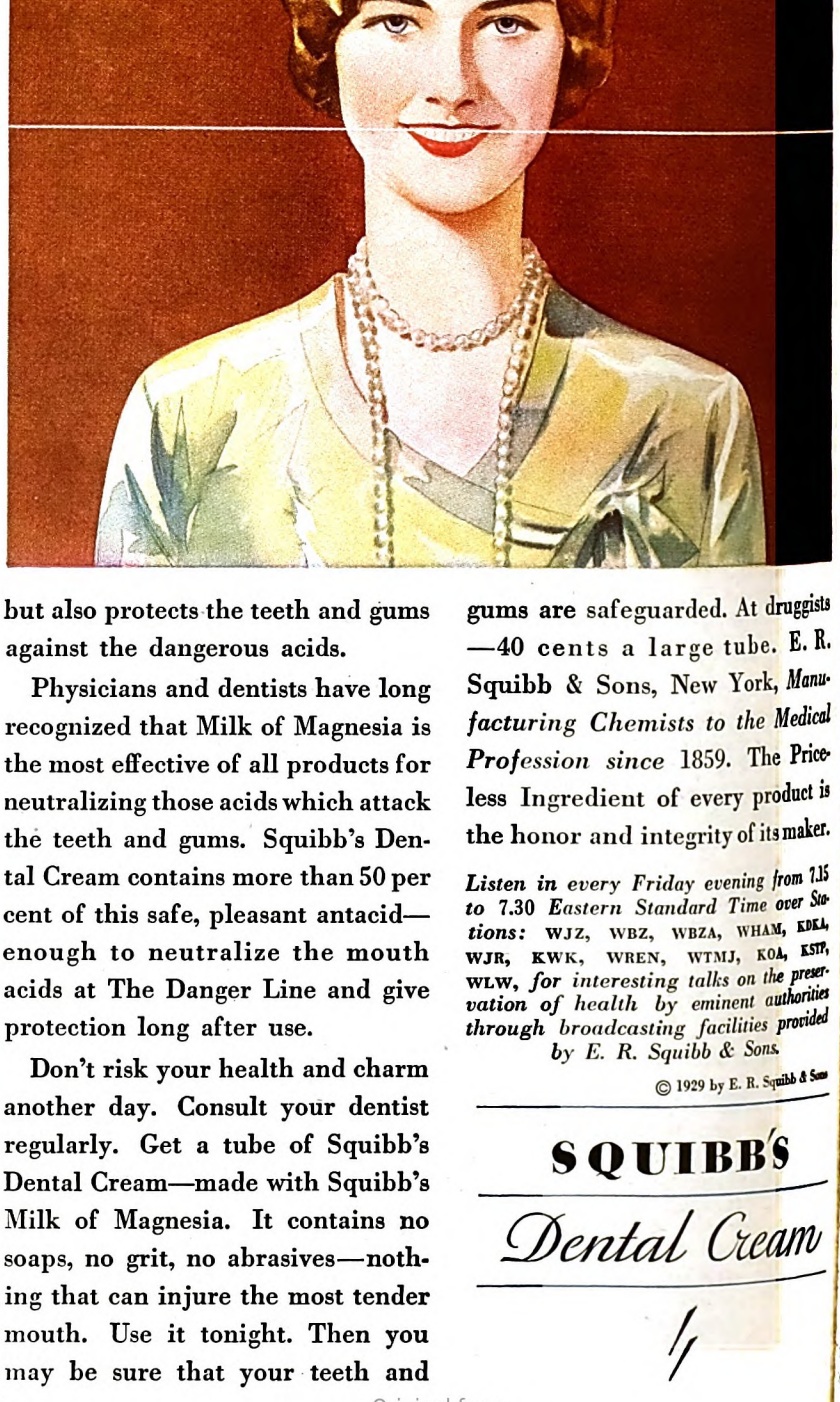

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WOMEN who suffer from slow poisoning by decaying teeth and infected gums may not be actually ill. But they may find charm and beauty waning. For, lack of vitality makes faces old. Pain and worry soon cause wrinkles.

It is recognized today that the most serious dental troubles begin at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. In the tiny V-shaped crevices there, acids attack the teeth and irritate the gums. And these crevices, particularly those between the teeth, are beyond the reach of any tooth-brush.

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SQUIBB'S

Dental Cream

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aken every pains, aided by his Swiss olice friends. They told him whom they uspected as Allied agents, and when he ave them confirmatory evidence, they ept him out of it. He appeared openly ut twice: at the Brestline and Margeot spionage trials, and then only in one of is identities, without revealing the Iaster Spy.

But the hand of The Master slipped vice. He did not fathom Zero, and in ie character of Michaelsen he permitted imself a gay life that could not but react. here were not alone the apartments in erne and in Zurich. There was a seluded villa at Thun, across Lake Conance from Germany. A convenient spot r The Master. It was guarded carefully. swift motorboat was always ready.

That was the tale the notes from Zero's olin told to the two American secret rvice officers in Berne that summer day 1918. Not an incredible tale to them, no knew the labyrinth of intrigue in vitzerland and could check by other formation The Master's part in it.

"We've got him," said the American nief. "This clinches the thing. It's nat the French have longed for. We'll ve it to them—"

"If our American service gets the edit openly," he explained, as the unger man looked disappointed, "we se our greatest advantage in this game. ow they all think we don't know anying. Let the French appear in it—and rough stuff. There's enough to put m behind bars in Switzerland for years."

The Chief rubbed his hands cheerfully. "Guess we've done a little Master ying ourselves," he chuckled.

So, triumphantly, the French Chief owed to someone higher than any police icer his proofs of The Master's violation Swiss neutrality. The Swiss officials re amazed. This man was an important rson, a friend of many prominent Swiss. ll, Swiss police went to the Berne artment, where French agents had been guard against a "tip-off." The knock the door was unanswered. They burst open and caught The Master, von nem, and Herr Michaelsen all in one.

OOKS and papers in the apartment and in Zurich bore out Zero's charges, licated still greater flights of The Mas's genius. After the first Russian revoion of early 1917, the German secret vice had taken Lenin from exile in itzerland through Germany to Russia, his promise, when he had seized power, dissolve the Russian army which still ed the Germans and make peace with m. Some men prominent in Allied ntries had begged that Lenin and er Bolsheviks with him be assassinated. t they had gone safely, in their "sealed in," with what result the world knows. ere seemed to the Americans some dence that the hand at the throttle of t train had been The Master's. Proof that would be highly valuable as rmation and propaganda in the highly sitive Europe of 1918—might even uence events in Russia. Was there h proof?—this question the Americans ed Zero by devious ways.

In the enclosure of the Lake Constance a," he replied, "is an outbuilding ering a cesspool. In a suitcase hanging a peg under the ledge, he kept very important papers. Look there, at once."

That suitcase never was found, for, secretly though he had moved, a few of The Master's satellites besides Zero knew something of his methods. They were frantically covering his trail. Powerful friends, German and Swiss, went to work with equal alacrity—Germans to save a Master Spy; Swiss, lest the story of his relations with their police come out. So The Master had one of the best Swiss lawyers, who discovered that confinement, his old wound, and the humiliation of accusations had weakened him physically and mentally. He was transferred from prison to a private asylum near Zurich, where his condition was pronounced not serious enough for strict confinement.

One evening, as he and an attendant amused themselves in the billiard room, gongs rang. There was a cry of "Fire!" The attendant ran out—but first he opened the window. To that window the patient leaped, seized a rope dangling there, lowered himself to the courtyard, and ran to a corner of the surrounding wall. He tossed over a handful of pebbles, and the top rungs of a ladder appeared. He snatched it, and was up and over like a flash, to jump into the tonneau of a waiting automobile that started instantly—an automobile of the German Legation. To Lake Constance it sped, to Arbon, where the motorboat was waiting.

NEXT morning the Chief of the American secret service found on his desk an intercepted telegram from Friedrichshafen, in Germany, to the German Legation in Berne. In code, it said:

"Arrived here safely last night."

With The Master out of Switzerland, his secret service broke up. It had been so secret that, lacking him, most of its wheels ceased turning. Few others had known part of its ramifications; not even Zero had known all. Infuriated at such a blow, the Germans sought an informer, at least a scapegoat, and fixed upon him. They had the Swiss arrest him for a minor passport violation.

Feeling cold fingers close around his own throat, in an agony of fear and physical weakness he sent word to his sister, Margrete, to avenge whom he had got into this situation. Hoping that through her they could get proofs of her brother's guilt, the Germans let her come. At a heartbreaking meeting in the Berne prison Zero begged her: "Go to the American. He is our only hope."

She went, and would have bravely told again the story of what had happened to her, had not this old friend of happier days gently stopped her.

"You needn't tell me that," he said. "Your brother has helped our cause, and I will help him."

He was breaking one of the ironclad rules of secret service:

"Never acknowledge a spy or an informer who has served you and been caught. Even though you have paid him secretly, deny it, disown him."

Zero had neither asked nor received a cent. But to the young American other rules seemed to apply, too—the rules of humanity, of friendship, of chivalry, even of common sense, for suppose Zero, despairing, revealed the American's part in the affair? He sent away a Margrete weeping tears of joy.

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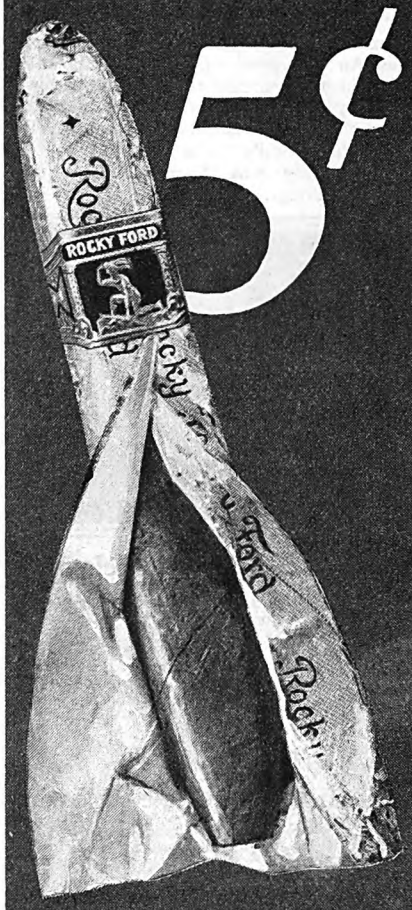

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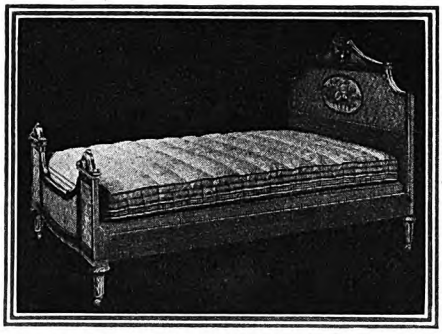

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Good Swiss lawyers took fees in dollars as well as marks, and in a few days Zero was out of prison, but not safe. His belongings had been ransacked. Wherever he went he was followed. In frightful anxiety, more haggard than ever, he sent word by his sister again:

"For God's sake, get me out of Switzerland."

FOR some days and nights Zero and his sister kept in hiding, guarded by an armed member of the American secret service. Then, by night, their friend took the devoted pair to the Italian border, and left them, in full belief that they were safe at last from the Empire that they hated and had helped to ruin. From that day to this, no word has come from them. Did the German secret service reach out and strike them even in Italy? Did his dread disease claim Zero? Their American friends who tried to save them hope not—but they do not know.

The defeat of The Master is the war exploit of which the American agents are proudest. It won for both participants decorations. The principal actor, Zero's friend, whom the French Chief begged for aid, has another token of which he is proud, a large photograph, autographed "John J. Pershing."

The Master, when last heard of, had resumed his pre-war identity and was director of important works in one of the largest cities in the thriving German Republic.

There were other American secret service affairs in Switzerland; that of the big-eyed woman spy, "Bella Donna," for instance. Her story, and the story of other women spies, will be told next month. "The war of the women" was a cunning, thrilling war.

The Higher Summons

(*Continued from page 17*)

with some strange sort of fever, did they manifest the slightest interest. No, Martha made no speech. And after a fashion, not having occasion to go into the hills northeast of the town again, her time and attention were centered on Arthur.

He was a tall, reticent chap—Winbolt. His head was half-bald in front. He had slate-colored eyes—calculating eyes—and a trick of smiling down one side of his face. I don't suppose anyone ever heard Art Winbolt laugh heartily. Some people declared he was solemn by nature, made worse by the death of the wife who had borne him three children.

And yet I give him credit: I don't think he'd asked Martha to take her place merely as a nurse for those children. He really loved the Fawcett girl, although it might have started with what she'd done for him. To Arthur, however, love meant possession—monopoly—ownership—or nothing.

THOSE summer months before their marriage he treated Martha with a deference that was good to see. And Martha was heart-starved for that sort of attention. She had cared for others so long! . . with never a thought on their part that she too could hunger for care.

On the whole, Sam and I viewed the affair as a trifle pathetic. And whenever I thought of it so, something stirred in my brain and recalled that noontime when my partner had introduced the patrician chap, Randolph. What had become of him? Had Martha and Art been to dinner with the family? I applied to Flo Lawrence one night in the drug-store.

Willowy, Flo was, long-limbed and blond. Someone had told her that nonchalance was culture, that to be sophisticated one need only be *risqué*. You've met the type. A girl having the natural aptitude to wear clothes like a French fashion plate but fingernails over-manicured—like the claws of a cat. The sardonic lines deepened down the sides of Flo's mouth when I asked about Martha.

"I never spent such an evening in my life. I know Patsy pretty well—that's Art's sister—and so I know Art. But that hospital frump! You ought to have seen her. I suppose she called the frock she wore, sensible. But beside the smart gowns around that table it was Gibson-Girl stuff—"

"Old-fashioned, you mean?"

"No, the style was all right. But when half a dozen women are half naked round a table, it's awkward when one sits in with her clothes on. And the way she fussed over Arthur! . . . She did everything but tuck the napkin under his chin and wash his fingers afterward. Women like that spoil men."

"By the way, how's Merton?"

"Well, he isn't having his napkin tucked under his chin—even if that were being done in the best circles nowadays—Not by me at any rate. I hope I'm too wise. And that's where Martha's at fault."

"Fault!"

"And yet she gets by. Can you imagine Helen Stackpoole falling for her so hard that she actually offers her home for the two of them to be married in?"

"You mean Martha and Arthur may be married in the Randolph place on the Hill?"

"That's exactly what I mean. What *is* it in a woman like this Fawcett person that people seem to fall for?—real quality people—like Mrs. Stackpoole—"

"Florence, if you were told, I doubt if you'd get it."

"Thanks for the dirty dig, Old-timer. Well, see you at church—or at Martha's wedding."

THE twentieth of August, that wedding was to be. And rain, rain, rain—all the week—floods of rain. Hay had mildewed in the fields. Vermont's potato crop was a dank, rotted loss. Not a cold, raw rain either. Warm, misty, clammy, treacherous. In a tropical climate it would surely have meant fever. Still, despite their added duties, the nurses at the hospital found time to give Martha a "shower" that had nothing to do with the wretched downpour—and to tell her, as she made final preparations to leave Putney Memorial for good, that "a miserable beginning would mean a good ending," and

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er antiquated maxims to dry out her
ıp spirits. Not that they needed it es-
ally. If Martha's spirits were at all
ıpened, the antics of the climate had
e to do with it.

rthur, being a middle-aged man, hav-
gone through one wedding, knowing
esources, had not been overjoyed at
extraordinary fuss Helen Stackpoole
making, marrying him to Martha "as
ow for the nabobs." He didn't get
nor tail to Helen's meteoric liking for
tha. Perhaps the real reason for his
tion was the lack of importance they
hed to himself. He could dictate
ing. He was merely the groom, held
ıe background, not constantly con-
d—among those present evidently
ıse a groom must be forthcoming.
night he walked out alone from the
on the Hill, leaving Martha to find
way home without an escort—al-
gh he apologized abjectly next day.

US the month of August—and the
edding soon at hand. I covered the
for our paper, "The Telegraph."
eremony was set for six in the eve-
so that a few special nurses could get
ıring supper-hour. All of Arthur's
ess friends were present in droves—
o see him married—half to get a
n on the sumptuous Randolph
nce. I met Big Mert almost at once.
four o'clock it was when I arrived
house. I wanted time to get all
ountry-town society stuff: a list of
ıests, the wedding presents, a de-
on of the bridesmaids' frocks—
hich Mrs. Stackpoole supplied me.
y the way, a most gracious person,
lert's married sister—*real!*—I un-
d at once her friendship for
a. But to get back to Mert.
ngely thoughtful he appeared,
h the final preparations. By the way
was acting as best man for Art. . . .
the guests began arriving, their
g umbrellas fairly puddling the
le. Frills were droopy on the
. Men's suits were rumpled. The
r came in for much masculine ex-
Five o'clock—and the first girls
from the hospital.

Lucy Byrd was the imp who had
er with the hinges on Pandora's
Mischief.

l, it's mighty lucky for you,
" she greeted the bride-to-be on
ting her, "that you're out of that
pital right now. You certainly
ıe right time to get married."

ıt do you mean?" asked Martha
y. A maid was making some ad-
ts in her dress.

, you'd think these weeks of rain
wash that horrid Mud Hollow
hat's what you'd *think*. Instead
, there's the devil to pay."

devil to pay?"

e's an epidemic broken out up
Martha," the steadier voice of
itcher put in. "Three or four
ıave died since noon."

ore was said, just then. Word
stairs that the house was filling
ple—that Art had arrived—that
ster was expected momentarily.
't you just about *mad* with ex-
?" Lucy Byrd cried rapturously.
ailest of smiles broke through
thought.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later, every week or ten days may be enough.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. For almost 60 years dermatologists have endorsed Packer's Tar Soap for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

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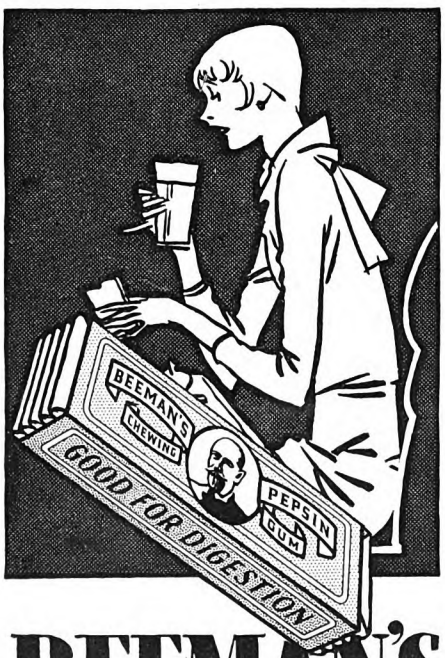

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

And then came more girls from the hospital.

"Martha," cried a nurse named Otter, awesomely, "*it's the black smallpox that's broken out up there!* . . . Doctor Johnson telephoned down from Hastings' store! . . . he's up there alone. . . . Thank Heaven, we girls don't have to respond to that sort of thing. . . . For once in my life I'm glad I'm attached to the hospital."

"The black smallpox!" whispered Martha faintly. Was she sensing a first faint call of duty in those moments—she who had arrived at the apex moment in a normal woman's happiness? Was that what bothered—this thing to come *now?*

"It'll probably clean out the Hollow—black pox! All those cheap, scrawny families with their filthy offspring. Not a nurse in the county will go near them, of course. Besides, what money would that lot of hill-billies have, to pay for nurses?"

"Doctor Johnson, you say, is up there alone?"

"Well, he walked into it, so to speak. Got up there—found out at last what it was—found himself stuck."

MARTHA felt suddenly faint. She asked for a chair and sank down in her wedding dress.

"What the dickens are you getting so white about?" demanded Maud Pitcher. "You're out of it, anyhow. In another hour more you'll be a married woman."

Martha swallowed hard. Her eyes caught sight of a telephone on a near-by table. The scene was being played in Mrs. Stackpoole's chamber. Pauline Otter gave me photographic details later that evening. Martha made a gesture as if to cross to the phone. Then she seemed to come to herself—to remember where she was—what was afoot—

"Martha! What ails you?"

Martha tried to smile. She glanced from face to face.

"I—I—don't know, girls. Only—only—something seems to get me pretty hard—*in here.*" One of her firm, capable hands was pressed against her bosom.

"That's just your training, Marty. You hear of someone sick and it's instinctive to respond."

"But—but—an epidemic—black pox—and old Doctor Johnson up there *alone!*"

"For pity's sakes, what can *you* do about it?"

"I feel as if I'm shirking, somehow—getting married tonight—attempting to be happy—with that sort of thing so close!"

"Oh, applesauce! What are those people to you?"

Her vocation had calloused Maud. Besides, she was there to see a swanky wedding. The effect on Martha was as striking steel to flint. She suddenly found her feet.

"Miss Pitcher," she said calmly, "I don't know what nursing means to you. But when I got my cap, it meant more than pretty lace to pin on my hair. Twelve years I've been at it. Never once have I refused a call that I was physically able to take—"

"You're not being called, honey; you are being *married!*"

"I'm not so sure that I'm not being called. Why should I suddenly feel this way inside?"

"What way?"

But how could she tell them? She crossed to the bureau and stood there gripping it.

"Go down and get Arthur," Maud whispered to Lucy.

"No, I won't. Don't you know it's bad luck for a groom to see the bride before—"

"Well, go get Mrs. Stackpoole. What do you have to bring that epidemic business up now for, anyhow? Mart's just that ninny that she'd stop the whole works if she really got it into her bean that her place was with Johnson up in that pigsty."

Lucy fled to get their hostess. Being flighty by nature, she spilled the whole business through two or three rooms in her search for Mrs. Stackpoole. Winbolt heard at once.

"Of course, she won't get any such fool notion. I won't let her," he announced.

"Huh—I bet if she really got it, you wouldn't stop her!" sauced Lucy.

The situation was given the *coup de grâce* by the little Templeton boy. He rang the front doorbell and gave his message to a servant.

"Mamma says . . . Doctor Dodd, the minister, telephoned her for me to come up here and tell all of you that you good get someone else to marry Mr. Winbolt."

Arthur overheard the shrill, piping voice above the splash of rain on the steps. He pushed through a group, with Maud close behind.

"Yes, sir . . . he was over to Foxboro the first of the afternoon to preach a funeral. He came back through the Hollow and met Doctor Johnson. There's a lot o' people sick up there and I guess he stopped to help 'em. Anyhow, you ain't got no minister unless you grab another."

I heard a frou-frou at my left. Martha, in her wedding dress, was coming down the stairs. A group of white-faced women followed in dismay.

SHE stood very quiet when the facts had been reported. Then she turned and studied Arthur. The hush of tragedy seemed falling on that houseful.

"Arthur," she said, in a voice so hollowed it can scarcely be described, "we've got to postpone getting married, you and I."

"Postpone it! I can get another minister."

"It—isn't—that. Arthur, I'm a nurse. And *a call is a call!*"

"Nonsense, Martha—!"

"See here, Arthur!" Martha's voice was sharp—disturbingly sharp. It stopped his surly grumble. Standing before him, Martha's strong hands stole up to his shoulders. Regardless of fifty to hundred persons looking on, she said, "I care for you enough to marry you, Arthur. I think I've shown that. But you . . . you must be a big enough man to put yourself aside at a time like the present. Or have I misjudged you?"

"It's not a question of bigness. Think of our guests. Think of Mrs. Stackpoole."

"I've already spoken to Mrs. Stackpoole. She understands perfectly. Arthur, an old country doctor is up in the Hollow alone. Even *one* nurse would halve his labors. I've . . . I've got my call as ringing clear as I've ever got a call in my life. And I say again, *a call is a call.* I'm going up there, Arthur, and do what I can for those stricken people. And

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only won't try to dissuade me, but ll drive me up there as fast as you make it."

But you're not a nurse any longer. re practically my wife. And you owe me—"

Very well, Arthur. If you won't e me up there I'll find someone who ."

I'll consider it a privilege to get you o the Hollow, Miss Fawcett," said t Randolph quietly over Art Win- s shoulder.

ARTHA came down the front steps in the traveling suit intended for her ling trip. The big canary roadster drawn to the doorstone.

Would you stop at my sister's first, e?" asked Martha. "I'll need my and a couple of uniforms."

e gears clacked. Rain beat on the n-canvas top and the hood. A mist ned the people watching their de- ure from the Randolph veranda.

feel that this is an imposition on Lawrence," the nurse declared, as ar splashed down the drive, "taking away from her."

had a bit of a—a—settlement with " returned the man, "while you were ging from your wedding dress. Of se, she didn't relish my going off up , so close to those infected houses. seemed to think this smallpox thing d reach out and get me on the wing. a bullet, so to speak."

've known it to behave so," was tha's answer. No other word was en until they got down to Pleasant et.

e stayed in the house but a handful of ents. When she came out she was ying a valise. A battered valise, it that had gone with its owner on a sand such errands till the very leather ed as mellow as its mission.

We'd better go out by the East d," suggested Martha. "I hope this as a covered carburetor."

What do you know about covered uretors?" He tried to speak ban- gly—because he was thrilled by the g she was doing and, manlike, sought ver it with jest.

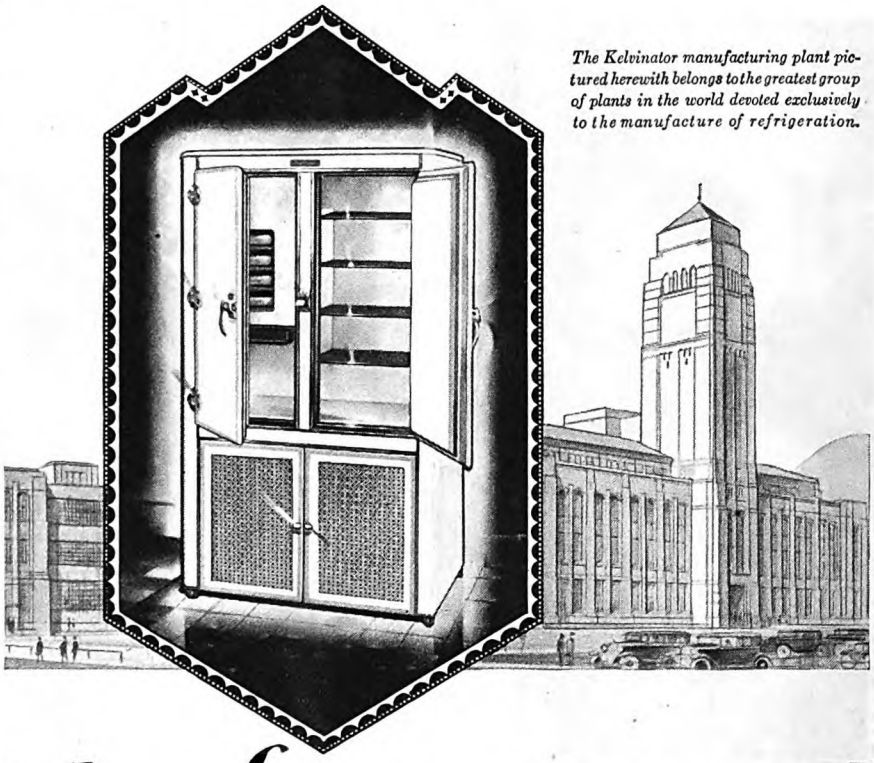
When you've answered as many calls nd these mountains as I have, you'll w the advantages of a covered car- tor in plowing through valley roil."

ut East Main Street the great road- tore, over the tracks by the Process ks, through the covered bridge, ss the rush-bog that stretched be- d the river—then a veer to the left— the awesome fight began.

hose long days of rain had left the a morass. Vast yellow pools in series ahead. And ruts—frightful ruts— chasms in red clay—water-sunk ders—tree boughs—débris—straight em came the catapult of a mammoth g of steel. It struck the water squarely sent it toward the treetops. It rocked, med, swayed, panted, grappled—*and through.* Water and mud was opaque the windshield. The chassis was uled with the drule from that bog. the car was a thoroughbred—like the er at its throttle. It sprawled from maelstrom and got in higher ground.

Bravo!" cried the nurse.

I'll trust Old Betsy to do her stuff,"



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said Big Mert, "if she gets half a break." Then, sharply: "Hang tight!—here's another!"

The water splashed about them. The car skidded, writhed, grunted, strained—and shot onward. The wiper plied furiously on the windshield as if excitedly enjoying the mad adventure. Around a blind curve, up over a hillock, into some woods where the mud flew behind, out again to the open, up another rise, down again—more puddles.

Swish! Swash! *SWISH-SH-SH!*

Their speed was cut abruptly by resistance of thick waters. A pond stretched about them. Big Mert threw into second, into third. Water boiled over both running boards. The car seemed a boat. Slow but steady—somehow finding bottom—the roadster kept in motion. Finally, like a battle-tank, the front wheels bumped to safety. Up the opposite side of the great pool they mounted. The big tires behind churned roil till the chains caught. A wrack, a jounce—and the juggernaut hurled onward.

Speed again now, a clean mile of it, with rain seeping in or beating in their faces. Both of them were drenched; the dash ran rivulets down the man's pants-legs. Yet the roadster splashed on like the thoroughbred it was. On through the rain. So much of it. Wherever did it come from?

"MR. RANDOLPH, you're doing a splendid thing, lending yourself and your car to—"

"How about yourself, Miss Fawcett?"

"But what I'm doing is my business."

"Business? I wonder!"

Up around the Town Farm, over the tracks into Marshall's quarry, through the woods that fringed Langley's Pond, up the long hill past the Bradley cellar-hole, down the other side, past a black, frowzy orchard—then scrub country—meadows gone to seed—pastureland and swamp—deer-flat and bog.

The great roadster rode ruts, dropped with wracking bumps to the bottom, climbed out, dropped again, skidded. Yet it always stayed upright, always kept in motion. The day grew darker. . . .

"We're getting to it," said Martha finally. "Top that next rise."

Randolph's shoulders were afire. His foot on the accelerator had a bad case of cramp. He pulled up sharply when the woman cried out:

"Wait a minute! Stop here! This is the Fork."

"Fork?" echoed Merton, obeying subconsciously. For the first time since leaving Pleasant Street, the doughty car halted. "Where are you going?" he demanded of Martha. "This can't be the Hollow."

She had opened the door. She started to get out.

"You've carried me as far as necessary. Driving into the Hollow is nothing but nonsense. You'd never get out. You couldn't turn round."

It had stopped raining for a time, though the leafy world still dripped. Martha alighted and reached for her bag. Big Mert followed, sliding stiffly from under his wheel.

The dash clock, mud-streaked, showed a quarter to six. The sun still shone over behind those western cloud banks. Enough

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light remained to reveal the terrain. 'hey had stopped on a sort of hilltop, n a second, larger hill higher at the t. The road to the right was naturally ed with ledge-rock, bar after bar of it, it finally made the summit. But the l to the left!

: was a crooked, slithery, snaky sort oad. Water drained off the grade, folng its huge ruts made from black e. Lights were burning down in the low at its end—sickly, lemon lights. as a road into a miasma of disease and k death.

'll go down the rest of the way alone," tha said. "You turn here. Climb hill. This rocky road will drop you in Center. You won't have such a time ing home by Haystack Mountain, ough it's longer."

You'll—you'll—go the rest of the way e?" Mert asked.

I can make it afoot from here. Good- Mr. Randolph!"

e took her outstretched hand, though aze remained on her face. She had to the hand away—deliberately—with rvous little laugh. Then, intent on vocation again, carrying the battered hel, she hurried in front of the car's ard bumper and crossed to the comcement of the road down the slough. nd "Big Mert" Randolph watched Transfixed!

UMAN beings were off down there somewhere, down amid those lemon- c lights, stricken, suffering, helpless. or, washed-out stock" sociologists nt call them. No prestige, no friends, money—not even the stamina to e their tawdry domiciles out of the k alluvial bottom onto higher, healthier nd. Yet down there were human gs, with feelings—joys, sorrows, strug- heart-hopes—who knew pain, disointment, despair—people half foren by the world and seemingly as ess in the memory of God.

nd for all their poverty, in spite of squalor, because they were *human* gs, one nurse was going down to , bringing them her strength, her wledge, her courage. Down, down, n—into a veritable Slough of Despond woman who put a call to assuage hu- suffering above her own happiness struggling to get down to them and them as she might.

nd "Big Mert" Randolph saw her as a ier in that moment—as every trained e in her white uniform who responds call is a soldier—without blare of e, beat of drum, stimulus of comrade- carrying on single-handed toward battle arc of disease and death. nan glorious!—maternity incarnate!— lessly descending into the Valley of Shadow because down in its miasma her heritage of Duty.

uty! A word to conjure with, the ngest in the language. Metaphysis may toy with it, psychologists dis- it; but somewhere back in the great protoplasm, God imbedded the pre- that man could not live unto himself e. And up through long æons that ne spark has risen, touching the souls he daughters of men, here and there lling "that light that never was on l or sea," that burns as a beacon ss the abyss of selfishness, showing

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us, not what we are, but what we should be; charting us true across the maelstroms of error.

"Miss Fawcett! Wait a minute! *WAIT!*"

Merton swung beneath his wheel, started his engine, pulled the tired roadster to one side of the highway. Then he kicked off its switch and snapped off its headlights. Over the highway he came. Down that left road.

"You mustn't come any farther, Mr. Randolph."

"But I am going farther. *I'm going with you!*"

"You're—you're what?"

"Don't you understand? We'll make it together—"

"But, Mr. Randolph! *Please!* It's dangerous for you to go down there. It's a form of plague infesting this hamlet. It might cost you your life."

"Do you think that I—a man—could take that road safely home? And all the rest of my life see you starting down this hill alone—in the cold and the rain—sacrificing yourself and calling it your 'business'? What sort of a chap would I be, and not offer to help?"

"But you can't help."

"THE devil I can't help! Didn't I serve twenty-one months in a Red Cross base behind Soissons, after I was gassed, rather than go home and leave it to others to fight the mess out somehow? I guess I know this job. I've done it before. I'm going down with you. We'll fight it out together."

"But, Mr. Randolph. You're different. I'm a—a nobody! I—"

"So? A nobody? I wonder if God and the archangels think that, when they see a trained nurse setting out on her 'business'?"

"But you're the son of—of— What I mean is, your life's more *valuable* than mine—"

"MARTHA!"

A queer, queer place to play a love scene—a man and a woman, mud-splattered, standing ankle-deep in muck.

"Don't you see?—I've loved you ever since that noontime in the newspaper office when first I took your hand. If you really loved the other fellow—if you were really happy in marrying him—it wasn't for me to question or disturb—"

"Arthur—Arthur failed me. You heard what he said? Things between us can never be the same again—"

"And Florence failed me, too. We got all mixed up, somehow, the four of us. It needed this emergency to sort us out—show us who belonged to who—"

"Come on, then," Martha said tersely. But her eyes were shining brightly.

A door opened ahead of them some ten minutes later. Weak light fell outward from a tawdry little house behind a twisted fence. It made an aureole about the iron-gray head of a tired old physician with cuffs rolled back to his elbows.

"Martha!" he cried huskily. "You!"

"Let me wash off this mud and get into my uniform, Doctor Johnson. How many are sick in this settlement?"

"—and Merton Randolph! Good God! Thank His blessed name there's *two* of you. We can lick this thing if it doesn't get worse. All over the county the minister phoned. Not a nurse would respond. He's up at the Renny place now—Dodd—doing what he can for a man with four children. The mother died at noon—"

"Suppose you lie down a little while, Doctor. Get a little sleep and leave things to me."

Martha Fawcett was the cool-eyed, nerveless attendant on human suffering—back at her 'business'—*taking her call.*

THERE were no more deaths in the mountain hollow.

September came—the snappy zest of fall. The rain stopped; autumn sunshine burned the miasma away. Quarantined, isolated, the district was, till late in October. But on a golden day in Indian summer, Martha and Big Mert came up the hill from the Valley of the Shadow.

"It was your fearlessness, dear, in the face of that plague," the man sought to explain, "that first made me realize how wonderful you are."

Martha Fawcett laughed, wearily but happily. Then she was grave.

"Don't give me any credit for that, Merton. I don't deserve—"

"But you ought to take credit."

"No, Merton." She faced him. "On and off between my hospital work—a dozen years—I've gone up and down this county, taking cases, working with doctors. And in all that time, Merton, I've never contracted a single malady—I've never suffered a scratch. And do you know why?"

He waited, thinking what a beautiful picture she made standing in the angle of that old, crooked fence, autumn wind fanning the hair from her face.

"Because," said the woman, "long ago the conviction came to me that no one who goes straight toward his duty is ever harmed, Merton. That conviction has been an armor. I can't help feeling it for those who go reluctantly to meet their obligations who are hurt, my dearest."

"In other words, the old, old proverb, 'Boldness avails even with Heaven'—"

"Not in the sense of audacity, Merton."

"How else?" he said whimsically.

"Call it loving sacrifice—if that doesn't sound maudlin."

"I GIVE it up," Dr. Johnson said hopelessly, in our newspaper office of a week in November. "Dodd called all over Paris County for nurses that night to come out and help. When none'd respond, he got down on his knees—got down and *prayed*. When he rose up he says calmly: 'One will come, Doctor Johnson.' An' six o'clock brought Martha—best nurse in central Vermont!"

It was quiet in our office. I was thinking of the details herein recorded as Big Mert had confided them to me. The physician continued:

"An' do you know what Martha says when I mentioned Dodd's prayin'?"

"What?" asked Uncle Joe, present and listening.

"She tells me 'bout her queer sensation that same hour in Mrs. Stackpoole's bedroom. And then she adds, in that grave way of hers: 'All calls mayn't necessarily come over a phone wire, Doctor.' An' what answer could I make?"

"There ain't no answer," said Uncle Joe awesomely.

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Roy Andrews—the Dragon Hunter

(*Continued from page 49*)

counters with wild animals; and almost nstant grips with desert thirst under pitiless sun.

'Of course, it was interesting," he modly admitted to me. "Central Asia is last important unexplored part of the th's surface. It has an area of roughly 00,000 square miles, or about twords the size of the United States. It s the outstanding adventure of my life.

'The heart of this area is the Gobi Des. It is almost completely unknown, is sted with bandits and seamed with h mountains. Between the mountain ges lie wide, sandy plains in which are ther food nor water. The weather is hly undependable, varying abruptly ween bitter cold and scorching heat.

ROM Marco Polo to Sven Hedin, all expeditions had used camels. But I ldn't cover the ground I wanted to if I egoing to move slowly. 'You're a fool!' ple openly told me when I proposed to automobiles for the first time in Central a. 'A car can't last ten days in the des- even if you ever get it there. You will nired in the valleys and wrecked in the ands. Sand will ruin your gears.'

But I thought I might as well take a nce. Exploration is full of chances, way. So I collected seven standard cks and touring cars, got a couple of d mechanics, and started out."

Ie got a few thrills almost before he Peking. For instance, though a war in progress, he had managed to get sports through the area occupied by defenders of the city. Then, unextedly, a general with thirty thousand ps deserted to the enemy. But Anws could not delay without wasting a on. So he again took a chance and le a dash for it. Halfway across the tle-stricken section that lay just westd, he was caught in an air raid and rly lost his life. He kept on and ran a barrage meant to open an attack.

Five of us ran the gantlet of machine s and rifles between the lines," he told "and escaped with our lives only bese the Chinese soldier is the worst shot he world.

After that we had a peaceful time for a hundred miles until we got into bancountry. Here, I was very much afraid t I'd lose my supplies. If I did, there ld be nothing to do but give up and e another year. I had four thousand ons of precious gasoline, one hundred ons of oil, two tons of flour, a ton of ar, thousands of pounds of rice and er food which had to subsist us while were in the lifeless desert.

When we came to the first bandits, we ldn't tell them from soldiers because all wore uniforms.

The bandits were polite, but firm, in r demands that we pay a bounty for g permitted to pass. If we didn't, told me, they'd capture our whole n and drive us back.

As they outnumbered us a hundred to , it was good business to dicker with n. The price was not high. For five

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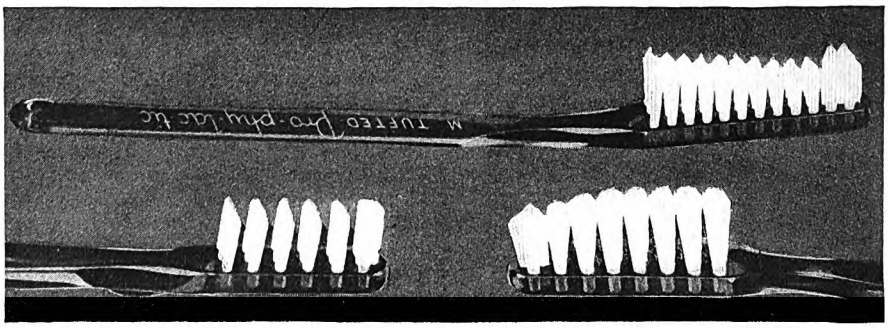

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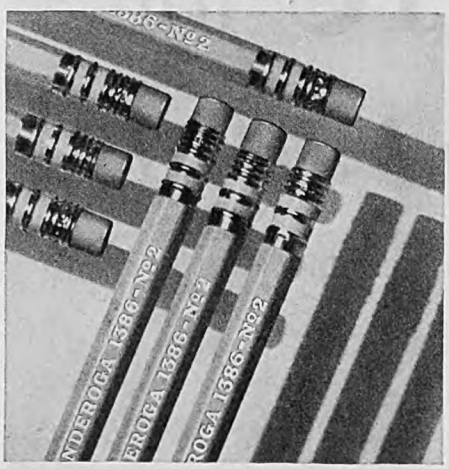

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dollars the traveler is allowed to take one camel unmolested. For our motor cars I paid a hundred dollars apiece for a hundred miles, or a dollar a mile.

"The trouble was that sometimes we got into territory that was disputed by two or more gangs of bandits. In such cases we had to use our own judgment. For, had we paid both sides and met the increasing figures that each placed on us in jealousy of what the others got, we should soon have been bankrupt.

"I remember one day when our cars were bumping along over a rough camel trail hundreds of miles from the nearest civilized town. Suddenly, out of a narrow ravine rode about fifty men in the uniform of Chinese soldiers. As we had already paid our bandit tax, and since the newcomers outnumbered us five to one, we had to take prompt and decisive measures.

"I quickly passed the word to my men to stand by with rifles. They knew as well as I that if the newcomers were soldiers we should not be molested; but that if they were bandits we might have to shoot for our lives.

"I now had the leading motor head at top speed for the 'soldiers.' With its cut-out open, the big, seven-passenger touring car roared ahead, followed closely by the others. Then the three of us in this car opened fire over the heads of the Chinese.

"The move was effective. With a wild and concerted cry of dismay, the holdup gang, as they must have been, turned and fled into the desert and we never saw them again."

After telling me this anecdote Andrews quickly reverted to his former stand that real adventures were few and far between.

"It was mostly a long grind of motoring through a trailless country; sometimes it was sandy desert, sometimes rocky ravines or saddlebacks. Now and then we would be overtaken by rain and become mired in spots that would delay us for days. We lived on a very simple diet, husbanding our supplies so as not to cut short the period of our stay. From day to day we could not tell whether we should be able to dress in our khaki or in the costume of an arctic explorer, so sudden and violent were the changes in temperature."

"WHAT do you consider the high point of your work to date?" I asked him.

Apparently there wasn't any doubt in Andrews's mind as to what his greatest thrill had been. Instantly his eyes shone and he asked me to let him tell the whole story.

"You know," he said, "that this business of China's putting dragons on her flags is real stuff and not fake. I mean to say that there used to be dragons in China. They started there, and spread to Europe and America before they became extinct."

By dragons, he explained, he meant the huge monsters which lived on the earth in prehistoric ages.

"Once upon a time," he went on, "a real, live dragon lived in the center of what is now China. It had a huge and horrid body, ending in a long, thick, slimy tail which lay on the ground. It had talons on its bent and scaly legs; and in its head were great, round eyes which did not blink. Its face was thin, with a long, hooked beak, and was surrounded by a strange, bony frill that was hard as the top of a turtle.

"It was just the kind of beast you and I used to read about in our fairy books, or that a man dreams about who has eaten two helpings of welsh rarebit half an hour before he goes to bed.

"This dragon I'm telling you about lived happily with some other dragons on the edge of a swampy pond. One day it waited until the other dragons were off hunting and then came sneaking down to the edge of the water, wagging its fantastic head from side to side to be sure that no other animal saw it. Presently, with its hideous, taloned feet, it scooped out a small hole in the soft, wet earth and deposited something in it.

"JUST then a terrible thing happened. There came suddenly from behind the dragon a soft, swishing sound in the tall, prehistoric grass. With a frightful snort of rage and fear, the dragon sprang up, its scaly tail stiffening and its unblinking eyes protruding. For a moment it just stood there, panting in great gasps that moved its clammy sides in and out like the cheeks of a huge bellows. Then, splashing through the shallow water, it scuttled ponderously away.

"Almost instantly from the high grass hurtled a massive body, bigger even than the dragon. It was the dragon's enemy. It didn't have claws as long and sharp as the dragon's, but it had jaws bigger than a crocodile's and a neck as thick as a chimney to drive them.

"There was probably a horrible crunching of teeth and tearing of flesh as the ugly pair rolled into the pond. The water about them became dyed crimson with their lifeblood. But after a while the convulsive struggles of both slowly ceased until, finally, the two mountainous bodies slowly sank beneath the surface and disappeared forever in the quicksand.

"That night, as so often happened in the age of reptiles, it rained heavily. A near-by river overflowed its bank and swept an extra layer of sand, not only over the vanished bodies of the dragon and its enemy, but over the little depression in which the former had hid its treasure. A month later the river again overflowed its banks and added more sand. And several times in the following summer. And again and again for years and centuries and thousands of centuries."

As Andrews sat and quietly told me the story, I could see the picture as if he were painting it on canvas before me. But the thing that gripped me was the knowledge that it was a *true* story.

"And then," he went on in his matter-of-fact tone, "came a wonderful coincidence. At least ten million years later my party and I camped on the very spot where that pond of the dragons had been. Of course, the water had long ago disappeared. Indeed, the bottom of the pond and the bed of the near-by river had been raised by a slow, geological shifting through the ages, until they composed the summit of some high cliffs.

"The next day we all laughed when we began to pick up splinters of what seemed to be a new kind of mineral. We thought it was a good joke on our staff geologist because he couldn't identify our finds.

"We hadn't the slightest idea of the thrill that was in store for us.

"Someone suggested that the new mineral looked a good deal like eggshells.

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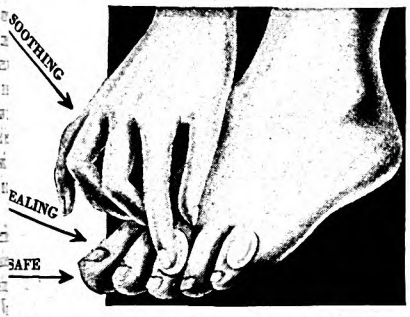

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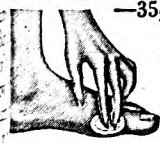

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This idea made us laugh some more. In fact, we began to collect some of the shell fragments to take back with us. Then, to our amazement, we found they actually were pieces of shells, because *we found a whole nest of petrified eggs!*

"We could hardly believe our eyes. We knew that snakes and other members of the reptilian family all laid eggs; and that therefore the prehistoric reptiles must also have laid them. But this was just a scientific theory. Up to this moment no one had ever found the slightest trace of anything to prove it.

"And now we were looking for the first time at the eggs of the gigantic dinosaur, which lived millions of years ago. We were looking at the nest—just a hole in the ground, of course—which that dragon I told you about had scooped out just before it was set upon and killed by its enemy."

What a story it was: The winding, slender thread of circumstances, finer than ever a spider spun, more invisible than thought, and stretching over that vast abyss of ages until the predestined Roy Andrews was drawn thither into the lifeless desert to make the great discovery!

For days the world rang with the news. Museum experts, at first incredulous, became as excited as schoolboys. Offers of $10,000 an egg, $100,000 an egg, even more, were cabled! Scientists began to revise their picture of the early globe.

The wonderful part was that the eggs were only a beginning. In the five succeeding years Roy made one wonderful find after another.

IN NOVEMBER, 1928, he returned to New York with new triumphs: He brought with him the first full skeleton of the Baluchitherium, the world's largest mammal; a case of hunting implements of prehistoric man that are believed to predate by thousands of years anything of the sort ever discovered before. He even had the remains of the biggest and fiercest flesh-eating beast that ever lived. It has justly been named the *Andrewarchus*, after its discoverer.

"I'm sorry to say," he laughed, in describing how he located these treasures, "that our fossil finds indicate that there were mosquitoes ten million years ago already equipped with suckers!"

That doesn't sound like the Garden of Eden, does it?

Probably the most outstanding characteristic about Roy Andrews is his simplicity. He is a good-looking chap; has lots of physical and moral courage; is always cheerful and alert; makes friends easily—and keeps them; loves his pretty wife, Yvette, and his fine boys, George and Roy, Junior. But every single one of these other items, commendable as they are, seem subordinated to one big trait of absolute, direct naturalness in all he thinks and says and does.

May it not be that this is the keynote of his whole character?

Yet Roy says: "In the fifteen years of my work in Asia I can remember just ten times when I had really narrow escapes from death. Two were from drowning in typhoons, one was when our boat was charged by a wounded whale; once my wife and I were nearly eaten by wild dogs; once we were in great danger from fanatical lamas, or priests; two were close calls

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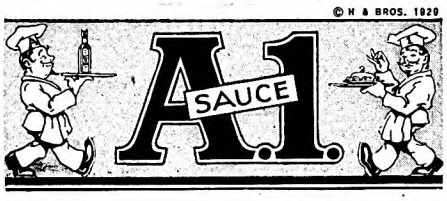

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when I fell over cliffs; once I was nearly caught by a huge python; and twice I might have been killed by bandits."

No matter how hair-raising they are, Roy tabulates these thrills in his matter-of-fact way, until you begin to wonder whether you could possibly take them as calmly as he does.

"You can," is the gist of what he says, "if you are in good physical and nervous health, have a sense of humor, and don't take life too seriously."

Perhaps . . . . . .

BERNARD M. BARUCH, noted financier, tells next month "What is in Store for American Business." Looking and guessing ahead is always a fascinating occupation, but it can also be made a profitable one if you know how to read the signs of the times. In his article Mr. Baruch suggests how you may train yourself in the profitable habit of looking ahead so that you may cash in on it.

IN A HILARIOUSLY FUNNY golf story Don Marquis introduces into the magazine next month a super-salesman who almost sold a mirage in the desert while playing golf on a cactus ranch. Golf fans will revel in the oddities of the game, and those who don't understand or care about the ancient and honorable pastime will gurgle over its fun and give a whoop of joy at the outcome.

What Your Handwriting Tells About You

(*Continued from page 25*)

That, too, is a 'muscular action.' Yet it is so individual that we easily recognize a person by his walk.

"Not only that, but his walk reveals a good many traits of his character. It shows whether he is energetic or lazy, timid or confident, boastful or unassuming, decisive or hesitating, and so on.

"These muscular actions, we must remember, are dictated by the brain. If the brain goes on, millions of times, dictating *the same way* of performing the action, can you deny that the action becomes a true expression of mental traits?"

QUESTION NUMBER FIVE: "How can handwriting be a reliable guide to character, since it varies according to our physical condition? When I am tired, or ill, my writing shows it."

"Of course it does!" says Mr. Meyer triumphantly. "Fatigue and illness cause temporary changes in your personality. Normally, you may be optimistic, energetic, and good-tempered. But when you are sick, or dead tired, you become depressed and irritable. You hate to make an effort. Instead of being on your toes, you are in the depths. These are the very things which your writing betrays.

"If you want to find out about your real self, don't study a specimen of writing made when you were sick or over-tired. It is not a good expression of your normal

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personality; although an expert would probably be able to detect the fundamental characteristics even then."

Question Number Six: "Sometimes two persons, unlike in character, have similar handwriting. Or two persons, alike in character, write very differently. How do you account for this?"

"In the first place," says Mr. Meyer, "such cases are very rare. In the second place, a thorough analysis of both character and handwriting will show that there is no inconsistency.

"One case which came to my notice was that of two women who seemed quite different in character. Yet to most people their writing appeared almost identical. But neither of these apparent facts was a real fact.

"Fundamentally, the two women were very much alike. Both were sincere, energetic, logical, and modest in their tastes. Both had loyalty and honesty. You will admit that these qualities showed the same basic character.

"Here is the reason why they *seemed* to be different: One was deliberate in her actions and her judgments, while the other was very quick. The result was a great difference in *manner*. People saw this superficial difference. If they had stopped to analyze all that was beneath it, they would have seen the fundamental similarity. And if they had examined the two handwritings, they would have discovered that there were different *combinations of details*.

"That is one thing which always bothers the amateur. He gets the idea that a certain detail infallibly indicates a certain quality; which is almost never true.

"For example, suppose the letters in a person's handwriting vary in size. In a general way, this variation shows a changeable nature. But if you find it in very small handwriting, it indicates versatility, the ability to do many things well.

"The explanation is that very small handwriting shows concentration, force of character, and unusual mental equipment. These qualities dominate; and in a person of that type, mere changeableness becomes the ability to use energy and purpose in a wide range of activities.

"If letters constantly change in size, and in addition the cross for the *t's* is always at the *left* of that letter, these things indicate a person who simply can't make up his mind about anything; a 'wobbly' procrastinator. So you can see how important it is to study the *combinations* of details."

Question Number Seven: "Why don't all musicians write alike? All poets? All plumbers? And so on?"

"People who ask things of that sort," says Mr. Meyer, "show an absolute misconception of the subject. It is true that handwriting indicates mental traits and tastes. But it indicates moral and physical traits also! And in these moral and physical traits a poet and a plumber may be more alike than two poets are.

"To a large extent your *character* has nothing to do with your occupation. A musician may be honest or dishonest, frank or secretive, loyal or disloyal. Whichever he is, it will show in his handwriting. If he is naturally and instinctively a musician, that also will appear. And in the

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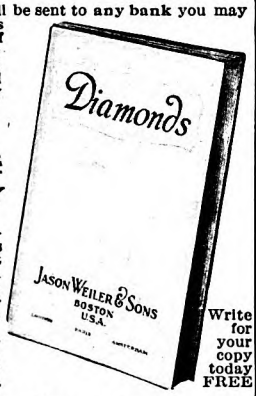

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details which show this natural inclination and fitness, all true musicians do write alike! The expert can easily discover these details.

"Not long ago, a man whom I did not know asked me to analyze his writing. Among other things I told him that he would make a good lawyer.

"'I'm glad you think so,' he said, 'for I happen to *be* a lawyer.'

"I might have said the same thing to another man whose handwriting would seem very different to you. The differences would show that the two men were unlike in certain respects. But the details which indicate fitness for the legal profession would be present in the handwriting of both men. Yet the second man might not be a lawyer! Circumstances, or inclination, might have made him a business man instead. But if it is true, I know he is using in his business career the qualities which make a good lawyer."

QUESTION NUMBER EIGHT "Some people continue, all through life, to write a copy-book hand. How then can their handwriting indicate their character?"

"It does do it!" declares Mr. Meyer. "Because people of that sort may have copy-book characters. It is a curious fact that they are always inordinately proud of their spencerian curves. They haven't enough individuality. If they had, they wouldn't write as they do."

QUESTION NUMBER NINE "It is easy to say that handwriting indicates character; but is there any proof that the theory is correct? How do you know that certain characteristics mean what you say they do?"

"The only way to prove any theory," says Mr. Meyer, "is to test it out. In regard to graphology, this testing has been going on for more than three centuries. Literally countless specimens of handwriting have been studied. Their characteristics have been tabulated. The characteristics of each specimen of handwriting have been 'checked up' with regard to the character of the person who wrote it.

"If you find that a hundred persons who have a certain trait of character in common have also certain details of handwriting in common, it looks as if you had begun to prove something, doesn't it? And if you find that another hundred persons who lack this particular trait of character do *not* have these details of handwriting, the evidence becomes even more convincing.

"This tabulating, comparing, cataloguing, and cross-cataloguing has been applied so long and so extensively that I don't see how the results can be questioned.

"But I want to emphasize one point: Reading handwriting is not fortune telling! You would be surprised to know how many people think it is something of that sort! I am often asked to foretell a person's future from his—or usually her—handwriting. That is manifestly absurd."

QUESTION NUMBER TEN: "What are the most conspicuous signs by which you judge handwriting?"

"In response to that question," says Mr. Meyer, "I have picked out those which even the untrained observer can easily detect.

"Take, for instance, the general appearance. Anyone can see whether handwriting is small or large. However, be sure that a specimen is in the size which the person *usually* writes. Don't take a post card on which he has tried to crowd as much as possible.

"If your natural and habitual handwriting is very small, you may congratulate yourself on one point; for it indicates a mental equipment far above the average. It also shows concentration and attention to details. But don't jump to the conclusion that a larger handwriting necessarily indicates inferior mental equipment! For the larger specimens may have certain important *combinations of details* which, taken together, indicate a fine mentality.

"On the other hand, while small handwriting practically *always* shows a high degree of intelligence, you must look for the details which will show *how* this intelligence is used. A keen and active mind, for example, is sometimes directed by a selfish and grasping nature. In that case, the evidence will appear in the writing. For instance, the final *e* of a word may be hooked; or the words may be compressed into the shortest possible space. If both these signs are present, the writer is inclined to be stingy and 'small.'

"I always study the thickness of the pen-strokes. There are, I repeat, details which affect the significance of any handwriting characteristic; but, in general, fine and delicate lines indicate refinement and simplicity. If the lines are thicker, the writer is inclined toward materialism. Carried still further, this characteristic shows strong will, self-confidence, and love of sensuous pleasures. Muddy writing is one of the worst signs. It has a smeared look, as if it had been smudged in blotting. It indicates lack of stability.

ANOTHER characteristic which I don't like to find is an uneven base line. This may show merely carelessness and lack of dependability. But if you get it with certain other combined details, it suggests various undesirable qualities, including deceitfulness and dishonesty. The persons whose letters keep on a straight line can pretty certainly be depended on.

"By a straight line I do not mean that it must be *horizontal*. It may run uphill or downhill. But the letters themselves should not jump up and down.

"People who habitually write uphill are inclined to be ambitious and optimistic. The reverse is true of those who habitually write downhill. If these angles are only occasional, they simply reflect the writer's mood, not his character. If the line is horizontal, but drops down with the last word or two, it is an almost infallible sign of the blues.

"If the letters are uniformly even in size, it indicates conscientiousness and consistency. If they *constantly* vary, it shows a changeable nature.

"If the small letters, such as *m* and *n*, are pointed, it shows energy, quick thinking, and initiative. The more they are rounded at the top, the greater the inclination to idolence and to lack of initiative and enthusiasm. When the letters are almost square, it shows mechanical ability and inventiveness. The handwriting of Thomas Edison is a beautiful example of this type.

"Another thing I look for is the width of the margins; especially the one at the

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left side of the paper. On the whole, narrow margins indicate thrift. A very broad margin all around, particularly if the lines are widely spaced, shows extravagance. An extremely narrow margin at the left indicates a general lack of artistic sense.

"This, by the way, is a point on which people are curiously sensitive. They don't mind being told that they are selfish, insincere, lazy, irritable, or even dishonest. But tell them that they lack imagination and artistic sense and they resent it hotly.

"Another thing that should be examined is the way a person finishes off the last letter of a word. We call these endings 'finals.' The letter *e* is the best one to study.

"You probably will find that they are not always the same; but you will also find that one length is the *predominating* one. When these 'finals' are practically always absent, it indicates selfishness. If they are short, it shows reticence. If very long and horizontally straight, it indicates decided opinions; but it may also show extreme generosity. There is a great variety in these finals, which makes them very interesting.

"Another significant detail is the way *a* and *o* are made. If they are open at the top, it indicates frankness; although combined with certain other details, it will show a tendency to gossip. If they are not only closed, but tied with a knot, it shows extreme reserve, or secretiveness.

"When these letters are open *at the bottom* it is time to stop, look, and listen! For this suggests hypocrisy.

"THE graphologist is the first person to admit that any one characteristic of handwriting cannot be taken at its apparent 'face value.' It must be studied in relation to all the other characteristics which are present. But I regard the *a's* and *o's*, open at the bottom, as positive evidence in themselves.

"Backhand writing is an example of the importance of a thorough study of each specimen. Some analysts claim that this shows a cold-blooded nature and is characteristic of criminals. Sometimes this is true. But very often it decidedly is not true.

"The normal slope of letters is at a forward angle; but a great many persons, especially young girls, reverse this angle. This detail—and their writing will have other details which confirm this—shows that they are self-conscious, dissatisfied with what they think they are, and afraid of betraying themselves to people who perhaps will be critical and unsympathetic.

"A person who is cold-blooded and heartless may write backhand because it is *natural* to him. But when the persons of the opposite type do this, it is precisely because it is *not* natural. It is an attempt to conceal, or to protect, the true inner self. They are trying to be something they really are not.

"When the letters have an exaggerated forward slope, it indicates an extremely sensitive and emotional nature. These people are ruled by the heart, not at all by the head.

"Of course, there are scores of details which I haven't mentioned. The possible combinations of these details are almost endless; just as the possible combinations of traits of character are almost endless."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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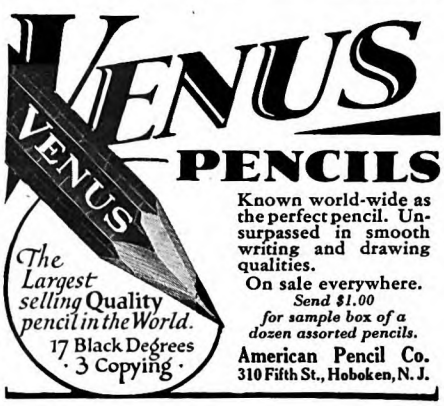

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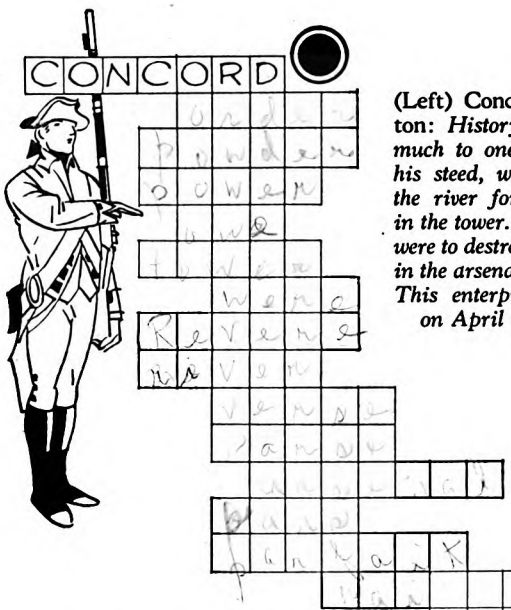
The Newest and Most Fascinating of All Word Games

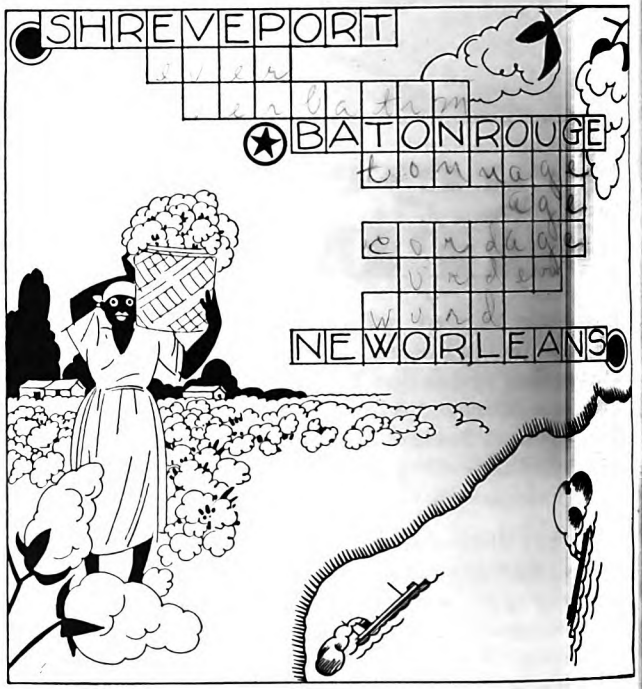
Travel Trails

By Arthur Ebenhack and Loren Stout

Take Pleasant Trips Via Travel Trails

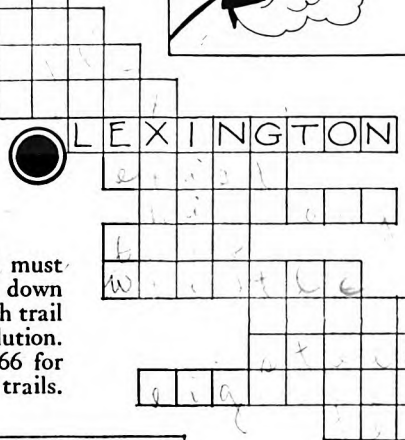


(Left) Concord to Boston: *History says we owe much to one Revere and his steed, waiting across the river for the lantern in the tower. The British were to destroy the powder in the arsenal at Concord. This enterprise occurred on April eighteenth.*



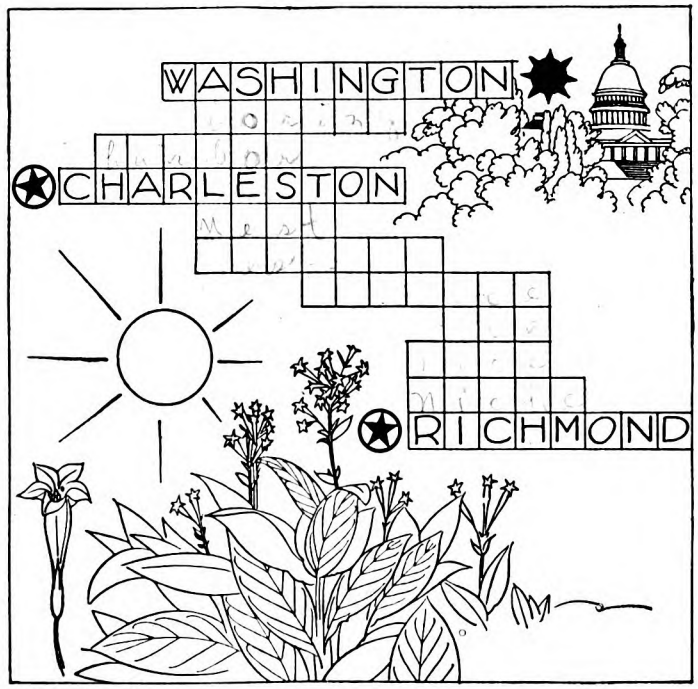
(Above) Shreveport to New Orleans: *The order for the lady's dress was sent verbatim to the plantation.*

The home-town Travel Trails begin next month. Readers of The American Magazine have already sent in great numbers of Travel Trails. The contest is still open. Send in your contribution, and thus put your home town on the Travel-Trail map.



How to follow a Travel Trail: Each word must have at least three consecutive letters carried down from the word above. The clue sentence for each trail contains some of the words needed for its solution. See solution of last month's trails on page 166 for illustration of method of working out the trails.

See page 166 for solutions of the April Travel Trails



(Left) Washington to Richmond: *Seek a pleasant little niche in any southern city and your visit will not be boring.*

PRIZES: The American Magazine offers a prize of ten dollars for every "Travel Trail" accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. "Travel Trail," to be eligible for the contest, must not be shorter than seven words nor longer than twenty-five, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home town of the contestant as its starting point or destination. Send your contribution to "Travel Trails" Editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

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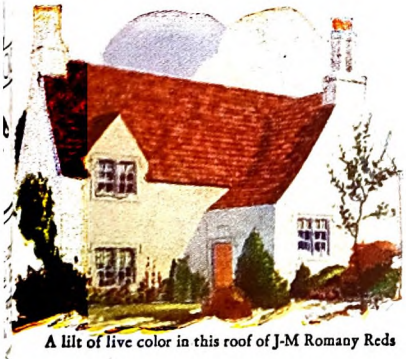
This is the age of color! We see its cheery note of welcome wherever we go in the modern home. And nowhere is colorful beauty more important than on your roof! *BUT—"How much will it cost?"* Perhaps you have delayed having your old roof replaced—have hesitated about the choice of a roof for your new home, because you have felt that the tasteful colors and protection which you desired would be too expensive.



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IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Chew DENTYNE

. . . *and smile!*

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"I Don't Favor No Traipsin' Wimmin . . ."

(*Continued from page 60*)

ny direction—"but bridle your tongues! aim to make inquiremint into this." Vith that, she put her pipe in her apron ocket, clasped her thin hands meekly, lbows resting against bony hips, and valked away. Before I realized it, she vas in the room at my side.

"You're Aunt Arimathea Holbrooks," said, smilingly extending my hand. hen I told her my name and that of my ncestors. I could see in her faded eyes a ght of friendship. "I knowed your kin olks," she said proudly. "I live yander," ndicating a shambling brown house cross the road. "I al'ays board the idge and the rest—court week—an hit id pleasure me if you come too." I greed gladly. Then I had to show her bout the typewriter. She watched in een delight.

At dinner that day, Aunt Arimathea ood behind my chair (a mark of honor) aving the fly brush—which at this sea- on of the year happened to be a lilac ranch—to and fro above the table; now abbing to keep the flies off the corn cob opper of the molasses jug, now shooing em off the platter of chicken.

During the course of the meal, some- ne mentioned the Tackett case. Linda ackett was to be tried for strangling her otherless child. I noticed Aunt Arima- hea had occasion just then to ply the rosecuting attorney and the judge with a cond helping of chicken. "An', hure, y some of these 'zarves," she said, heap- g their plates with blackberry preserves.

I WAS just a-studyin' about Lindie Tackett t'other day," said Aunt Arima- ea with fine unconcern. "Do you mind e time," she included the attorney and e judge with a sweep of her twinkling es, "when Amos Sizemore was tore um to pieces by a catamount?"

All heads nodded assent.

"If it hadn't been for Lindie Tackett 'd 'a' bled plum to death." Aunt Ari- athea started the preserves and hot corn ead on the rounds again. "Yas, Lindie powerful clever. Seein' Amos Sizemore layin' thar bleedin' an' a-moanin' an' beggin' fur somebody to holp him, an' s woman standin' pint-blank like a one, Lindie taken off her own apron an' re hit in strips and wropt Amos's head d arms. Stopped the blood!" She used a brief second. "Mind the time anny Bailey fell off her nag an' broke r leg goin' up Lost Hope to Rheuhamie urton that was expectin'? Lindie was min' along on foot and she hear-ed anin'. She found Granny Bailey and ted her back up on her nag and clim' in front of her, and rid on fast as she ld to Burton's—Granny a-holdin' on ound Lindie's middlin's. Granny'll tell u to this day she'd a laid thar an' died dn't a' been for Lindie. Burton's folks l the little 'un arter Lindie!" Aunt imathea's voice was soft as a kitten's . "Yas, Rheuhamie Burton's never done a-talkin' yit. She says if the rd Hisself had a-come a-ridin' up the ler that mornin', she wouldn't 'a' been y bit gladder'n she was when she riz up on her elbow from her bed a' misery an' seen Lindie Tackett a-ridin' in with Granny Bailey on behint."

I looked up at the judge and the commonwealth's attorney across the table, and I knew from the look on their faces that the words of Aunt Arimathea had not fallen on deaf ears. . . .

I REMEMBER well when "Little Doc" Stamper was being tried for killing Craig Steegall. The state had been a week getting a jury—folks that "had not formed or expressed an opinion" were found to be otherwise disqualified by being related, "blood kin or by marriage," to Little Doc or his victim.

However, the trial finally got under way and things were moving along at a great rate—most peaceably. Little Doc was sitting in the front bench, at my right. Finally, one of Jerusha Hewlett's sons took the stand. I could see the furtive look in his shifty eyes, and I knew by his loose-lipped mouth he would be glad of the "chanst to swar agin' t'other side." One comes to know a bit about human nature from watching the drama of the witness stand.

"You know the defendant here, do you?" asked the attorney. "Yas," drawled the witness. "And you knew Craig Steegall, the man who was killed?" "Yas," came the quick answer, "I wuz the fust one to Craig arter he drapped. I was a-clearin' some brush on my place, and tirectly I hear-ed a couplee shots and I seen Little Doc thar," gleefully pointing at the prisoner, "a-skulkin' off up the creek. When I got to Craig, his gold watch—I'd seed hit a heap a' times—hit was tore off'n the chain. Gone! I ain't a-sayin' who taken hit—" he turned a malicious grin toward Little Doc.

In the twinkling of an eye, Little Doc leaped forward, sending my table, notebooks, and pencils flying helter-skelter. He pounced like a mountain lion upon the witness, and I thought there would be another murder right there.

The sheriff and a couple of deputies finally got Little Doc's fingers pried loose from Hewlett's throat and order was restored.

"Judge," said Little Doc, with hands still clinched at his sides, "I ain't a-denyin' I done the killin'—I had it to do. But this—hit's more'n a feller can lay under—bein' slurred that way."

Then he turned to me with princely courtesy, his head bowed, "Woman," his voice was as gentle as a child's, "I'm plum shamefaced fur a-messin' up your table and your books." He stooped and picked up notebooks and pencils, and put them on my table, and the trial went on. . . .

"I kin stand hit anywhar a year," Little Doc remarked to me quite philosophically after the verdict.

"You won't be obleeged to," said Big Doc, the father. "We'll get you sprung in six months if you'll jest quile down."

The son made no reply, for the sheriff came up and took him away. The father lingered a moment beside my table. "Nary bit a' harm in the world in Little Doc 'cept when a body riles him," he said, and, squirting a stream of tobacco juice from his shaggy mouth, Big Doc stalked out.

I had been looking forward to the trial of Abijah Croswite with eager curiosity. For I was to glimpse for the first time at close range that most elusive individual—the "moonshiner." I use the word unwillingly. It is a word, by the way, that I have never heard fall from the lips of a mountaineer.

When I took my place at the table inside the rail near the witness box, there wasn't a vacant bench in the whole courtroom. In the front bench sat the prisoner's wife—the clerk told me who she was—Drusilda Croswite, with a baby in her arms and eight more little Croswites in calico and bare feet, huddled about her.

Opening formalities ended; the first witness was called.

In a few minutes the sheriff came in, leading a little old man. He was slightly stooped and his step faltered. His kindly gray eyes searched the room a moment—after he was sworn and seated. At last he spied Drusilda Croswite and the children, and I could see him take courage.

"They call you Old Bije, I believe," said the commonwealth's attorney. "You are an uncle of the prisoner—Young Bije Croswite—you make your home with him and his family here?" indicating the bench where Drusilda sat.

"Yas," answered the witness.

"You were present, I believe, on the occasion when John Daly, a revenue officer, and Andy Lewis, his deputy, were shot to death in the cabin in which you reside in this county. You were there—were you not?—You saw the murder!" barked the attorney.

"I wur thar—but no—I warn't what you might say a eyewitness to the troubles," drawled Old Bije. He let fly a stream of tobacco juice straight into the sawdust box that stood halfway between the witness stand and the jury.

"Tell what you know," bellowed the judge.

THE little old fellow blinked his faded eyes, and rubbed a gnarled hand over his sparsely bearded chin. "The last I seed—the last I taken notice, Young Bije was a-sottin' like *thar* alongside the foirplace, and like *hure* was a-sottin' the travelers. The' claimed they wuz travelers lost their way," he added contemptuously. "Well, they wuz a-sottin' like I'm sayin', and all of 'em was a-makin' talk. Peaceable-like they wuz—smokin' maybe—and takin' a leetle dram now and then—not to 'mount to nothin' tho," he added quickly. "Mought all 'a' had a leetle dram or two—Young Bije and the travelers—I hain't a-sayin' they did—I hain't a-sayin' they didn't—I says they mought 'a' had." He crossed one leg over the other and thought a moment. "They wuz a-sottin' thar—" he started again, but the judge's gavel came down with a crash.

"The jury has heard that—go on—tell what you know."

"Tirectly," the little old man began

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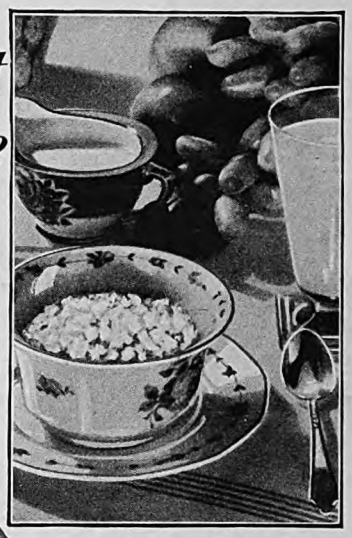
Every child *must be given the chance to grow strong . .*



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once more, "tirectly I 'lowed hit wuz a-gettin' late—an'—I pulled off my boots and turned in!"

A ripple of laughter swept over the court-room and I wanted to join in. *I* could appreciate Old Bije's spirit of preparedness—remembering a time not so long before when I "turned in"—clothes and all.

The judge was in no mood for fun. "Silence in the court-room!" he thundered, and the commonwealth's attorney turned to the witness.

"What happened next?"

"Arter I turned in to take me a nap a' sleep?"

"Yes—go on from there—then what happened?"

Old Bije shifted his position and rubbed a hand along the seam of his worn breeches. "Arter that—tirectly—I hear-ed ka bing! ka bang! agin' my headboard!" He thumped a fist in his cupped hand—"Ka bing! Ka bang! Bullets was a-hittin' my headboard. I jest pulled my kivvers kinda up round my head and dozed off to take me a nap a' sleep."

The attorney jumped to his feet. "Do you mean to tell this jury that with bullets flying about that room you—you—"

"Let the witness go on and tell in his own way what followed," said the judge.

"Next mornin'—fore sunup—I reckon hit was, I reached out my hand from under the kivvers to git my boots an'—my hand teched the travelers' feet. I kinda riz up on my elbow an' peered out from under my kivvers. I seed them two fellers—the travelers I mean—a-layin' thar in their gore." He squirted a stream of tobacco juice with uncanny accuracy into the sawdust box. "I never seen Young Bije nowhar," he added with unconcern.

"You didn't see the hand that fired the shots but you *did* see those two officers—each with a bullet through the heart—lying there in a pool of blood? That's right, isn't it? You *saw* that?" raged the attorney.

"I warn't to say a eyewitness—" Old Bije began again, drawing a twist of homemade tobacco from his hip pocket.

"That'll do—stand aside!" ordered the attorney. "Mr. Sheriff, we'll take Young Bije now."

The old man picked his hat up from the floor where he had tossed it and was led away. As he passed my table, I wanted to reach out and lay a friendly hand upon his stooped shoulder.

THERE was a stir as the door at the rear of the room opened. It was the door, we all knew, that led to the jail-house. The sheriff entered. At his side strode a stalwart mountaineer, scarcely thirty, with head erect and hands bound together. At a brusque command from the judge, he halted before the bench. And with clasped hands held high to heaven, he swore to tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. "So holp me God," he murmured reverently.

His kindly eyes sought Drusilda's and the meek Drusilda looked bravely at her man. She put an arm about the little tot at her side and the child snuggled closer. The other little Croswites sat with hands clasped in their laps—wide-eyed and fearful.

"We will show you, gentlemen of the jury, that this man is a disgrace to the

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ɔmmunity," the attorney was booming rth. "An evader of the law . . . unɔrthy of the benefits the Commonwealth vishes upon him . . . unworthy to de upon its splendid highways . . . and ı its railroads . . . railroads . . . that is man's taxes should rightly support . . and not content with one crime . . . adds another, and still another. Disling poison that destroys his fellow men. ıd when the arm of the law would reach t to seize and stop him . . . what en, gentlemen of the jury? He kills!" From his mighty seat, the judge beamed wn with pride upon his able colleague, ıo now sat with folded arms—shoulders own back, bristling with self-imporıce. "That ought to get a conviction," puppet assistant whispered in the ear his master.

All the while, Young Bije Croswite sat plexed and confused, looking from the lge to the jury, from jury to prosecutor. was dazed by the man's fine big speech ɔy his education.

Finally, he turned desperately to the ge. "Dare a body speak a word?" he ed timidly.

The judge exchanged glances with the ɔrney. "The Court will permit—" looked condescendingly upon the prisr—"the Court will hear if the defendhas anything to say in his own behalf."

The sheriff nudged Young Bije and lded to him to go on and speak.

"I ain't no larnin'," he began in faltervoice, "but peers to me like this man's ke kinda unthoughtedly." He shook head in confusion. "Why, I hain't er seed a *railroad train*, so how could I ɔon hit?" He looked about in bewilderıt.

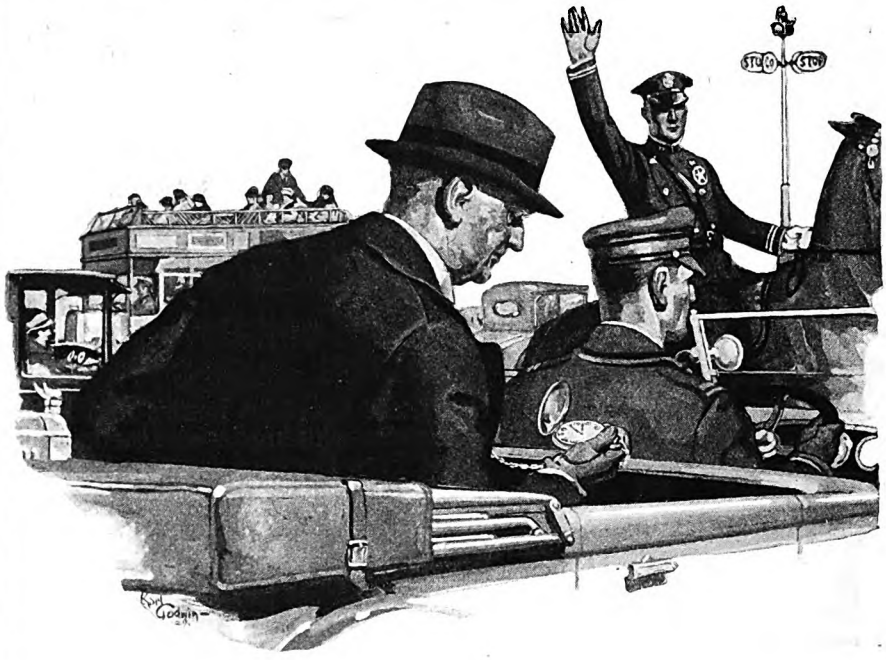
Young Bije thought a moment . . . ng hard to find the right words. "Hit's land, hain't it? I heir-ed hit from ɔpy, same as him from his'n. My ndsir claired hit hisself and . . . ıted him some bread . . . they warn't ax to pay!" The prisoner scanned the s about him for a nod of assent. "Then cain't a body, if he sees fitten, make some puore corn whisky outen part is crap, 'thout payin' tax? What's the n a-blockadin'?" he asked earnestly.

THE judge looked bored, the attorney yawned . . . might as well let Young have his say . . . they were confident conviction . . . anyway, he'd hang self if they only gave him rope.

"Why, 'tain't pizen!" the prisoner ded, eager to convince them. "Why, Ero yander"—he indicated the y in Drusilda's arms—"he'd 'a' died vorm spasm if my woman hadn't n him a leetle grain. An' thar's Jamie" e little fellow snuggled closer to his her's arm—"thar's Jamie time the er bit him. He'd 'a' died 'fore we d fotch a doctor . . . hit's a blessin' God that my woman had a leetle n on the place."

The judge and the attorney exchanged s—and leered with contempt at the less prisoner.

Suddenly Young Bije jumped to his "'Tain't fair, I tell you," he cried ously. His hands were gripped toer—the veins stood up like cords. on't aim to deny killin' them—*them lers*—they called theirselves. Travele tuck in an' fed the best we knowed,"



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he panted helplessly. "I had a right—an' 'tain't fair for the Government to send—"

The frenzied sentence was never finished. The judge shouted, "Contempt of Court!" and the marshal and his men rushed in and seized the prisoner.

"God Almighty—fellers," Young Bije gasped—half dazed—they were swiftly adjusting the handcuffs so that he was fast to a deputy on either side. "God Almighty, fellers," the proud head sank to his chest, "ye cain't take a man from his woman an' his little uns?" The voice fell to a whisper as they dragged him from the room.

Drusilda Croswite, pale, tense-lipped, dry-eyed, stared straight ahead. I saw her arms grow rigid about the baby. The child whimpered in pain. Little Jamie snuggled closer. He looked up knowingly into his mother's face, then tried to hide his head under her arm. The eldest of the children—a slip of a girl no more than ten she was—got up from her place on the end of the bench. She shook her mother's shoulder as you would awaken a sleeper. "Come along, Mammy," I heard the child say, "they've penitentiaried Pappy." And I saw Drusilda Croswite flinch—as if a sharp blade had been thrust into her side. Then everything went black before my eyes for a moment. That was as near as I ever came to breaking down in a court-room.

NEWS travels swiftly by word of mouth—up dark hollows and along the creeks. Only the week before, a railroad prospector had gone out to Lost Hope to sound out folks as to a right of way. I had accompanied him—part way—to make statements. Since that time, about every man in the district, so it seemed to me, has been looking for the judge to find out what he thought of the proposed road.

I was sitting at the typewriter in the little one-room building that served him as an office. Looking up from my work, I saw a stalwart fellow coming across the road. Behind him, meekly followed a young girl, as is the way of mountain women. She was garbed in a dark calico dress and a dilapidated slat bonnet. On her arm she carried a round hickory basket. Their dog trotted along with them.

"I'm a-wantin' to see the judge," the man said, standing hesitantly in the door. I knew what he wanted—it was about the right-of-way. The girl—her rare beauty of face startled me—hung her head timidly. She did not lift her eyes.

I invited them to come in and wait . . . the judge would be along directly. "Your wife can sit here beside me," I said to the man, indicating the one other chair in the place.

"She hain't my woman," he replied, looking at me suspiciously, "she's my sister—Jason Mosley wuz our pappy—we come from Lost Hope." The girl glanced up shyly at him. His look said "All right!" and she sat down, putting the huge basket at her feet. Her hands were meekly folded in her lap.

I tried every way to engage her in conversation. . . asking something about their farm . . . was the road being worked up in the hollow? . . . was there a meeting-house at Lost Hope? . . . did they *favor* a railroad coming through their district?

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Suddenly the brother raised his hand imperiously. "Nary word, Emmie, she'll sot hit down agin' ye . . . she's a short writer. You hear-ed Tabor's folks name hit tother day," he admonished fearfully.

The truth dawned upon me. I recalled taking Jethro Tabor's deposition in a right-of-way case for the railroad company and of reading back to the old man part of his testimony. It made Jethro cautious almost to the point of silence. I remembered that.

"That's a fine dog you have there," I said to the youth, hoping to hit upon a common interest.

"Hit is for truth," he said proudly. "Strong-minded too, 'taint afear-ed of nothin'. Treed a catamount onct."

I patted the dog, praised his fine head, his eyes, and his fine, shaggy coat. I saw that the young fellow was pleased.

"Emmie," he said, "I see the judge rost yander. I'll go *thar* and talk a leetle spell an' you can sot hure twell I git back. Jest ye want to go down to Kegley's an' wait?"

"No, I'm through my tradin', Jason." She spoke gently and looked at the basket with its bluing, sugar, soda, and baking powder. "I'm through—all I *kin* trade," she added, her eyes on the unsold sassafrass and eggs in the bottom of the basket.

AFTER Jason had gone, I went about my work with fine unconcern—until I felt, without looking around, that he had crossed the road. Then I turned to Emmie, sitting quietly in her place.

"I suppose you folks are putting up a lot of blackberries this season," I began.

"Right smart," she answered. She did not look up.

I was not making much headway. Maybe if I talked about something else . . . but what? I was groping for some common ground between us. "Can you knit, Emmie?" I asked.

"Yas," she answered shyly, her eyes still fixed on her folded hands. "Yas, a sock a day, if I'm a mind to."

"Why, that *is* remarkable!" I exclaimed. "Why, Emmie, you ought to go for that, knitting things to sell . . . maybe come to town to the mission school . . . show other girls what you can do—" I was going on enthusiastically. I looked at Emmie. She was sitting dejectedly—perfectly quiet.

"I kain't," she said despairingly. "Didn't you know I wuz destroyed?" Her fingers twitched convulsively—"She'd be three year old this spring—if—she'd lived."

"A girl, only a slip of a girl," I thought, and fair as the lily of the field. She was never meant to be '*destroyed*.'" My heart tied out. I wanted to put my arms about her . . . to say something to comfort her. Instead I sat . . . hands clasped helplessly in my lap even as Emmie. . . .

And so, Jason, standing on the threshold, found us.

"Emmie," his voice was tender, protecting, "we'll be goin' now, back to Lost Hope!" . . .

I watched them as far as I could see them, trudging along the road. Jason leading the way, Emmie, with her hickory basket on her arm, following meekly behind, not lifting her eyes . . . slowly, wearily . . . back to Lost Hope!

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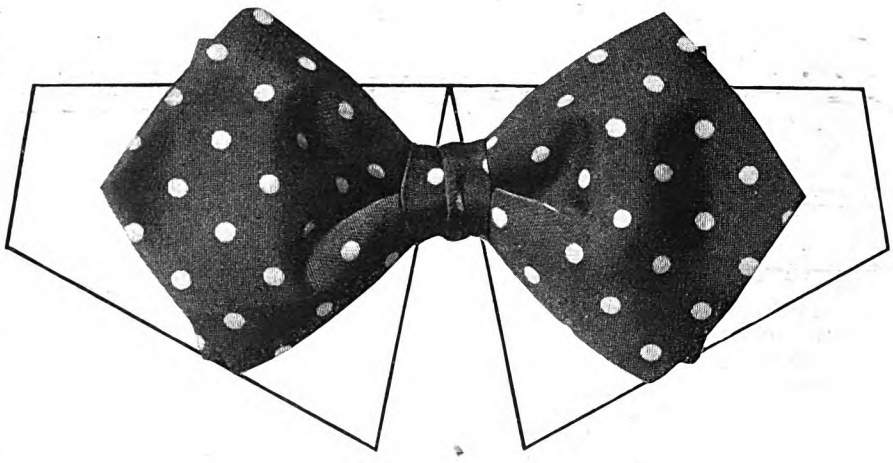

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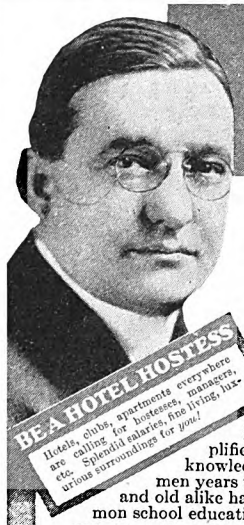

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My Biggest Problem

FIRST PRIZE

How Can a Lonely Woman Meet Unmarried Men?

NEVER have I seen, in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE or elsewhere, any hint as to how other women meet the problem of acquiring men friends. There is much advice to the woman as to how to treat a man after he has become interested in her; but never a word as to the means of arousing his primary interest. The only thing ever told women in my predicament is, "Don't seem too eager." I certainly cannot seem too eager, because I have never been sufficiently acquainted with an unmarried man for him to know whether I was eager or not!

The difficulty seems to be that none of my good qualities are apparent at a distance. I have nice skin, hair, and eyes, but there are so many fairly good-looking women that I am always lost in the crowd. I am a reasonably good cook, but as I have to earn my living by intellectual pursuits, no one ever suspects it. I try to be a "good sport," but a man can't tell that by his first glance at me.

If I had had men friends who later wished to discontinue the friendship, I'd feel differently; think myself unfit in some way. But, as it is, I can't help feeling that I might be able to win their liking if only, at first meeting, I could make myself seem an interesting individual, instead of just another woman. Has any woman any suggestions to offer? U. T. F.

SECOND PRIZE

Suicide, Exile, or Prison—Which One Should I Choose?

MY BIGGEST problem was one of life or death—of cowardice or self-respect. I was a banker—wealthy, honored, respected. Illegally I used funds of the bank in private operations of my own and lost them. The bank examiner discovered the shortage. That night as I drove towards my beautiful country home some miles from the city, three distinct lines of procedure seemed open to me. Should I flee and become a hunted man on the face of the earth? Should I go the cowardly and easy route—take my own life? Or should I stay and face the music? A few miles before I reached my home I turned off the highway into a country road, got out of my car, and walked down that road. I asked the Father above to help me decide rightly, and to give me strength to see my decision through, no matter what the cost.

Fortunately, I did decide rightly, though I realized that it meant dishonor, disgrace, and prison. The only manly thing to do was to make what restitution I could, and take my medicine. I did. I pleaded guilty and accepted a sentence of ten years. Never once has there been a question in my mind but that I settled my biggest problem rightly. I am now looking forward to the day when prison gates will open and I can stage my comeback. H. J. H.

THIRD PRIZE

I Nearly Failed My Husband in His Greatest Need

FOUR years ago the world was a friendly place to me and mine. I was spending a month in Florida, going from place to place. At the end of the month, when I had chosen the location I liked best, my husband was to bring the children to me.

He never came. A telegram arrived, bidding me to return north at once. When I got there I learned that every dollar we possessed, and thousands we did not possess, we owed to another. My husband was not to blame, unless a too generous and trusting nature can be blamed. But I treated my good husband with contempt. I demanded that he get money for me to go to my parents in California.

And then one night I found him with his head in his hands, his shoulders shaking. "I wish Mother were alive," he sobbed. "I could go to her. She wouldn't think me a failure."

It seemed to me that my heart would never beat again; how could I have deserted him, even in thought, when he needed me most? How dared I treat him so cruelly that he longed for someone else to tell his troubles to? It is just nobody's business the tender love and pledges the two of us exchanged there in that room.

After hours of anguish I determined that my first step was to get rid of my misery. But how? The answer came: Assume the attitude of having no misery. Keep busy.

I went forth and secured a job teaching school. Today the money we lost is forgotten, but the love that is ours is a new love, and one that will weather any ordeal that may come, for it was born of *understanding*. E. H.

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Let's Go Down the Road to Meet the Spring!

(*Continued from page 26*)

death of winter. Thus to impregnate the human heart with a faith and a hope in immortality was the Creator's master stroke.

There is a close relation between the arrival of spring and the laughing renewal of all our earthly hopes. It is not only nature which reawakens; our own dreams revive, our aspirations. Sun and bird-song and wild flower reach us with penetrant peace. Not alone do the flowers blossom, lifting to the sky their fragile faces of delicate beauty; but our own hearts wake from their long winter's sleep, look up, and worship.

Even the humblest heart rejoices and is inclined to utter things poetic. I recall what an old gardener said to me one day when I stopped to talk with him while he was spading a garden. Serene and amiably melting was the sunlight. In the mild air were rainy sweet fragrances. The freshly upturned soil had the deep, rich odor of damp loam—a fruitful odor full of promises of abundance. All about in the yards of the quiet village the pear trees were standing tall and snowing. The peach trees were a song and a silence of pink and white. The coming green was misting the elms and the maples. What innocence, what modest loveliness, was in the solitary narcissus growing by the garden fence! I said something in greeting to Old John. Both of us remarked on the beauty of the day.

"You know," he said, as he leaned on his spade, "the whole world seems sweet sixteen!"

Always have I treasured those words from that modest source. And it is true that spring arrives less like an infant than like a débutante. Almost as soon as she truly appears, she looks like a girl dressed for her first communion.

IN THE general scheme of things there are compensating forces at work everywhere; and this great fact is nowhere more manifest than in the joy that the coming of spring affords to the inhabitants of various zones of the earth. Excepting the Eskimos, from consideration upon whose emotional processes I am unable to report, it seems true that the farther north one lives, the sharper the demarcation of the season becomes, and, as a result, the more poignant the happiness when the frozen reign of winter is over. In the far South, winter is seldom more than a mellow, pronounced autumn. In middle latitudes, winter is real; in the true North, it is a serious business, to be prepared for like the meeting of an inveterate and hardy enemy.

Born and reared in the South and familiar with her "golden suns and silver rains," I well remember, after my first winter in college in the North, how eagerly I awaited the spring, how much more the season meant because of the character of what had passed.

Every season is unique; and there is about spring a flower-charm that no other season possesses; a sense of virginity, of

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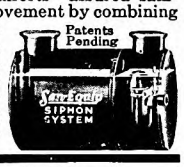

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tremulous ecstasy divinely ordered. Then the floating clouds picture our own soaring hope; then the day is graced by innocent beauty, winsome as the prayers of a child; then the night is jasmine-bosomed, mystical with fragrant rhythms; then every sense and every heart is joy. The world seems suddenly free of envies and malices: they perished in winter's majestic disrepair. Then the strong, cold beauty of the North, that so long has stood stately and immobile against her grand background of steely snow and bleak, gigantic trees, begins to relent. Diana is about to capitulate. A lover from the far South has touched her heart.

"THE darkest day," said the old philosopher, "if we but live till tomorrow, will have passed away." It is so with the darkest week, or season. Winter brings the world into shadowy and majestic and cosmic disrepair. The days scowl bleakly by. The nights slump gloomily past. Yet, at the appointed hour, the far, all-animating paternal Voice sounds over the world. The clarion summons is obeyed. Life stirs in the dark soil. In the dim air, high above the mountains' misty throne, there are triumphing wings, as the wild geese go northward. And to us the Voice means eternal recurrence of joy. Singing to us that no human trouble is final, no winter lasting, no darkness permanent, spring is the living and laughing denial of the omega of death.

Once more, amid music and beauteous lights, it runs up the curtain that we had thought fatefully down forever. Indeed, the scheme of things in our world is such that no tragedy is wholly convincing. Human nature is too resilient, and God is Love. The soul feels clairvoyantly her immortality. Spring always returns. And there is something superlatively reassuring to the human spirit in the certainty of the spring's approach. It is almightily so ordered.

And when it comes, it always comes "trailing clouds of glory." About an April twilight there is a special magic that makes us feel that we are privileged to be invited into one of God's glimmering gardens. At such a time the human heart is likely to be ingenuous to an engaging degree. I have long believed the soul to be somewhat nocturnal in its habits; or at least, as daylight wanes, the spirit begins to feel and to manifest certain occult powers. And when a silvern April moon transfigures the world, the soul becomes communicative and childlike. Safe in the arms of God, it talks like a child, its voice one of angel-notes.

WELL I remember, as an illustration of the truth of this, what an old negro said to me one April twilight. The thought, I believe, had haunted him for years. It took a spring evening to make him utter it. Knowing Gabriel as I do, I had not supposed him capable of a fear so poignant. I will tell you what he asked me.

I had ridden down to the plantation gate, and Gabriel had walked along—just out of comradeship. Calm was the sunset, blooming like a gradual rose of the dim universe. Dusky fragrances came from the twilight pines; the scent of the wild yellow jasmine was in the air. An amethyst light suffused the lonely forest. Both Gabe and I felt the mystery and the beauty of it all. Later, I would return to the Great House, and he would go across the dark ricefield-bank to his cabin. As we reached the gate and the deepening shadows cast by the imminent forest, I drew rein; and at that moment, clearly through the spring evening, from far away across the plantation fields, came the voices of negroes singing. Their melody blended with the radiant twilight choral that the pines were softly chanting:

I will meet you,
Yes, I'll meet you;
Oh, I'll meet you in de Promise' Lan'.

And the music, and wakened memories, and the tender darkness of the holy evening, loosed the tongue of Gabe, so that he asked me a question that must have haunted him many a year. How shall I ever forget the appeal of its utter humility?

"Cap'n," he said softly, "I know for sartain that the time is coming when you will see all those who have gone befo'. You will see little Blue Eyes what died, an' Ole Miss, an' all yo' people. But how 'bout me? How 'bout Gabe? I is jus' a po' nigger. You t'ink de good Lord will let me see them once mo'? Can I get to de Promise' Lan'?"

I could only reach down and take my black man's hand.

"You will see them again," I told him, speaking what I believe to be true; "we'll all be together once more in God's good time."

Gabriel, my dusky friend, with a heart pondering mystery, left me under the stars of that April evening. The air was very still; and from the shadowy road under the pines, as he receded from me, I heard him saying softly—

"Yes, my Lord: in de Promise' Lan'!"

Thus did the humble Gabriel eloquently voice for me the human heart's eternal homesickness for that Other Country, where those who loved us await us.

I REMEMBER a spring dawn on a farm. Night had warmly hung over the earth like a dark-blue flower; like a spirit-presence, laying velvet fingers on the dreaming world. Long before daylight I was awake, looking in childlike wonder at the superbly blazing morning star, effulgent just above the misty oaks beyond the sleeping meadow. An air odorous as Eden softly moved the curtains by my window. Now the east was brightening with a cool, gray premonition of dawn. Far, peaceful cries were heard from awakening farms.

Now the farm creatures began to stir. The cattle heaved themselves humpily from their couches by the haystack. The turkeys, now off the roost, began their faint fussings. Bespangled with fragrant dew, the pea vines and strawberry plants in the garden began to take shape out of the lifting mantillas of mist. Almost as native to the farm as the cattle and the fowls, as the dawn unfolded flowerlike, a bobwhite, mounted on a fence-post in the far pasture, began his ringing wild whistling.

Flaring over the ridge of hills now came the sun. Day on the farm had commenced. And if that, with all its beauty, peace, fragrance, chance for honest toil, palpable proof everywhere of the Creator's love for us—if that does not make life seem worth while, what ever can? In the great words of the Psalmist, a spring dawn on a farm

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Well he knows that there's magic in the garden in the spring, and in every field and wood. Out of the rayless darkness of the soil rise sunsets and dawns of bloom. Something there is that whispers to the lonely little seed, "Awake and live." Out of the dust the fairy wild flowers make their artful artless gowns. Out of the dust the oaks and the hickories, the walnuts and the beeches, receive their massive crowns. Here, indeed, is Resurrection. Until wakened by God, all the Beauty we know slept in dust.

SHOULD not the springtime afford us deep spiritual joy by suggesting to us that only Almighty Love could have designed such a season; and that its purpose and love's purpose in the human heart are one: to lift life to warmth and light out of an ancient cold and darkness?

Spring has always come to me early—perhaps because I have usually gone down the road to meet it. It has come to me early in March on the wings of a warm, wild, rainy wind, full of the smell of sap, the odor of living bark and swelling buds, the fragrant promise of blossoms.

For many years one of my regular spring comrades has been the author of that justly famous poem, beginning—

> When tulips bloom in Union Square,
> And timid breaths of vernal air
> Go wandering down the dusty town
> Like children lost in Vanity Fair.

As surely as the little pools of spring rain glitter in the grassy meadows; as surely as the shy ferns uncurl their trustful, delicate fronds; as surely as the eaves of the apple trees are hung with fringes of delicate blossoms, Henry van Dyke comes to his old haunt in Pennsylvania, Dickey's Run, to fish for brook trout; and I have learned to associate his coming with the return of spring. Among my happiest memories of this vernal season are recollections of him.

Though, after a fashion, I am a fisherman myself, when this Old Master comes, I cannot profane art by casting a fly when he is doing the same thing. Alert to notice the things of nature along the springtime stream, and swift to speak of them with precise felicity, he described, I recall, the wild columbine's flowers as "red chalices"; the field sparrow's singing at dusk as a "song of the spirit;" and the shadowy, gleaming waters of a great hemlock-shaded pool as "a huge amethyst." His keen awareness of the wild life about him, even while he is masterfully casting a fly under a tangle of elders, may be judged from the fact that the only rose-breasted grosbeak that I ever saw along this trout stream he pointed out to me, in an old sycamore.

A poet first and always, this comrade of mine is ever a searcher after ultimate truth. Often, as I walk the bank while he

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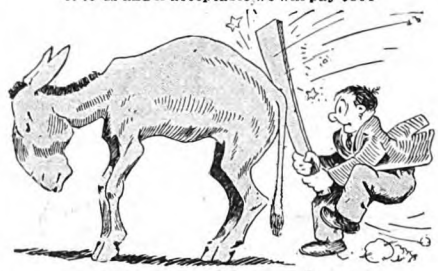

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wades the stream, he says little profound things to me that prove that his fertile and comprehensive mind is not preoccupied by fishing. For example, I recall his saying, with that spontaneity which sometimes comes readily to us while we are children once more on nature's heart: "All the real trouble in the world comes from someone's lack of self-control." And this: "A man should be guided by his admirations, not by his disgusts." And this: "There is always a prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition."

Because of my fellowship with this true philosopher, when the slow tide of color brims the earth, when the joy of spring deluges the world with resistless might, I have been constrained to be thoughtful about it all; and to accept it less as an unreflecting pagan. Truly it is God's work, this "bridal of the earth and sky."

I HAVE another cherished comradeship with an old friend who is a cabinet-maker. He, too, loves trout-fishing; and on afternoons in mid-May I meet him by the trout stream.

One day I found him by the stream fishing in the rain. As he is much older than I am, and as the weather did not seem inviting to me, I was concerned for him, and told him so.

Standing by an old weeping willow, his coat collar turned up, his battered old hat pulled down all around, he let his line drift lazily down the dimpled stream. He smiled at my fear.

"What's a little spring rain?" he asked jovially. Then he added, "Nature never hurt me yet."

The essential, elemental truth of that saying keeps coming back to me. Nature does mother us.

It is generally supposed that spring makes us gregarious, turning our fancies to thoughts of love, and all that. But the soul often delights to wander alone in the spring, through all the new beauty and the new song, seeking out some old haunt of ecstasy, or strolling at will down fragrant lanes fringed by bursting sprays. Spring gently and insistently reminds us that life is to be lived, and not altogether to be toiled away.

Once more it comes to us, this divine miracle of spring. We delight in its outward manifestations, and our hearts feel its profound spiritual import. At nature's nuptial shrine we renew our faith in the Eternal; and into our hearts these convictions must infallibly and irrevocably take root and sturdily grow: That Truth and Beauty are the language of God; Virtue is the behavior of God; Love is the will of God!

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Jane Loses Her Umbrella

(*Continued from page 63*)

ighed. "A black one, too. If you really nust carry umbrellas, why not choose a launting red one or a proud purple one or a lyric green one?"

Jane gave him a coldly pitying look. The man, of course, was a fool.

"If you had had a good black umbrella you wouldn't have ruined your clothes and our rug," she remarked crisply. "And now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Ah, yes, business. Of course, business," he remembered.

"I came to your hospitable office"—he glanced briefly at the damp headlines of the paper on which he stood—"to see Mr. Paul Wetherby in regard to a contract."

"Mr. Wetherby will not be in the office today. He is out of the city. But I am Mr. Wetherby's secretary, and possibly I can be of some assistance?"

Jane's voice was again smoothly impersonal, marvelously secretarial.

The man looked at her shrewdly, albeit twinkle still sparkled on the surface of the shrewdness.

"I'm sure you can tell me just what I want to know." He paused a second, then added, "Quite as well, or, possibly, even better than Mr. Wetherby."

Jane lowered her eyes noncommittally, but she flushed a little, pleasurably.

"I am Robert Knowles, of the Knowles Radio Corporation," the visitor introduced himself. "We haven't been altogether satisfied with our publicity, and I thought I'd shop about a bit. We are informed that your Mr. Paul Wetherby has the day-after-tomorrow approach. Some of our people seem to feel that that's what we need. I expect our stuff has been pretty stodgy."

JANE, by strength of her Puritan ancestors, suppressed a gasp. Robert Knowles, of the great Knowles Corporation! She thought dizzily of the double-page spreads which that company flung about in magazines that counted circulation by the million.

If Wetherby, Kane, and Wetherby could land the Knowles account, it would be the biggest plum they'd pulled in many a day. Her knees felt a bit wobbly. Paul Wetherby's telephonic condescension flickered across her memory.

"Only routine matters, and *you* can handle *them*," he had said. Huh!

Aloud, she remarked with creditable calmness:

"I'm sure we could submit acceptable ideas; and we should be very glad indeed to handle your account."

Then a small imp of French irony popped into her head, reminding her of a day not so long ago when Tom Segal, struggling young copy writer on the Wetherby staff, had sat on her desk smoking a smelly pipe and airing his views of the Knowles advertisements.

"They are all wrong, Miss Brown," he had assured her earnestly. "Now, here's the sort of line they ought to follow!"

She remembered the stuff he had outlined, and she knew, she *knew* that it had been good. Tom Segal could map out a publicity campaign for the Knowles

Do Your Friends Feel Sorry for Your Wife?

Like it or not, your friends and neighbors size you up by what you EARN—judged by your home and family. Why not surprise them by making good in a big way? Tell them nothing, but on the quiet fit yourself for a bigger place!

ONLY a woman knows how much a wife can suffer when her husband fails to "make the grade"—

When she dreads to meet her old school friends—when she skimps on her own appearance "so John can make a good showing at the office"—when she can't give her children things as good as the other children have, *and they ask her why.*

Brave, loyal woman, she would be the last to reproach her husband because he doesn't earn as much as other men whose wives she is thrown with constantly.

"Money isn't everything," she tells him—yet how she longs for his promotion—for that bigger salary that means better clothes, greater advantages for the children, a new car, *more of the comforts and luxuries of life!*

What can you, as an ambitious husband, do to help?

No need to ask your wife to put up a brave front—she's already doing that. No use to ask for a "raise" on the ground that you "need more money"—"raises" aren't secured that way. No big gain in devoting longer hours to your work—chances are you are already giving loyal and conscientious service.

Only one thing, then, for you to do—so important that it may prove the very turning point in your career: *you can and should compel those opportunities that quickly lead to bigger income, real success!*

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Out on the Pacific coast lived a factory man, 30 years of age — assistant superintendent of a growing plant. He enrolled for home-study training in Modern Foremanship and shortly after got together an informal class of factory executives, for discussion and study. His general manager stepped him up to production manager with a salary-increase of 125 per cent.

Becomes Sales Manager

In a middle western city lived a salesman, 50 years of age. For 35 years he had sold—and sold successfully. Indeed, on nearly every sales force he had been at or near the top of the list in point of sales—*but he had never been able to sell himself as a sales manager or executive.* He was earning between five and six thousand dollars a year.

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A railroad clerk in New Jersey decided—like Jack London before him—that the only way out of a pit was *up!*

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And so we could go on, with case after case—yes, thousands of them—and every man could tell of a salary-increase better than 100 per cent which he directly credits to LaSalle training—

Are you, then, so different from these thousands of other men? *Have you less ambition? Do you lack the will power or the stamina to "see it through"?*

Send for Free Book

Below there's a coupon—just such a coupon as thousands of men used in their successful start toward greater earning power.

This coupon, filled in, clipped and mailed, will bring you an interesting booklet descriptive of LaSalle training in the field of your choice, together with a copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

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- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
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people that would be a winner. But, of course, Tom Segal would never get any credit for it. Paul Wetherby would have all the credit. Unless— That small French imp jogged her hand. And the Puritan ancestor who should have been there to restrain her must have been asleep at the switch. Oh, well, even Puritans must sleep sometimes.

Jane pushed a button firmly, and to the preoccupied office boy who answered the summons she said:

"Get Mr. Segal from upstairs, Freddy."

As they waited for Tom Segal, a vast embarrassment descended on Jane. This was Robert Knowles parked on a newspaper at the edge of her rug! *She* had given him this ignominious position. And, oh, good heavens, what had she said to him! She could feel the blood surging up her throat, pounding in her temples.

"Oh, please, won't you sit down?" she said in a very, very small voice.

Robert Knowles quirked one shaggy eyebrow, and his eyes were a little cynical.

"Why the change of heart, sister?" he asked. "I'm just as wet now that I'm Robert Knowles as I was when I was nobody."

Jane's blush grew even more painful. The man was accusing her of the smallness of snobbery, and the uncompromising truth that was in her knew that the accusation was just.

BUT something queer was happening to Jane. It had started to happen when Paul Wetherby telephoned to her in condescending vein. It had been happening with increased velocity since this breezy visitor had brought the storm and all outdoors into her neat office. So now, instead of hanging her head in merited shame, she cocked it aggressively and answered back.

"You are not nearly so wet now as you were," she said. "In fact, you're pretty well dried. And I'd like, if you will please step off the newspaper, to bundle it into the wastebasket, so my office can look tidier. We may have other visitors," she added with an air.

Robert Knowles laughed, his big, booming laugh that filled the small room.

"I didn't know they made 'em housewifely any more," he commented. "That word 'tidy' now, you must have found that in a terribly old dictionary. Where did they grow you?"

Jane was saved a reply to this fresh impudence by the puzzled entrance of Tom Segal, whose puzzlement changed to genuine stage fright when he found himself called upon to outline a campaign of publicity to a member of the big Knowles corporation.

It was Jane, after all, who had to calm him and remind him and encourage him, until finally he forgot himself in his enthusiasm for the thing he was creating, and his tongue was loosened as it had been that day not so long ago when he sat on her desk and told her how the Knowles advertisements ought to read.

He now told Robert Knowles himself how they ought to read. Robert Knowles was interested, too; Jane could plainly see that. He argued and suggested and vetoed, but he praised also. After an hour of this, Knowles indicated that the session was over, and Tom Segal trickled out with his penciled notes and sketches, a sort of dazed hope in his eyes. He had—as Jane happened to know—a sick young wife and a sickly child. If he could make good on something big like this, it might mean a promotion which would lift some of the awful weight of doctors' bills that were stooping his young shoulders.

"That young man's ideas are promising," Robert Knowles commented. "And now, what about lunch together, you and I, discussing details—prices and such-like proper things?"

Jane instinctively drew back, because Jane's reaction to all of life was negative.

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't do that," she murmured.

The man smiled down upon her with humorous understanding.

"What's the matter—lifting your umbrella of caution again?" he asked lazily. "It's bad luck to raise an umbrella in the house, sister. Now, just what is the trouble? Don't you know that Mr. Wetherby would lunch with me and talk over the details if he were here? Is it that you suspect me of being a gay dog? I assure you I'm fearfully safe. Steady old bachelor of thirty-five and very good to my mother."

His taunting drawl prodded that small French imp in Jane.

"Yes, I'm sure you are," she said cattily. But even as she said it, she was jamming her hat down over her head, slipping on her rainy-day coat, reaching for her umbrella.

"Please don't take that," the man begged. "Show that you trust me, by leaving it!"

Their progress through the long outer office where the typists worked left a wave of silent wonder in its trail. Miss Brown without her spectacles (for Jane had taken them off to polish and had quite forgotten to put them back), going out into a rainy day with no umbrella and no rubber shoes—and with a *man*! Wonder on top of wonder! As the door closed behind them, the wave of silence broke in a froth of slang.

"Well, for swimming the ocean!" remarked Miss Coralie Klein. Coralie was a recent acquisition of the office, and was already known as "Peaches."

JANE'S recollection of that luncheon was always a blurred sensation of warmth and regret. Heart-comforting warmth that came from having a person show some interest in her, in Jane Brown, as a human being—the first person who had shown any such interest during the whole three years she had been in the city. Regret that nagged her memory in the days that followed because she had allowed herself to talk too much about herself.

Now, why, *why* should she have confided to Robert Knowles that she liked Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems and that she hated squash? Why should she have described for him the large Cheshire-cat person who sat at her left at the boarding-house table and oozed optimism, even when the meat was tough? Why should she have revealed her homesickness for the smell of spruce forests, for the sight of white-painted houses, and the joy of tall, blue larkspur set against sturdy hollyhocks in a garden?

All of her reserved nature shuddered at the memory of that conversation. As for what they had to eat, she could never

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remember that. And as for the "prices and such-like proper things" which they were to have discussed—well, they simply didn't.

On the next day, however, Jane was her own efficient self as she placed her neatly typed memorandum on Mr. Wetherby's desk, and added in her quiet voice the oral postscript:

"Mr. Robert Knowles was in yesterday to discuss plans and estimates for a series of advertisements. Mr. Segal talked with him about a plan which interested him very much."

Paul Wetherby dropped the memorandum which he had picked up and allowed his efficient mouth to fall open in uncontrolled amazement. It was fully half an hour before Jane was able to make him believe that the thing had happened, as it had happened, in his absence. Then he said coldly:

"You should not have called Segal into this. He isn't the man to handle it. I wish you had waited until my return, without attempting to start anything. However," he shrugged his nicely tailored shoulders, "I can probably pull the chestnuts out."

Whereupon, he began to push bells briskly, to fling snappy orders at underlings who answered the signals. Finally he disappeared into the double office of the senior members of the firm. Just what he said to the senior partners and just what he said in the outer offices, Jane could not know, of course. But presently she heard echoes. Persons stopping at her desk on one errand or another would ask:

"Did you hear about the big Knowles contract Mr. Wetherby has just landed?"

The quirks at the corners of Jane's mouth straightened ominously. Mr. Wetherby indeed!

Then Coralie Klein undulated in to lay a typed report on Jane's desk, and paused to remark:

"It must be awfully thrilling to work for Mr. Wetherby."

"Very," Jane answered dryly.

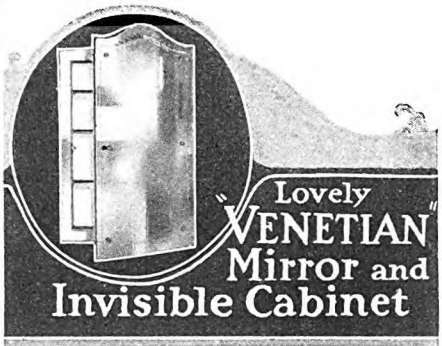
SOMEHOW she found it less and less thrilling to work for Mr. Wetherby after that rainy April day—less and less thrilling to work at all. She felt as if a strong breeze had blown through her life, and had upset the neat card catalog where she filed her thoughts, so that now all sorts of ideas were whirling about in her mind, mixed up with strange emotions which had blown in from somewhere.

Paul Wetherby was conscious of the change in her. To look at her, she was the same plain, bespectacled, competent secretary. But the eyes behind the spectacles were somehow different. He felt them regarding him in moments when he was making a big impression, and something in their expression made him oddly uncomfortable. He felt particularly so the day he told her that he had taken Tom Segal off the Knowles copy and had given it to Temple Mercer, a brisk, go-getting young man who drove to work in a sporty roadster.

Jane protested.

"But Mr. Knowles liked Segal's plans. The thing was understood between them," she said.

Paul Wetherby decided to put her definitely back into her place.



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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"It's not a question of plans, Miss Brown, but of talent. Segal is nothing but a plodder; he hasn't the ability to carry the thing through. Temple Mercer has. As I told you, it was most unwise in my absence to attempt to handle a contract of this size."

Jane was silent, which was the most untactful thing she could have been. There are few things as irritating as certain brands of silence.

She happened to go down in the same elevator with Tom Segal at the close of work that day, and it enraged her to see the dull hopelessness which was snuffing out his youth.

"It's a shame!" she said to him as they stepped out of the elevator. "It's a shame you aren't to have the Knowles publicity. Had you started to work on it yet?"

Tom Segal laughed mirthlessly.

"I'd about finished," he told her. "I've been sitting up nights with it. It was the biggest chance I'd had, you see; and I wanted to make good."

"Did Mr. Wetherby see your copy and drawings?" she asked.

Tom shrugged his shiny serge shoulders.

"No. He wasn't interested."

Jane's eyes behind the spectacles smoldered.

"I wish you'd bring them to me tomorrow," she said. "I don't know . . . something might happen. . . ."

SOMETHING did happen a week or so later when Temple Mercer's plans were finally completed and were taken to the Knowles office by Paul Wetherby himself in fine go-gettive mood. What happened was that Robert Knowles turned the plans down flat, and definitely refused to give the Knowles account to Wetherby, Kane, and Wetherby.

And when Paul explained the matter most plausibly to his senior partners, the whole office was blue with the echoes of the elder Wetherby's comments and testy old Mr. Kane's remarks. But Jane, when she heard the bad news, once again said nothing, which was again the worst thing she could have said.

Jane's first intimation that her employer was dissatisfied came to her somewhat indirectly. She was typing busily one morning when Coralie ("Peaches") Klein, tightly swathed in a single breadth of black satin, passed through the room and into the private office of Paul Wetherby. She was over the threshold before Jane saw her. But what did it matter? He would be glad enough to talk to her. Any man would be glad, Jane thought bitterly. That's what they all liked—cheap little imitation film actresses.

Presently she had to consult the files, and as the file case was close to the door which communicated with the inner office, a door which Peaches had failed to close tightly, Jane became unintentionally an eavesdropper. She heard the honeyed voice of Peaches:

"Oh, if I could ever get to be *your* secretary, Mr. Wetherby, it would be wonderful. *You* are so wonderful!"

Jane almost laughed aloud, would have laughed, but for Paul Wetherby's words, which came with stunning distinctness:

"Well, just between us, I have been thinking of making a change," he was saying. "Miss Brown is a good worker, efficient in her way, and faithful. But she—"

Jane never heard the end of the paragraph. For, you see, when a person has had nothing in her life but work for three solid years, and when she has put her whole soul into her job, it is rather earthquaky to feel the job trembling underfoot.

Jane went about her duties for the remaining hours of the day in a sort of frozen daze. She sat through her tasteless boarding-house dinner that evening in a daze. But alone in her room at night, the dams of repression so carefully set up by her Puritan ancestors gave way before the surge of Gallic need for expression, and Jane Brown, for the first time in her sad, colorless young life, wept into her pillow.

The alarm clock which roused her the next morning waked a new Jane. Her fellow-boarders, if they had bothered to notice her at all, could have seen the difference in the abandoned way she sugared her cereal at breakfast.

She went, as usual, to the office, but only tarried long enough to get some papers from her desk and to leave a brief, unapologetic note for Mr. Wetherby: "Shopping. Back later in the day."

Shortly after eleven o'clock, at the very moment when Paul Wetherby was fuming over the perverseness of women in general and of women secretaries in particular, three blocks across town a bewildered office boy was announcing to Robert Knowles that a young lady was waiting to see him; that she wouldn't give any name, but just said, "Tell Mr. Knowles it's the girl who always carries an umbrella."

Robert Knowles repeated, "Girl who always carries an umbrella." Then suddenly he remembered, and chuckled.

"Show her in," he said.

The office boy threw open the door and Robert made a queer, gurgling noise in his throat.

THE girl who stood in his doorway was April, a-tiptoe. The corners of her wide, childish eyes, the corners of her sweet mouth, the curling ends of her impertinent hair-cut, the short brim of her smart felt hat, the flare of her brief little sports frock—everything about her quirked up happily. Jane had spent the morning shopping with a vengeance!

As she moved to the chair which Robert offered her, she suddenly darted aside and stooped to pick up a pin from the floor.

"See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck," she said.

"So you *do* believe in superstitions?"

"Maybe. I'll see if this one works."

"But you're so different today." He wrinkled his puzzled brow. "Do you know, I feel almost as if I'd invented you!"

Jane considered this.

"Perhaps you have," she decided. "That makes you responsible."

"I'm willing to take the responsibility!"

"I've brought something to show you," she said, suddenly serious. And proceeded to untie a big folder which she carried with her.

"Strictly business still," Robert remarked sadly.

But the very first drawing that she showed him caught his interest. Thereafter, for half an hour she urged her case. It was a good case.

"But why didn't Wetherby show me

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these drawings before? That junk he brought here was nothing like this."

Jane decided to put her cards on the table.

"These are Mr. Segal's drawings and copy," she explained, "the young man you talked with the day you came into our place. Mr. Wetherby took the job away from him and gave it to someone he thinks a better man. But I happened to see what Mr. Segal had already finished and I felt sure you'd like it."

Robert Knowles picked up a pencil and laced it through his fingers meditatively.

"You are . . . interested in this Segal fellow?" he asked.

"Oh, tremendously!" Jane answered. Robert dropped the pencil and it rolled across the floor.

"He has had such a hard struggle," she continued. "A sick wife and a delicate child, and no money except his salary."

Robert beamed happily at the dark picture she drew.

"Poor fellow," he said heartily. "Well, suppose we call it a go, then," he decided.

"You'll give us the account, really?" Jane asked, her eyes lifted happily to his.

"On these drawings," he agreed, "and this copy."

"So picking up the pin did bring me good luck," she laughed, as she bundled her papers into the folder.

ROBERT KNOWLES held her hand a trifle overtime for a parting handshake.

"Look at that calendar on the wall," he commanded. "See what tomorrow is—Friday, the thirteenth. I can't face it alone. What about giving me the evening?"

Jane considered. Then one of her French grandmothers whispered to her the right answer.

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully. "You might call me up and see!"

Returning to her own office and swinging nonchalantly into the room, humming a gay tune, Jane almost stumbled over Paul Wetherby, who was fumbling helplessly in her neat files.

"Well!" he said. "What's the big idea of the morning off?"

Jane countered with a ripple of laughter, turned her back to her employer, and fluffed her hair at the mirror—oh, quite as Peaches Klein might have done.

"Don't you think it was worth a morning off?" she asked pertly.

Paul gasped. Involuntarily he settled his cravat and smoothed his patent-leather hair.

"I'll say it was," he told her, and grinned. Then he remembered, and glowered. "I've had the dickens of a morning. Couldn't find anything in these darned files."

Jane showed no signs of penitence.

"While I was out," she remarked casually, "I saw Mr. Knowles, and I've persuaded him to give us the account, after all."

Paul stared.

"*You* persuaded him!" he echoed.

"Um-h'm. But on condition," she added. "He will give it to us if he can have these drawings and copy." Again she untied her folder.

Her employer studied the drawings.

"Who did these?" he asked.

Jane looked him straight in the eye:

"There's the *new* Ned Tyson"

"He's making big money now"

"I used to know him when I was a kid—we went to grammar school together.

"Then his father died and he had to go to work. Got a job with Brooks & Watson as a clerk, but couldn't seem to get ahead.

"Then overnight something seemed to wake him up. He began making suggestions to the firm—helped them to save a great deal of money.

"Then Old Man Brooks became interested—wanted to know how Ned happened to know so much about the business. Ned told him he'd been studying at home at nights through the International Correspondence Schools. 'H'm,' said Mr. Brooks, 'I'll remember that.'

"He did too. Put Ned out on the road as a salesman for a year or so and then brought him into the main office as sales manager.

"He's getting $6500 a year now and everybody calls him 'the new Ned Tyson.' I've never seen such a change in a man in my life. The I. C. S. deserves a lot of credit."

An International Correspondence Schools course will help *you* just as it helped Ned Tyson. It will help you to have the happy home—the bigger salary—the comforts you'd like to have. Start today to make good. At least find out what this great school can do for you.

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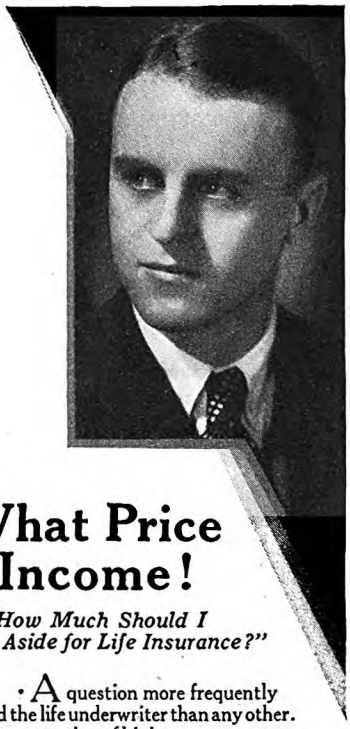

What Price Income!

"How Much Should I Lay Aside for Life Insurance?"

A question more frequently asked the life underwriter than any other. What proportion of his income can a young man put into life insurance premiums, especially if he is married?

CONCRETE FACTS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS. Here is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children.

His income is $5,000 a year. What would you consider a fair proportion of this income to lay aside for life insurance? Ten percent?

Actually in this case the annual premiums amount to about $600, leaving a balance of $4,400 of the income for the support of the family, an easy proposition for ambitious young parents looking to the future.

What do THEY get for THEIR $600?

Total life insurance of $30,000,—$5,000 to be paid in cash in case of the husband's death, the rest so arranged in a trust settlement as to produce $100 a month income for the wife during her lifetime, the remaining principal to go to the children after her death.

Do you not think this young man has done well for himself and his family?

Surely he has laid out his life very successfully, with a fair income for present living expenses and an estate of $30,000 to leave for his family.

In the meantime cash value accumulates and dividend returns are paid.

He might struggle for years to obtain such a result in other ways, and then fail of his goal, in the meantime missing the best there is in life including the contented enjoyment of his income and his family.

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"Tom Segal did them, Mr. Wetherby." He flushed angrily.

"I told you—" he began. But Jane interrupted. Jane had definitely stopped being a perfect secretary, you see, for perfect secretaries never interrupt.

"It's these or nothing," she said. Then she added gently, "I thought perhaps you might like to tell the senior members of the firm that the contract went through, after all."

Paul Wetherby swallowed what he had been about to say.

"Er, yes. . . . Perhaps so," he said, and retreated into his own office. But Jane noticed that he carried young Segal's plans with him.

She smiled. Funny little boy, she thought, playing at the popular game of go-getting. They were all funny little boys, men. And that was all right, because life itself was a funny game. A nice game. Where anything might happen.

She looked at her desk calendar. Friday, the thirteenth. Tomorrow. How glorious to have plenty of tomorrows coming!

For Jane, you perceive, no longer looked at life through rimmed spectacles. Nor did she any longer raise against Fate the black umbrella of caution.

HAVE you ever been irritated by a raucous voice? Soothed by a soft, gracious voice? A voice can be made attractive or repellent by the way in which it is used. And, unfortunately, the majority of our voices are misused. We just don't know how to develop them properly. Next month, through the medium of an interview with Mr. Otho G. Van Campen, who has developed and improved the speaking voices of over 7,000 men, we tell you how you can make your voice a social and business asset.

"Newcaritis"—Everybody's Catching It!

(*Continued from page 41*)

one out of the eleven payments, "Yes, sir," is the correct answer when the motorcycle policeman orders you over to the side of the road and demands: "Are you the OWNER of this bus?"

It's a curious thing how a brand-new car will thrill a man. Even if he has had his last car only one summer, there will be a certain zest in trying out a smarter model. There seems to be no sentiment in the ownership of an old boat. Back in the buggy days, men became so fond of horses that they hated to see them sold, and I have known people to wax sentimental over the sale of a bicycle that had been in the family a long time. But I have yet to observe a fellow shed any tears when he had to turn in a last year's automobile for a this year's model.

CURIOUSLY enough, the only jaunting car to which I look back with anything like a tender feeling was one of the worst cars I ever had. It was my first automobile, back in the crank-the-engine era. Removing a tire was an afternoon's job for two men and six helpers. You could take off ten pounds thinking about a puncture.

The headlights were fed through a rubber tube from a tank of gas clamped under the running board. To turn on the lights you opened the tank with a "key," and then rushed to the front of the car, opened the door on each lamp, and tossed in a match. It was all quite exciting.

To start this car required strength, perseverance, and patience. In summer it was hard enough, and in winter, ah, there was where the fun began! Here was the formula for getting that bus into action:

1. Lift hood and open pet cocks.
2. Squirt gasoline into pet cocks.
3. Crank car a dozen times to suck gas into chambers.
4. Pour boiling water over the manifold.
5. Set "gas" and "spark."
6. Crank engine rapidly, jumping away nimbly now and then to avoid a fractured arm.
7. Repeat until exhausted.
8. Phone for a mechanic.

When you got an engine like that going you never shut it off that same day. It was too risky. I had that car for three seasons, and it did a lot for my physical well-being, although it didn't help my disposition any. I wouldn't want another like it, but I was a little sorry to see it go. It had given me so many hard battles that I respected it. I missed its stern, unyielding character. This, however, was an exceptional case.

I usually get a great thrill out of a "fresh-picked" car. There is something about an automobile while the fenders are still whole, the body unblemished, and the motor free from static that knocks me simple. After it has been mauled by a few taxicabs, coal wagons, and street cars, and the metal parts have taken on the snappy appearance of a bunch of old junk, I begin yearning for something easier on the eyes.

The minute a man lets his car go without washing after a muddy spell, fails to get peeved when he finds a hub cap rusty, and shows no emotion at the discovery that somebody has struck a match on the door, he is practically in the market for a new car.

HOW times have changed with respect to selecting a new automobile!

A few years ago choosing a new machine was a serious and important undertaking. It was regarded as requiring great study, deliberation, and investigation. Not so many years back a man had to be wary. It was considered proper precaution, after becoming interested in a certain car, to look up owners of the same make and find out whether it would always run, how dependable it was in cold weather, and if it would go uphill unassisted.

"Performance" was the big item. Body lines, trimmings, and color were relatively unimportant. What a buyer wanted to know first of all was: "When I go out in it, what are the chances of getting back?"

"Is it any good on the hills?" was another leading query, and it was the

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custom of all automobile manufacturers to compete in hill-climbing contests and fill the newspapers and magazines with advertisements of what their rattlers could do when driven to it.

Cars in those days came in four standard colors—black, blue, gray, and red. Any other color was a "Special." Those were the days when you bought a car marked $3,500 and then found you had to buy $1,000 worth of accessories before it was ready to go places and do things.

Today performance is taken for granted. The assumption, generally speaking, is that all automobiles will do what is expected of them, and that at no time will a man have to get out and walk back a few miles for a farmer and two oxen. In these modern days a buyer doesn't ask, "How good is this car?" He asks, "What other color schemes have you?" or "Haven't you something a little more dazzling?"

My uppermost thought when I got into my first automobile was: "Will it blow up before I get it home?" When I bought my latest zipper, my chief thought was: "Have I shown good color taste, and, if so, will there be many other cars of similar hue on the road?"

Many a man is influenced in his selection of a new car by a secret yen to make the neighbors jealous. It's petty, perhaps, but we all have our failings. Frankly, when my friends blossom out in the new Fifty Eight in four colors, I immediately begin thinking that my position (if any) in the community, will be seriously imperiled unless I trade in the old car for something fresh and dizzy.

EVEN when a man thinks the old six-cylinder chestnut roadster good enough for another season, his wife is likely to want something more stylish. And if Grommer and Popper are satisfied, the children will look snootily upon it and never fail to bring home the tidings that Mr. Winterbottom, the paperhanger in the next block, has just bought a new car, and, gee, it's a wow! It makes ours look like a zinc bathtub."

I get suspicious the moment my wife comes to me some evening and remarks, apropos of nothing at all, "There's no use of our even thinking of buying a new car this year, is there, dear? The old one is good enough, don't you think?"

I know at once that she has noticed Mrs. Whooziss passing by in something out of the salesroom, or that she has been reading those alluring automobile advertisements. Last June, for example, a like remark like that was the forerunner of our heaviest plunge in the matter of motor-car purchases.

"We've only had our present car a year and a half," I replied. "There isn't a thing the matter with it, outside of a few minor engine troubles. I'm going to run it another year at least."

I had it overhauled and put in first-class shape at no little expense. Not more than a month later, fascinated by an attractive window display of cars in one of the big Broadway salesrooms, Mrs. Phillips and I entered, "out of mere curiosity." These cars were of a much more expensive make than any I had ever had, and when I went into the salesroom I didn't the remotest idea of buying one. But after a half-hour with those modern, self-powered, don't-take-no-for-an-an-

Don't neglect

nature's warnings—headaches, tired digestion, bad breath

—are signs of danger from within

OUR days *are* crowded. Every minute is important. That is probably the reason why so many of us neglect headaches, fatigue, tired digestion, bad breath—those warnings of danger from within.

For, it cannot be denied that "covering up" bad breath with a disinfectant—taking drugs for a headache—trying to thwart constipation with a pill—are merely ways of evading the issue.

We should attack the cause of the trouble—intestinal toxicity. And this usually needs care in eating, drinking and exercising.

However, as we find it difficult to keep up any program—here is a suggestion that has helped countless people to remain "intestinally" healthy. ENO's Effervescent Saline provides exactly the assistance needed to thwart the threat of constipation.

For ENO is a delightful, refreshing laxative that never gripes nor interferes with your daily routine. It simply flushes and cleanses your digestive and eliminative system.

Its alkaline reaction tends to sweeten your stomach and clear your head for the day. Makes it valuable against acidosis too. And, of course, it does not create a habit.

Try ENO in the morning or evening for one week. Your druggist has ENO at 75c and $1.25 a bottle.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

ENO — health precaution — will cost you less than 3c a day.

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. *Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.*

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. *You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.*

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALINE

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swer motor-car salesmen, I was a live prospect. Those boys know how to work on a man, and they take woman customers the way Grant took Richmond.

Well, after being escorted around and given a lecture on the appointments and refinements of the various models, the old car didn't seem much of a bus. I had left it in front of the salesroom, where, at the moment, the company's liveried doorman was examining it with a critical air. It struck me that he was puzzled how such a piece of junk got there.

We were particularly fascinated by the hinky-dinky innovations inside and outside the new models. Extra wheels set in the forward fenders, a bronze radiator figure of a Greek goddess defying the detours, a couple of very smart headlights, and an electric cigar lighter made a tremendous hit with me.

All my life I had wanted a car with an electric cigar lighter, and now, the tragedy of it, I had given up smoking! Still, it represented the answer to a boyhood prayer. It was a nice nickel-plated cigar lighter on a silk cord. The salesman, quick to discover my weakness, pounced upon it like a hawk. "Won't you get inside and see how cozy and comfortable this car is?" he asked. "Try the cigar lighter. Notice the innovations on that dash. Isn't that a lovely clock?"

We got in.

Just about that time my wife had discovered "the loveliest vanity case, and combination ash tray and cigarette case." I imagine she had always wanted a car with a vanity case in it.

"And look at these exquisite vases!" she exclaimed a little later. "My, but this is a splendid car, isn't it, darling?"

AT THAT very moment I knew we were in danger of sinking by the head, and by sheer power of thrift over desire I managed to shorten the interview, thanking the salesman for his interest and assuring him that I would think it over.

"You would want to trade your old car in, should you decide to buy?" he asked.

"Yes," I said uneasily.

"Is it here, where I could see it?" he asked.

"Not very near," I said, taking a squint at the old coffee-grinder, "and I haven't time to let you appraise it now. You can do that later, if I decide to buy."

I was really afraid he would see the old car. It had seemed a pretty fine automobile when I entered the salesroom, but now I had a feeling that if this salesman saw it, we should impress him as people below his station of life.

"It would be a mistake to go in for one of those cars," I said when we got home. "We don't need it. Next year, yes, maybe . . . but not now."

My wife agreed with me, although not very warmly.

However, I couldn't get that cigar lighter out of my mind. Or those smart headlights. Or the intricate dashboard with all the knickknacks on it.

"You don't smoke," my better judgment would say. "What do you want a cigar lighter for?"

"I know," my suppressed desire would answer, "but it's something I've always aspired to call my own."

I was weakening fast, but I might have survived had not the salesman been a great little follower-up. He sent post cards, dropped me letters, and telephoned the house and office. Finally it got so that when I was saying "No!" I was nodding my head "Yes!" And, frankly, the old car didn't seem so good. It ran beautifully, looked nice enough, and answered all purposes, but it was decidedly short of gewgaws. Mrs. Phillips began complaining very much about the interior, and I knew she was thinking of that vanity case.

Then one day the salesman offered to take us for an afternoon's outing in one of the new models, and, knowing I would be hooked, I accepted. When he let me drive, it was all over but the signing. I even bought a cigar to try the lighter.

HOW a man will weaken in his determination to get a big allowance on the old car! I had determined not to buy a new car unless I got an allowance of $1,200 on the old. Now, however, the salesman consulted his little book and said the best the company could do would be $600! I nearly swallowed the cigar, and the lighter too.

"Ridiculous!" I cried. "Why, just look at that car! The paint is like new; I've just had the motor overhauled; it's in perfect condition!"

"It looks pretty well shot," argued the salesman. "The lines are old-fashioned, you know. They don't make radiators like that any more. The clutch is noisy. I wouldn't be surprised if the rear-end was all gone."

He spoke so disparagingly I thought he might be right.

"It will give whoever buys it two or three years of good service," I protested.

"In another year it will be so funny-looking nobody will want to be seen in it," he continued. "Styles have changed completely, mister. Look at that hood! You don't see anything like that on the up-to-date models, do you?"

"That hood does look odd, doesn't it? Well, can't you make it $700?" I urged.

"I'll see what I can do I'll put up an argument with the manager and see if I can't make it $650. How will that be?"

"That will be all right, I guess," I said limply.

We went back to the store. He saw the manager. They went into a huddle behind a palm for about ten minutes. Probably they were discussing the baseball scores. After a time, however, the manager came out and looked at the old car. He walked all around it. He looked at it from the port side and then from the starboard. He knelt down and looked at it from astern. Then he went forward and squinted at it from the front.

I could see that he didn't think much of it.

Presently he lifted the hood and peered inside so intently and so long that I thought I should suggest, "If you want anything you don't see, ask for it."

He shook his head sadly and any fool could tell that he had no use whatsoever for the engine, the oil can, the flywheel, and the rubber hose.

Then he stood on the left running board and jumped up and down on it, shaking the car like a ship at sea.

He repeated this procedure on the other running board. Next he got into the car and drove off in it with such a displeased expression that I was afraid he might have made a sudden resolution to drive it off the nearest dock and be done with it.

He came back shortly, looking so dejected as he alighted that it was perfectly clear to me something about my car had ruined his day.

"That bus will take a lot of fixing," he said. "I don't see how you have been getting around in it. Hasn't it been annoying?"

"More or less," I lied.

"Well, the salesman's allowance of $300 will have to stand," he said flatly. "I couldn't possibly yield to your request to make it $350."

This was going too far.

"Nobody said anything about $350," I said heatedly. "The allowance was $600, and I thought maybe you would make it $650."

"There must be some mistake," insisted the manager, as he went into another huddle with his salesman; after which the latter came to me, looking sheepish, and said it had been his error and that he never should have quoted an allowance greater than $500, but, considering the misunderstanding, he would make it $525.

HIS manner was that of a man doing me a favor at a great personal sacrifice. Both he and the manager seemed so distressed about it that I didn't have the heart to press the matter further. So I accepted the allowance and signed up.

This seemed to please them. The salesman shook hands and congratulated me. Then the manager shook hands. They called over a couple of assistant managers to shake hands.

A few weeks later I came back to make a complaint about certain minor defects in the car, and couldn't get anybody to shake hands with me.

That car is a good enough wagon, and should satisfy me for another season or two. But it won't. Already I am stopping in front of showroom windows and admiring new models. Again I am pausing far too long over those wondrously colored advertisements that make the magazine pages so Arabian Nightie.

Today any man with $2,000, or notes to that effect, can step into a salesroom and buy himself a car as ornate as anything the Maharajah of Indore could have bought for $10,000 a decade ago.

And every season they are getting harder to resist.

That's the trouble.

If I had the money, I'd be a mark for a salesman trying to sell one of those de luxe sedans with the burnished silver hood, the polished aluminum body, and the gold trimmings, fore and aft—the kind Adolphe Menjou rides in in the pictures. I have a weakness for an automobile that is part dental chair, part Christmas tree, part royal coach, and part circus wagon.

"There's no use of even thinking about a new car this year, is there?" asked the wife a few evenings ago.

"No," I replied.

"Aren't those new models peachy-looking?" she remarked.

"Uhuh," I agreed.

There's danger ahead. We're getting newcaritis.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
"Primary Handwriting," p. 139, Vol. 5 of "The Classroom Teacher"

"The objectives to be obtained in writing are legibility, speed and ease of movement."
C. A. PHILLIPS
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI
"Modern Methods in the Elementary Curriculum," p. 85

". . . with beginners time and effort are reduced through the use of one alphabet which will suffice for both reading and writing."
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The Great Adventure of Adopting a Baby

(*Continued from page 44*)

that at *one* adoption nursery in *one* city where I applied I was put down as applicant one hundred and ten on their waiting list proved to me that the idea of bringing the motherless babies and the babyless mothers together has at last taken hold of the social intelligence in a large way.

But more than this. I have discovered, since our own venture, a surprising number of people—typical, of course, of still thousands more—who are at the hesitant, fearful, wishful stage: Who are wondering if the thing really *works*, as the woman at the tea party put it; who are holding the idea before them as a sort of vague, future solace for a present loneliness; who are "thinking about it," and will probably continue to think about it, and nothing more, all the rest of their lives.

The tragic element, of course, in all these cases of those who are actually searching and those who are merely thinking, is that so many child lovers are by nature childless. The beautiful part is that there is a cure for this particular disappointment for those who are willing to accept it and pay the price for it.

NOW, to start off correctly, I should say that the first thrill in adopting a baby comes when you win your husband's consent to the whole procedure. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand approached on such a matter will rear themselves up in great dignity and say, "Never! If we have no children of our own, I shall certainly not consent to adopt one!" That is just what my husband said, and did, upon the first intimation of my plan. (I wish you could see him now!)

I remember distinctly the time he delivered himself of that pronouncement. We were living in the apartment where we had gone housekeeping. Curiously enough, most of the couples in the building had been married only a short time and were also making their first home. Before long, in spite of a certain muted clause in our contracts, babies began to pop up on every floor. At the end of the third year, we entered the front door through an aisle of perambulators; the back lawn was dotted with kiddie coops and toddling infants; and groups of mothers who could discuss just *one* subject sat about under the trees. I began to feel indecently exposed to the public eye when I left the building without a baby carriage to push in front of me. It was one night when I had considerable of a heartache that I broached the adoption idea to my husband.

"Never!" he said, etc., etc., as set forth above.

But, being a woman, I rather thought it might be possible to reopen the subject later. I did. I began to mention casually certain facts I had read about child placing. When I heard of anyone's having foster children, I spoke of it. Gradually I found that my husband was listening with an interested look in his eyes.

When we moved into our own home, the lawn and shade trees cried out for a baby to enjoy them; the fireplace looked lonesome on Christmas eve without a small stocking; there was a certain little upper porch simply *made* for a child to sleep on. All these facts stabbed us, of course. And then as we grew to know our neighbors, what do you suppose we discovered? The charming little girl down the street and the lovely baby in the house directly behind us, were *both* adopted children! I believe that clinched the matter. For one day my husband said: "If you really feel you would like to look for a baby, I'm perfectly willing."

THEN the search began. The first day I approached the door of a famous adoption nursery in our nearest city, my heart was thumping. My idea of the place was that somewhere in the building there would be a huge room lined with babies, and that I would walk slowly around on a tour of inspection, finally select the most perfect infant there, and walk off with it.

Now, this is not the way the thing is done in highly organized adoption nurseries. What happened was this: I was met by a pleasant member of the committee in charge. She heard my story and jotted down the facts she desired to know about my husband and me and our home and so on. Then she told me the rather disheartening news that there were many, many applicants on their waiting list, and that it would probably be six months or a year, perhaps longer, before they would be able to offer me a child. But, she went on to say, while they would keep my application in mind, it would be well, in the meantime, for me to consult other agencies for child placing, such as the Children's Aid Societies and other adoption nurseries.

There were one or two points she stressed which are worth repeating. It is easier to find a little boy than a girl. Most applicants, for some reason, ask for girls. It is also easier to get a very young baby, from two weeks to a month old, than to find one a year or two years old, for the latter are more in demand.

And there are two sides to the problem of age which the applicant must consider. In taking a child a year old, for example, the foster parents have a better idea what the baby is going to look like in features and coloring; they will be taking it when it is at its most cunning infant age; when it will respond to affection and make its immediate appeal with winning ways. They will also miss the whole trying first year of colicky nights and chilly, early morning bottles!

But, on the other hand, when a man and woman take to their arms and hearts a two-, three-, or four-weeks-old baby, it is, in a sense, more nearly their own child. They begin its care at the same time most other parents assume that charge. There is no phase of its young, growing life they have missed. They may pass through a hollow-eyed stage occasionally, caused by lack of sleep, but in later years I fancy these very ups and downs (and those words are used advisedly!) will make the tie between parents and child more natural and indissoluble.

However, as I said before, there are advantages connected with every age, so that that particular phase is almost negligible if all your other requirements are met in the baby you find.

But another more important question will be asked you when you start your search for a child. It will be necessary to state whether you want a foundling baby, or one born of married parents which for some reason is left homeless, or one born of unmarried parents. The woman I talked with at the first nursery told me that many people wanted so-called foundling babies. They wanted to feel that the child's past was an absolute blank, that they knew nothing of what was behind it, and could start in as its parents with no facts or names in any way connected with the child which they, themselves, did not supply. Other applicants made a special point of asking for a baby born of married parents, while still many others preferred a child born of unmarried parents because such children for adoption are likely to have finer blood.

My husband and I felt that we wanted to know our baby's background, enough of it to be sure that she came of good, healthy, intelligent ancestry. And at last, in the most unexpected time and place, such a baby was given us. And I can promise any other searchers, that if they make their desire known at enough of the proper agencies and will be a little patient for a few months, they will meet with like success.

RIGHT here I should like to meet and slay, if I can, the great giant bugaboo that deters most childless couples from venturing forth on the quest.

"It's all right when the child is little," they will chant fearfully, "but as it grows older, how do you know it will *turn out well?*"

You don't know, of course. You don't know what any life may be twenty years from now. Strange forces are constantly at work on the delicate entities we call souls. In no other time have these forces been stranger or stronger than at the present. If you had a son of your own tomorrow, you could not safely predict what sort of person he would be when he became of age. It is, I think, rather an awesome thing to start training a young life just now. But it is also the most challenging adventure of which I know.

And in regard to this old question of heredity and environment, this is the conclusion I have come to after what has naturally been rather pointed thought on the subject: Our physical features, our idiosyncrasies, and our mental bents come to us through the long bloodstream of ancestry. But our characters—that is, the differing ways in which we react to right and wrong—are the result of the example and precept of those with whom we have lived from childhood to maturity.

In other words, it seems to me that the boys and girls who have a happy, normal home life, who have fathers and mothers who are their best friends and who teach them, along with their play, to love God and their neighbors, surely cannot go very

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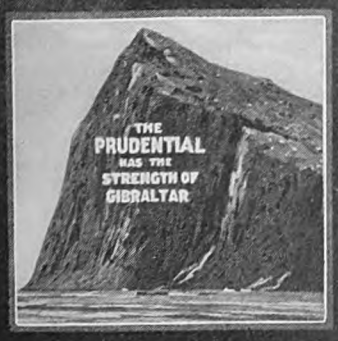
Two Widows—

the husband of one let his Life Insurance lapse.



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far astray when they grow older. In that case, it strikes me that the big matter in adopting a baby is whether *we* are going "to turn out well" as parents!

And now I come to the place where I shall try to follow the wishes of the tea-party lady and be utterly honest. The facts I am about to set down come in the nature of a confession. But I give them because they may be of service to other foster parents, present and future. The truth is that during the first months we had our baby, I had times of black discouragement.

In the first place, I had been one of the least domestically harassed of women. I had taken my housekeeping lightly and enjoyed it. I was free as air. I had been in the habit of deciding at breakfast that I would go into the city that day, for no better reason than that the sun was shining and I felt like a little diversion. When my husband went on a business trip, I packed my bag and went too. We loved starting off on a summer morning in the car for an hour's ride and then suddenly changing our minds and direction and making a full day of it. We are that kind of people. It had not occurred to me how completely a young baby in the house would change our easy-going habits.

But at the end of the first month, I did have a decidedly tied-down feeling. Our maid did not stay at the house at night, so even such a trifling outing as going to the movies had to be carefully planned ahead. Moreover, Julia, unlike most of her race, had had no experience with babies of any color and was panic-stricken if left alone with the child even for an hour.

IN ADDITION to the lack of freedom, there was the lack of rest. I had always been the world's prize sleeper. My only problem had been to keep decently awake after my usual bedtime. But when the specialist, to whom we took the baby, ordained that she should have a ten P. M., two A. M., and six A. M. bottle, things were different! Despite the noble way in which my husband rose to the occasion, I found myself lying night after night with one ear cocked for the alarm clock or for sounds from the baby in the next room. During this period I moved about through the day in a continual headache and began to look *peaked*, as the elder folks of my native town would say. As I glanced in the mirror, I felt shocked. Was I, I wondered, losing every vestige of my small claim to good looks?

And it was just at this time that my husband began to show a frightful tendency to forget important anniversaries. Instead of bringing offerings of candy and flowers, he would come bounding into the house with pink rabbits and woolly sheep sticking from his pockets! Could it be, I inquired of myself dismally in the dark and sleepless hours of the night, that by taking the baby I had destroyed that flower of romance which, for us, had bloomed with such great luxuriance?

Then, too, there was the matter of the baby's looks. When it is your own child, its features, no difference what they are, are a family affair. If she has her father's nose, it is considered just too cunning for anything, even if the Jones nose *is* a bit large. And if she has Grandma Smith's mouth, no matter if it is an unduly wide one, it has a peculiar tribal sanctity.

But, when there is no family standard of comparison, one is likely to wonder a bit about the daily changing physiognomy of a foster baby. At least, I did. I was convinced, first of all, that the child was cross-eyed. I agonized for weeks over this in private, until I learned from an experienced mother that most small babies have that appearance at times. As a matter of fact, our little girl's big, brown eyes are now her chief beauty.

Then I suffered on account of her nose. The more closely I considered it, the more peculiar it looked to me. It finally turned out to be a darling and perfectly normal little "pug." Then there was the chin. I had never thought of it as apart from her other features until a relative thoughtfully suggested that it wasn't quite so large as it might be. After that I studied the chins of all the babies I saw for weeks!

There was one other burden which I bore during those first months, which, for want of a better name, I shall call a sense of frustration. The trouble was that I had had, during all my married life, a very vital interest aside from my home-making. I had been writing short stories in a modest sort of way, and I loved doing it. The work had become a part of me. When we added the baby to our family, all my close friends said at once: "But what about your writing?"

My answers were almost jaunty. I explained that I meant to go on with it just as usual; that I had read the most charming accounts of how other women rocked the cradle with one hand and tossed off literary classics with the other. Why should not I?

Why, indeed?—except for the reason that I don't believe the thing can be done unless the woman attempting it has either an extraordinary physique or an equally extraordinary nursemaid to whom she delegates the care of the child. I didn't happen to have either one. So the stories I wrote during that period all read as if the author had a dull headache when she did them. She had! And for that reason they simply didn't *click*. And this, of course, made me rather unhappy.

But now, having confessed with the greatest candor to the worries of that early period, I want to make a blanket statement to the effect that they are all gone! To steal Tennyson's fine phrase for my own purpose: "They had their day and ceased to be." And I should have had faith and wisdom enough to know that they were but natural, temporary discouragements which all mothers everywhere no doubt suffer in part.

BUT one other question remains yet to be answered. And this question we find ourselves being asked increasingly often as our baby grows out of infancy toward little girlhood. "Will you ever tell her she is an adopted child?" our friends inquire.

At first, when we started out to find a baby, we both felt that the ideal condition would be one in which she would never know that she had not entered our home in the usual fashion of babies. However, as we pondered the matter and heard what certain experienced people had to say regarding it, we changed our minds. We have decided to tell her, but to do so while she is very young. The committee woman at one adoption nursery gave us this idea by saying it was one of their stipulations that all parents receiving babies from them should promise to tell the children the truth before they reach school age.

And as we considered the arguments, we found them to be sound. If a foster child grows to the period of adolescence without knowing the facts, the sudden discovery of them—which is almost sure to occur in the way least expected—will come as a shock, the degree of which will depend upon the youth's emotional make-up. But, at the best, the child will feel that through the years a secret was kept from him; that there was not between him and his parents the perfect openness and candor that engenders the finest confidence. If he is unusually sensitive, he may distort the simple fact into abnormal proportions. At the very time when he most needs the full complement of sympathy and understanding, he may withdraw into himself.

On the other hand, if a child grows from infancy with the truth about its foster parents interwoven with the loving care that surrounds it, there will be an unconscious and gradual acceptance of the facts constantly blent with the daily contentment which is every child's heritage. There may come sometime a perfectly natural curiosity for certain details which I feel should be met tactfully yet honestly, if the child is old enough. But there will be no shock.

I HEARD a story that illustrates the way in which a small child may be told quite happily. A little girl came running in from play one day with a distressed face.

"Mother," she cried, "am I a 'dopted child?" Her mother smiled serenely at her and replied, "You certainly *are*, but I wouldn't talk about it with the other children. It's not nice to boast."

The little girl relaxed at once and looked at her mother with the greatest interest.

"But what is a 'dopted child?" she asked.

"Well," her mother said, "I'll tell you. Once in a while little babies come to homes and—it's sad to say—their parents really don't want them so awfully much. But an adopted baby is one that was wanted so badly that its daddy and mother just hunted and hunted until they found it!"

I can fancy how even in her grown-up years the warm security in that little girl's heart will help to color her life.

And, in similar fashion, among the answers to all the childish questions of how everything came to be, given perhaps in a "once upon a time" story, it seems to me it will not be hard to give such information as is essential.

At present, our little girl is growing daily in sturdiness of body, in brightness of mind, and in all the adorably sweet ways of childhood. And with every week that goes by, she grows dearer and dearer to our hearts.

I can emphasize all this best by saying to all the childless men and women who may read this article that I hope they will be moved to start out at once in quest of a baby. Their home is not normally complete. As dear old Peter Grimm said in Belasco's beautiful play, "They are missing The Child in the House." And they can find one if they will.

And if a longing woman hesitates for fear her husband may not be happy later

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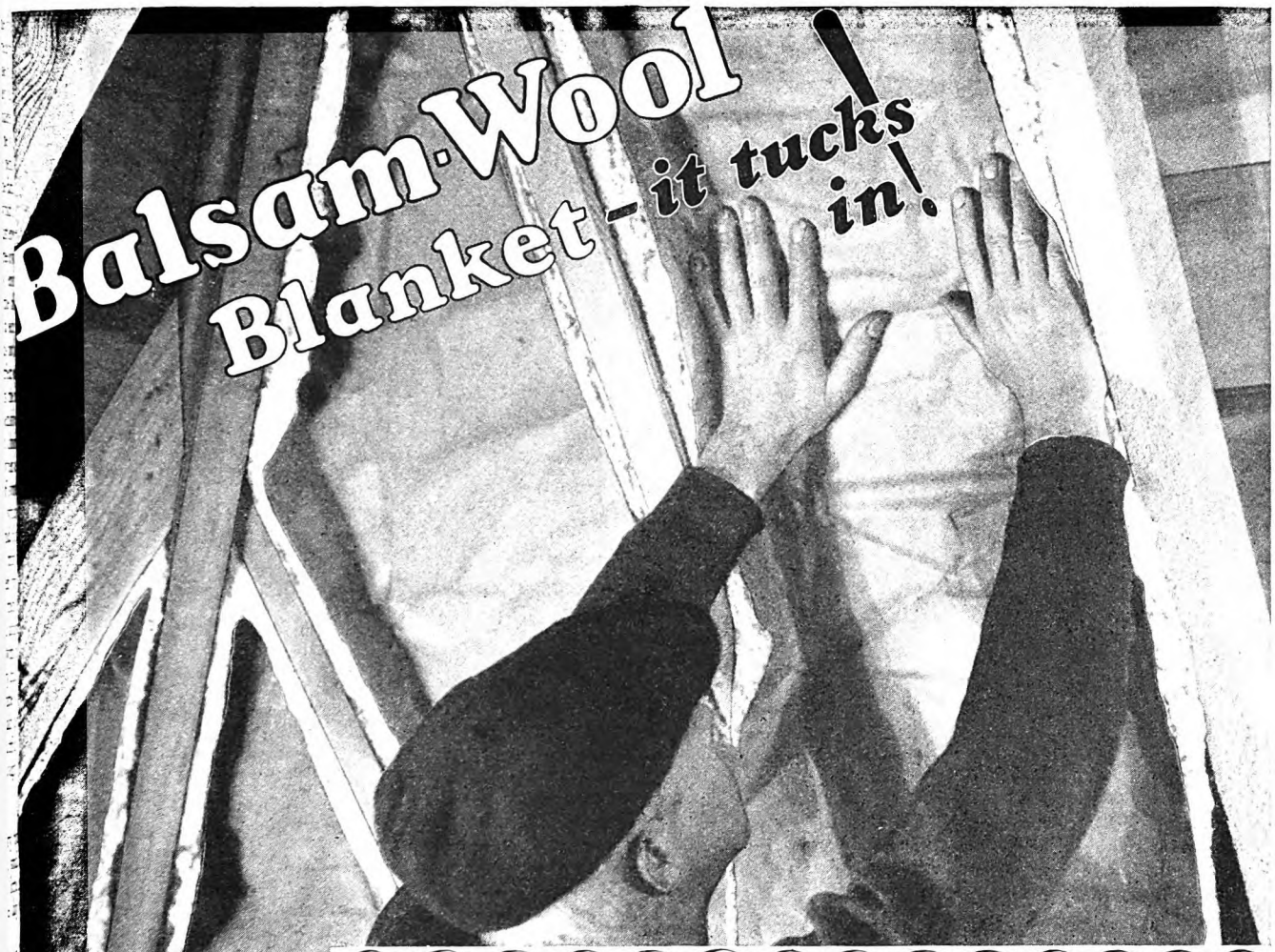

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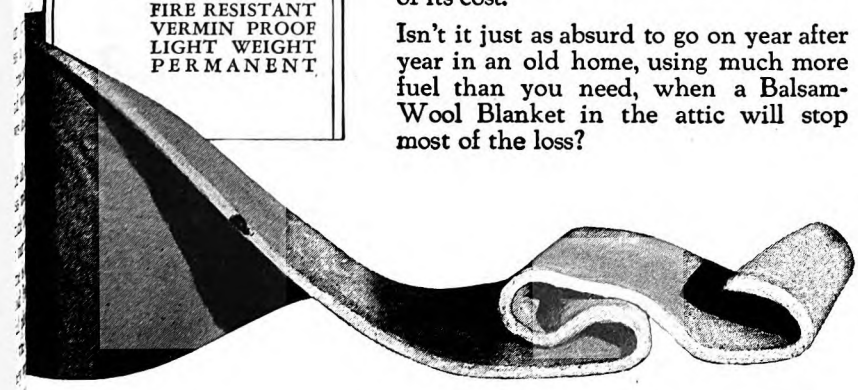

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with a foster son or daughter, I can assure her that her fears are groundless. When the release papers came for our baby's adoption, they were addressed to me and I read them first. In the evening I gave them to my husband. He went slowly over them and then sat with a dazed look on his face.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Do you know," he replied, "it comes to me as a shock to realize that our baby is not our own by birth."

I felt that that was the sweetest out of all the consistently fine things he has said and done in his new rôle of father.

So, as a summary, I give you the inventory of my great adventure. On the one side are these undeniable facts: I have a few more wrinkles in the region of my eyes; I have played less bridge and gone to the theater less frequently; and I have written fewer stories; and I was compelled to refuse a very flattering offer from a well-known lecture bureau to read my own immortal works under its auspices.

But the following, too, are facts, and do I need to tell you that they far outweigh the others?

I have two soft arms that hug me close; and a little head that just fits in the curve of my shoulder; I have the music of baby laughter, and small feet pattering through the rooms; I have a little daughter to whom I can sing the songs my own mother sang to me; a little girl to make birthday cake for and trim Christmas trees. And stories? If I'm not giving readings before women's clubs, I want to state with the most shameless vanity in the world that I've just invented a thrilling tale of three little toads that live under the lilies in the garden, to the rendering of which my baby listens with wide-eyed, breathless interest to the end! I consider it a triumph!

But one cannot enumerate all the delights of parenthood! The present joys, the future hopes! Is it not enough to repeat that my husband and I feel that now at last we have what God ordained as man's chief treasure: We have "The Child in the House!"

The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 57*)

you what a real leader will do! Too bad you gave Tokon to him! Tokon will beat the Syndicate yet!"

Herrington was furious. Luce finally got him into the Dog Room and pleaded with him not to make a fool of himself.

Before Rance could answer, a roar from the main saloon drew them running. The bookmaker had chalked up another announcement:

"*Kerry Wayne passed Fifty-mile, every dog in the traces, Tokon leading loose!*"

"Tokon leading loose!" The jostling throng went wild. "Hey, Rance! What have you got to say about your outlaw pup now?"

HERRINGTON slammed his emptied glass on the bar and whirled to face the crowd. His great arms were bent at the elbows; his hands clenched. He was white with suppressed fury.

"What have I got to say?" he thundered. "Nothing! My money talks for me! Get that, all of you!" He thrust out his jaw and glared at them from narrowed eyes. "Any time you birds think I made a mistake on that dog, all you have to do is string your silver. Put your pokes on the bar, and, by heaven, I'll cover every one of them, no matter what they weigh!"

He stood backed against the bar. "What? Stakes not high enough yet? Then I'll lay you fifteen thousand on Slim against the field. No! *Fifteen thousand on Slim against the Trail Eater!*"

"Awh, you're crazy, Rance!"

"Crazy? I never was saner in my life! Fifteen thousand doesn't draw you, eh? Well, what do you want then? I'll put up anything I've got—anything from my watch to my mine!"

There was a laugh. Someone in the back of the room jeered: "You know you're safe on that, Rance. You know there's no one here with enough dough to put up against the Gray Wolf."

"The hell there isn't! Let anyone show me a certified check for—for—two hundred thousand dollars, and I'll bet the Wolf against it!"

He began plowing his furious way through the mob. "I'll show you I mean business. Here!" He stood before the table beneath the betting-board. "Post that bet for me—and do it quick—the Gray Wolf against two hundred thousand dollars!"

"If I post a bet like that, you'll have to make good, Rance. No backing out at the—"

"Backing out!" The implication goaded him to further madness. "Here, Luce. Settle with this fellow right now. Make out a bill of sale in blank for the Gray Wolf, and I'll sign it. No!" he roared, as Luce attempted to dissuade him. "Cut that chatter. I pay you to do my legal business for me. Now, you do it, or I'll get someone else. . . . Give him a piece of paper, you!" The bookmaker tore a sheet from the back of the betting-book and with a shrug handed it to Barton.

While he wrote, the race was forgotten. Men stood craning their necks toward the board, where the bookmaker's upstretched hand was writing the fateful sentence.

Barton finished his screed. Herrington took the paper, read it, and turned his bloodshot eyes toward the board. White against the black the words stood out—the biggest bet ever made in Alaska!

"*Offer Gray Wolf Mine against certified check for two hundred thousand dollars, on Slim Carvey against Kerry Wayne.*"

Without a look at the hushed, waiting crowd, the gold king suddenly bent over the table and scrawled his name across the bottom of the sheet. He handed it to the bookmaker.

"That's how Rance Herrington backs his judgment!" he said.

A FEW minutes later Luce Barton was called to the Dog Room to answer the telephone. Kitty's voice greeted him. She wanted to see him upstairs immediately. He found her waiting for him in the dark, narrow hall outside the women's betting-parlor. Her eyes were glowing with excitement.

"What's this about Rance betting the Gray Wolf against Kerry? Did he really do it, Luce?"

"Yes, the darned fool. But don't worry about it, Kitty. He's perfectly safe. He can't lose even if someone does take it up."

"But Kerry's coming strong again! He might beat Slim!"

"Not a chance!" He glanced up and down the empty hall, then bent his head and spoke close to her ear: "You got the best time Kerry ever made, and it's not fast enough to beat Slim, especially when he's so far ahead."

"But if someone takes that bet and Kerry *does* come in first, he'd win the mine, wouldn't he?"

"Ye-s, of course, but—"

Kitty caught his arm, her face sharp with eagerness. "Come here!" She drew him into a vacant room across the hall and closed the door.

"Luce Barton!" She was looking straight into his eyes. "If I told you something that would make it possible for you to win the Gray Wolf, would you take up that bet and split fifty-fifty with me?"

He laughed. "That's nonsense, Kitty. Kerry hasn't a chance of coming in before Slim. But, of course, if you *did* tell me anything like that, Kitty, and I won the mine, I'd certainly divide with you."

"All right!" Her words came with a rush. "You remember the day you and Rance came to me to find out Kerry's time? Well, you made me good and mad, both of you. I told you Kerry made that twenty-six miles in two hours and a half. I told a lie—*he made it in two hours flat!*"

"WHAT?" Barton was staggered. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes! Now do you see what I mean?"

"Wait a minute. Let me think this thing out." He looked at Kitty appraisingly. If she wasn't so unreliable! But there was so little time left! He'd have to trust her.

He began rapidly: "Listen, Kit! The Gray Wolf took out something like five hundred thousand last year. I want to take up that bet for both of us. But I can't do it unless you and I can figure out this problem— Right now, Slim's leading Kerry on the home stretch. Kerry can beat him. But Bart Pelkie's hidden at a turn in the trail just a mile this side of Safety—that's twenty-one miles from Nome. He's tapped the telephone line and knows the position of every driver in the race. If anyone is crowding Slim too close, after Slim passes him, he will put a small blanket in the trail, sprinkle it with snow, and make his get-away. The—now don't interrupt me—*the blanket is thrust full of porcupine quills.*

"The next team along runs into it; and you know what that means. As matters stand, that team will be Kerry's. On the other hand, if Kerry should get ahead of Slim before he reaches Safety, then the blanket goes out just ahead of the Trail Eater. Gets him either way, see? Not—

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No; wait till I finish!— Not a soul knows about this but Pelkie, you, and myself. I can't get Pelkie on the line to countermand instructions. And I wouldn't dare to if I could, for I mustn't be known in the thing at all. Now, Kit, if you want to win the Gray Wolf Mine, you've got to help me figure out a way to keep Kerry from running onto that blanket. We have about two hours and a half to do it in. Sit down here quick and let's put our wits together. for the Trail Eater's rambling nearer every minute!"

WHILE Kitty and Luce were talking of him, Kerry was plodding along behind his sled, shoving on the handlebars to help his team on an uphill grade of the lonely trail that led to the coast. He crested the hill, and paused to rest. On the opposite ridge a dog team was outlined against the pale, bright sky.

He was creeping up on Slim. A feeling of satisfaction stirred in him as he realized that his carefully planned strategy back at Baker's cabin was bearing fruit. That four hours there had put new life into himself and his dogs. It was the crucial place in the race, too. He had worked carefully over his time sheets, and found that Slim was the only one he need fear. He must make Slim expend more energy at once, make him think that he, Kerry, was on the verge of collapsing. Accordingly, he gave his dogs a light feed when he arrived at Baker's, and after a two-hour rest woke them and gave them another feed, to insure a logy gait from undigested food when he started on again.

Kerry knew he had Slim worried when the Syndicate helper called Murphy on the telephone. After the second ring, which was left unanswered, he had posted Murphy on a hilltop back of the cabin to watch for Slim's coming. Thus it was he had a carefully planned start on his competitor. What a pitiful sight he must have presented when Slim overtook him! He grinned to himself, recalling his own calculated listlessness, his curses so modulated that his own dogs would think he was talking to them! He had been afraid Slim's sharp eyes would detect the tightened moccasin-strings which had made the food-heavy pups limp; but the Syndicate driver had been too anxious to pass him. He had been so elated he had taken the next hill on the run!

That suited Kerry. He wanted him to take all the hills on the run! He wanted him to use up every bit of his energy before he got to Safety, so he'd have none left for the last twenty-two miles into Nome—the miles that meant victory, or defeat! Kerry was enough of a psychologist to know that now when he passed Slim the spirit would go out of him like air out of a pricked balloon. And it was the spirit that counted on those last vital miles.

Thinking thus on his hilltop, he adjusted Tokon's snow-glasses and the green veiling on the eyes of the other dogs. He couldn't afford to have any of them going snow-blind on him. He gave the word to be off, and rode his brake down the long grade. When he reached the level again, a wave of utter exhaustion swept him. Though he tried to fight it off, it made his legs weave under him like a drunken man's. He gritted his teeth and clung swaying to the handlebars.

He was nearing Solomon now. He must hitch Tokon to the towline again. Tokon! What a dog! Way back on the trail he had tied the husky into his sleeping bag, thinking to carry him and conserve his energy for the last miles into Nome. But Tokon, snarling and indignant, had ripped his way out and rushed to the head of his *team, leading loose!* Tired as he was, Kerry thrilled as he recalled it.

There was Solomon ahead of him. Only thirty-six miles to go now!

He was passing through the little town. An excited handful of people were shouting information at him as he went. "Slim went through half an hour ago." . . . "Hinkey's at Timber!" . . . "Gene Christy's got a rope around his waist hauling his dogs through a ground blizzard in Death Valley." . . . "Jake quit at Fifty-mile. Couldn't get his pups on their feet."

Kerry went on, thinking about these things. Poor old Jake, done in by Luce Barton! And Gene! It took grit to keep coming like that when you knew you were beaten! Slim—about three miles ahead of him!

He passed Port Safety. Only twenty-two miles to go! Far ahead he caught a glimpse of Slim. No, it was a dog team coming toward him, and it was coming at racing speed. The driver was frantically waving his hand. He knew the man was shouting too, but he couldn't make out what he said. Wondering at the other's haste, he urged his own dogs to a quicker pace. The approaching driver—he looked like a boy now—suddenly unwound his whip and began cracking it over the backs of his malamutes. Then Kerry realized that the driver was a woman.

"Mush, Tokon! Pick 'em up, boy! Pick 'em up!"

His team dashed forward.

BACK in the room above the Golden Sands, Kitty and Luce had put their heads together with swift results. Since it was impossible to reach Pelkie, they'd have to let him put the blanket out and disappear, according to first instructions. This would keep him from knowing Luce's change of plans, and protect the lawyer. The next step was to get someone vitally interested in Kerry's winning. Tolovana Belle! She had a bunch of money on Kerry, and he was using her dogs. Kitty would tell her about the blanket, concealing the source of her information.

"Tolovana'll know who to send to yank up that blanket. She may go herself. There are some dogs left at the Kashim. But no—they're not fast enough to make Safety in time. I have it—the mail team! I wonder if she can drive the mail team?"

"If she can't, Barbee Neilan can."

Luce's face cleared. "Better than ever! That's the stuff, Kitty. But *you* can't go to Barbee—after you've been playing fast and loose with Rance. You leave that to Tolovana. Tell her you have money up on Kerry, and have her induce Barbee to telephone from Safety after she gets the blanket. Then I'll take up Rance's bet. And if you do your part—"

"Leave it to me!" said Kitty, starting for the door. "Tolovana's in the women's betting-parlor right now. She'll have Barbee off in half an hour!"

Barbee swayed behind the handlebars of the mail sled skimming down the coast toward Safety. Her violet eyes glowed beneath the frost-encrusted hair that escaped from her cap. She was driving faster than she had ever driven before. She was thrilling to the motion, and at the same time burning with indignation as she thought of what had launched her on this journey.

She was hazy as to details—there had been no time for questioning when Tolovana rushed in on her. But Barbee had learned enough—a band of gambling squawmen betting against Kerry—a porcupine quill-blanket put out one mile this side of Safety! As if poor Kerry hadn't enough bad luck to contend with without this crookedness! But she'd get there in time. She had a fresh team against his tired one. He'd be perhaps forty miles from Nome now—nineteen miles from the blanket.

She speeded up her team.

A CLUSTER of snow-covered Eskimo igloos came in view—Cape Nome! She had covered fifteen miles. . . . The Seventeen-mile House showed a moment and slipped behind. . . . The trail swung from the sea ice to the tundra. She rounded the bend. Coming toward her was a team with a driver who kept looking back over his shoulder. His dogs wobbled along, heads swinging low. After every backward look the driver yelled. . . . He was cursing. She recognized the gee and haw leaders at the head of the line—it was Slim! Slim in the lead, but fearful of someone behind him. Someone whom Barbee could not see.

She swung her dogs and ran up to hold her leader while the malamutes went by. She had a passing glimpse of Slim's haggard, bearded face, his sunken eyes glazed with exhaustion. In Barbee the savage thrill of competition melted into pity for the nerve-racked, weary man. He glanced at her with unrecognizing eyes—Slim, the dashing dare-devil of the Trail, who had talked so nonchalantly with her only five days ago! Would the Trail do this to Kerry?

She woke again to Kerry's danger. Now the blanket was down!

She dashed on and swung around a curve. Far ahead a dog team was approaching. It must be Kerry. He could not have crossed the blanket! Perhaps, after all, it had not been put out. Perhaps Tolovana had been misinformed. Then, in a flash, she knew—*the blanket lay somewhere on that quarter-mile stretch between her and Kerry!*

She shouted to her dogs. She must go faster! Faster! She must reach it first!

Frantic with anxiety, she tried to wave Kerry back. She cupped her hands about her mouth and yelled to him.

He kept coming. Tokon, frost-covered, dripping-tongued, resolute, was eating up that distance between them.

She jerked the rawhide whip from about her waist and, balancing recklessly on the speeding runners, sent it stinging over the backs of her dogs. Her sled leaped. Then —a sudden yelp of pain and her leader went down. Malamutes and sled piled up on him. Barbee pitched sideways, clutched air, and measured her length in the snow.

When she picked herself up, five of her dogs were whining and pulling porcupine quills from their feet.

She sprang forward and began kicking snow. Her small, mukluked feet found it

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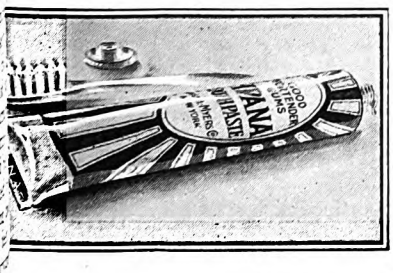

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—the diabolic contrivance that would have put Kerry's leader and at least two other dogs out of the race. It was a strip of white flannel with quills thrust through it and backed with roofing paper. She tugged at it, dragged it to one side, and had her team off the trail when Kerry, staring with astonishment, stopped beside her.

"Oh, don't wait! Go on! Please go on!" She was patting him on the shoulders, urging him forward, even while her heart contracted at the sight of him: Shadows under weary blue eyes, hollow cheeks dark with stubble, lean young face crucified by fatigue. So this was the way men finished a race—Kerry and Slim! And the dogs? All of them heaving flat on the snow, frost-rimmed eyes closed, breath rasping in their throats.

Where was the glory of the Sweepstakes Trail?

BUT time was flying. She took hold of him and tried to shove him along. "Oh, don't waste time, Kerry! Can't you see what they tried to do to you? Go on! Go on!"

He glanced at the blanket; at her dogs pulling quills from their feet. Comprehension, anger, moved across his face. But when he turned to look down at her, the expression in his eyes made her catch her breath. His hands went to her shoulders. "You came out to warn me? You did this for *me*, Barbee?"

"Yes, yes! But don't stop now—"

"What about you, Barbee? How—"

"I've got enough dogs. I'll get to Safety and— Oh, go, Kerry! Please, please. . . ."

"All right . . . darling!" He caught her suddenly in his arms and kissed her. "*Darling!* . . . Now watch me!" he called exultantly as he swung to the handlebars.

He was off on the wings of this incredibly wonderful thing that had happened to him. Oh, vivid little Barbee, with her mouth like a berry and her violet eyes so anxious beneath her frosted black hair! Barbee, so small, so feminine, yet so sturdily gallant! Barbee, doing this for him! New life coursed through every atom of his being. His dogs responded to the renewed vigor of his voice. Drooping tails came up. Feet, that left crimson stains on the snow, beat a livelier tattoo.

When he had left the Seventeen-mile House behind him, the trail swung out among the ice ridges of the Bering. On the left its crystal palisades raked up against a red sunset.

On around a bend to a long, straight stretch. A quarter of a mile ahead was Slim. Five of his dogs were trailing loose.

At the sight of their rivals Kerry's racers quickened. He crouched across the handlebars, yelling, "Pick 'em up, babies! Pick 'em up, fellas! One more spurt now and we'll—" The sled struck a pressure ridge. Something cracked. The stanchion—had it split?

He leaned over to look. The speeding sled swung toward a Trail stake. Too late he tried to jerk himself upright. A stunning blow on the temple swept him to the snow. He lay still and his unguided team dashed on.

Tokon ran, a pointed ear cocked first on one side, then on the other, listening for the voice that now ruled his world. . . . Silence. . . . He looked back over his shoulder. His pace slackened. He came to a hesitating halt. Every dog behind him flopped in the trail, panting. But the tawny husky turned and, throwing up his ice-coated muzzle, sniffed the wind. A yelp of satisfaction escaped him. He woofed and lunged against his collar to start his team.

Not a dog moved.

He whirled at the end of his long hitching line and, with a "*grrrrrrrr*" in his throat, stepped stiffly toward them, narrow head low, lips writhing, ears flat above gleaming slit eyes. Both authority and a deadly menace were in his manner. They wobbled up, yipping, and with impotent sneers sidled from him.

When he started again, every dog followed; and the husky, guided only by his own strange intelligence, swung his team and started back toward the dark object on the snow that was his master. . . .

Kerry felt something warm and damp on his face. Something pawing at his chest . . . something nuzzling him, whimpering in his ear. He opened his eyes. A whitened furry mass swam above him, and faded again when his heavy lids closed. . . . Duna, of course, trying to wake him in the morning. . . . "Gowan, old man. Wanna sleep. . . . Go on. . . ."

Something was hurting the side of his head. "Le' me 'lone, Duna! . . . *Ouch!*" The pain stabbed him into sudden consciousness. His head cleared a little. He could see now—it was Tokon's tawny body over him. "Oh, hello, fella! What's the matter?"

The husky wagged his tail and dropped beside him. Kerry sat up, bewildered. Everything was whirling. He pulled off his mitten and rubbed snow on his face. The white whirl steadied down . . . flattened. He was sitting in the trail, with his dogs crouching near.

He pressed both hands against his throbbing temples. The fur on one side of his parka hood was stiff. He slipped his hand beneath his thick cap, and winced at his own careful touch. His fingers came away sticky. He remembered then—he had hit his head on a Trail stake.

He looked about him anxiously. Slim was out of sight.

He started up; but his head swam with such agony that he had to clutch the loose skin on Tokon's neck to draw himself to his feet. Hanging to one dog after another, he lurched toward his handlebars; grasped them and clung there, while his feet fumbled and found the runners.

HOW much time had he lost? Not much, for the flame of the sunset still burned behind the hummocks. But the pain in his head turned him sick; doubled him over his handlebars. He couldn't go on.

As he swayed, his dull eyes focused on Tokon licking his ice-cut paws. Something about that made him remember Barbee's dogs pulling quills from their feet—quills meant for his team. Barbee—racing out to save him! He forced himself to stand up. His team was lying on the snow awaiting his word—his team that was turned round. There wasn't a human being in sight. Tokon himself must have swung that team and come back to find him! Tokon! And Barbee! A girl and a dog doing things like that for him, and he wanting to lie down and quit!

He cursed himself. He'd die before he'd quit.

Swinging his leader about, he started off toward Nome.

Gradually, as the keen air broke against his face, he began to feel better. Then Slim came in sight, and, still farther up the coast, the igloos of Cape Nome. After that—only fifteen miles to go. But he must pass Slim . . . pass Slim.

The red had all gone from the sky now. As he neared the Cape, lights danced across the dim drifts and he could see shadowy forms of Eskimos with lanterns running and lining up along the course to watch him go by. Soon he was abreast of them. They were shouting, laughing, clapping their mittened hands. Their teeth gleamed in their jolly, dark faces.

"*Nagurruk*! Good! *Nagurruk*, Kerrie! You catchum Slim—he plenty tired!" He went on with the kindly cheering of the natives in his ears.

THERE was Slim ahead in the gray dusk. Just beyond him was a long, narrow lagoon. The trail ran straight down the middle of it. He must go by Slim on that wide stretch, for at the end of it the trail ran for miles between towering hummocks too close together to permit one team to pass another. If he didn't reach it first, the race was lost to him. Slim could keep him at heel so long that he could never make up that fifteen minutes he needed to win the victory after he had overhauled the Syndicate driver.

The same thought must have occurred to Slim. He was trying to speed up his malamutes.

"Mush, Tokon! We've got to catch him, fellas! Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up!" Kerry's weary dogs responded gallantly. . . . Details of Slim's outfit grew clearer. He was unwinding the whip from his waist. He was swinging it across the backs of his malamutes.

"Tokon, we've got him! When Slim Carvey begins driving with leather, we've got him, boy!"

When Kerry hit the lagoon Slim was nearly halfway across it. The leaders of both teams knew they were nearing the climax of that grueling, four-hundred-mile race. There was a deadly earnestness in their gasping tugs. But the lightness of Kerry's sled was telling. The distance between them shortened. A hundred feet to go! . . . Seventy-five! . . . Fifty feet!

Slim, half out of his head, staggered to the side of his straining dogs, lashing at them. Tokon, flat-eared, resolute, was moving up . . . he was even with Slim's two malamute leaders—neck and neck with them.

Slim's curses and the crack of his whip mingled with Kerry's shouts: "One more spurt, Tokon! Just one, old man! You can do it! Pass 'em, boy! You can do it!"

Tokon was pulling all spread out—hauling the whole team. He was inching forward! One foot! . . . Two! . . . He was clear!

Kerry was passing Slim's snarling malamute leaders!

Kerry was plunging first into the narrow trail between the hummocks!

"Tokon . . . good old boy!" he called chokingly, and dashed the moisture from his eyes.

He looked back. Slim, his spirit gone, had collapsed, face down, on his sled.

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Fourteen miles to go. Now, if he could only drive himself to finish, the race was his. But the last, desperate spurt had taken all the life out of his dogs. Kerry, too, lurched and swayed. His voice was a croak, every muscle in his body jumped with pain, his head throbbed as if it would burst. Yet he must keep going; must keep his brain functioning; must hold his team together.

Silence . . . pain . . . cold . . . stars. Furry backs bobbing along the lonely trail. Ice-battered paws leaving red stains on the snow. Dogs slowing up again.

Cultas and Tong pulled to one side. They were quitting. Tokon was snarling, bellying low, straining against his collar. He was necking them on! The strength, the sheer grit, the courage, wrapped up in that tawny, frost-whitened hide! Kerry's cracked lips tried to form words of cheer. Instead, he cried impotent tears that did not come from his eyes but dripped inwardly into his throat.

On the gray blur of his mind, impressions: Dim hummocks moving by in the dusk. Far up the Trail great bonfires of driftwood gleaming on the ice; shadows of dog teams, reindeer teams, and men moving against the smoke and flames—impatient ones come out to meet the racers.

He was passing them: Men rushing at him offering steaming cups of coffee, sandwiches. He waved them away. Wasn't hungry now. . . . Men running along with him trying to talk to him. Talking about Tokon, with his towline taut as a fiddlestring, hauling the whole team home. . . .

The lights of the Fort. "*Bang! . . . Bang! . . . Bang!*" Cannon saluting the winner. Three miles to go—the three longest miles ever known. A timeless space when he wasn't conscious of anything. Then—high ahead, the intermittent flash of an electric cross, roof lines jumbled dark against a silver glow. Nome! The lights of Nome! . . .

Whistles blowing! Sirens screeching! Guns going off! And everywhere rockets soaring and bursting into showers of gold against the sky! On the ice the dense crowd waiting. The soaring acclaim of a thousand voices. Then—the roped lane down the center, and Tokon swinging his trail-worn team straight for the judges' stand!

FOUR hundred arctic miles were ended. Kerry's sled was again on the scratch. Watches clicked his time. His ice-coated dogs dropped exhausted on the snow—all except Tokon. He stood in his taut traces, gaunt body frost-rimmed, hips and hind legs trembling under him. The game, indomitable husky kept his feet—but only because he was bracing himself against his collar.

Kerry tried to go to him; but the band struck up and the yelling, sport-mad crowd closed in. A whiff of perfume, a flash of red hair and ermine fur—and the Queen was tossing a wreath of carnations over his head. She was kissing him. Other women were rushing at him, clinging to him, crying over him. Cheers beat against his ears. He was hoisted to men's shoulders. They were marching uptown to the music of the band. He was swaying above a surging, shouting sea of upturned faces and waving arms. Lights flashed. Stars reeled. They were cheering again. "Hurrah, for Tokon—Tokon of the Broken Tusks! H-u-r-r-a-h!"

They were cheering someone else now. "Kerry Wayne! Kerry Wayne! Kerry Wayne! H-u-r-r-a-h for Kerry—King of the Arctic Trail! H-u-r-r-a-h for the Trail Eater!"

THE kitchen at the Kashim was warmly odorous with smells of spices, roasting meats, pastry. Before the kitchen table spread with ingredients and utensils for cake-making stood Tolovana Belle with her sleeves rolled up, vigorously beating a batter. When the mass suited her, she set the bowl aside and began pawing about on the cupboard shelves.

"H-umm. Just as I thought," she muttered.

She slipped quietly out of the back door and entered the Kashim, where Doorknob was busy cooking a dog banquet for the victorious racers.

"Old scout, you'll have to hitch a pup or two and gallop downtown, because there's not a smidgeon of citron in this place!"

Having dispatched Doorknob on this errand, Tolovana was turning to go back into the kitchen when Barbee Neilan entered the Kashim. She glanced at the closed door that led to Kerry's living quarters.

"Is he still asleep?"

"Yes. But he'll be waking up any time now. Eighteen hours without a break ought to put him on his feet in fine shape."

"But—" The girl hesitated, her worried eyes returning to the closed door. "Are you sure he'll be all right again? He was so desperately fagged when I met him on the Trail I—I—just can't get his face out of my mind."

Tolovana gave her a sharp look, then grinned. "He wouldn't want you to, Barbee," she said. "But have no fear about that boy. He's as strong and resilient as a steel blade. . . . Here, give me your coat. You might as well call up your dad and tell him to come over. I want both of you here for the big feed tonight. Wally is getting in from Candle, and Kerry will be up by that time."

When the girl stood silent, Tolovana swung her so that the light from the window fell on her youthful face. "Look here, Barbee. Are you still troubled about Rance?"

Barbee's violet eyes met hers. "No. Oh, no, Tolovana! I'm quite over that. . . . I'm just sorry for him now."

"Well, what he got he brought on himself. Poor old Lim always said that Luce would have the Gray Wolf some day. The scoundrel'll need every cent it brings him too. For he won't dare show his face in any Alaskan town after what he's done to Rance. As for Kitty—" Tolovana laughed. "I hear she has ordered a sable wrap from the furrier and is getting ready to go to England on the first steamer after the Bering breaks."

"How in the world did Kitty get herself in on that bet with Luce Barton, Tolovana?—that's the mystery which the whole town is wondering about."

Tolovana turned her wise, inscrutable eyes from the girl; but before she could answer, the door of the Kashim burst open and Doorknob came in with excitement written all over him.

"What's happened now?" demanded Tolovana.

"Everything! Girls, Nome's never been in such an uproar since gold was struck!" Doorknob sank on a box, laughing and slapping his knees. "Luce and Rance got together to fix up their affairs this afternoon. The bookmaker, who was with them, says Rance was dead game about turning over his mine to the yellow hound, too. But just after everything was all arranged, the foreman of the Gray Wolf comes in—you know Rance wouldn't talk to him while the race was on, so the fellow got sore and went off on a little toot by himself and didn't sober up until about an hour ago. Well, when the foreman finds that Luce has double-crossed poor old Rance out of the Gray Wolf, he lets out a whoop and begins laughing fit to kill himself. Seems he'd been trying to get Rance to one side for a week to tell him that *the pay streak has pinched out at the Gray Wolf Mine!* Oh, Mama! Mama! I'd have given a hundred dollars to have seen Luce's face then!" Doorknob swayed back and forth, wiping tears from his eyes.

"Then Kitty—"

He silenced Tolovana with a wave of his hand. "Wait! Wait till you hear! Last night, before all this happened, Kitty and Luce got together and started quarreling over their partnership in the mine; and it ended up with Luce buying her interest for one hundred thousand dollars cold cash! She's got it now, and Luce— Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" Doorknob slapped his knees and went off into another paroxysm of glee.

"Great—icebergs!" exclaimed Tolovana. "Not a brain in her head—"

"But, oh, what an instinct for self-preservation!" finished Barbee, laughing.

"And what about Rance?" queried Tolovana when their mirth had subsided.

"Well, you've got to hand it to Rance! He's sober as a judge today and is already getting an outfit together to go prospecting up on the Chandalar as soon as the snow goes off. He—"

"Hello, folks!"

THE three turned toward the door that led to the living quarters. Kerry was standing there looking in, with his one-sided smile. His thick, dark hair, still damp from his bath, was brushed back from his forehead. His deep-set eyes were very bright and blue in his clean-shaved face. Despite the easy-fitting suit of tweed that he wore, he retained the lean, racing look of the Trail.

He started into the Kashim stiffly, slowly, as if he had difficulty in bending his knees.

"Hello, folks!" he said happily; but his eyes and his smile were only for Barbee.

"Oh, Kerry!" Her face lighted. She ran toward him, holding out her hands.

Tolovana gave one satisfied look and hastily hooked her arm through Doorknob's. "Come on with that citron, man!" she commanded loudly. "Don't you know we have a cake to bake before dinner tonight?"

As she dragged Doorknob willy-nilly toward the kitchen, Kerry was limping swiftly to meet the girl he loved.

(*The End*)

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

It Was a Rich Woman Who Taught Me How to Cut Corners

DID you ever hear a person with money speak lightly of it? Or see one treat it lightly?

No, come to think of it, you never did!

It's a funny thing, but those of us who ought to count every penny are the folks who are ashamed to do so. We like to be thought open-handed, easy spenders. When we shop for bargains, we feel sort of furtive and unworthy. We are ashamed to ask for the cheaper cuts of meat. We are the folks who brag, "Well, I may not have much, but nobody can say I am a tightwad."

Poor boobs! We never stop to think that Jones would not be living in a fine house and riding in a fine car today if Old Man Jones hadn't started paring and saving forty years ago. There's not a rich family in your town in which somebody did not start saving at some time.

If you want to learn to save, watch your friends with money. They are the ones who have worked out the short cuts. They can tell you just where the best values in town can be found. It is they who carry paper napkins to the picnic. It is folks like you and me who expose our best linen to grass stains so that the neighbors may know that we have plenty more at home.

It was the richest woman in our town who taught me my biggest lesson in sensible buying. Three of us had left a club meeting together and had gone into a store to buy some khaki suits for our small sons who were starting off the following day for a two-weeks' camping trip. We found some suits marked at a dollar ninety-eight each. The saleswoman advised us to buy a garment marked at three-fifty, which was guaranteed to be sun-fast and not to shrink in washing.

I TOOK one of the three-fifty suits as a matter of course. So did my neighbor, whose husband makes even less than mine. I looked at my rich friend. "I'll take one of the cheap ones," she said cheerfully. "It can't fade and run much in two weeks, and it will be too small for Tom next summer. The children can't wear these things to school, you know."

She was right, of course.

Brought up on the theory that it always pays to buy the best, it had never occurred to me that there are times when the best is not desirable. The best milk and eggs and the best material in a coat that has to last three seasons, of course. But when an article is wanted to serve a brief or temporary purpose, be guided accordingly.

Not long ago, I was admiring the smart little frocks worn by the small daughter of a wealthy woman. "Of course, you buy them at Y's," I said, mentioning a shop which specializes in apparel for small children. "Oh, no," said the mother frankly, "I make them myself from remnants which I pick up in Blank's basement. They cost absurdly little that way, you know."

I did know that, but I had thought that Blank's customers were above remnants!

One day last February, I dropped in around lunch time at the home of a friend in very modest circumstances. She had fresh asparagus from the Southern market on her table. It happened that while marketing that morning I had been tempted to buy asparagus myself, and had been deterred from doing so by hearing the wife of the man in whose office my husband works tell the grocer quietly that she would wait for the home-grown asparagus.

A FEW weeks ago, my daughter brought her school chum, the daughter of our local merchant prince, home to dinner and to spend the night. In honor of the child's visit, we had a rather elaborate dessert. "We have dessert only twice a week," said the little girl. "We have it every day," boasted my small daughter.

A young neighbor and his wife have no savings account, because, as they gayly explain, there isn't a thing left when they have paid the butcher, the baker, and the gasoline maker. "That isn't the way to save," sharply said an elderly banker who was sitting in on this conversation. "The only way for a salaried man to save is to put aside his savings on the first day of the month, and live on what he has left."

Another young couple I know could not manage to put anything in the bank. They put every penny above actual running expenses into pretty furnishings for their rented home.

But the young husband had a long illness. The pretty rugs and even the silver off the table were sold—at a third to a fourth of the original price—to pay the doctor and the hospital bill. This was five years ago. Today, this young couple save first and spend afterward.

There is something about owning property that increases your self-respect. The young man with a savings account holds his head a little higher, meets people a little more confidently. He knows that he is getting ready to step forward and meet opportunity when it comes his way.

No luxury which threatens their principal is attractive to moneyed people. Young folks should feel that nothing which threatens their savings is worth the price.

Ask your rich friends. They know!

M. E. H.

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

The American Magazine

25 Cents

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
8 1929
BY

June

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The Kind of Poise that Gives You Pow

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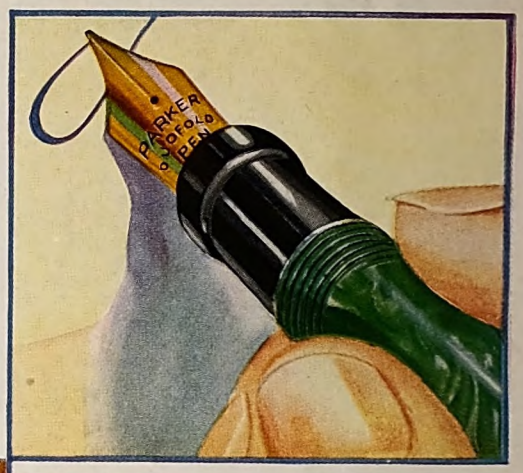

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June, 1929

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

The Kind of Poise that Gives You Power

By
M. K. WISEHART

Illustration by
ADOLPH TREIDLER

SEVERAL old-time newspaper men, a well-known editor, and a mechanical engineer fell to discussing the type of human behavior which we commonly fer to as "poise."

"Who are some of the men in history no have had poise to a preëminent de-ee?" was among the first of many ques-ons raised.

"Theodore Roosevelt," quietly re-onded one of the newspaper men, a for-er Washington correspondent, a friend four Presidents, and a veteran of in-merable political campaigns.

"I *wonder*," returned the editor ques-ningly. "*Was* he poised? We usually ink of him first as a man remarkable his great *energy*. He was not always onomical of his amazing powers."

"Nevertheless," insisted the news-per man, "he is an outstanding ex-ple of what *I* mean by poise; one of e supreme examples in all history, as I ink I can show."

ND he went on as follows:

"On the night of October 14, 1912, the height of his stirring campaign as esidential candidate of the Progressive rty, an attempt was made to assassi-te him by the maniac Schrank. I was Milwaukee at the time, had myself t left the Hotel Gilpatrick, and was but a witness to the event.

"On coming from the Gilpatrick that ht after dinner—it was 8:10 P. M.—the lonel crossed the sidewalk and stepped o a waiting automobile. Having seated nself in the rear of the car, an open one, rose in response to persistent cheers m the assembled crowd and lifted his t. At that instant, from a distance of y four or five feet, as was shown by the h, came the vicious crack of a revolver.

"With the firing of that shot, the Colonel's knees bent just a little. His right hand slipped forward on the rear door of the car. Then he staggered back against the upholstered seat. Instantly, he straightened himself.

"'Did he get you, Colonel?' asked Henry F. Cochems, friend and ex-football star, who was standing beside him.

"'He pinked me, Harry,' was the Colonel's answer, in a quiet aside.

"AT THAT moment, mark you, no one but the Colonel and Cochems knew that the bullet had taken effect; nor was anyone else to know until some time later.

"Almost immediately, following the crack of Schrank's revolver, the crowd, composed of the Colonel's enthusiastic adherents (they were densely packed for a block in either direction), went wild with frenzy. As for the Colonel, he had no sooner spoken to Cochems, cautioning him against letting the truth be known, than he turned to the crowd and raised his hat. There was a reassuring smile on his face. He was the least excited of any person there.

"Surging about the car, tearing at the would-be assassin, the mob shrieked, 'Lynch him! Kill him! Lynch him!'

"Above the mob's fury, in a sharp, military tone of command, could be heard the Colonel's voice: 'Don't hurt him! Bring him to me here!'

"As all the world knows, when policemen brought the would-be assassin to the side of the car, the Colonel said to them: 'Officers, take this man in custody! See that no violence is done to him!'

"Thereupon, the Colonel again waved his hand as evidence for the crowd that he was all right. After a brief delay, which

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allowed him to see that the officers were in control of the situation, he ordered the car to drive on. And it was only after the machine had turned the corner that others in the car learned what had happened.

"'Why, Colonel!' said MacGrath, his secretary, who was sitting on his left. 'You have a hole in your overcoat! He has shot you!'

"'I know it,' returned the Colonel. Opening his overcoat, he disclosed his white linen shirt, coat, and vest stained with blood.

"As an act of humanity, the Colonel's intervention in behalf of his assailant was something rare and fine. However, it is not what most stands out in my mind. I have never believed that the Colonel's command to the officer was what saved Schrank from lynching. That mob was calmed—misled, outwitted, if you please!—by something else. Sizing up the situation on the instant, instinctively, the Colonel did the *one* thing that could have held the mob in check—making it appear that the bullet had missed.

"That course of conduct was deliberate—*poised!* Unquestionably, the Colonel had in mind at that moment what a frenzied mob might do—the horror that so easily might have ensued. Furthermore, his training, his lifelong efforts for system, method, orderliness in his private and public affairs, asserted themselves. Not for an instant did he think of himself, his peril. His one thought was to control the situation and to bring order out of chaos. In short, I believe that, in the crisis, he acted just as he would have wanted to act had he had time to meditate. As I see it, only a man of the most supreme poise could do a thing like that in the face of the nasty drive of a .38 caliber bullet.

"That bullet, as you may recall, went through his heavy overcoat, undercoat, vest, shirt, steel spectacle case, manuscript, and suspender buckle, and struck a rib and glanced, stopping in the wall of his chest so close to the heart that his doctors never dared probe for it."

"I'LL agree!" exclaimed the editor. "If we had nothing else to go on but the Colonel's behavior on this occasion, it would prove that he was a man, not only of poise, but of amazing power! If we go deep enough into the subject, I believe we shall find that poise and power are one and the same. What other men in history have possessed poise to a preëminent degree?"

"Abraham Lincoln," answered one man readily.

"Benjamin Franklin," observed another.

"And what women would you say belong in this same class?"

"Florence Nightingale," suggested one.

"Jane Addams," came from another.

"Just what *is* it about the conduct of these men and women that makes us say that they are notable for poise?"

"I think I can answer for Lincoln," said the man who had mentioned his name. "He was kind. He was unsurpassed in patience. He was not given to panics, by which I mean those sudden outbursts of temper that are inevitably followed by the necessity of pulling oneself together in order to repair the damage done. Moreover, Lincoln seemed not to mind at all that he was homely, ungainly, and the butt of ridicule. Nor was he ever influenced, in any connection, by the pettiness of personal pride. In short, he was *sure of himself in every way.*"

Numerous other instances having been cited from history to illustrate poise, an attempt was made to frame a suitable definition of it. All the definitions proposed, however, were rejected by common consent as unsatisfactory and inadequate.

"To my mind," said the editor, "a definition should indicate just how poise manifests itself in our everyday life; and it should open the way for answers to such questions as these: 'Why do some people have it to a notable degree while others have it little or not at all? Is it born in a man, or is it something that can be acquired? If so, how?'"

THE questions then raised, and many that subsequently occurred to me, I took to a man eminently qualified, by training and experience, to answer them—Dr. Harry Allen Overstreet. A distinguished educator, a man of the broadest and most idealistic sympathies, noted as scholar, author, and lecturer, he is head of the Department of Philosophy of the College of the City of New York.

"Will you permit me to start rather simply?" asked Doctor Overstreet, in response to one of my queries. "Poise has to do not only with the behavior of exceptional men under exceptional circumstances. It has equally to do with the behavior of *ordinary* men under *ordinary* circumstances. Questions bearing upon the latter phase of the problem are the ones which I think we should consider first.

"Ask the average man what he means by poise and his answer, I believe, will be something like this: 'The man of poise is one who is equal to any occasion in any society; he is able to talk with the President of the United States as easily as he talks with old-time acquaintances. He is not easily vexed, nor does he fly off the handle over trifles. *In meeting emergencies he is able to act as he would want to act if conditions were normal.*'

"Now, as far as it goes, that is a very good statement of the matter. Nevertheless, as I see it, poise means much more than that; something broader, deeper, more subtle, and more profound. But before I explain exactly what poise means to me, perhaps I had better refer to a specific case which came to my attention some two years ago.

"AT THAT time a real estate operator interested in the construction and sale of coöperative apartment houses brought to my attention certain matters having to do with the conduct of one of his employees—let's call her Miss F——. Miss F—— was around thirty-five years of age and her job was to deal with prospective purchasers. For one in her position the essential thing was an easy manner in meeting people, together with the ability to maintain an atmosphere of friendliness under all circumstances.

"Ordinarily, I was informed, Miss F—, when talking with people whom she knew, spoke in a calm, rather pleasing voice, but when meeting strangers, and particularly prospective purchasers, her voice took on a peculiar shrillness which jarred and sometimes antagonized them. Also, when negotiations were not proceeding favorably, her manner became somewhat aggressive. For this reason, Miss F—, as well as her employer, had come to realize that she was not succeeding in her work as she might otherwise have done.

"In view of the information furnished me in this preliminary way, I realized that she was one of that large class of individuals lacking in poise, and I suspected that the trouble was deep-seated and fundamental. Presently, I shall be able to make clear the exact nature of the difficulty at the bottom of this case, but first I think you will want to know why it was that I classified her as a person lacking in poise.

"Technically, poise has to do with the condition of one's personality *taken as a whole*. It means a state of complete inner and outer harmony, harmony between ourselves and the things we value most in life. But, figuratively, poise is to be compared with the art of the trained dancer who moves from attitude to attitude with flawless grace.

"Why is it that the dancer can execute movement after movement and attitude after attitude with smooth-flowing, un-

"Go and Get a Mastery!"

"IF YOU have a sense of inadequacy caused by lack of training, the thing to do," says Doctor Overstreet, "is to *go and get a mastery!* Not in the sense of domination over one's fellows, but in the sense of triumph that comes from thorough knowledge of some subject, a trade, a profession, a hobby, a job—and do not care particularly in what direction, to begin with, you put forth your efforts. Master the mechanics, the handling and repair, of an automobile, or become a master in making radio sets, if that is what appeals to you. Take up American history, European history, biography, some phase of art, collecting—or what you will. As you really master any of these things, your attention will be turned from yourself, you will become absorbed in what you are doing, and so be on your way to poise—and power."

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULMANN

Dr. Harry Allen Overstreet

rrupted skill? It is not only because knows what is required of her at any icular moment, but because, by train- practice, experience, she knows *what ming*. The same is true of the man of e. He is master of the present *because ows what is coming and is ready for it.* Moreover, we invariably find that the of poise is a man *with a purpose*. It is purpose which unifies, coördinates, *rates* his personality, as we say, con- iting to that harmony which makes what he is. So absorbed is he in his ose that everything that happens to elf is inconsequential by comparison his great objective. For him this absorption softens the blows of life, enabling him to meet life's great major tragedies, as well as the knocks and pricks, the minor irritations of every day, with a calm and poise that would mystify us if we did not know to what it was due.

"*Above all, I should say that the man of poise is truly the man of power. In his own sphere, whatever that may be, whether he is a garage mechanic, carpenter, politician, merchant, or industrial magnate, he is inevitably recognized as such by his friends and associates. For this harmony of character of which I speak is the very essence of what we call personal power. Where harmony of character is lacking, there can be no poise. Where there is no poise, there can be no power.*"

"Is this harmony of character—this poise that is power—something that can be acquired?" I asked.

"That is a question which should be answered specifically and in detail," returned Doctor Overstreet. "To begin with, for the sake of clarity, let me put what I have just said in a somewhat different way.

"When we analyze what it is that constitutes poise, we find that, in the main, there are four *positive* factors, or elements, which contribute to it and four *negative* factors which (*Continued on page 114*)

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Can you guess the three reasons why women, as a rule, do not make good spies?

"Here, technical expert, use this on yourself," said Fräulein, handing him a pistol

Eves-Dropping

The adventures of women spies in the World War—How they worked, why many of them failed, and the story of three who were brilliantly successful

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

Illustrated by MARSHALL FRANTZ

"WOMEN do not make good spies—though married men may not believe it." So Sir Basil Thomson, Scotland Yard's chief spy-chaser, taught British Intelligence Officers during the war.

Yet the British had some very clever women spies, and one of the most successful American secret agents was a woman. So was one of the most unsuccessful! A real woman super-spy worked for the Germans. So it went. The game was uncertain.

Women spies! Romantic creatures! Beautiful, of course, even seductive, yet keen-witted, using feminine charm to lure secrets from the unsuspecting male, feminine intuition to escape his clumsy attempts at capture. The words suggest a sinister mask of black silk, soft and delicately perfumed, emblem of who knows what intrigues. And sometimes it was like that, sometimes women spies did play a great and a romantic rôle in the vast conflict of nations. To make a man talk, European secret service often "put a woman on him." Frequently she would get information, but sometimes it was misinformation. Few of the women who went from the United States to France, for instance, to do American secret work, knew armies as did Europeans. They found it hard to get soldier talk straight.

Women spies are a gamble. That may make them the more fascinating. But secret service chiefs agree that they have three drawbacks: Their reports, especially on military matters, tend to be inaccurate and exaggerated; they wear out quickly with fatigue and nervous strain, or, on the other hand, rebel at spells of monotony that are an unsuspectedly large part of spy work; and last and worst of all, they fall in love. Often, they fall in

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ove with the very men they have been "put on"—whereupon they become worse han valueless.

Of three outstanding American women pies, two, and they of breeding and refinement, failed ultimately.

How many ex-doughboys know now, nore than ten years afterward, that some wenty-five women did in Europe, partly n France, American secret work of one ort or another? A very few became actual pies, American women spies, and went nto enemy country—with results ranging rom sublime almost to ridiculous. Of heir select company was the lady mentioned already as one of our most successul agents. She was truly a lady, which nade her success greater, her adventures nore surprising.

SHE appeared at the Paris Peace Conference as a newspaper correspondent. ike most American correspondents, she leaned news at the Crillon, American headquarters, or at headquarters of others the thousand and one races congregated Paris after the Armistice. Betweenhiles, she frequented the press room, here American correspondents gathered pass about "the low-down" of the eace Conference that for one reason or nother they could not write. One day e told them she was going to the Ameri-n bridgehead zone on the Rhine, at oblenz, and they saw her no more.

Not strange, for she had gone to erlin. Coblenz had been only a way ation, where Intelligence officers of the my of Occupation could show her how get through the lines. That took naging, since beyond the American tposts and the neutral area were German Republican troops, and no one in the occupied Rhineland was especially endly toward Allied armies who, as nquerors, dominated their sacred river. In Berlin, danger was greater. In ing, 1919, there was Armistice, but no ace, especially in the capital of the new d precarious German republic. Factions l struggled. There was fear of the iser's return or, perhaps worse, of a Red revolution to unite with Soviet Russia. Thousands of Spartakists, with hidden arms, seemed awaiting only the word. There was bloody street fighting.

Passions ran high in Berlin then, and Allied missions walked circumspectly, never knowing what some fanatic might do. Nobody wanted to start the war again, but anybody might. A great place for a spy to work, but dangerous.

In Berlin alone, of course, were the answers to some big questions that President Wilson was asking himself. How strong is the new German Government? Is there real danger of Germany's going Bolshevik? Do they need food as badly as they say? If we ask them to sign a stiff peace treaty, will they refuse? And then what? If we tried to occupy Berlin, would they fight? Could they? Answers to many of those questions were recorded in the woman journalist's notebook and got to President Wilson. Every secret service officer who saw those reports enthused over them.

She heard of a plot to bring back the Kaiser from Holland. She sent information that helped another clever American agent, a man, to get the plans of reorganization of the German Army. She warned that the German Peace Commission headed by Brockdorff-Rantzau would probably fight hard against whatever treaty the Allies presented.

Enraged at what they called its arbitrary tone and oppressive demands, certain German commissioners had returned to Berlin to talk the treaty over with the Republic's leaders. One voice after another cried that the Germans would not sign the treaty. If the Allies forced the new government too far, it would turn the country over to the Bolsheviks rather than agree to such humiliating terms. From Berlin the word reached President Wilson that some of the German leaders believed if the pinch came he would stand with them, rather than with Lloyd George and Clemenceau and the rest, who had forced much upon him. That night our troops on the Rhine prepared for an immediate advance into unoccupied Germany.

All next day, and some days afterward, our troops, guns and supplies streamed over the boat bridge at Coblenz, to show that there was an American mailed fist. The rest is history. An American woman helped make it.

OF ALL women spies of the World War, the most poignant resembled in some respects that American woman. Like her, Louise de Bettignies, a French woman, was a patriot spy, not a mercenary; like her, she was of good, even of noble family; like her, she did her secret work without demeaning herself, without trading upon her sex. She won respect of friend and foe. Long brilliantly successful, she shone through the murky secret war, almost a Jeanne d'Arc. Yet at last, being not divine but human, and a woman, gently reared, sensitive, she failed—and died, in prison.

But her soul marched on. After the victory she had helped to win, French and British gave her great military funerals. They laid treasured decorations upon the casket, citations for "displaying a heroism

With expert fingers she searched the American, and with a little cry found a long, narrow envelope

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which has rarely been surpassed." More recently the Echo de Paris started a fund to erect a statue of her, and the United Veterans' Associations of France and Britain fêted in London her chief aide in many adventures, Mlle. Marie-Léonie Vanhoutte, of Roubaix.

These two women, Louise de Bettignies especially, were the leading spirits of a heroic group of French and Belgian men and women who for nearly two years after the German invasion of August, 1914, always in danger of their lives, furnished information of the very highest importance to the British Army. The British regarded her not alone as one of their best agents, but as a courageous, patriotic Frenchwoman. Since her death Louise has even become a rather legendary character, credited with some of the exploits of her devoted companion, Léonie, or others of their group.

THE German invasion found her, aged thirty-four, in Lille, whence she fled as refugee to England and there fell in with the British secret service. They saw at once her qualifications and proposed that she return to Lille as spy.

Her decision showed the courage and will behind the attractive face crowned by luxuriant dark hair. She had hoped to live with her mother, safe behind the British lines. Aside from risk of capture and death, she was not the woman to return willingly to a country filled with enemy soldiers. But she consulted her mother and a priest, then, it is said, the British Commander himself, Sir John French. A few days later, she had made the hazardous trip through Holland and Belgium, through cordons of German guards, and was back at home in Lille, but not as Louise de Bettignies. Alice Dubois was the *nom de guerre* under which she was to fight the oppressors of her beloved *Patrie*.

With her own keen mind and admirable sang-froid, aided by British advice and money, she recruited her secret band for the war to be waged amid the German Army just behind the front. Soon, not in Lille alone, but all the way back to Holland, she had spread nets that caught the precious information for which she risked her life.

Dressed in worn garments of the lower class, as seller of cheese or old lace, she moved from one refuge to another as in a game of checkers. One such place was in the frontier village of Estampuis, six yards from the borderline. If she was stopped, she showed false identity cards and passports which a chemist had made so cleverly that the Germans never suspected them.

On the frontier between France and Belgium, Marie-Léonie Vanhoutte had already played a part before she met Louise and became "Charlotte," her right hand. Roubaix, where Léonie was a dressmaker, was just across the line from Estampuis, and she knew every nook and corner, every trick to slip past a German sentry. She had smuggled her brother, two Belgians, and an Englishman to safety, hidden in two wagonloads of straw. All four men joined Allied armies. Two were killed in battle. Léonie is said to have made twenty such trips.

The Belgian-Dutch frontier, last obstacle before safety, was a gantlet to run, protected by barbed wire, electric cables, and searchlights, besides many German sentries. Allied spies bearing reports must run that gantlet, and none were more clever than "Alice" and "Charlotte." Barbed wire they cut, deadly charged cables they got over with rubber gloves and shoes and insulated ladders, or under by passages dug beneath. "Alice" is said even to have walked right into the searchlight beams, in light clothes, believing herself less conspicuous. She escaped land mines planted to blow to atoms those trying to run the gantlet.

Almost anything seemed possible to Alice. The short, rather slight young Frenchwoman, with her magnetic smile, brought often to Folkestone information of great value. She told where German batteries were about Lille, so accurately that British guns shelled them to pieces. She told where were big German ammunition dumps, which British bombing airplanes blew up. She reported so accurately how many trains of German wounded passed nightly through Lille, and how large they were, that the British could estimate enemy losses to a nicety.

She and Charlotte had many real adventures, to which legend has added many more. Their life became harder. With loyal Belgians in their midst fighting them secretly, the German invaders built up a counter-espionage service so hated that its leaders were marked for death by the Belgians and fled the country at the Armistice. They were former German examining magistrates, detectives, police matrons, who often dealt with patriotic Belgians as they had handled German criminals. They were aided by Belgian criminals who thus bought their release, and sometimes by Belgians of good family, like the betrayer of Miss Cavell, seeking preferment under the Germans.

To outwit such cunning took all the wiles generally attributed to women spies. Alice and Charlotte were repeatedly stopped and expertly searched. Once when false papers and prepared story didn't go with their inquisitors, crude bribery did. But for the more dangerous German spy-chasers, the two women evolved such ruses as hiding reports in a bar of chocolate which they ate as they were searched, even offering the searcher a bite, or in the candle of a lantern, or in a ball of black yarn thrown at night into the bushes and found later by means of a single strand. Charlotte carried an important message written in invisible ink inside a rosary case. Once Alice prepared a minute map of the German arrangements about Lille, which went through pasted on the lense of an eyeglass! An expert penman had done it on translucent paper, with microscopic pen and invisible ink. Children carried messages for them, escaping entirely unsuspected.

DID such success turn Alice's head? Perhaps it was the effect of the life of constant strain, physical and nervous, upon one of her high-strung, sensitive temperament. She became daring to the point of bravado. She carried reports openly in her hand bag, sometimes mixed with a half-dozen manufactured passes in as many different names. Sometimes she went without any pass. She dared the Germans to catch her.

"Oh, they are so stupid!" she said to Charlotte after she had outwitted them once more. But they were not so stupid as she thought. Even then they were watching her and Charlotte. First they arrested Charlotte in Roubaix, then Alice, at a border station which she tried to get by without her own pass. In her hand bag they found passes for several other people.

Unaided by Belgian or French lawyers, the two Frenchwomen defended themselves gallantly, denied everything, and each asked that the other be let off. The sentence was death, but it was commuted to life imprisonment for Alice and fifteen years for Charlotte. The Germans hardly realized that the two were no ordinary spies, but heads of an important espionage ring. Perhaps, too, they recalled their tactical error in the Cavell case.

In prison in Cologne, Alice was again the old Alice who for nearly two years had defied the German Army. She persuaded other prisoners to refuse to work on munitions to kill their compatriots. First pneumonia, then an abscess, wore her down. The Germans refused to let her go to Switzerland, and she died after a prison operation, September 27, 1918, only forty-six days before the ending of the war throughout which she had fought gallantly for her country and its Allies.

THE last of the trio of women super-spies ended her career neither in prison nor in the grave. So far as this writer knows, she was a success from start to finish. She was a born spy, swayed by passion for it that seemed almost berserk. She was a Norwegian, who worked for the Germans, and her name sounded German. But she was commonly called Fräulein Doktor by her obedient if not always devoted pupils in the big spy school of Antwerp.

A fascinating person, the Fräulein. An officer of the American secret service wrote of her during the war that she was "a beautiful blonde, of great intelligence, who speaks many languages very well, and enjoys a great ascendancy over the clients of the house." That ascendancy she exercised ruthlessly, first driving her pupils to their limit in learning their hazardous profession, then demanding that they take big risks to execute her missions, keeping them meanwhile under surveillance. Her pre-war existence was dubious—but in secret service she found herself. She gloried in it.

"All my life I have loved intrigue and power," she told one pupil. "Now I have both. I am on confidential terms with the highest. Only in secret service can one realize fully a desire for an interesting, adventurous life—that is, if one is not too scrupulous. I would not exchange my position for a throne."

She reigned in Antwerp through the war, living in a fine suite at a leading hotel, but the shifting boundaries of her shadowy realm extended farther, across frontiers into Switzerland, and Holland; even into France, behind the Allied lines, and England. Spies she trained gathered information about the Americans as well as about the French and British.

A devoted Belgian agent went through her school, and to him the Allies owed a minute report of Fräulein's interesting methods. Secrecy was her first and great commandment. She tried to conceal by

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"And now, Signora, what was that information you were going to give me?"

ry means from Allied spies the identi- of the pupils continually being sent other branches of the German secret ice. These pupils were brought into werp usually only by automobile, or y train, they were met at the station. ays the automobile shades were ered. The new pupil must see none of other pupils, nor be seen by them. hrough darkened halls, with all doors ed, he was led to one of many rooms ked with letters of the alphabet and gned each to a special group of pupils teachers. Entering that room, he n to become a spy, for the letter on oor, together with another letter and number of his matriculation in Fräu- s select academy, were to become his et designation in her system. These concealed later on passports that the received and got him through many es where others could not pass.

MEDIATELY Fräulein gave the new pil a sort of intelligence test, to find what he knew, and could know, his city, memory, presence of mind. If assed that grilling, his troubles be- Through waking hours he was tifically crammed by one German rt after another, with information t French, British, and American es, how they were organized, what ment they used, what guns. No ern school has a more complete ction of models for demonstration: s of warships, dirigibles, airplanes, , weapons of all sorts, colored charts iforms and badges of rank.

at groundwork mastered, the course grew even more secret. Mysterious men, described only as "of the German middle class," visited him in his secluded room, to teach him how, when he had gathered information, to accomplish the harder task of getting it back to Fräulein. They showed him how to write, often with a ball-pointed pen, invisible messages on paper, handkerchiefs, margins of newspapers, and how to bring out by chemical reagents the further instructions he would receive from time to time written between the lines of apparently innocent letters. They taught him secret ciphers to be used in his correspondence with Fräulein.

Like a conscientious teacher, Fräulein gave her graduating pupils good advice.

"Be good," she would say, "and be careful. Keep sober. Above all, remember that in secret service he lives longest who lives alone. The Allied secret services put women counter-spies on men, and men counter-spies on women. Watch yourself. Plan everything you do carefully, for your success, and perhaps even your life, will depend on your capacity for taking pains. And bring me facts, not opinions!"

So long as a spy worked under her, her eye was on him. Not only had she spies to spy upon the enemy, but spies to spy upon her spies. Were they in Paris, or London, or Bar-le-Duc, she knew what they did and whether they followed her commands. Supposing himself safe, one of them sought relaxation in the society of a Paris dancer. Soon, on a boulevard, a polite stranger asked him for a light, then remarked casually, "You have forgotten Fräulein's warning," and walked on.

A few of the dutiful she paid as much as $2,000 a month. The faithless she paid, sometimes, with death. Not one, but several of her unsuccessful agents, she sent back into enemy territory to walk almost into the face of a firing squad. She knew many ways to put the Allied counter-spies on their trail. One was to send to the spy, by a route she knew they had discovered, in code she knew they had solved, orders to do a job that could not be done undetected. Then, hoping that Allied attention had been distracted, she would send to the same place where her miserable victim had just been caught, a real spy with a real assignment.

FRÄULEIN ruled her satellites regardless of previous race or condition. There were few German patriots among them. There were renegade Belgians, often criminals, recruited by a Belgian traitor who ran an Antwerp hotel; decayed Dutchmen unable to earn an honest living; nondescripts of all races seeking money and adventure.

She had a few assistants of a higher type, German army officers of undoubted patriotism, well educated, and experienced. One such the Allies knew as "Schmidt," "a remarkable person equipped with identification documents and Belgian decorations, who is continually traveling between Belgium, Holland, England, and France." Another was an expert engineer, of high rank and, some say, title, whose death she caused in a dramatic manner that illustrates the deadly female at work.

It was about the first tanks—crude, gangling, but overpoweringly a new and undeniable threat (*Continued on page 124*)

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How You *can* Make Your

An intimate interview with a man who has helped thousands of men and women to change their speaking voices from liabilities to business and social assets

"FOR the love of Pete, turn him off!"

"Oh, give us some music, can't you?"

The boy at the radio switches the dial, and the soft tones of a cello float through the room. The family subsides with grunts of content. A half-hour later they are again restless.

"Cut out that speech!"

In every home in America which possesses a radio the speaking voice has a hard time finding listeners. Except for political campaign speeches and reports of prize fights or ball games, the dials are usually switched to music—any kind of music rather than talking. We are not particularly friendly to the talking voice, and we are becoming highly critical of its tones. Hollywood has been in veritable panic because many of the silent screen favorites cannot qualify for the new talkies.

Yet, occasionally, there is a speaker or an actor of whom we never tire. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the secret of his charm lies in the rare quality of his speaking voice. This outspoken preference of ours for some speaking voices above others, on the radio, in the talkies, in social relationships, and in business, is creating a new field for personal development.

Long ago, the telephone companies advertised the development of the "voice with the smile." About ten years ago, business men began to give special attention to their voices. Many of them joined with ambitious lawyers, statesmen, and professional speakers in active voice training. These men of business were preparing, not for public speaking, but for the everyday, ordinary conversations they carried on with their employees and business associates. Today, Y. M. C. A.'s, Rotary clubs, and business organizations are forming classes in voice development. Because of this new interest in the speaking voice, I set out to get an interview with Otho Van Campen, who has given at least ten years to training voices for use in ordinary business and conversation.

In his classes at the homes of various business organizations and in his studio at 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, Van Campen has given seven thousand two hundred and eighty men instruction in voice development. Nearly all of these pupils were in business or in the professions. Very few of them had any notion of using their voices in public work. In exceptional circumstances, he has taken women pupils. This past winter he had three classes under the New York Women's Chamber of Commerce.

VAN CAMPEN'S preparation for his work is unusual. He was born blind—the attending physician said permanently blind. His mother, ignoring the verdict, took the infant to a specialist who performed an operation. With several repetitions of this operation, the boy gained almost half his sight at four years of age. But even with this great improvement, Van Campen has had to make out with less than half the eyesight of the average man. One result of his partial blindness has been an extraordinary development of the hearing faculty. But for many years it never occurred to him that his highly developed sense of hearing had any commercial value.

Upon his graduation from grammar school at the age of fifteen, he decided not to attempt high school work in competition with pupils of normal eyesight. From that time on, he acquired his education informally under the guidance of his mother and an uncle. And as he studied, he worked at various jobs. He tried many things with little success. Finally, he got a place as a tenor soloist; he also worked as a salesman.

When he was twenty-four a physician who was examining him suggested that in view of his extraordinary power of hearing he would do well to specialize in voice

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN O. TROWERN

Otho G. Van Campen, enemy of the raucous voice

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Speaking Voice Attractive

By

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

ivation. He at once began to study. , in addition to the usual conventional :e training, he became a special student ı nerve specialists and leading physi- ıs who believed in voice therapeutics. our years, he opened his first class. In ten subsequent years, he has helped :e thousands of men to improve their :es.

'HE most perfect example of the hu- man voice among those I know is that ıraham McNamee," Mr. Van Campen to me. "He has thousands of ad- ers and friends. People who never ex- to see him, who know nothing of his onal history, like him. Why? Because vonderful voice, full of melody, friend- ıs, enthusiasm, and sincerity, is a flexi- instrument that conveys every light shade of feeling and thought. With- knowing anything about Graham Namee personally, you feel certain you would like him for a friend, a hbor, and a fellow citizen. You have : up a personality for the man from sound of his voice.

I can give you no more direct example ıe power and influence of the human e upon other people. The application ıat example is that your voice and : are, at every using, carrying impres- ı. Yet we have paid little attention ır voices compared with the care we nd on the rest of our persons. We d much time, thought, and hard work arning to dress our bodies carefully, :quiring a system of prescribed eti- te, in developing certain approved ts of conduct. But, in the main, our :s continue to be raw products as far ır conscious control of them goes. If : of us have good voices, it is usually use our original voices as children good and we have failed to spoil ı as we grew up.

'he great majority of people have ed their voices by allowing them to ontrolled by their emotions, desires, and aversions instead of using the , as we use the right hand, as an in- nent of service. The voice is far more ıle and is much more easily trained the right hand. And it is quite as rtant to all of us.

f you don't believe what I am saying, your telephone and call up six of your ds. As you talk with them, shut your and forget all you know about each *Listen to what their voices say.* Prob- in all six cases you will know at once her the talker is tired, nervous, ex- happy, distressed mentally, bored, ıtated by your calling. But if the n speaking has his voice under con- you will know the *one* of these things *lends you to know and no more.*

am not suggesting that we all culti- vate voices exactly alike. We cannot do that any more than by grooming we can make our faces alike. But we have learned, in some measure, to use our faces as we will, and very few people have even a partial control of their voices.

"The business of life begins with earn- ing a living. In this, voices play a great part, and in the main an unrecog- nized part. Not long ago a man came into my studio. He is an able person but he has moved from one job to another with great frequency. At the last place, at which he was employed, the head of the company sent for him.

"'I'm going to let you go,' he said, 'and I honestly don't know why. But you can- not get along in that room; the other em- ployees dislike you and actively object to you. Your work is all right. I have an idea it's your voice. Why don't you try to get it in shape?'

"When I listened to the really raucous tones of my new pupil I did not wonder. The man had a habit of finishing a sentence with a rough, sawing sound that outraged the ears. He is already showing definite improvement; in six months he will hardly know himself.

"On one of the biggest metropolitan dailies, the head of the department deal- ing with the classified advertising pon- dered over his reports. There wasn't enough business. The ads were solicited by telephone. The next morning he fixed up a temporary connection and listened in. He stood it for three hours. When he stopped, he was exhausted, irritated to the last degree, and thoroughly convinced that the tones of his women solicitors were driving away customers. Their crudities of speech were almost as bad as the tones of their voices.

"He organized them into a class, had them given lessons in pitching their voices, in the pronunciation and enunciation of words, in softening crude expressions. There were forty women in the class. The course consisted of twenty lessons to be distributed over a period of nine weeks. One or two slow pupils were given addi- tional personal instruction. In the three months following the completion of the course, the department established a new record for the office and this record has been maintained.

"LISTEN carefully to the people talking in the subways. The minute the train starts, the voices rise, become squeaky *and less audible!* The idea that high, shrill tones carry farther than low ones is almost universal. But the experiments conducted in the educational laboratories of the Bell Telephone Company prove the contrary. In these tests, the human voice is filtered and accurately measured. The results show conclusively that articulated sounds in low, full tones carry farther and are more powerful against conflicting sounds, than are the high ones. Try it yourself the next time you ride in a train. Pitch your voice as low as you can, and talk slowly, giving your words a chance to get across.

"The same thing holds true of telephone conversations. Many a long-distance call loses out because you become excited or irritated, and raise your voice. Instead, deepen it as much as you can, and then try. In deepening your voice, use the chest tones. Frequently a person who is not experienced in voice control will sink his tones into a guttural roar. Keep your lips mobile, your mouth cavity round, and your jaw relaxed. Your voice knows how to do the work, if you will allow it head- way.

"Usually we begin life, as I have said, with good voices. It is at the time of ado- lescence, when the voice 'changes,' that we lose our unconsciously good voices and need to cultivate consciously good ones. Voice training can profitably begin at from nine to fourteen years. From that time on, anyone with a normal throat can manage to develop a good, well-con- trolled, effective, serviceable voice.

"TO ONE of my classes came a lawyer. He was a member of a successful firm with which he did the research work because he 'had no voice for the court- room.' Knowing that he had always longed to try a case, some of his friends suggested that he enroll in a class in voice training.

"'No use,' he said bluntly; 'you can't teach an old dog new tricks.' Eventually he was sport enough to agree to come in. There were thirty men in the class and it ran for sixteen weeks. He was not inter- ested at first, but finally he forgot himself and his voice began to free itself. At fifty- nine, he tried his first case and won it. To- day he is sixty-five. He appears regularly in court and is sought as an after-dinner speaker. He has a perfectly delightful voice, and an admirably controlled one.

"There are few 'old dogs' in this matter of the voice. It responds to development, to suggestion, to practice, until the whole human system begins to decline.

"In training for the professions, partic- ularly for that of the law, the value of inflection in the speaking voice is of major importance. During the two years I taught in the New York Law School, the students were given intensive training in voice cultivation. Much time was spent in cross-examination and in teaching em- bryo lawyers, just how to convey to the jury the impression they wish to get over.

"A witness is permitted to use but the two words 'yes' and 'no.' But just these two words can convey a hundred meanings. The satirical 'yes' of a witness who knows how to use his voice has thrown many an opposing attorney into despair, while an honest and sincere 'yes' has filled him with delight. Ringing (*Continued on page 99*)

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First and Only Presentation of a Humorous Sketch Entitled

"COOLIDGE"

Episodes by DWIGHT MORROW

Written and produced by

WILL ROGERS

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PRIVATE CITIZEN COOLIDGE has entered the writing field in direct and almost unbeatable competition with the rest of us real high-class Literary Lights, and he has us swamped. No one had any idea that he could write such human and plain, straightaway, interesting stuff. If he had ever made one of his speeches that interesting while he was in there, he would have been elected for life.

That kinder brings up the question: "Who writes these long-winded, uninteresting messages that our Public Men deliver?" It must be one man in Washington that turns 'em all out, for regardless of who is President they are the same ones, and different men couldent possibly think of the same things year after year. It's some guy down there who has the speech contract. You just call up and say, "I want an Acceptance speech," or "I want a Decoration Day speech; I want a Farm Relief speech; I want a Country Is Doing Well speech; I want a Friendship for All Foreign Nations speech."

Well, whoever he is, he is not the one that suggested Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. But it looks like he has written all of 'em since then. Course, Presidents having that Senate on their minds all the time they are in there dont add any to their peace of mind, so they really are not themselves. But the minute Mr. Coolidge got out of there and dident have to be bothered with the Senate, why, he just up and makes himself even more human than any of us.

Now he is going to write a lot of those interesting things for this Magazine, and the Editor tells me they are great. Course, an Editor will say that to everybody but the one that is writing the stuff. They are afraid to brag on him—he might want more money—and I bet you Mr. Coolidge is getting wise quick, too. It certainly does seem awful appropriate that he should be writing for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. For it features human interest stories. Now he is going to tell you a lot about himself and his work, but there is going to be a lot of stuff that he wont tell you. Modesty alone would forbid him mentioning lots of the things that I am going to tell you, and no one has ever accused Mr. Coolidge of not being modest. I have had lots of dope on him for over a year, but him being President, why, naturally it wouldent seem very appropriate to use it then.

WHEN you want to get a line on a fellow, dont get it from the man himself; get it from someone who knows him. Now, I was in Mexico about a year and a half ago, and I traveled around on the train with Ambassador Morrow and President Calles for a couple of weeks; then back and was at the Embassy for a couple more. Mr. Morrow and me only had two topics of conversation, Coolidge and Calles. We were doping out what kind of a fellow Calles was, and I was trying to find out from Mr. Morrow if his friend Coolidge was going to run again. He had issued his famous "I dont choose," but I believed that he had spent many days with the Dictionary finding that exact word, for I had never heard of a word that more nearly meant "Yes, No, Maby, Cant tell yet, Perhaps, and Dont want to, but will in a pinch." Morrow naturally thought that he meant it, but that there might be (what do you call 'em) extenuating circumstances. Now, we all consider that Morrow knows Coolidge better than anybody else (which dont mean anything), for Morrow would often remark, "I dont know him at all." But in sitting night after night arguing it out he naturally told me many things of Mr. Coolidge.

I am not going to try and tell 'em to you in a routine from the time that they entered Amherst, but just sorter like Mr. Morrow told 'em to me. The most impressive one, of course, to me was what he told Morrow after being sworn in as President. Morrow, of course, went down to Washington as soon after this event as possible to pay his respects and wish his old friend well. But let's just let Mr. Morrow testify in this case—"Coolidge vs. the People." Now, Mr. Morrow, you take the stand and tell what happened when you first saw Coolidge after his being made President, and any other things, no matter how small, or how insignificant, that might be relevant to finding out something about this rather silent man. Just tell it in your own way.

"Well," says Mr. Morrow, "I got down there and visited him at his Hotel, for he gave Mrs. Harding plenty of time to get her things out of the White House, for which she was always tremendously appreciative. I was in the room with him for a long time and he dident say a word. That wasent anything new; I had seen that happen many times before. When finally he turned to me and said, 'Dwight, I am NOT going to make the mistake that lots of them have made; I am NOT going to try and be a GREAT President.'

"Now, that's all he said. But wasent that great? You know, Will, Coolidge is not awed by the importance of the Presidency. He has told me since that he just considered it a *Chore*. (You town boys wont know what a chore is. It's just one of the various evening jobs that must be done around a farm, like milking, chopping wood, and feeding stock.) You see, with every President the job has meant something; with Wilson it was his Dream, with Roosevelt it was a Lark, with Taft a Laugh, and with Harding a Nightmare. But with Coolidge it was just a Chore—a thing he was going to go about in the ordinary routine of the evening's work. He dident enter it with any Great Ideas. Neither did he enter it with any Great Humility. He figured it's just one of the jobs that we have in this country to do, and he happened by chance to be the one called on to do it; and that's where his success has come from.

"I will never forget one time Mrs. Morrow and I were there. The Oil Scandal was at its heighth, and it looked like heavy things were brewing. Coolidge turned and looked out of a window, then said, 'They

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y that Lincoln could look out of that indow and see a Rebel Flag flying. Well, guess nobody since Lincoln has had that uch to worry about.' Now, how you ing to beat a fellow that keeps his feet the ground that way?

"You know, he is quite a character, this low. We were dining at the White ouse one night. It was kind of a New igland Boiled Dinner. Speaker of the ouse Gillett was there, he and his wife. ey were old family friends of the Cool-ges. Well, dinner was served promptly seven as usual. After dinner us men-ks retired to a room and smoked and itted for fifteen min-s; then we joined the ies. We were in there over thirty minutes, ich brought it up per-s to 8:45 or 9 o'clock. got up, shook hands h all of us, says 'Good ht,' and was off to . We go down to get cars at the door, and ett's driver was not re—he evidently had e for his own dinner hadent yet returned. ett turned to me and , 'Dwight, I have here for dinner a en times, and I order car earlier every , but I have never been able to order it y enough.'

But, speaking of ers, I must tell you it the first time we entertained the Cool-s when our children present. It was at Touraine Hotel, Bos-He had just been e Governor, and he Mrs. Coolidge dined us. There were sev-in the party. My hter Anne had her r tied up from some trivial accident. the company had one, the girls were marking how quiet Coolidge was, that dent spoken to any-hardly during the evening. Then spoke up and said, I like him; I think fine. He is the one in the whole all evening that d that my finger irt.' Now, of course is just what he do—he could do without taking a e of being quoted hat he said. He discuss sore fin-th you lots quicker he would subjects e.

d I tell you about ne when we were ted from Amherst? ve had been pretty y during our course e day I asked him, 'Calvin, where do you expect to set up in your law practice?' naturally figuring that he would try New York, or at least Boston, or Springfield. He said, 'I am going to stay here; I dont believe in going any further for anything than is necessary.' And he did stay there, right there in Northampton and became President. A lot of the rest of the class started running around to big cities, and now you cant find 'em. He stuck right where he come from and got elected to everything that has an election attached to it. He was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts and had one room at the old Adams House. He was elected Governor, and instead of taking a house, he just took another room (at a rate).

"He was in the Legislature away back in the early days and I went up to see him one time. (At that time they elected their Legislature every year.) He was also studying and trying to practice law. So I asked him, 'Calvin, how do you manage to work this? It must take you half your year to get around and 'lectioneer, and get elected for the next term.'

"'Oh, it dont take much time, Dwight,' he said. Then, after a pause, he added, 'I got things pretty well organized.'

"'But, Calvin, dont tell me that you can get elected without any effort.'

"'Oh, I just let nature take its course.'

"'Now, listen, that's all right to tell everybody else, but you cant tell me you dont do something.'

"'Well, maby I do nudge nature a little bit.' And he give one of his sly little grins as he admitted sorter helping nature out a bit.

"Did I ever tell you about one Sunday we was all at the White House and going to church, and somebody asked what time do we go? Coolidge answered immediately, 'Seven minutes to eleven at the elevator upstairs.' And that's when we went.

"Did I ever tell you how I got in with him at school in the first place? Well, I was from away out in Pittsburgh, and here I was at school right in the heart of New England, and I wanted to get right into the real atmosphere of New England and find a real New Englander; and out of all of them he was the only real New England atmosphere there was. The other New Englanders were not the type at all.

"Did I tell you about the time they nominated him at the Convention and was looking for a Vice President to run with him? Well, I was out there at Cleveland. Guess you was too, Will. I remember seeing you and Bryan sitting together at the Press stands. Great old fellow, Bryan. Well, I was not much of a Politician, but on account of it being Coolidge that was to be nominated I thought I would go. I knew all the Leaders and was kinder on the inside. You

(*Continued on page 88*)

In the JULY *and* AUGUST *issues*

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RATTLESNAKE Golf

By DON MARQUIS

MAJOR STACEY eased his long, lank frame into a wicker chair next mine on the hotel veranda, rolled himself a cigarette, borrowed a match, and inquired:

"Well, how did you like our sun-kissed California Christmas?"

It was my first winter in Hollywood, and I was discovering that natives and old residents like to hear newcomers enthuse over the wonderful climate from time to time; so I did the proper thing.

"But," I added, "you don't look so cheerful yourself, Major."

"I'm not," he returned. "A couple more Yuletide seasons like this last one, and I'll be on a downtown corner with a tin cup making indigent noises. Santa Claus took more toys away from me than he left in my stocking this year."

"What's been the trouble?"

The Major blew a couple of meditative smoke rings and appeared to consider profoundly. "I impute my financial downfall," he said finally, "to golf and unwise super-salesmanship—to that and the notions of Colonel Elwood B. Sanford."

"You mean the gentleman with the long, white hair and the broad hat who comes here to see you sometimes?"

"Uh-huh, that's the Colonel. He tries to make up as he thinks a Southern colonel of the old school ought to look. But he isn't one. I've heard him try to put it across on innocent Easterners like yourself that he's an old Californian, but he isn't that, either. My private opinion is that he spent the greater part of his life touring the Middle West as an Old Herb Doctor in a Medicine Show."

A sudden involuntary contraction of the Major's facial muscles mangled his cigarette, and it was with a hard look in his eye that he added: "He's got a past, Colonel Elwood B. Sanford has. And if he played the deceitful part I think maybe he played, he's got more past than he's got future."

"Tell me about it," I invited. During our six weeks' acquaintance Major Stacey has learned to value me as an auditor, because I know nothing whatever about the West and cannot be sure when he is exaggerating. Indeed, I cannot even be sure when he is departing entirely from the realm of possibilities just for the sake of indulging his own sense of humor and astonishing me.

Another reason the Major cultivates my society is the hope that he will some day sell me something. I find him an interesting raconteur, but—not to cast suspicion upon a man who frequently and fervently affirms his own business integrity—I don't think I shall ever have the impulse to invest in any enterprise which he recommends.

"I'VE known Colonel Elwood B. Sanford," began Major Stacey, "about five years; ever since he first showed himself in this town. And, until the events of the last week transpired, I've rather admired the man; admired him for his salesmanship ability, and for his enthusiasm. He's a genius; sometimes he goes too far, but the genius is there. He isn't always sound, he hasn't always got judgment, but he's always got brilliance.

"When he's going good, he could sell roller skates to an old ladies' home. For a while I employed him in my own real estate business, first giving him a careful warning, of course, never to misrepresent anything. I don't know whether he heeded it or not, but I've got my suspicions. I've got a reputation to maintain in this great and growing metropolis, and I've never yet made a statement nor put over a deal that wouldn't bear scrutiny. I've told you a lot of yarns about the West and my experiences, and did you ever catch me once in the slightest deviation from gospel truth? No, sir, not once!

"After about a year the Colonel left me and started his own real estate office; but there's one thing we've always had a sort of partnership agreement about. That's my little place back in the hills, by Cactus Canyon. I'd told him that if he could sell that place for me, I'd give him an enormous commission—he could have fifty per cent of the entire proceeds for his own.

"You see, it's not been so easy to sell. He's tried several times, and so have I,

He figured out for Willis what he'd make a year selling eagle feathers to the Indians

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d I'm a pretty fair salesman myself, of e old-fashioned, conservative type. I uld never understand why that little ace should be so hard to get rid of; for s got everything in the way of diversities d opportunities that heart could wish. s only about forty miles from here, and s my belief that some day this metropolis ll grow right up to its edges and spill o it.

BOUT two weeks ago the Colonel—and I don't really believe that old ar-flusher is any more a real colonel than m a major—came over here to see me, d he sat down in that very chair you're in w, and he says, with his voice all husked with excitement:

"'Major, I've got a sucker!'

"'What do you mean, Colonel San-d?' I asked. 'I don't understand you.'

'I never like to have slang expressions e that addressed to me, especially right on a hotel veranda with people com- and going. It cheapens legitimate nmerce, and it doesn't inspire confi-ce if it should be overheard.

"'I mean a boob,' he says. 'A hick. A tomer.'

"'Colonel,' I says, 'are you speaking of usiness prospect?'

"'Uh-huh,' says he, 'a fall guy. And s sap and that Cactus Canyon stuff of ars were just simply made for each er. He's a retired banker who's got erested in the West. And he's some d of a New Yorker, or else maybe an glishman—I can't make out which. ybe both.'

'How do you know he is?' I said.

'He looks like it to me, and he talks it, and he leaves his fork in his left d like it.'

'I don't savvy,' I says.

'You know what I mean,' says the onel. 'He cuts up his grub with his it hand, and then doesn't lay down his fe and change his fork. Keeps the in his left and eats that way.'

'Say,' I said, 'that's a pretty foxy it, too. It leaves the knife in the right d in case trouble starts anywhere near. uess they have to do that in those tern towns nowadays on account of so ay gunmen and hijackers and bandits ing into the night clubs and restau-s all the time. Every time I see a spaper I'm glad I live in the West, re one of these Chicago or New York men I read about can't get me. But do you know he's a banker?'

'He's living at my hotel,' said the onel, 'and I heard a new arrival who an acquaintance of his ask him if he having a little vacation from the king business. We'll take him out in-e great open spaces.'

'Isn't there any way,' I asked, 'to sell that land without letting him see it? t's where we have always made our ake before; we went and showed it to le.'

'Listen,' he says, 'I've got the psy-ogy of this super-selling campaign all ed out. The rougher the country, the er. This fellow is sold on the romance color and picturesqueness of the West. e got to mingle all that in with our ness talk in just the right way. He's opped up right now with the idea of g out with one of the scouts of the old an days.'

Illustrated by
DAVID ROBINSON

"Is there oil?" says the Colonel in a kind of hushed and reverent voice. "Is there oil?" And he took off his hat, like he was in church, or the national anthem was being played, or something

"'You mean the old Indiana days, don't you, when you were selling electric belts at the county fairs?' I asked him.

"'Well, I sold 'em, didn't I?' says the Colonel. 'I've got this thing all fixed. The day before we go out, I'm going to send out a couple of these Hollywood moving picture cowboys, and—'

"'What for?' I interrupted him. 'If he wants to see cow hands, he can see some of Old Man Thompson's genuine ones. There's always three or four driving the flivver around to listen to the radio in my shack when I'm up there.'

"'No,' said the Colonel, 'they won't do. They won't look like the cowboys he's seen on the stage and the screen—won't talk like it or act like it or dress like it or be fooling around with guns all the time. They haven't got the picturesqueness of those camera-wise boys. All they understand is how to handle cattle. And, say, you'd better make sure there are some cows standing about, where this prospect can see my movie boys herding them, or rounding them up, or whatever it is that cowboys do.'

"The Colonel isn't really much less ignorant about the real West than you are; he's lived in hotels and boarding-houses ever since he's been out here.

"'Cows?' I said to him. 'There's no cows on my place.'

"'Well, why don't you have cows on it?' he says, sort of peevish.

"'IF YOU were a cow,' I said, 'you'd get so, yourself, you'd want something to eat besides rattlesnakes and golf balls.'

"'Golf balls?'

"'Uh-huh. Since you were up there last I've fixed up a golf course of my own. There must be five or six hundred golf balls lying around there now in places they can't be played out of.'

"'Say,' says he, 'that's great. This gets better and better. This fellow told me yesterday all the courses he'd seen around Hollywood were too flat to suit him. Why, some of the biggest deals in the business world are pulled off on golf courses these days! It's a system. You let the prospect beat you, and while he's still feeling tickled about it you get his name on the dotted

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line. And I'm quite a golfer myself—What's par on this course of yours?'

"'On my golf course,' I said, 'it's not so much a question of what you can go round in. The question is: Can you go round? It's a little rough here and there.'

"'Fine!' said the Colonel. 'He'll love that. And he'll be amused at the idea of a golf course being mixed up with this old romantic West we're going to show him. You go up ahead of everybody, with supplies to last a week or so, and borrow some of Old Man Thompson's cows to make the place look right.'

"I agreed, but I doubted whether Thompson would lend me any of his cows. One of the reasons he has to have hired hands is to keep his cows off that little place of mine. Thompson's ranch is over beyond the hills from me, and it's about the size of New England or Germany, with plenty of feed and water on it; and since the price of beef had been up the last couple of years, he naturally doesn't want to lose any more cows than he has to. And every time any of his cattle get onto my place they seem to strike bad luck, somehow. Sand-storms bury 'em. Or boulders roll down and hit 'em. Or insects and things sting 'em till they swell up and burst. Or they fall into canyons and die of thirst. Or else animals molest 'em.

"One of the most surprising things to me is the amount of animal life that place supports as compared to the vegetation. The only way I can figure it out is that the animals make their living by eating each other. That place just gave its heart and mind and soul to cactus when the world was made. Enemies of mine have tried to spread the story that it's the only land in the world that isn't fertile enough to grow sagebrush. But the truth is that with all that cactus I don't really need any sagebrush. No, sir, cactus is the only vegetation, practically, that it's got. And I've always had a theory that cactus is more like an animal than it is like a vegetable, anyhow. A cactus plant will go farther out of its way to do you dirt than a rattlesnake will. The snake will rattle first and give you a chance, but cactus will stab you in the dark without a word of warning. And a Gila monster or a horned toad is almost a vegetable compared to cactus, and a good-natured vegetable at that—almost a fruit, you might say.

"SO I went out first, along with a couple of camera cowboys who were temporarily resting from their art. One of them was Roy Peters, who had originated in the wilds of New Jersey, where you've got to know how to ride hard and shoot straight—and Roy really had learned how to ride well enough, somewhere or other, for the film business. The other was Fred Parsons, and Fred was a genuine cow hand before he went and contaminated himself with romance and pictures. I hired horses to match their make-ups from Old Man Thompson, but he wouldn't rent me any cows.

"The day before Christmas the Colonel comes out, looking as kind-hearted as Santa Claus, with this gift, whose name was Willis Hitchcock.

"When I saw Willis I liked him right off, and I was glad that this was a perfectly legitimate business deal he was going to have put across on him. Nothing shady, like that Colonel Elwood B. Sanford might have thought up if he had been operating alone, without my restraining conscience. Willis was between thirty-five and forty, and mighty pleasant, and full of innocent and eager curiosity about the West, like you are. He insisted on helping us get supper that night, and clean up afterwards. He said he was crazy about roughing it like this, but he'd been so tied up in business and money-making ever since he left college that he'd never had a chance before. And Old Man Thompson and some of his hands came over after supper, and everybody talked West, West, West.

"Christmas Day, we didn't have either business or golf. We warmed up a couple of turkeys I'd bought in a Hollywood delicatessen store, and opened up some bottles of drug-store cooking tonic, sherry type, which I get from an Italian grape ranch, and had a pioneer Christmas in the wilds—or, at least, Willis seemed to think it was.

"NEXT morning I got out my golf irons, for wooden clubs get all split up on my course, and put on some boots and chaps, and handed some to Willis and the others. Thompson and some of his employees had come over, full of friendly curiosity, to be a gallery and put in a helping word when the sales talk seemed to need it; and Willis and Roy Peters and the Colonel and me were to be a foursome. Willis looked surprised at the boots and chaps.

"'For golf?' he says.

"I saw right then it would be better to deal quite frankly with this problem at the start and get it over with. 'Once, Mr. Hitchcock,' I said, 'I heard about a couple of rattlesnakes being seen in this neighborhood, and since then I've played golf in these things.'

"'Yes,' says Colonel Elwood B. Sanford. 'Sometimes they come up here from the desert to spawn.' Then a sudden light came into the Colonel's eyes, like it does when a selling idea hits him with a rush. He was looking at Old Man Thompson and I noticed that Thompson had on the rattlesnake-skin vest he sports when he wants to dress up special.

"'Stacey,' says the Colonel, turning to me, 'I wish your rattlesnake crop was bigger and more dependable than it is, the prices they are bringing these days.'

"I wondered why rattlesnakes had become desirable all of a sudden; but Thompson seemed to be on. 'Your place would support a million of them, Major Stacey, if you only stocked and cultivated it the way I do mine,' says he.

"'A million at ten dollars a pelt runs into money,' says the Colonel; and I cursed him in my heart for saying 'pelt.' I realized right then that he couldn't have had much experience in rural and pastoral salesmanship, only town stuff.

"But it didn't seem to make any difference to Willis; he was looking at the Colonel as if fascinated. 'And yet,' goes on the Colonel, 'it may be only a passing fad, that Mexican and South American craze for rattlesnake vests. By the time you'd harvested three or four million pelts the style might change and the market bust. After all, it's only a by-product.'

"We left it at that, to soak into Willis's mind, and went on to play the first hole. We wetted some sand with water from the canteens the boys carried, and teed up. You can't use these little wooden tees on my course, for they won't drive in anywhere, and I've never had any iron tees made for fear it might call attention to the nature of the soil.

"My first hole is a kind of a dog-leg hole. It's sort of downhill in its general tendency for the first seven or eight hundred yards, and then you roll into an arroyo and turn to your right and follow the arroyo for quite a piece till you get to the green. And it's really green, too. There's a nice flat rock there that a mere child ought to be able to putt on, and I painted it green so as to make things seem more homelike and cozy.

"I've got a direction sign up at the brink of the arroyo. It says 'Pomegranate Boulevard' on it. I've got quite a lot of signs like that around my place. Once there was considerable excitement over selling it for a suburban development; it's only about forty miles from Los Angeles, the fastest-growing metropolis on this earth. I never could understand why that suburban project fell through, but when it did I used the street signs to mark out directions and greens. The first hole itself is at the corner of Pomegranate Boulevard and Geranium Avenue, where the modern high school building was going to be, in one of the classiest residence sections.

"'Do we drive right into that canyon?' asks Willis, in surprise.

"'That's not a canyon, that's just a little arroyo,' I informed him. 'We won't get to the canyon much before noon.'

"WILLIS drives off with his full iron and the ball sails over two hundred yards before it hits the ground. Then it struck considerable of a declivity, and rolled and bounded five or six hundred yards more, and jumped into the arroyo with the speed of a machine-gun bullet. One nice thing about my golf course is that you can get distance on the downhill holes, where the cactus isn't too high—in fact, the ball wouldn't stop at all unless it hit a hill or jumped into a gulch. I've made all my downhill holes not more than par sevens and eights, even when they're twelve or fifteen hundred yards long. But the uphill holes run from par tens to par eighteens.

"When we got down into the arroyo we found the balls had bursted open against the rocks on the far side. But I got a local rule that covers that. When a ball bursts, you don't lose either stroke or distance, you just tee up a new one and go ahead. We don't have any earthquakes in this country, but we have temblors sometimes, and I've got another local rule that covers them—anything a temblor does to ground you are playing on makes it 'ground under repair,' and you are entitled to lift out.

"We played around the bend of that dog-leg hole, down towards the corner of Geranium Avenue and Pomegranate Boulevard, and four or five times I heard a buzzing and whirring, but Willis maybe didn't know what that sound meant, for he didn't say anything. And along the brink of the arroyo three or four coyotes were slinking along watching us, and jumping out of sight when I looked up at them, but I didn't call anybody's attention to them. That hole is a natural

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On the whole, it was one of the most nervous and irritating golf games I ever went and implicated myself in

pede and scorpion and tarantula d, and while I was still three hun- yards away I saw the surface of the moving and waving, like straw with eze in it. Hundreds of them were , waving thousands of little legs, ng and massacring each other.

slipped one of Old Man Thompson's a niblick and told him to run ahead lean it up, while I halted everybody etending I'd lost a ball. But pretty soon Willis noticed the man working and scraping with the niblick.

"'What's he doing?' he asked, shading his eyes and staring at the green, three hundred yards away.

"'Cleaning the chili grass off the green,' says the Colonel. 'It must have got the start of the Major during the rainy season.'

"'Chili grass?' asks this Willis.

"'Uh-huh,' says the Colonel. 'Chili grass. Just another by-product of this place, but you can't make *chili con carne* without it.'

"After a while the cow hand stopped work, and then in a minute I found that ball, and we played down to the green—this flat rock I was telling you about. When Willis putted into the hole, the ball rolled right out again; it was drifted almost full of sand.

"'Hole's pretty shallow, Major,' complained Willis. (*Continued on page 167*)

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BERNARD M. BARUCH *discusses*

The FUTURE of American Business

By BRUCE BARTON

YOU have seen on the stage the office of a big Wall Street financier. The scene rocks with the clatter of tickers, the ringing of telephones, the crush and cries of brokers and telephone boys. Well, Bernard Baruch has been as active as any dramatist could wish and still undertakes major financial and industrial operations, but his office resembles this stage version in just about the same way that a pastor's study resembles a railroad station.

A sunny private room. No ticker. A telephone, but it seldom rings. Thick rugs on the floor; a few fine paintings on the walls. A mahogany desk unencumbered by papers. Behind the desk a tall man, distinguished by supple grace and good looks, with pleasant eyes and a mouth that breaks easily into a smile; silver-gray hair and a strong nose—the sort of nose that Napoleon used to look for in his generals. The man, who is fifty-eight, looks as if he has the blood pressure of a boy of twenty-five, and he seems to have nothing whatever to do. This is Baruch.

We went out to luncheon one day. The first part of our conversation related to the war. It is a painful confession, but true, that I am always behind with my wars. The Civil War still absorbed me when the World War came along, and only now, after ten years of peace, when the real inside stories are beginning to come out, have I begun to transfer my interest to this latest and biggest conflict. Baruch knows as many of these inside stories as any man in America. As chairman of the War Industries Board, he sat at Woodrow Wilson's right hand and marshaled the industries of the nation. The presidents of companies who had been violent competitors met around his table. Sometimes they entered cheerfully into his plan for pooling their output; sometimes they protested. Eventually, guided by Baruch's patience and tact and good humor, they learned a lesson in coöperation which has repaid them many times over for any sacrifice the war demanded. That coöperation within the ranks of industries is one of the present factors in our prosperity.

I asked Baruch to mention some of the other factors, and he began by remarking that when men try to judge the present, or to forecast the future, by using the yardsticks of the past, they show no comprehension of the tremendous changes which were beginning even before the war broke out and which were accelerated by it.

"Let us look back for a minute before we try to look forward," he said. "The first important change was the Federal Reserve Act, which gave us coördinated control of our financial resources and made credit the servant of business instead of its master. The second was the Adamson Act, which made the eight-hour day permanent in the railroads. It was resisted by many leaders who believed that it meant higher prices for everything and consequent hardship to the consuming public, but its influence has been altogether different. The shorter day and the increased wage, which were enacted as a matter of social justice, have come now to be recognized by almost everybody as essential elements in prosperous business. In the old days it was assumed that you must keep wages low and hours long in order to operate effectively. We know now that low wages mean low purchasing power, and that only in proportion as men and women have money to spend and hours in which to enjoy the fruits of their expenditure, can our productive capacity be kept fully employed.

"LET us trace the business influence of the war a little farther," he continued. "The Liberty Loan campaigns taught the people to save and invest, first in Liberty Bonds, then in municipal and railroad bonds, and then in securities of the corporations which represent the work and genius of the American people. Instead of fighting the big corporations, the people now own them and enjoy the fruits of their growth. The War Industries Board established a new coöperative relationship between government and business which Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, continued in peace times with results that are beyond measure. During the war we established committees of the various industries, and when prices were fixed, rules were also fixed for distribution, and these rules influenced the scale of wages and working conditions. This helped to lift the standard of all wages, which the manufacturer later found was a fine thing, though he fought it strenuously at first.

"Another thing the American business man found during the war—that he could do things he never thought he could do, and make things that he used to think only the Englishman or the German or the Frenchman could make for him. He made dyes, for example. He made all sorts of articles that had previously been made abroad, and found substitutes for many others. These activities continued after the peace, because we had the money to continue them, and the equipment, as well as labor of unusual intelligence.

"QUANTITY production had its real birth in the war, not only because things had to be made quickly, but also because of the necessity for eliminating all useless styles and the duplication of effort. We learned to standardize and to make a few styles do the work of many. Secretary Hoover, in his department, continued this important work, and every manufacturer now knows how much more profitable it is to keep the machines running constantly on a few kinds and styles, eliminating the waste of big inventories and of constantly stopping and starting the plant.

"The war compelled us to keep a lot of data and statistics. The Secretary of Commerce wisely continued to do this, and so exposed the public every day to a far wider fund of statistical knowledge than business men had ever had before. Hoover understood statistics and he endeavored to place them before the people so that they too would understand.

"So we came out of the war, having vastly expanded our productive capacity and self-confidence. We came out a creditor nation, which might possibly have happened in twenty-five years of peace, but was actually accomplished in three or four years of war. As such a creditor nation we were in a position to lend money all over the world and get foreign trade in return. We came out with a unified banking system, the best security against those alternating periods of inflation and stringency which had made our business history a series of feasts and famines. Finally, we came out with business men who knew a great deal more than they ever did before about how to get the facts and interpret them, and who were believers in a popular high standard of living and of wages."

"You mentioned that before," I suggested.

"I know that, but it looms larger in my mind than (*Continued on page 135*)

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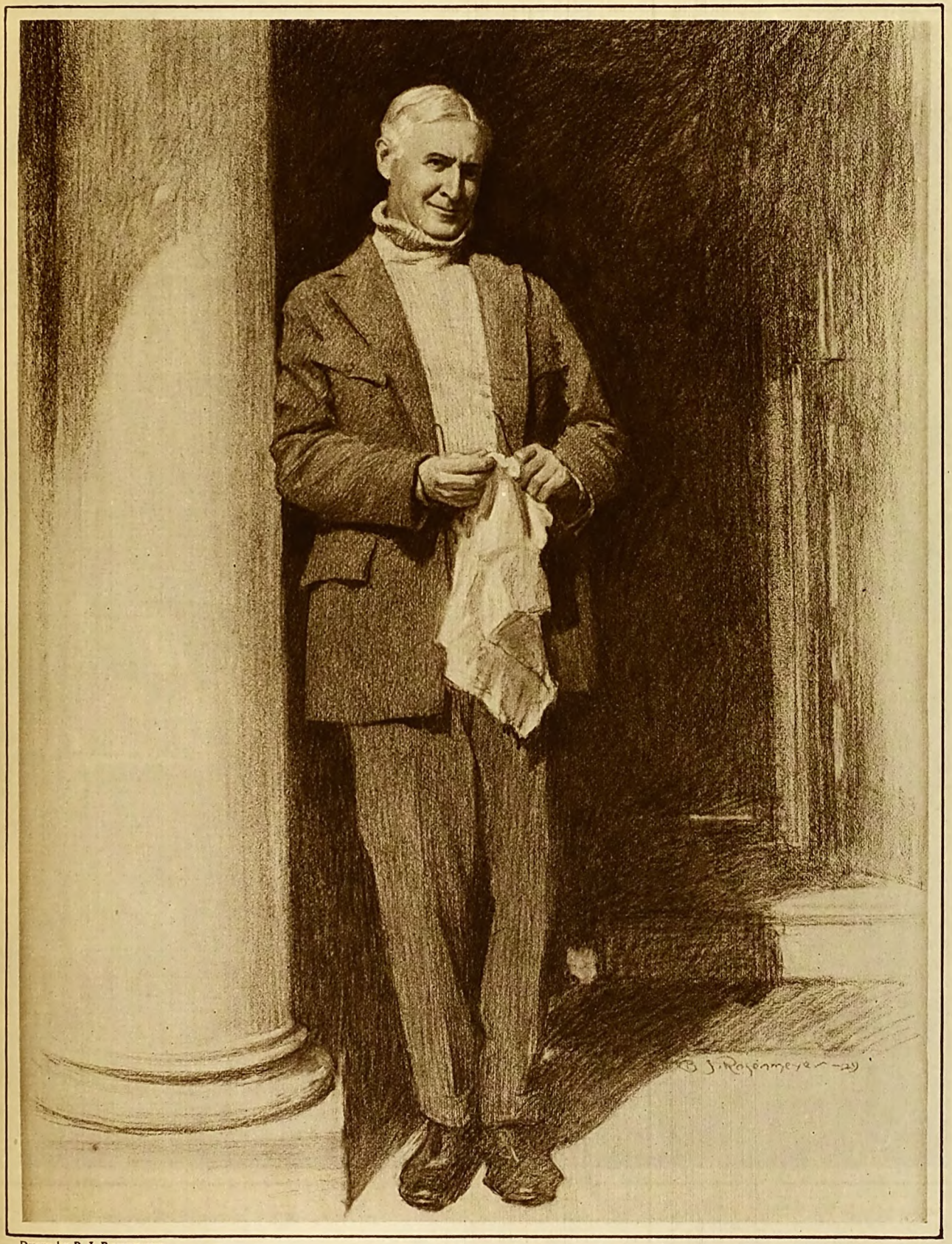

Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer

Bernard M. Baruch

BERNARD M. BARUCH is one of America's great financiers, who is particularly distinguished for the public services he has rendered and for the clarity of his thinking on economic questions. He is a son of Dr. Simon Baruch, who was a surgeon in the Confederate States Army and later a leader in the medical profession in New York. Mr. Baruch was chairman of the powerful War Industries Board under President Wilson, and was economic adviser for the American Peace Commission. In his early financial career he was a spectacular figure in Wall Street, where he was known as a plunger. But his plunging was done only after long and accurate study. He was a forerunner of the present big market operators who look long and carefully before they leap.

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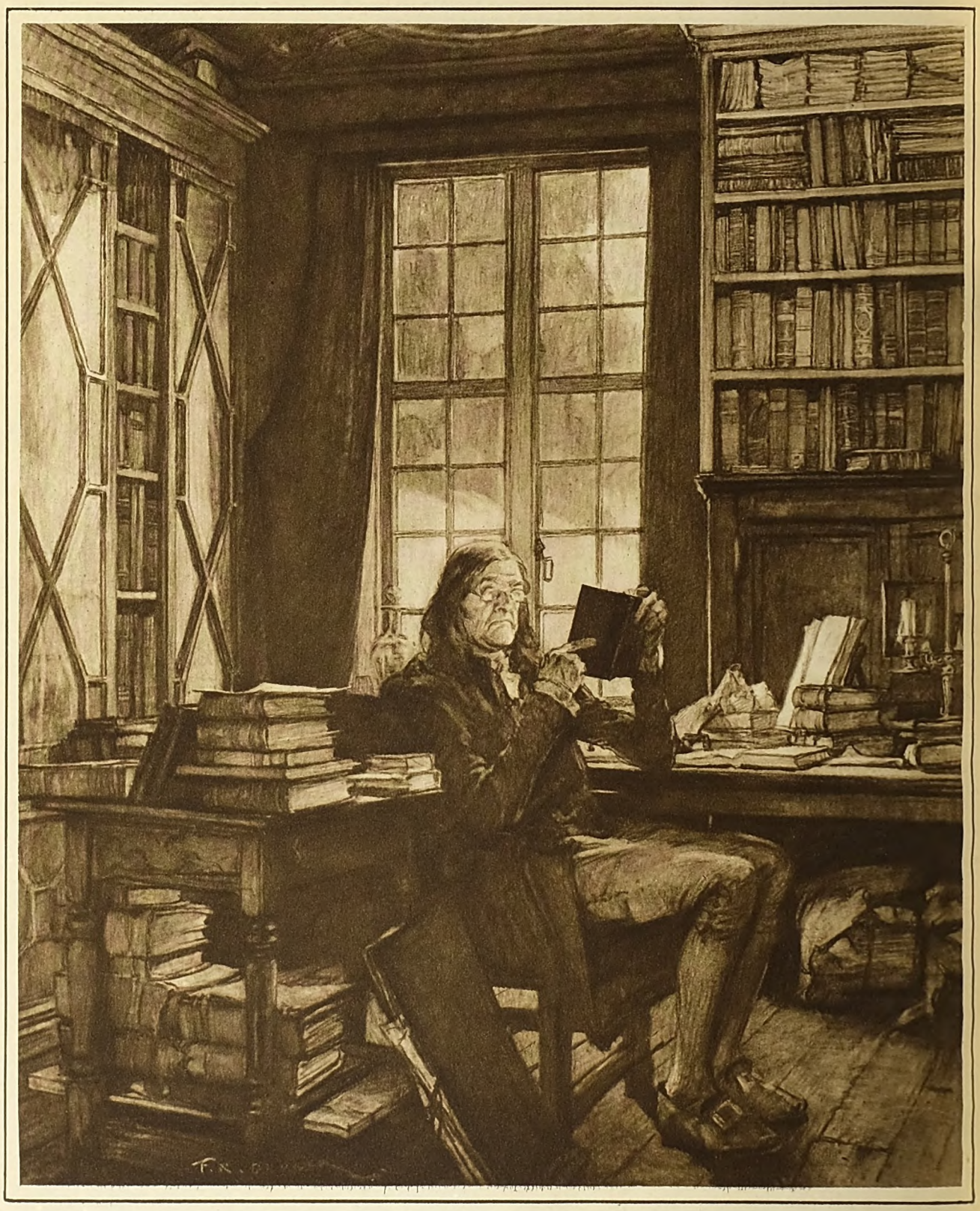

"THE DISCOVERER," drawn by F. R. Gruger to illustrate Mr. Terhune's article, which the author describes as "an account of the fun and keen interest and profit which any ordinary human can gain through exploring expeditions into the wonder-world of reading. . . . The wisdom and the wit and the excitement and the philosophy and the goodly fellowship of the ages—they are yours, and mine, to command."

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Among my books I made

My Greatest Discovery

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

FOR nearly a month I had lain dully helpless in my stuffy bedroom looking out over Lake Lucerne and the gleaming white Alps beyond. Appendicitis and peritonitis and "desert fever"—aftermaths of a horseback accident and of jolly hardships in the Syrian wilderness—had caught up with me at Lucerne and challenged my iron-tough body to a life-and-death battle.

I came out of the fracas shaky and weak and with the specialists' commands to get back home to America as soon as possible—there to live the quietest sedentary life for the next half-year or more. I was forbidden to take any violent or even semi-strenuous exercise. A bunged-up heart and a quarrelsome vermiform appendix must be humored and cosseted like crotchety rich relatives, said the Swiss doctors, if I desired to continue my pleasant habit of staying alive.

That summer I learned to read.

I think it is hardly necessary to explain that last sentence in words of one syllable. Naturally, I had learned the mechanical art of reading when I was a child. Also, I had loafed happily through college, barely annexing my A. B. degree. Incidentally, I came of what Brander Matthews called "a reading family." I had thought myself fairly well-read. I had been nothing of the kind.

I did not learn to read until I was forced to give up for a half-year my former joyous pursuits of boxing and fencing and wrestling and hunting and swimming and riding and tramping and boating, and all the half-hundred other forms of vigorous, outdoor exercise which had been my only real delight.

What was left for me to do, unless I wanted to twiddle my thumbs or learn to play solitaire? Of course, there was my work. But that did not take up all my waking hours. To keep from eternal boredom or from breaking the doctors' orders, I began to read.

I did not do it because I wanted to. I admit that. I did it only because there seemed nothing pleasanter to do.

THEN, very gradually, I found I was in a new world. I found myself a discoverer who would not have changed places with Columbus or Peary. I had discovered a realm of absolute fascination. I was discovering more of it every day. For that matter, I still discover more and more of it, and always shall. It is only of late years I realize how little of the wonder-world of reading I have really discovered and how infinitely much of it lies hopelessly far ahead of me.

Now, if this were merely an account of my own selfish discoveries, it would not be worth your reading; nor would THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE's editor let me waste your time over it. I am telling my experiences because I find that they have been shared by hundreds and thousands of other people, and because that same wonder-world lies patiently waiting to be enjoyed by everyone else. There is no magic nor mystery about gaining admittance to it.

Yet, perhaps those who have passed the thirtieth milestone may enter it with more ease than can their juniors. Up to thirty there are so many thrilling or entertaining things to take up one's time. There is the outdoors, above all. Only when muscles and nerves and heart no longer permit the strenuous exercise of earlier days does the average man or woman turn to reading as a steady diversion. (Sometimes not even then.)

It was during my six or seven months "in dry dock" that I formed the reading habit. The time was amply long to give me the right start. Thenceforward, I kept it up for my own selfish pleasure; ever adding to my discoveries; ever realizing more and more how much larger and more fascinating was the territory that lay beyond.

Now, please don't get the picture of a pallid and stoop-shouldered man bending student-like above a ponderous volume on the Einstein Theory or Sanskrit Philology; or of a blank-faced moron skimming greedily through a lurid dime novel and riffling the back pages to see whether or not the hero foils the villain at last and marries the heroine. There is a world-wide middle space between those two pictures. In that tremendous middle space I browsed and am browsing and shall browse.

Some people can read with inconceivable rapidity and yet can absorb everything good in whatever they may be reading. I envy them. I read slowly; not because I want to, but because my mind is not geared to grasp an avalanche of successive printed facts that are hurled at me with express-train speed. Some of them are certain to get past me. Wherefore, I read at ox-team pace.

But there is a vast difference between reading fast and skimming. By whizzing far above a landscape at a hundred miles an hour in an airship, one misses countless beautiful and interesting details of scenery which are plainly visible to him who walks or who rides slowly through the same stretch of country. There is the same difference between skimming through a book and in reading it honestly.

Remember, always, that in skipping or skimming or looking ahead, you are doing yourself an injury and spoiling your own sport—not merely because you are slighting that especial book, but because you are giving yourself a shiftless habit which will mar your joy and comprehension in future reading.

THERE was an undersized office boy with a shrill voice and semi-tough manner, who lived on the lower East Side in New York City. He worked on the New York Evening World. So did I. Let's call him Fogarty. His real name does not matter.

I was in the editorial department of the paper. For years I—as well as others above me—had been trying to devise sets of informatory articles for the editorial page which should catch the attention of the great general public, and which should not only educate, but also entertain. Idea after idea had been tried. None had scored—which brings me back to Fogarty.

One day he brought some mail to my desk. I was glancing over an English illustrated paper which contained a full-page portrait of Lilli Lehmann as Brünnehilde. Fogarty looked at it; then he observed critically:

"She's a dead-ringer for Bradamant, the Warrior Maiden. Or," he reflected, with the air of an (*Continued on page 80*)

"HOW easily you can summon the most entertaining and thoroughly delightful companions on earth," says Mr. Terhune. "You can reach out, let us say, to the adventure shelf of your bookcase, or the books on your table borrowed from the public library. Instantly you are galloping beside d'Artagnan on his breathless ride to recover the queen's diamonds; or you are battling at the side of shaggy Hereward the Wake, or cruising with Amyas Leigh, or keeping the Tiber Bridge with Horatius, or charging into battle in company with the loud-bragging Zagloba or with mincingly heroic Sir Nigel; or you toil sweatingly over desert sands with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, or you scout the wilderness with Natty Bumppo. They are a gay and glorious set of fellows, those immortal adventurers with whom you can travel in Bookland."

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"No man can stand for himself," said Colonel Braxton. "He is on one side or the other . . . to build up civilization or to break it down."

Dead Man's Shoes

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS an obviously futile mission. It was night when Colonel Braxton set out on it, and Mr. Dabney Mason, with him, held that he went on a fool's errand. He knew the facts about the thing, and he knew old Benedict Brant. But the people had appealed to Colonel Braxton, now that the danger to the community from Brant had been made a practical peril by his brother's death.

The brother, while he lived, had stood in the way of old Benedict's vicious plan. The house and lands had descended to him by will drawn after the English fashion, and only at his death did any of the estate pass to this younger brother, Benedict. It was held, and penuriously held, by old Maynard Brant in his life, with a slender moiety of the income passed on to Benedict.

But this very hoarding of the estate, now that Maynard was dead, served only to give Benedict greater resources for the plan that he had always treasured.

There was a marked difference in the two men, as if they were of alien stock. Maynard was a slender, tall old man with huge hands and feet, who stooped in his slouching gait, while the younger brother was short and sturdy, with the symmetrical extremities of his mother, but withal the unexpected strength and vigor that is sometimes found in no exaggerated bulk.

The difference in the natures of the two was no less marked: The elder, careful and penurious, lived for gain—to add an acre and a dollar to its fellow—while the younger longed for the riot of life that was denied him. They lived, as the years ran, together, in the old mansion-house that their father had built near the river—each in his dream: Maynard to grow rich by his economy, and Benedict, when his hour arrived, to turn the house into a place of revel for the river boats; a place of orgy—a foothold on the Ohio for the devil, as the people said.

And the community was now before this menace. Heretofore, the wild life of the river had been kept out. The boats touched and passed; but the Cockaigne that they transported had no foothold. Old Benedict would break a way in for them, and this virus would seep out and corrupt the land.

Was there no way to stop him?

The representatives of the people, with grave faces, came to Colonel Braxton. The thing was imminent, and they did not wait. Old Maynard Brant was hardly buried. If there was anything to do, it should be done at once. They talked in anger and with violence before the lawyer. But he said little. He would go and see Benedict Brant, perhaps he could persuade him. . . . Persuade him! They laughed at the word—turn that aid of the devil from his master's purpose!

Maynard Brant

Nevertheless, Colonel Braxton set out on that mission.

IT WAS night, as I have written, the place was some distance out, and he took a carriage. He was not alone, for Mr. Dabney Mason, the clerk of the circuit court, was with him.

To the eye, as I have written in another place, Mr. Dabney Mason was one of the most elegant gentlemen in Virginia, both in dress and manner. But this aspect, visible and marked, was a veneer of fashion. Under it there were the hard bones of a man. The blood in Mr. Dabney Mason was of the best, and he took the estimable qualities that it gave. Not ambition, perhaps, nor a toiling industry, but courage and high ideals. What he said about a matter could not be broken down. His word stood when it was given, as the word of a man of honor. It stood against the world like that.

And from his youth upward he maintained the accomplishments of the time. He dressed, as I have said, after the English fashion. He was formidable with the dueling pistol, and he could not be put in fear. But he made no pretensions. Within, the man was real.

It is not past belief that he went with Colonel Braxton in some definite intent, and at the suggestion of those who had come to the lawyer with this matter. It was inconceivable that Colonel Braxton should require assistance in the mental adventure of this thing; but in its physical adventures he might indeed require it.

He had a large and careless manner, with no concern about himself, as if, detached from the event, he was thus outside of peril—a manner that to other men seemed injudicious.

IT WAS thus, perhaps, no accident that Colonel Braxton found Mr. Dabney Mason waiting with his carriage when he was ready to set out. The clerk made some excuse. The weather had been severe and now that it was bright and hard he would enjoy the drive, if his presence was agreeable.

Colonel Braxton was taken by surprise, and he could find no way to circumvent the skilled maneuver. It was a thoughtful act, friendly and considerate, and he could not refuse the courtesy. But it added to his plan an element that he did not wish—the presence of a third person at the conference.

The clerk got something of this impression, or he divined it, for he added that he would put Colonel Braxton down before the Brant house, and, as the night was fine, would drive on along the river for the air. He would pick Colonel Braxton up as he returned.

It was the weather of December as it sometimes falls on the Ohio: A heavy snow had descended, carried in from the northwest; followed, not immediately by a thaw, but by a week of lower temperature, with no sun. And the tragic accident that had brought the fortune of his dream to Benedict Brant had come with this fall of snow. I mean the death of his brother Maynard.

Benedict Brant was held in no high esteem, and his word, if the event had depended on that for confirmation, would not have been accepted. The plan that he had tucked away in his mind was known. It had been thwarted, held in abeyance by a lack of money, barred by his brother Maynard, and the man was moving out of middle life. If he was to have his fling he must be getting on the way with it. He was desperate and determined; he could wait no longer.

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"He went alone. I saw him crossing the field in the deep snow. . . ."

Therefore, the details about the death old Maynard Brant had come under a eful scrutiny. But the details held. ey corroborated Benedict's story. They ld not be broken down. The thing was arly one of the accidents of life, and it s in line with the well-known habits of Maynard Brant.

He traveled sometimes on the river to rt Pitt, trading in a small way in salt l iron. He was cautious and secretive. e journey, then, in which he lost his , and the manner of it, could not be en as exceptional or out of keeping with habits of the man.

HAPPENED in this fashion:

he snow began to fall about daybreak the seventeenth of December. It fell vily all day. With the coming on of ht, it ceased, the temperature changed, no more snow fell. It lay, how- r, as it had fallen, blanketing the earth. weather remained cold, the days len, and the nights dark. But there no excessive cold. The business of the mmunity went on, and the highways e traveled and packed down.

hree days later, Benedict Brant re- ted that his brother had left the house ut three o'clock in the morning in er to take a river boat to Fort Pitt. Empress of Atlanta passed north ut four o'clock of the morning. She one of the large boats of the river and not come into the landing; but she ld take on any passenger that came to her. There had been a storm of wind on this night, and Benedict had tried to dissuade his brother from the journey, but it was of no use. He set out across the field behind the house to the river, alone, for Benedict was disabled with a rheumatic knee.

Old Maynard intended to row out to the river boat, and get the negro roustabouts to bring his skiff in to the landing while he climbed aboard. But there had come up a storm of wind about that hour of the morning, and Benedict was in some concern for his brother's safety. This message he had given out by the negro woman who had come in to redd up the house, as he was not able, because of his rheumatic knee, to get about. But the neighbors were in no particular concern, as these furtive journeys of old Maynard were not unusual.

It happened, however, that someone noticed the Brant skiff was not tied up at its place, and later it was found drifting, capsized, in the river. This fact gave some impetus to Benedict's anxiety about his brother.

A search was made, and the body of Maynard Brant was found some distance down the Ohio, lodged in a submerged treetop.

The whole matter now came in for a careful scrutiny.

The authorities took it in hand, and went over every detail. But they could find no point at which the facts did not dovetail into Benedict's story.

The Brant house stood back about a quarter of a mile from the river. The county road ran before the house on its landward side; but on the river side a field extended from the house to the Ohio. At the river's edge there was a steamboat landing. There was also, here at the river's edge, a road running along the bank from the steamboat's landing north to a point where it intersected the county highway.

IT HAPPENED, therefore, that the Brant house sat in a sort of angle made by the highway and the road along the river to the steamboat landing. These roads were traveled and the snow packed down. No particular track or footprint could be distinguished on them; but in the field extending from the Brant house to the river the snow lay virgin as it had descended, and here in the snow was the track of old Maynard where he had walked from the house directly across the field to the river.

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There could be no question about the footprints. No one could mistake old Maynard's big track. He had beyond doubt walked across the field to the river on this night, leaving the print of his huge cowhide shoes in the deep snow.

There was no other track in the field. The footprints were in one direction only—from the house to the river.

Colonel Braxton had gone with the authorities to examine these evidences, for, as I have said, Benedict was not held in high esteem, and his word was not taken without proof. But here was the proof, fortunately for him, remaining in the virgin snow of the field.

His further statements were likewise established by the facts. The body of old Maynard was taken from the river into the town, not to the Brant house, and was minutely examined for any mark or wound. There was no mark or wound on it. It was clear that the skiff had capsized with the man in the storm of wind, and that he had perished in the river.

At that hour, three or four o'clock in the morning, there would be no one at the steamboat landing, as there was no boat scheduled to come in. The man would have been alone. There were no houses at this point near the river, and in the storm no call of the drowning man would have been heard.

The matter was carefully handled for the time, and some trouble taken to verify each detail; but at no point was there found anything not in accord with the story as related by the brother, Benedict.

THIS man took no part in the investigation. He seemed prostrated at the disaster, and as he moved with difficulty by reason of his rheumatic knee, the investigation and the burial were carried through without him.

He spoke frankly of the matter when he was questioned, and in no way endeavored to influence the opinion of the community.

It was known that Maynard contemplated this journey to Fort Pitt in his little trading, for he had drawn some money from the local bank and made some inquiry about the markets. This money in his wallet was found on him when he was taken from the river, and was an added evidence of the accidental nature of the affair.

Maynard Brant had set out on his journey alone; he had met his death alone; and reluctantly the authorities of the state had accepted the inevitable conclusion. "Reluctantly" is the word, for they now had the vicious ambition of old Benedict to meet. When he recovered, he would go about his plans, and the house would presently be a place of revel for the river boats—that foothold for the devil that this law-abiding community of Virginia was so determined to bar out.

It is difficult, at this distance in time, to realize the magnitude of that concern. There was a deep religious sense in this frontier civilization of Virginia, and for the gambling hells of Ohio to come in was to the people of this period no less than an invasion of the soil by Satan . . . the youth of the border would be enticed and damned.

But, for all this acute concern, there was no legal way to prevent old Benedict from going on with his design.

The rights of private property were inviolate. The man could do as he liked with his house. And if he chose to entertain the river, it was, from the standpoint of the law, entirely his own concern.

And, withal, the sturdy sense of justice inherent in these people could not be moved about. It was impersonal, like the advent of the seasons. The security of the law was equally for all. Because one stood in high regard was no reason for its favor. Nor was it to be denied in any measure to the citizen regarded in contempt, or feared for his dangerous opinions. There was no way to get at old Benedict, now that an Act of God, as these accidents were designated, had placed the resources that he needed in his hand.

And so the mission on which Colonel Braxton went with Mr. Dabney Mason on this night was not likely to serve any useful purpose.

Mr. Dabney Mason put Colonel Braxton down in the highway before the Brant house, and drove on.

IT WAS some distance through an avenue of oak trees to the house. The highway was packed and beaten down by travel. The path from it to the house was also trodden down, but elsewhere the land lay white with the covering snow.

There was a dim light at a window in the house and smoke ascended from the chimney. There was a pale moon and the stars were out. The light was almost like a sort of day, and Colonel Braxton had no difficulty to follow the narrow, snow-packed path from the highway to the door.

It was an old house, after the fashion of the time, and in its heyday a pretentious mansion. But it was now fallen into decay; the shutters hung from rusted hinges, panes of glass were broken in the windows, and all about the place the untrimmed shrubbery had grown up. Old Maynard in his economies would make no expenditures on the place, and while he hoarded what he got, the elements depreciated the things he had.

Colonel Braxton came up on the portico and rapped on the door. For some moments there was no sound, and then deep in the house a dog growled.

The lawyer continued to knock on the door, and presently it was opened. He had heard no footsteps approach, and the lawyer thought that the man who finally opened to him had been standing, for some time, just behind the door.

One of two things was certain: Either the man had the inaudible footfall of a shadow, or else, through the narrow pane beside the doorway, Colonel Braxton had been under the man's eye from the moment he got down from the carriage.

Did he keep watch, then, or had the noise of the carriage brought him to the door?

This surveillance gave the lawyer a distinctly unpleasant feeling. Was the creature in some anxiety . . . or what moved him to this furtive act?

Brant pretended a manner of surprise, and they went through the empty house into a great room at the farthest side. It seemed the one room on the first floor that the men had made any shift to live in. There were a table and some chairs and a log fire. The dog, a starved mongrel, disturbed by this late visitor, had returned to his place in the ashes on the brick hearth.

Colonel Braxton sat down at the table near the fire, and old Benedict drew up a chair beyond him. He had come limping through the hall, and now in his chair he nursed his knee. He watched the lawyer's face for some sign indicatory of his mission.

Colonel Braxton put his hat and gloves beside him on the table.

"Brant," he said, "your status in the community has changed."

The man looked up sharply at the lawyer.

"In what manner, changed?" he said.

"Well," replied Colonel Braxton, "for one thing, in this manner: For some years you have been a sort of guest among us. Now, at your brother's death, you are one of the freeholders of the county, with its obligations on you."

"What obligations?"

"Among others," continued the lawyer, "to consider the public welfare. It is an obligation preeminent upon us, and one that the citizen can in no wise evade. Our fathers, at no little sacrifice, laid down a civilization in Virginia that we must, perhaps at an equal sacrifice to ourselves, maintain. Justice and honor and fair dealing do not arrive in a community by any form of accident. They result from an untiring human effort. We have them from the efforts of our fathers, and they are fragile, Brant; difficult to build up and easy to break down. But they are vital. If they are maintained, the race advances on its destiny; and if they are broken down it will degenerate, recede, and perish. And so," he added, "I have come here tonight to find out where you stand."

"Well," said Brant, "if you would know—I stand, sir, for myself."

Colonel Braxton looked down at the table; he went on in his even voice:

"That is precisely what no man can do . . . stand apart from these obligations for himself. He is on one side or the other, with us or against us—to build up our civilization, or to break it down. . . . Which will you do?"

"I shall do as I please," said Brant.

COLONEL BRAXTON remained for some moments as in reflection.

"Now, that," he continued, "is the most perilous of all endeavors. For if one stands for law and order and honor and justice, he can in no wise do as he likes; and if he stands against them, they will destroy him, as the farmer, looking to his crop, destroys the weeds in the field. . . . There are the eternal forces of God to reckon with."

"I don't care a curse for the eternal forces of God," said Brant.

"One may not care," replied the lawyer; "but this lack of care will in no wise serve him. One may not care a curse for gravity, and yet if he steps off into the air from the comb of his roof it will break the bones in his body." He paused and looked across the table at the man.

Brant got up. He was irritated and in anger. But he did not lack for a certain courage.

"I do not know what you drive at, Braxton," he said, "with your little threatening sermon. My brother is dead; I take the property by inheritance, and I shall do as I please with it. I am under no obligation to order my life according to the wishes of the people of this community. I have nothing to fear and nothing to con-

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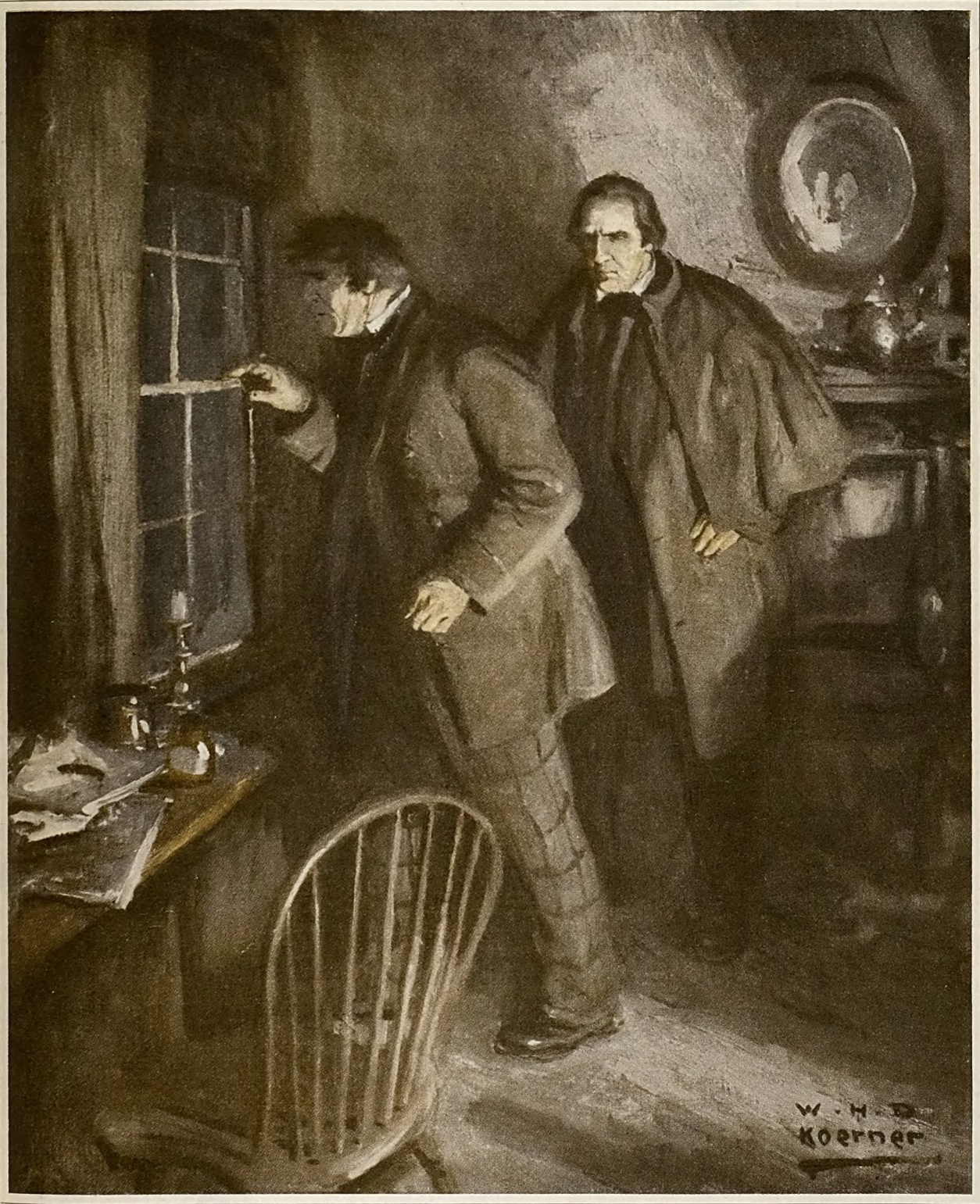

Benedict Brant crossed to the window swiftly, nimbly, softly, like a cat. . . . In an instant he was beside the lawyer

eal. Everyone knows how my brother net his death."

He indicated the door leading from the oom into the field. There was a window eside this door.

"My brother," he continued, "went out hrough that door, taking a short cut to he river. I tried to dissuade him from his urpose, for there was a storm of wind oming up and I feared for him on the iver in the dark. But I could not move im, and I could not accompany him, for was disabled by my knee. He went alone. I saw him last crossing the field in the deep snow. There is his track. Can anyone mistake it?"

"No," replied the lawyer.

"Is there anything peculiar or strange about my brother's footprints?"

"There is not."

"Would it be possible to imagine that my feet made those tracks in the field?"

"No," replied Colonel Braxton. "They are too small. They are unusually small for a vigorous, strong man. Your foot and the shoe on it is not so large as Maynard Brant's bare foot. Your shoe could not have made that line of footprints to the river."

"And yet," the man went on, "the whole thing is scrutinized like a crime and I am treated like a criminal. The footprints of my brother are nosed over in that field; measured and his shoes set in them. His body is searched for wounds. Is any wound or injury found on him?"

The lawyer repeated his negative reply.

"There is not," he said.

"And every (*Continued on page 145*)

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Travel Trails

By ARTHUR EBENHACK and LOREN STOUT

The AMERICAN MAGAZINE

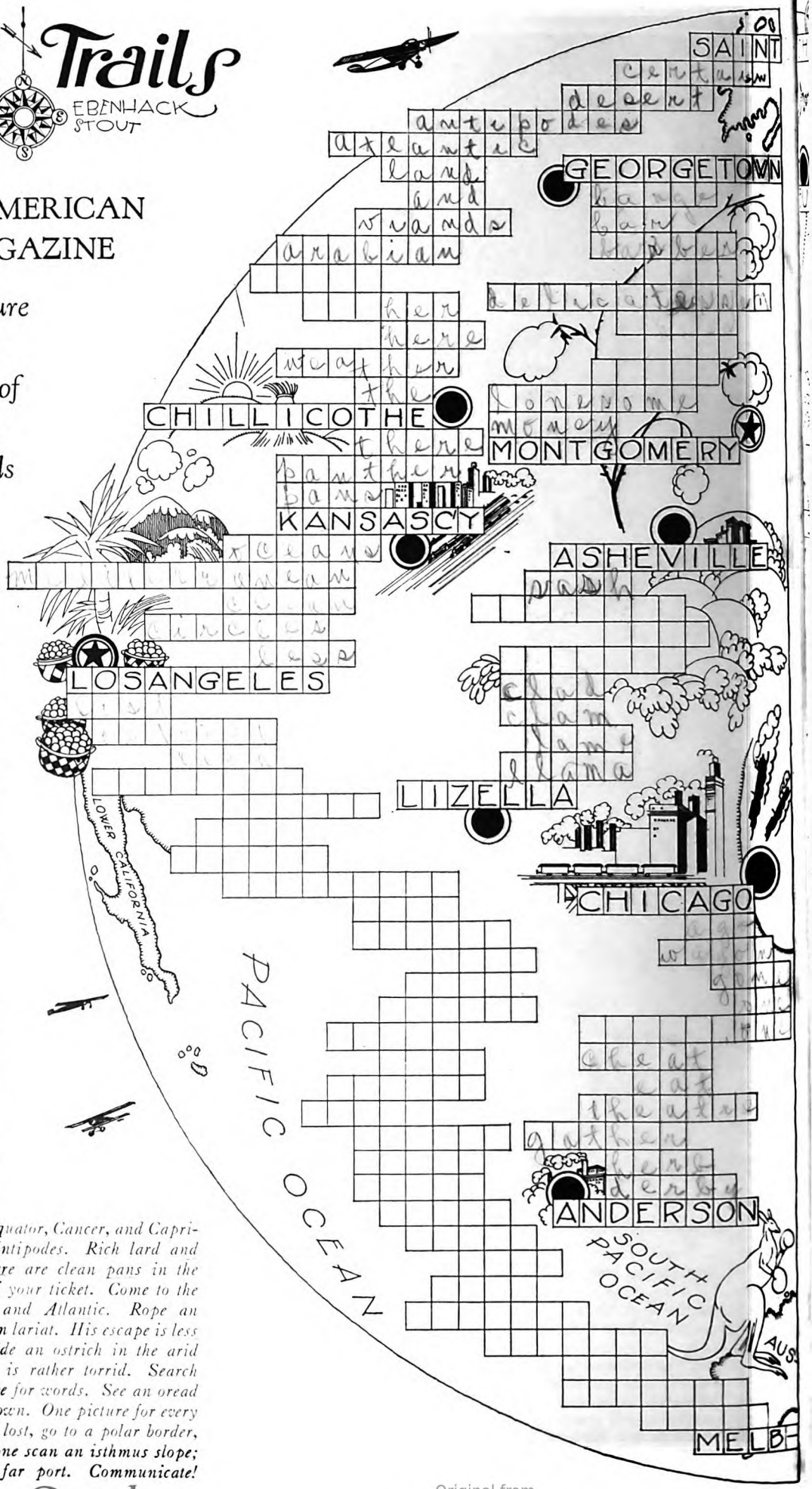
takes great pleasure in presenting the first group of prize-winning home-town trails

YOU are invited, with over two million fellow-readers, to join the biggest globe-encircling jaunt ever made. Arthur Ebenhack, inventor and editor of Travel Trails, with Loren Stout, artist and co-editor, are the navigators of this cruise from their home-towns (Chillicothe, Ohio, and Kansas City, respectively) and back again.

The illustration presents a view of the rim of the earth as seen from a point in space off Cape Horn.

THE following clue paragraph contains 85 of the 100 words required to encircle the globe via the Travel Trail on these pages.

Arise! Tourist cruise to the four corners of the world for all seasoned American wayfarers! Welcome to Arctic Circles and Tropics! Cross the Equator, Cancer, and Capricorn! Land too at the Antipodes. Rich lard and other viands aboard. There are clean pans in the orlop. Pardon our visé of your ticket. Come to the écru Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic. Rope an Arabian panther with a torn lariat. His escape is less certain in the oceans. Ride an ostrich in the arid desert. The weather here is rather torrid. Search open area where natives live for words. See an oread before returning to Home-town. One picture for every person on the journey. If lost, go to a polar border, farther northern arc, or alone scan an isthmus slope; also atone the tort at a far port. Communicate! Farewell! Bon voyage!



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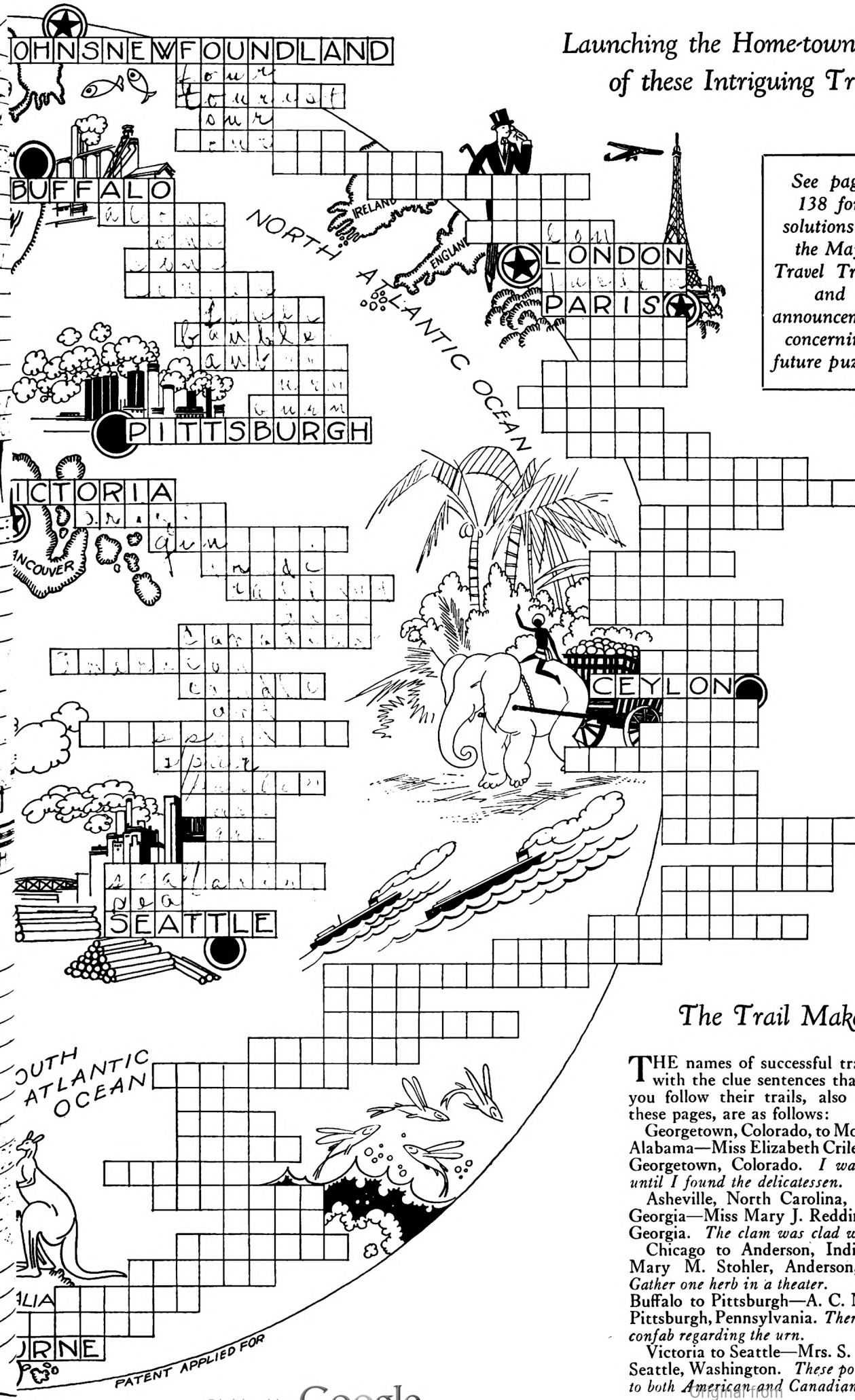
Launching the Home-town Series of these Intriguing Trips



See page 138 for solutions of the May Travel Trails and announcement concerning future puzzles

The Trail Makers

THE names of successful trail-makers, with the clue sentences that will help you follow their trails, also shown on these pages, are as follows:

Georgetown, Colorado, to Montgomery, Alabama—Miss Elizabeth Criley (age 11), Georgetown, Colorado. *I was lonesome until I found the delicatessen.*

Asheville, North Carolina, to Lizella, Georgia—Miss Mary J. Redding, Lizella, Georgia. *The clam was clad with a sash.*

Chicago to Anderson, Indiana—Miss Mary M. Stohler, Anderson, Indiana. *Gather one herb in a theater.*

Buffalo to Pittsburgh—A. C. McDonald, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. *There was much confab regarding the urn.*

Victoria to Seattle—Mrs. S. C. Mohler, Seattle, Washington. *These ports are open to both American and Canadian trade.*

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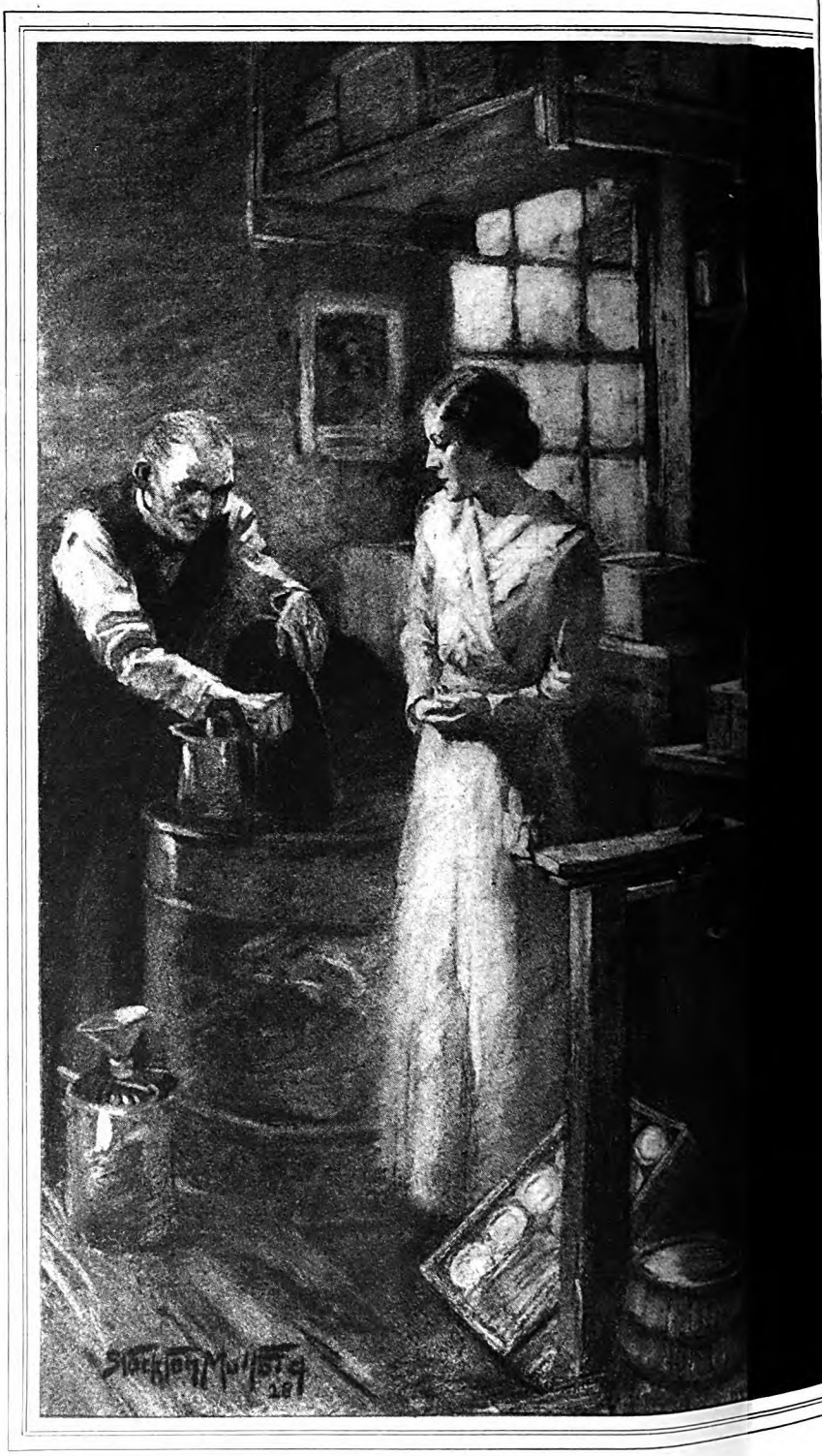
A Story

By

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY



OLD Seth Wheeler came into Will Seaver's grocery of a night in late July. The ex-owner of the plow works had his bird-gun. He stood it against a barrel. His eyes were bloodshot; his trousers held his nightshirt.

"Ellen's been coaxed t' run off with that drummer," he told the cronies about the cold stove. "Found a note on my bureau as I was blowin' out my lamp."

He referred to his daughter. And silence ensued. He looked suddenly sick, Seth Wheeler. Sick and very old.

"Pray God he marries her!" the wifeless father added. "If he's pulled a monkey-shine 'cos she don't know life's ropes, I'll kill him on sight. I may kill him anyhow!"

Ben Lyman, Seaver's clerk, paled behind his mustache. For the moment, those Vermonters might have adjudged him responsible for the spinster's elopement.

THEY knew whom Seth meant: a man named Ed Thatcher. He "traveled" for a wholesale grocery house—this chronicle commencing back in those years when commercial salesmen left no Bibles in the bedrooms of hotels. He was forty-two years old, weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, bulged in many wrong places, and was addicted to gray derbies, soiled collars, frayed neckties, and an atmosphere of cloves.

It was one of those touch-and-go incidents that alter the lives of whole generations; he had happened to be sitting on a counter in Will's homely bazaar—hat back on his head, hands under his knees, big feet idly swinging—when Ellen Wheeler came in after oil. Kerosene oil. We still burned it then in our Vermont town of Paris—burned it in lamps and bought it by the gallon.

"Who's skinny Miss Flat-Front?" he demanded of Lyman. Ben lolled beside him, beyond the girl's hearing.

"Easy pickin's for someone," the clerk had laughed softly. "Ol' man sold out this winter t' a firm down in Troy. Got his money in cash. There's life for you!—heart failure's due t' kill him any minute."

"Who'll get his jack?"

"She will, o' course. Which is why she's easy pickin's. She never had a feller."

"H'm!" had said Thatcher. He had chewed a frayed toothpick. . . .

Ellen had reached twenty-seven in that winter just passed. She was willowy frail, but her hair, like her face, had been reduced to gentle plainness by a siege with scarlet fever the y
she turned nineteen. That she had never had suitors was
closed by her eyes.

They were patient eyes, naturally. Their wistfulness
you she kept a hope chest in her bedroom. She arose in
nights to sort over the lacy things therein—and cry over th
softly—with the lamp on the floor. Exactly the type to to
messy can to a store smelling of brooms, spices, molasses
the stuff she was there to purchase on a moonless spring

"LIFE is to

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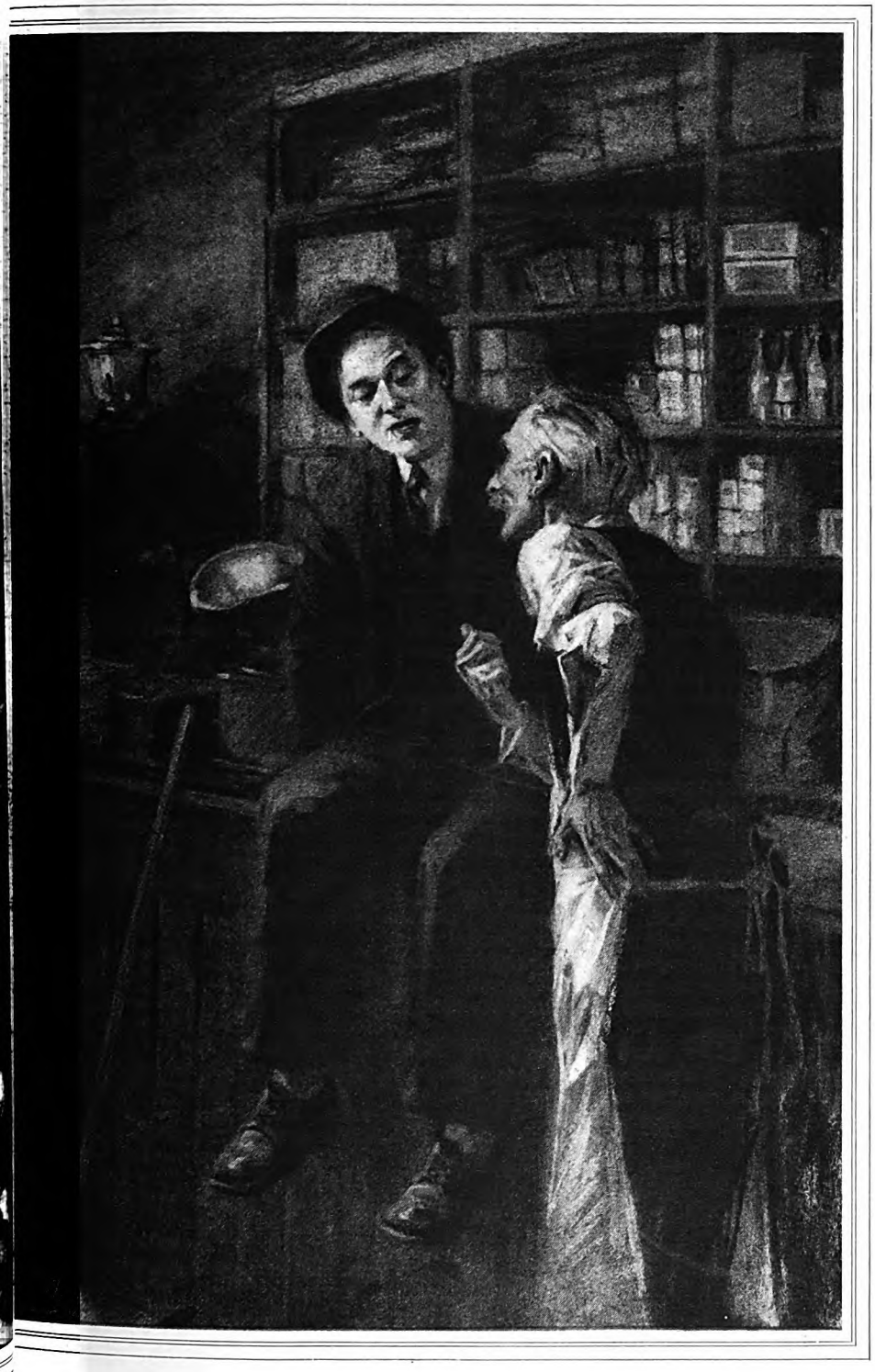

"Who's skinny Miss Flat-Front?" he demanded of Lyman. . . . "Easy pickin's for someone," the clerk had laughed softly. "Ol' man sold out this winter. . . . Got his money in cash"

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

Find Out"

with her destiny in jeopardy. Not that Ellen had any such idea.

She had received her oil, paid for it, gone out holding the can—a potato jabbed on its snout—away from her skirts, taking little, careful steps. Thatcher had looked after her and chewed his toothpick more.

Next day he didn't move on up to Wickford. He had strolled to Maple Terrace and viewed the Wheeler residence. He had strolled down to River Street and "looked over" the plow works. Then he took a front room at the local hotel and started attendance at Calvary Church.

Ellen was organist.

How he met her, what he said to her, how she ever became enamored of him, our small Vermont town doesn't know to this day. But it saw Ellen change. Abruptly, she walked with a certain erectness. Mingling with other women, she acquired an expression of elusive *camaraderie*—as if she now shared a great feminine secret. And because of that secret her wistfulness vanished.

Now they had eloped.

"I wouldn't worry 'bout him not marryin' her," Lyman told the father. He did not confess the reasons for his knowledge—why Thatcher would do it.

"All th' same, I may kill him on sight!"

BUT old Wheeler didn't. He returned home and died. Between three and four o'clock. Ellen read of the demise in a Brattleboro paper. She made Thatcher bring her back—an all-night ride over Haystack Mountain—and got into town to join velvet-footed neighbors entering a church that was sickish with cut flowers.

Which explains how Ed Thatcher got possession of sixty thousand dollars with no more distressing effort than that of removing his hat. At least he did that—when they lowered Seth down beside his wife, asleep for a decade beneath forget-me-nots and wild strawberries in that quiet hillside cemetery.

He had known from the first, according to his statement, that Ellen would need a financial manager. He had his trunk sent up from the Whitney House. He started in to manage. The first word of his success was brought to our office by Uncle Joe Fodder. An afternoon in January it was, the holiday rush behind us and great, woolly snow-polls screening off Main Street.

"Ellen ain't lookin' so pert," said the liveryman. There was a worried frown between his eyes.

"The womenfolks are telling," said Sam Hod, my partner, "she's due to have a youngster sometime in April."

"Yeah, but 'tain't that. He's done as he pleased with her money, y' know. An' dropped a nasty lot of it."

"Dropped it!"

"Terry, my son-in-law, was down t' Albany yesterday. Saw Thatch come out fr'm a stockbroker's office. White as a ghost, Thatch was. Sick! Leaned a hand on Terry when th' two

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stopped and spoke. Looks bad to me."

"I know he's squandered plenty over in the Whitney House," said George Kenyon, our foreman. "Jake Hurley told me he plays poker with that basement gang till daybreak Sunday mornin's."

"Pathetic part t' me is," Uncle Joe lamented, "with her daddy gone like he is, th' girl ain't got a single livin' relative. If anything should happen t' Thatch—if he should run out on her, say, after goin' through her cash—she'd be as *alone* as the Statue of Liberty. Worse off, I'm thinkin'. Th' statue's made o' metal."

"Did Ed tell Terry he'd lost any money?"

"No, but he borrowed ten dollars t' git home on. If he hadn't squandered everything, you'd thought he'd cashed a check."

The liveryman had spoken more correctly than he knew. Thursday afternoon in the week which followed, the office door opened and Ellen Thatcher entered.

She asked for Sam Hod.

It was already sapping her physical strength, the business of having that baby. And certain morbid matrons had been condoling with her, that because of her frailty her near-death was probable. Sam felt a heart-wrench at the panic in her eyes.

"I'VE called," she explained, "about Mr. Partridge's ad in the paper for a house. He's the new mill superintendent, isn't he? I wondered if he'd be interested in our place on Maple Terrace?" She added with an effort: "Edwin thinks we should sell."

"So! Edwin thinks you should sell?" the editor muttered.

"It's—too big—for just Edwin and me. We'd be quite as comfortable in three or four rooms."

"Partridge hasn't much cash to pay down. I'm correct in assuming it's cash you want, Ellen? All you can get?"

Tears filmed her eyes. But she would not admit them by wiping them away.

"Well, Edwin's facing rather heavy expenses—"

"I think I understand," Sam reassured her kindly. "But it's a wonder to all of us that—that your husband doesn't take his old job back—*earn* some money—so you needn't sell the place that's been your home." Inwardly he cried: "The cuss has gone through everything! How has he done it in only six months?"

"But I don't want him to take his old job back! Not back on the road."

Something besides physical distress rang sharp in her voice. That way meant the loss of him. She had not only married him and was bearing him a child. If he ever went philandering, she must face the world alone. Terribly alone. A variety of loneliness that few are called to suffer. . . .

NOTHING came of Ellen's errand. A man named Roberts bought the house on the Terrace—for one-half its value. Ellen knew nothing about it till the grant deed was ready and awaiting her signature. The Thatchers moved into a three-room tenement over Charley Fisk's barber shop.

The night Ellen's baby came, Thatch was finally located in a gaming place behind Minot's Pool Room. He didn't respond till that poker game was ended. The child was a girl and Ellen named it Margaret.

In the summer that followed Ed commenced owing money—increasing sums—to all sorts of people besides Doctor Johnson. But if Ellen knew their number, she never let it show. She kept her three rooms pathetically cozy, tended her baby as if it were a doll, and took her only recreation playing on the organ—her mother's organ—one thing of value salvaged from the Maple Terrace sale. She had long since relinquished the organ at Calvary. And she always had Ed's meals ready when he came home at night—after a hard day on the Whitney House veranda or exhausting his mentality working out billiard shots.

Paris wondered, of course, how long it would last.

Spunkier local women called Ellen flabby, a case of arrested development, a discredit to her sex. But even the most caustic did not favor divorce. Those were the days when wives made the best of things—and took in washing. What specifically riled those other women was Ellen's failure to become a shrew. Instead of souring, she seemed more patient. She was sweet, pliable, piteously anxious lest something offend Ed—or he might tire of her—or the fraught evening come when she would not awaken to his key in the lock.

Naturally, Ed knew this, and after a fashion he traded upon it. There was nothing brutal about him. His wife's anxiety flattered him. He was suddenly *comfortable*—with only one fly in the butter of his happiness.

Gradually Paris was realizing that he had "gone through" Ellen's patrimony utterly—that there were no investments, no securities, no accruing dividends—which began to curtail credit.

"I s'pose you know Ellen's gonna have another baby?" said George Kenyon one noontime.

"Good Lord, *no!*" cried Uncle Joe Fodder, a daily visitor at The Telegraph office. "Why, she ain't got her strength back from havin' her first!"

"Just the same, it's the truth," said George, going out. And the office girl confirmed it.

"It'll kill her now sure!" the old man lamented.

But he was wrong.

That third year of their marriage, one wee Thomas Thatcher arrived in the home up over the barber shop. Whisperings went around that coming through that ordeal successfully surprised no one more than Ellen herself. In fact, she had *three* children by big, pudgy Ed—another girl the fifth year, called Evelyn—before the plump drummer got himself in headlines.

HE WENT back to the road. He *had* to go back. The Thatchers had become one of the ragtag families of the place. It went without saying that they owed all the tradesmen. Not even Ellen's girlhood friends called any longer at her door.

At first Ed came home each Saturday noon. But it palled on him finally. The children were noisy; his comfort was gone. He started skipping a week now and then. Ellen had funds to meet some of their bills, yet she began looking dowdy. People commented on the tight, hard expression in her eyes and about her lips, when they saw her occasionally going in and out of stores.

Then, one night in November, Ed came home unexpectedly. He seemed nervous, restless, a bit over-kind. It puzzled his wife. She felt a faint terror. . . .

They had finished supper, Ellen had put the children to bed and was back in the kitchen washing the dishes. Ed had pulled off collar and shoes and was reading The Telegraph, stretched out on the sofa.

The doorbell rang brassily.

"You'd—you'd better—go, Ellen," Thatcher called to his wife.

She dried her hands and went down to the door. She was back in a moment.

"It's a—lady—to see you, Ed. And—she won't give her name."

Ed seemed upset. But he laughed in bravado and fumbled for his slippers. He went down. The wife heard voices, a curt, shrill laugh, then—

BANG!

A shot! . . . a tinkle of glass. The explosion rattled upward—with an acrid

"Maybe I was dreaming. . . . Only it was the queerest dream I'd ever had"

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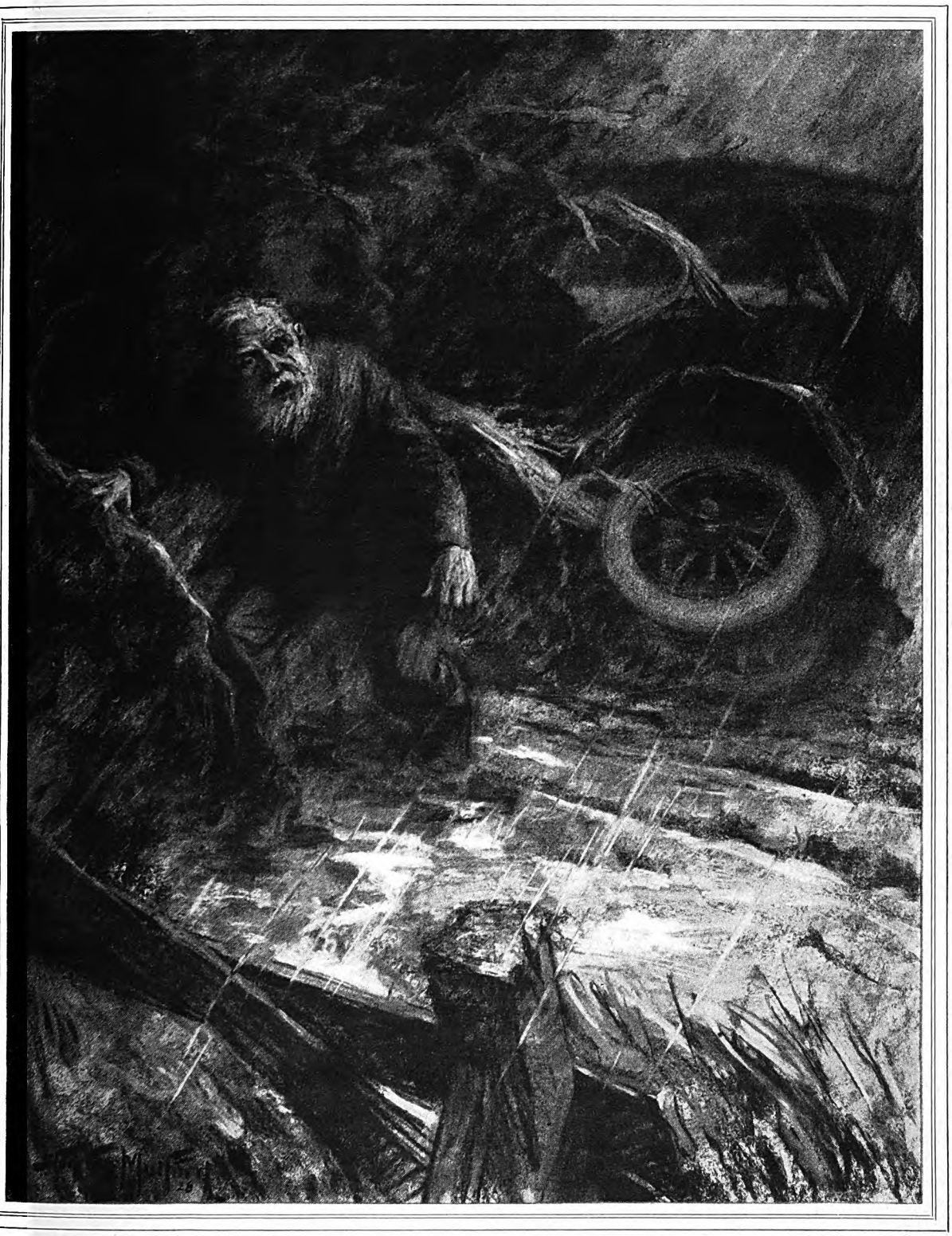

"Ellen! Ellen! Where are you?" cried Uncle Joe

ll of powder. Ellen went cold all over y cold. Yet she groped toward the ding.

Down the stairs she saw her husband—ed—the street door open—chill wind wing in.

Ed! Ed! *What's the matter?"*

dozen pedestrians materialized from here. They jammed the vestibule, r voices raucous.

He's shot!" . . . "He's bleeding!" . . . strange woman did it!" . . . "Some-get a doctor!" . . . "No, take after woman—if he dies it's a murder! . . ."

The noise of running footsteps. Caroming bodies. More wind blowing in. Some spits of hard snow.

Ellen stumbled down. She tried to lift her husband. She did get her arms beneath his shoulders. He looked up once—like a hapless little boy.

"Ellen—I—I—she—"

When Sam reached that vestibule, they had straightened Ed's body lengthwise in the passage. What the editor saw was those great, rakish feet. They stuck up like gravestones. These he saw, and Ed's wife—Ellen Wheeler that was. On the stairs she was seated, arms hooping her knees. . . .

She was suddenly alone. Alone with three children. The thing before which she had cowered—for ten or fifteen years!

They never caught the woman who murdered Ed Thatcher. Rumors got about that a confederate assisted in her baffling escape. What her claim was on Ed was never determined, though not hard to guess. A return to the road had brought his old philandering.

The Elks held a funeral. Attendants at the church were (*Continued on page 73*)

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Dare-Devil

The story of a woman who longed for the wings of an airplane, but chose the wings of the heart instead

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Illustrated by ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN THE soft summer dusk young Ben Sillinger drove down the street in his battered little second-hand car. Marie was sitting in the hammock on the vine-covered porch, but as soon as he stopped at the gate, she jumped up and came out to him. By the light of the street lamp he could see her well: a tall, thin young creature with a grace of her own that no one else had. She smiled at him, her serious, friendly smile.

"Hello, Ben!" she said. "What did you do about that knock?"

He told her. He opened the hood and held his flashlight over the engine, so that he could explain better the result of his Saturday afternoon's work.

"I hoped I'd finish earlier, so that I could come in the afternoon," he said.

"I was swimming, down at the Cove," she told him.

He knew that. He had been thinking of that, all afternoon, thinking of Marie in her dark swimming-suit and scarlet cap, far out in the bright water, farther out than anyone else, very likely. She was the best swimmer of them all, tireless, fearless. . . . He had so wanted to be with her, but he had felt that he was doing something for her in repairing the car.

"I've tuned her up, all right," he said.

"Oh, good! Shall we go up to the lake, Ben?"

He would rather have sat on the veranda with her. His own home was in Texas; he lived in a boarding-house now, and this little house with its lighted windows had a heart-stirring charm for him. He could have talked so much better here, too.

But he had known that she would want to drive. She got in beside him and he set off down the quiet, tree-lined street.

"Oh, Ben! She's running beautifully!"

"I know," he said. "Want to drive, Marie?"

"I'd love it!" she answered.

He stopped the car and changed places with her. She was the best driver he knew, steady, cool, alert; certainly she took risks, but they were all intelligently calculated. He sat back, looking at her, as they sped along the boulevard; whenever they passed under a light, he had a fleeting glimpse of her lovely dark face, serious and yet happy, her eyes intent upon the road, her little sunburnt hands firm on the wheel. She didn't want to talk.

Well, no wonder, he thought. Nothing very interesting about him. A tall, quiet, fair-haired young fellow, with rather shy blue eyes, and no gift for expressing himself. If she was happy, all right.

The moon had risen when they reached the lake; the water was a sheet of rippling silver; the wind blew some wonderful perfume from the dark woodland. It was so lovely that it made his heart ache. She stopped the car and sat looking before her, and he thought that perhaps she too was stirred by that beauty into a mood even a little like his own. Yet he dared not speak. For all her boyish comradeship and frankness, she was a creature so elusive, remote as the young Diana in her grave innocence. A word, a gesture, might startle her, drive her away from him.

"It's—pretty, isn't it?" he asked, in his soft drawl.

"It's wonderful," she said. "Oh, Ben! I want to see the whole world! I want to see those lakes in Switzerland with the snowy mountains beside them. Just imagine them!"

HIS heart sank. He was earning twenty-seven dollars a week. He had been promised a raise at the end of the year, and he was pretty sure that he would get on well with that firm. But it would take so long. How many years and years before he could dream of going to Switzerland?

"She ought to go," he thought. "She ought to have everything she wants. She's so lovely and wonderful."

"Ben!" she said. "Do you know what I'm going to do?"

He started at the new note in her voice; he looked at her and saw on her face so strange and beautiful a look, a radiant yet grave resolve.

"No. What?" he asked.

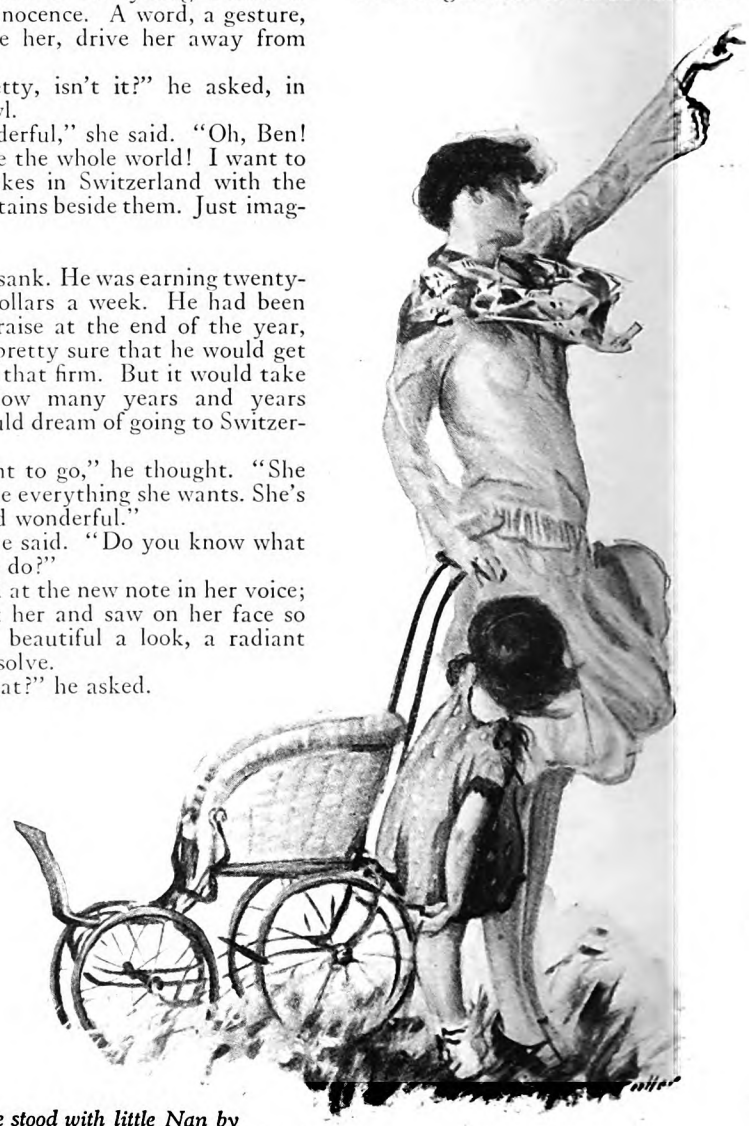
"Dad's promised me a car for my birthday. I want to drive up to Banff, and straight across to Vancouver, then down through Washington and Oregon to San Francisco, then back, through Mexico, and home through the southern states. I want to do it all alone. And I want to make a record."

Like lead, his heart was now.

"But, Marie—" he said, "there'd be all sorts of—of dangers, for a girl all alone."

"I'm never afraid," she said simply.

He thought that he could almost have



Marie stood with little Nan by her side while Emily took off

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ne down on his knees and begged her t to think of such a thing, have caught r little sunburnt hand and begged her t to go away, out into the world, alone, t to stay—with him.

"Your father—?"

"Dad knows I can be trusted," she id. "I don't lose my head."

"But, Marie—" He tried to smile You'll be meeting some fellow and—tting married before you've gone r."

"No, I won't, Ben!" she assured him. I honestly don't want to get married. here are such an awful lot of things I ant to do! You know, Ben, some day I ant to fly an airplane."

He could not offer her his twenty-seven llars a week and his undistinguished ve then. They sat looking at the silvered ater for a little longer; then he drove r home.

"Good night, Ben!" she said at the te. "You know, you're the best friend ve ever had. I couldn't talk to anyone se about—things like that. Other people uld just laugh at me. You're the only e who understands."

He went back to his boarding-house, up his room, and sat by the open window the dark.

"If I love her, it's my business to derstand her," he thought. "I—I uldn't want to marry her, if she uldn't be happy."

HE next month the War broke out, and he was one of the first of the young mericans who went to Canada to enlist. e did not tell Marie before he went, cause he thought that perhaps he would t be accepted. But he was, and he ote her letters; he went through his aining, and when he got leave, he came ck to see her.

"I'm sorry I've sold my car," he said. "But you've got one now. Shall we go—?"

"Ben!" she interrupted. "Doesn't this leave mean that you'll be going across soon?"

"I reckon so," he said.

It was a cold, clear winter afternoon, and they were in the little sitting-room of her house. He never forgot a detail of that room, old-fashioned, a little shabby, but filled with a warm and kindly homeliness.

She had not known he was coming; he had taken her unawares, and she seemed strange to him, in her house dress, and wearing red felt slippers with fur tops. He thought that somehow those slippers made her look like a princess in some Northern fairy-tale.

"Ben!" she said.

"Marie! You're not *crying?*"

"I guess—I am," she said. "Ben, I've missed you so."

He had not meant to speak then, but the tears in her eyes were more than he could bear.

"I've missed you," he said. "I always miss you, honey. I'll—think of you—all the time. I—I do love you so. . . ."

She threw her arms about his neck; she kissed him and he felt her tears on his face.

"Ben," she said, "I love you."

He could not have believed that her voice could be like that, that there could be that look in her soft, steady eyes.

"I want us to get married before you go," she said.

At first he would not listen to that.

"No!" he said. "Suppose—I got hurt?"

"Then all the more!"

"But, Marie . . . I've got to say it, honey. . . . Suppose I—don't come back?"

"That's just why, Ben. This may be—all the time we'll ever have together."

Because she always faced things, honestly and simply; never pretended to him, or to herself.

He was disconcerted when her father took her part.

"But I don't think it's fair to Marie, sir," Ben protested.

Her father had the same grave reticence that Marie had. It was difficult for him to speak, but when he must speak, he said exactly what he meant.

"No," he said. "I think you're wrong. You shouldn't try to shut anyone away from life. She's got to stand her chance—take her risks— She's well able to. My girl's no coward."

Ben thought that over, and in the end he yielded. They were married two days later in the village church, and Marie looked, he thought, more than ever like a princess from a Northern fairy-tale, in her dark suit with a fur collar, her clear-featured face a little pale. She said good-bye to her father without a tear; she kissed him, and they looked at each other, a long look, filled with that sincerity, that unwavering faith that was in them both.

The young couple went for their few days' honeymoon to New York. Ben would have been reckless with his money, but Marie restrained him. She found things to do which cost almost nothing. She was such a wonderful comrade, so eager, so interested in everything, never tired, never disappointed; and so sweet and grave a lover.

But sometimes, on the top of a bus, in the pine forest at the Botanical Gardens, just walking down the street on a frosty morning, their eyes would meet, and then a dreadful pain sprang at them, seized them, turned them pale. Only this little, little time. . . .

THE last day came, and he had to go. She went to the train with him; leaning out of the window, he saw her on the platform, smiling at him, with that dreadful pain shining in her dark eyes.

She wrote to him that she was taking a course in nursing.

"Because I'd like to go to France, and help, if you don't mind, Ben."

And he thought it would not be fair to say he "minded," not fair for him to go into danger and leave that eager, fearless creature shut away from life. He dreaded to hear that she was ready, that she was going.

But she did not go. She wrote that her father was very busy and she was helping him. And in the autumn he had a shaky little letter:

"Ben, we have a son. Ben, I can't tell you what a beautiful, darling baby he is. I didn't tell you about it before, because I knew you'd worry. He's two days old now, and I'm getting on splendidly. I'll take some snapshots the first moment I can. The nurse won't let me write any more now. Only, I love you, my Ben. God bless and keep you, Ben.

Your loving
Marie."

After the baby was weaned, she found a

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capable nurse for him, and began to do work for the Red Cross, rolling bandages, soliciting subscriptions, helping out in the village hospital. It was hard for her to do work like that; she would have been better driving an ambulance, nursing overseas. But she would not leave her wonderful baby, and she was glad to do what she could.

Even that did not last. Her father fell ill with pneumonia, and she nursed him until he died. He left her all he had been able to save, but it was very little. She had to sell the house and the furniture, and take a small flat; she could no longer afford a nurse, and she was busy enough with the housework and the care of the baby.

IN THE spring Ben came home, shattered in health, with a wound in the leg that made it painful for him to walk or stand.

"I've got enough money to last a good long while, Ben," she said. "You've got to rest, if you want to get well."

He knew she was right, but it was hard, almost too hard for him. He helped her in the flat as much as she would let him, but he was awkward at such work. In the afternoons she would dress the baby and take him out in his carriage, and Ben would watch them from the window. She was still wearing that dark suit with the fur collar . . . She still had her same limber, easy walk, and he knew that in her heart was still all the old fire and daring, the old longing to see the world.

"I won't let it be like this!" he would say to himself, in agony.

She was the same alert and eager comrade she had ever been, the same tender lover, and he tried not to let her see how he felt, for he knew it would hurt her. But sometimes, catching a glimpse of her in the kitchen, her strong, supple young body bent so patiently over the sink, sometimes lying awake in the hot summer nights, his thoughts were almost more than he could endure.

It was she who made him get well. Left to himself, his impatience would have mastered him, he would have gone back into the world too soon. But she held him back; her sane, strong good-humor brought him through those black hours.

By the end of the year he had his old job again, and was as lean and hard and fit as he had ever been, though he walked with a slight limp, and would to the end of his days. The War was over now, but wartime salaries were still in force; he was making more than he ever had; they were able to take a house and to buy a car.

He never forgot Marie's face when he drove that car home, a surprise for her. She ran into the house, bundled up the baby in his coat and cap, put on her own things, and ran out again.

"Come on, Ben! Let's go!" she cried.

There was no denying the wonderfulness of that baby. As the weather grew warmer, they had glorious week-ends, driving up into the hills, down to the coast. And little Ben was always perfectly content. There was a hammock in the car, in which he could sleep, and when he was awake, he played with his toys, or sat beside his mother while she drove, his dark eyes intent upon the road, his dark brows drawn together in a look so like hers. Beautiful long, long summer days. . . .

When the second baby was born, Marie did not recover quickly. Ben got a nursemaid and a cook to help her, and he was always thinking of new things to bring home to her—fruit, magazines, a balsam pillow, a new sort of toilet water. He would sit by the sofa where she lay and smooth back her hair with a hand not quite steady.

"Next year," he said, "when little Nan's old enough, we'll leave both the kids with the nurse. I'll buy a new car, and we'll take that trip of yours. You'll do the driving. You'll be the captain, honey. I'll just be a passenger, see?"

For he could not bear this, to see her so, like a young eagle with clipped wings, like some beautiful, free wild creature in a cage.

BUT when she was well again, he talked no more of a new car and a trip. The shipping business was very bad, and his old firm failed. He did not tell Marie; he set to work doggedly to find another job, but she knew.

He did find a job, but salaries were dropping, and it was much less than the old one. He found some work to do in the evenings, so that there need be no change in their way of living.

"Ben," she said, "please don't. I'd rather have *you*. No money can make up for our evenings together. I don't need the cook and the nurse any more. And the winter's coming on. Let's sell the car. We can get another one later."

There was no (*Continued on page 122*)

"I've got enough money to last a good long while, Ben," she said. "You've got to rest, if you want to get well"

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urther Adventures of a Bargain Hunter

Drawing by
HERMAN PFEIFER

By LEILA LEEDS

INCE April of last year I have received more than three thousand letters, mostly from men and women I have never laid eyes upon. They came from the four ers of the earth, and from a great y interesting places in between.

ey are still coming!

tters from Berlin and Bavaria, from hilippines and Peru, from the great woods of Canada, from the wilds of ania, and the good Lord only knows e else! Letters from the heads of big Avenue shops here in New York. ers from doctors, plumbers, lawyers, ol-teachers, ranchers, housewives, ers, and sweethearts all over the l. Letters from self-confessed rich poor men, beggar men, and at least thief! I'll tell you about *him* later. it, first, let me tell you just a little t myself: I am a professional shopper, urchasing agent. I make my living uying things in New York for people cannot conveniently shop here for selves. A year ago, an article ap- d about me and my work in THE RICAN MAGAZINE. The very day the magazine reached the news- ls, letters began to flood my desk. as I have already said, the deluge is on without a sign of any let-up.

w, letters often tell a great deal than their writers intend that they tell—especially when they are ad- ed to a stranger. Somehow, it is easier to pour out your soul to a n you never expect to see in the flesh it is to confess your troubles and ulties to a close friend. Most of us rience an aftermath of acute em- ssment when we are forced to en- ter a confidant day after day.

e little school-teacher who writes or an expensive bit of lingerie—ex- ing that of course she can't afford it that silk next to her skin makes eel rich clean through to her last r's marked-down coat—isn't afraid eeting *my* accusing eyes over the col- n plate at the next gathering of the s' Aid Society. And the young cow-puncher who confides that he is about to be married, and will I please ma'am send him a pair of blue silk pajamas, isn't scared within an inch of his life every time he turns a corner for fear of running into somebody who shares his shameful secret!

Yes, I am sure that my remoteness really explains why so many people find it easy to look upon me as a sort of mother-confessor-at-large. And I want to tell you that for me the experience has been a very beautiful one. More than that, it has proved an amazing revelation of what goes on in the human heart.

UNTIL recently, I prided myself that my thirty years as a professional shopper had taught me a lot about humanity. But now I realize that I didn't know the half of it. Those three thousand letters from the four corners of the earth have convinced me of something which I didn't suspect before: *The whole world is hungry for romance.*

What do I mean by romance?

Just this: Something that will lift us out of our humdrum, everyday lives and make us believe for a blessed moment that we are as loving, or as beloved, as we have always dreamed of being—that we have it in us to become as rich, or as wise, or as useful as we once hoped to become.

Yes, all of us long for romance, and all of us *need* it—not just the young and flighty, but the sober middle-aged as well. For, thank God, we never get too old to go about hugging dreams to our hearts! If not dreams for ourselves, then dreams for others—for *our* children and *their* children. As we grow wiser in the ways of the world, we may learn to hide our dreams from prying eyes and ridiculing tongues, but in the secret places of our hearts we go right on dreaming. Which is well, for otherwise some of us could not go on living.

Listen to this letter which came with an order for a jar of cold cream from a young wife in the truck-garden section of Viriginia: "I don't know whether I'll ever get time to use the cream or not," she wrote. "When I think I have snatched five minutes for myself, the baby wakes up, or something on the stove boils over. But send the cream along anyway. The sight of it on the bathroom shelf will remind me that I mustn't let go.

"I just won't give up. George works so hard. He deserves something better than a frump to come home to at night. If I could afford help— But there's no use in talking, I *can't.* We are truck farmers, and this year our potato crop failed entirely.

"There have been so many disappointments and we started out five years ago with such high hopes. Perhaps things will never be different, but I keep on believing they will. I've *got* to!"

There you are—that's what I mean! That girl simply dares not lose her faith that dreams come true. She knows that if she did, she would not have the courage to carry on. And in the meantime she is doing her best to keep romance alive in her husband's heart.

MOST wives want to look pretty and fresh for their husbands. But there are times when a tired body refuses to rise to the challenge of the most gallant spirit. And most husbands want to be thoughtful, and tender, and considerate. But so many things come between the wish and the fact. One thing is a husbandly inability to translate feeling into appropriate words and acts. Another is the business of grubbing for a living, which, alas, leaves so little time for actual living. Still another is the lack of money. As one husband who wanted me to select a birthday present for his wife frankly put it:

"A man may want to give his wife a limousine or a string of pearls, and have to spend his last cent to meet the payments on a washing machine or a fireless cooker. But that doesn't keep him from loving her, or (*Continued on page 164*)

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"THE people who imagine I am shut out from nature do not dream of the world of loveliness that touch and the sense of smell reveal to me. . . . I delight in the whippoorwill's song, and in the gorgeous colors of a sunset"

I Am Blind —Yet I SEE

I Am Deaf —Yet I HEAR

By HELEN KELLER

PEOPLE often express surprise that I, a deaf and blind woman, can find my greatest enjoyment in the out-of-doors. It seems to them that most of the wonders of nature are completely beyond the reach of my sealed senses. But God has put much of his work in raised print, and the sweet voices of the earth reach me through other avenues than hearing and sight. W. H. Hudson says, "What we see, we feel." With me, it is the other way around; what I feel, I see.

The people who imagine I am shut out from nature do not dream of the world of loveliness that touch and the sense of smell reveal to me. I have the sun and the cool shade, the morning dew upon bush and grass, the stillness of eve—all sweet things—the graceful ferns and a wealth of flowers. For me, too, there is delicious drink in the rill, there are plumes of goldenrod to gather, and the delicate spray of pines quivers in my hand as the wind sweeps over them. For me, too, there is exquisite color. I have a color scheme that is my own. I will try to explain what I mean:

Pink makes me think of a baby's cheek, or a gentle southern breeze. Lilac, which is my teacher's favorite color, makes me think of faces I have loved and kissed.

There are two kinds of red for me. One is the red of warm blood in a healthy body; the other is the red of hell and hate. I like the first red because of its vitality. In the same way, there are two kinds of brown. One is alive—the rich, friendly brown of earth mold; the other is a deep brown, like the trunks of old trees with wormholes in them, or like withered hands.

Orange gives me a happy, cheerful feeling, partly because it is bright and partly because it is friendly to so many other colors. Yellow signifies abundance to me. I think of the yellow sun streaming down. It means life and is rich in promise. Green means exuberance. The warm sun brings out odors that make me think of red; coolness brings out odors that make me think of green.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULMANN

Helen Keller and her great teacher, Mrs. John A. Macy (Miss Sullivan)

Black means hopelessness and despair, but gray is like a shawl around the shoulders. White means exaltation.

Light blue means hope, dark blue determination. Violet is tender and deep and half sad. Purple is mysterious. It seems fitting that purple should be seen everywhere in heaven because it symbolizes the deep joy of being alive and moving from one glorious experience to another. It also signifies the depths of love unknown.

I think I have an idea of what sparkling means, for I have felt soap bubbles breaking against my fingers.

I HAVE had many amazing experiences with these fingers which are to me both eye and ear. One of them was "listening" to the song of a whippoorwill. It was soon after I left college, when we were living in an old farmhouse in Wrentham, Massachusetts. My teacher, Miss Sullivan (who later became Mrs. John A. Macy), had had a balcony built for me which opened out of my bedroom so that I could walk there whenever I wanted to. The evergreens came so close to the railing that I could lean over and feel their rustling music. At the south end, I could reach out and touch a wistaria vine which clung to the rail with long, tenacious fingers. At the opposite end, I faced the garden and the apple trees, which were in full bloom, and, oh, so heavenly sweet!

I WAS standing under the wistaria vine with my thoughts far away when suddenly the rail began to vibrate unfamiliarly under my hands. The pulsations were rhythmical, and repeated over and over, exactly as I have felt a note repeated when I have placed my fingers on a singer's throat. All at once they ceased, and I felt the wistaria blossom ticking against my cheek like the pendulum of a fairy clock. I guessed that a breeze or a bird was rocking the vine. Then the rail began vibrating again. A queer beat came always before the rhythmical beats, like nothing I had ever felt before. I did not dare move or call, but Mrs. Macy had heard the sound and put out her hand through the window and touched me very quietly. I knew I must not speak.

She spelled, "That's a whippoorwill. He is standing on the corner post so close to you I believe you could touch him; but you must not—he would fly away and never come back."

Now that I knew he was saying "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" over and over I could follow the rhythmical notes. The singing seemed joyous to my touch, and I could feel the notes grow louder and louder, faster and faster.

Mrs. Macy touched me again and spelled, "His ladylove is answering him from the apple trees. Apparently, she has been there all the time, hiding. Now they are singing a duet."

When the rail stopped vibrating she spelled, "They are both in the apple trees now, singing (*Continued on page 152*)

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Photograph by Doris Ulmann

If you can enjoy the sun and flowers and music where there is nothing except darkness and silence you have proved the Mystic Sense — Helen Keller.

HELEN KELLER, one of the world's most famous women, is deaf and blind, but lack of these two senses has not kept her from great achievements. She is an author of real ability, a tireless worker for causes that appeal to her, and she has lived, and continues to live, gloriously and happily. At the left is an example of her philosophy and, incidentally, of her handwriting.

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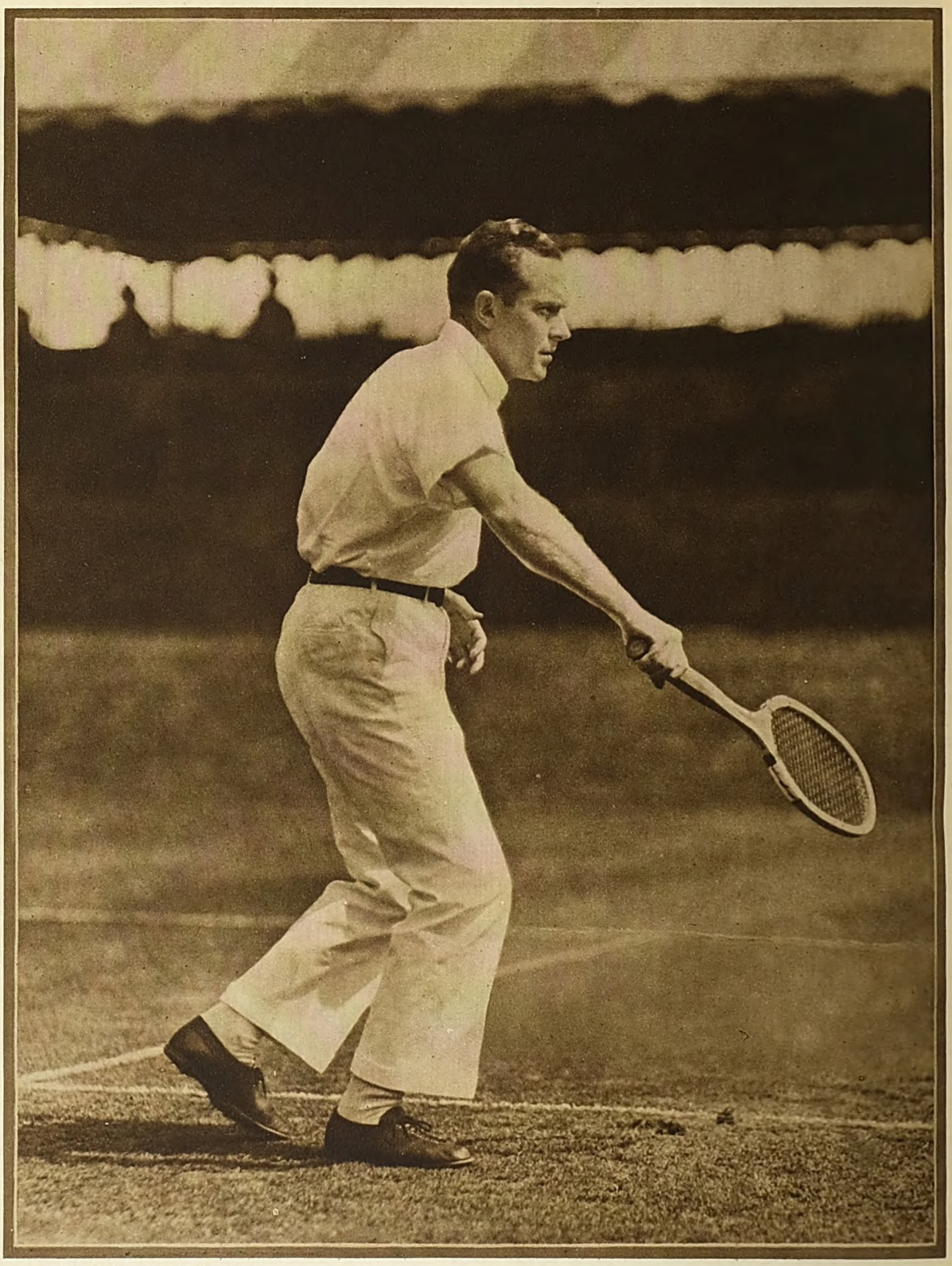

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Francis Townsend Hunter

FRANCIS TOWNSEND HUNTER is as good a business man as he is a tennis player — and that's saying a whole mouthful. In the line-up of ranking American tennis stars he stands second to Big Bill Tilden, having achieved this place by sheer concentrated effort and bulldog tenacity. In business, Hunter is the President of the Westchester Newspaper Securities Corporation — an organization which operates a chain of fourteen suburban newspapers. When T. Harold Forbes, Hunter's partner, inherited the New Rochelle Star from his father, Hunter immediately visualized not one suburban newspaper, but a chain. Off he hustled, and using the same sporting qualities which made him a tennis star, got the money and started the ball a-rolling.

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The Same Qualities *that* Serve HUNTER *in* Sport Serve Him *in* Business

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THE French call him the "Bulle-dogue."

And a good name, too. That is just exactly what he looks like both on the court and off, does ncis Townsend Hunter, Davis Cup and Number Two in the present erican lawn tennis ranking. Five feet, t inches tall. Slender legs, large hips, quare torso, and a broad head sunk ween powerful shoulders. A hundred eighty pounds of sinew and muscle, t of it concentrated above the waist. rectly named: "Bulldog Hunter."

ly mind goes back to the first time nk Hunter appeared in the National nis Championships, about fifteen rs ago, when he was still a student at nell. In the opening round he had wn the national champion; at the nent, that aristocrat of the courts was sing in one of the locker rooms of the house.

How long will you be out there?" ied a friend.

Not very long," was the answer. n playing a college boy named Hun-

hree hours and a half later the na-al champion staggered up the steps to clubhouse more dead than alive. t he had anticipated as an easy match ed out to be a struggle for life; to win had had to give every last ounce of gy he possessed.

ow jump ahead fifteen years or so. are at Germantown, Philadelphia, re a deciding battle for the Davis Cup king place between France and the ed States. The previous day each had won a singles match. The score is all, and on the important doubles afternoon hangs the probable fate of Cup. Because of that fact, the Amer-side has been changed at the last nent and Frank Hunter is thrown pectedly into the fray beside Tilden, ace of Bill Johnston, to play against French. His first great international est and he is sent in at the end to pete with more experienced match ers! If he does badly, fourteen thou-critical spectators in the stands will e him for the loss of the Davis Cup.

e contest starts under a blazing sun. French players, Borotra and Brugnon, er him with shots. They ignore the ty Tilden and concentrate upon his er; three balls out of four are di-d toward the weaker man. Hunter s badly, he makes errors, the natural, table errors of nervousness; but as the match wears on, as a set is chalked up for France, he starts to find his touch, to play better.

Despite the terrific pounding to which he is subjected, despite the continual admonitions and exhortations of his teammate, as tense and nervous as himself, Frank somehow keeps up a stout and cheery heart when things are not going well. Slowly but surely his game improves, he hits harder and harder, until, in those frenzied and breathless seconds toward the end when every shot may mean the loss or capture of the Cup, it is Hunter and not Tilden who is making the winning strokes. Wherever the fight is the thickest, there he stands, meeting volley with volley and drive with drive. Feet apart, racquet clenched, teeth firmly shut, he puts all his body and all his will power into those last decisive points, steps into the ball with courage and determination, crashes it down the line past the agile Frenchmen at the net, or sends it zooming between them. And then, as Tilden, gaunt, weary, and tired, falls off and begins to make errors, it is his partner who rises to the breach and wins the battle for the United States. Once again for a brief respite the Cup is saved. Not for nothing is Frank called Bulldog Hunter!

THAT is Frank Hunter in the world of sport. There is a close analogy between his career in sport and his career in business. Tennis did not come easy to him; he had no natural aptitude for the game, no time for leisure and constant practice. Yet fifteen years ago he was an unknown boy in college; today he is one of the two leading players in the United States. So also in business Hunter started from scratch with no outside help. Today he is the president of a chain of fourteen suburban newspapers, a corporation involving several millions of dollars' worth of properties increasing in value every minute. Those very qualities which have made his name one to be reckoned with in the world of sport have also been the qualities to bring him to the front in a vastly different sphere of human activity.

Leaving college, Frank Hunter found a man's sized war going on. Characteristically, he jumped in immediately. In twelve months he was a lieutenant on Admiral Rodman's staff, on his flagship, the New York, doing patrol duty in the North Sea. During refitting periods the fleet put into Rosyth, Scotland, where the headquarters of Admiral Beatty, the Commander of the Grand Fleet, were situated. Now, it so happened that Beatty was an enthusiastic tennis player, and somehow he heard of Hunter, the young American lieutenant. From then on, Hunter played tennis with the Admiral whenever the squadron was in port. He defeated all the best players in the British navy and after the Armistice he won the Inter-Allied Championships in London.

IT'S a curious thing how in Frank Hunter's career the loss of one job has meant a better one. His wartime training got him a position with a shipping concern in New York, a steamship company that carried freight. Part of his duty was hustling for cargoes, and that also implied arranging for loans from banks in the city. He also spent two years for his company in London, where he was able to find time to play some of the best tennis of his life, once getting through to the finals at Wimbledon.

"I thought that was to be my last tennis," he says. "When I got home my job was gone!"

The shipping company had failed. But one of the big coal men who had met him while he was making contracts and arranging cargoes for the shipping concern, liked him well enough to give him the job of running a down-and-out, defunct newspaper in Beckley, West Virginia. Frank doesn't talk much about the two years he spent in West Virginia; others will. And they can explain how it was he managed to take a bankrupt property and convert it into a sound, paying proposition.

Ask Frank how he manages to be so good at tennis with so little time for practice, he says:

"Oh, I dunno. . . . I concentrate, I guess. . . . People waste a lot of time, one way and another. . . . When I go out to play, I play."

Likewise, when he works, he *works*. He worked those two years down in West Virginia. He worked so hard and so long that he actually began to pull the newspaper out of the red. He abolished the free list; he insisted on bills' being paid; he learned the business, spending time in every single department of the plant. For three weeks, while doing all his regular work, he managed a night shift on the presses from three in the morning until breakfast. Ask him why he did this and he'll say with a grin:

"So's I could talk to the trade."

All this extra (*Continued on page 142*)

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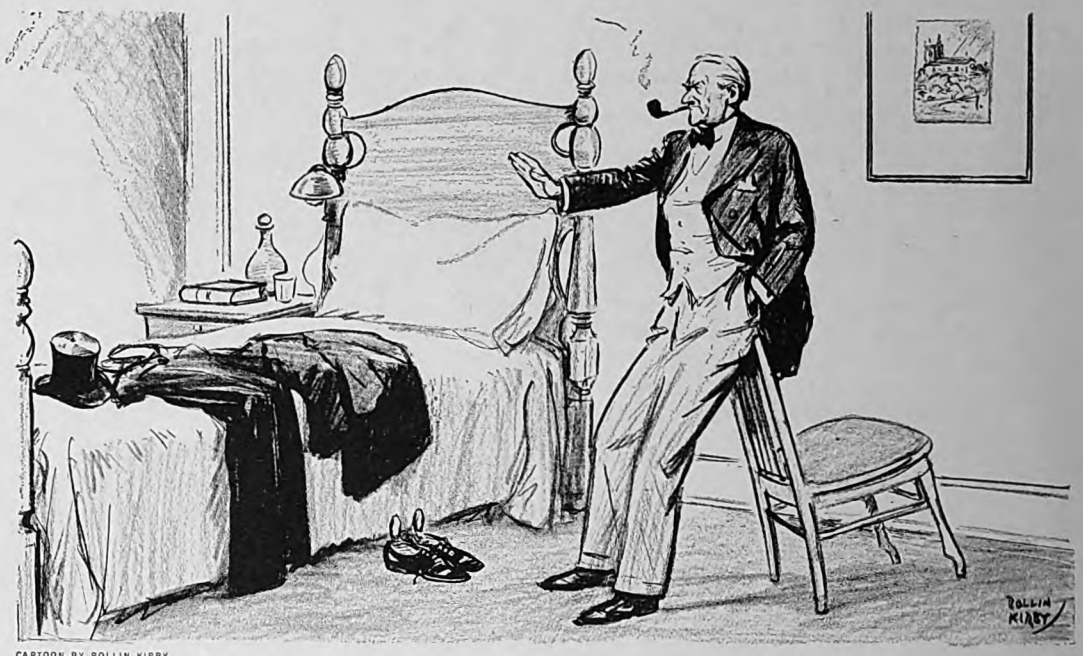

CARTOON BY ROLLIN KIRBY

Why I Rebelled *Against* MY WIFE

I WISH to make it plain at the very start that I owe a great debt to my family. Without them I should probably be just what I was before my marriage—a traveling salesman of a decidedly mediocre type. I say this at once in order to remove any injustice that may seem to be implied in the title, and in order to protect myself from the appearance of being a grumbler and perhaps a cad.

Men are rightly suspicious of those who make public conversation about their own households. There are some things which a gentleman simply does not do, and one of them is to talk about his wife. If he has married unfortunately, if his home life is less happy than he had dreamed in the first enthusiasm of married life, it is assumed that he will bear the burden of his mistaken judgment like a man, and keep his mouth shut

We shy away from the man who, under the warming influence of the club or smoking car, shows an inclination to air his domestic woes. There is a weakness in his make-up somewhere. If he had really been strong and self-reliant he would have gone forward in his business despite anything that might have happened at his house. Thousands of men do go forward, carrying the burden of sick wives or useless sons or impecunious relatives, and they smile and say nothing. We admire such men. But for the weakling who complains: "I might have got somewhere if my wife and children had not held me back," we have nothing but contempt.

So I wish, if possible, to stay out of that class.

Indeed, I want to go farther, before proceeding to my personal story, and record my conviction that ninety per cent of married men—whether their marriages are ideally happy or not—are better off than bachelors and more likely to be successful in business.

Many men are molded by their wives, and one thing is sure: Men have done bigger jobs in the world when they have had wives to urge them on. So I take my hat off to wives at the beginning of this piece; and I hope that this attitude of genuine reverence will be remembered to my advantage if, later on, I seem to be saying things that are not quite so kind.

IT IS lately the fashion to scoff at the "mid-Victorian era," and express a lofty pity for the poor, unfortunate folks, like my father and mother, who were forced by its conventions to live, according to the scoffers, very narrow lives.

As I look back on my boyhood I get a different picture. If our lives were cramped and dull we certainly were not conscious of it then, nor do I have that feeling now. My father was one of those younger sons of New England who ventured West. A remarkably self-reliant individual, he was given to shaping his conduct according to his own conscience and was always confident that the Lord was on his side.

He ran a general store at which, he boasted, every want of normal human life could be supplied, from a bottle of soothing sirup to a tombstone. As a youngster, I clerked in the store and gained my first taste of the business of buying goods and selling them at a profit; also of sweeping out, making up bills, worrying about slow accounts, and working from seven-thirty in the morning until ten at night, and eleven on Saturdays. Father loved the life. When business was brisk he could handle more people in an hour, sending all of them away happy, than any other man I have ever seen. When it was slow, he sat in front of the store, his chair tipped back, smoking a large pipe and settling the affairs of the universe.

He dropped dead in the store one afternoon while I was away at college. When we went over the books, we found that if all the people who had owed him money were to pay it my mother would have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But his heart had been too big for his judgment. Few of the debts were ever paid. Many were not even recorded. The poor and shiftless had lived off his bounty for years and, while they turned out *en masse* at his funeral, many of them promptly forgot their obligations. Fortunately for Mother, my two older brothers were already through school and doing well. One of them is a successful doctor and the other a mining engineer.

I THINK that if some writer wanted to record the biography of a typically good and successful American wife and mother he could hardly have a better subject than my mother. She, too, came of New England stock, and was teaching school in the little town when Father opened his store. She was cheerful, thrifty, a hard worker, and a wonderfully happy home influence. Father seldom needed cheering up, but when his occasional blue

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ods descended upon him she never failed. She ked hard, but had no sickness that I can re- nber, and died at the ripe age of eighty-three. ather made the same speech to each of us boys n we left home to go to school: "My son, I ex- t to leave you very little money. But I leave my example as a sure guide to success. Find oman like your mother, and marry young. rest of life will take care of itself."

was good advice.

hortly after Father's death I found a job sell- groceries on the road. I had inherited my er's good nature and easy-going habits, with- much of either his or Mother's industry. For ral years I drifted along in a happy-go-lucky ion. My earnings were enough to give me a fortable room in a hotel when I came in off road. And between trips I enjoyed the city, t to the ball games, and lived a life without er worry or ambition.

NE afternoon in an overgrown village in Ohio I was closing an order with the owner of the cipal store when a charming young woman ted in. She glanced around with an air of rietorship, made straight for my customer, w her arms around his neck, and kissed him. umed that she must be his daughter, and the equent conversation, which related to her ediate need of twenty-five dollars, confirmed suspicion. I was introduced, and in five utes something had happened to me. Youth s a way to work rapidly in these matters. I overed how I could rearrange my route so as pend frequent Sundays in the town; and six ths later we were married.

thel was an only child. Her father offered to l a home for us if we would settle in town, and ted me to come into the business—a prospect h fitted in well enough with my easy-going s at that period. But she had very different itions. She wanted to get to the city, any the larger the better. So, amid much lament he part of her relatives, we set forth for mbus and established ourselves in a little e on the edge of the town. There we had the of buying furniture and making budgets; the l of little trips together; the mystery of ging our first youngster into the world—ex- ences that cast a lasting halo over life and are reward for all the cost of marriage, even if e be no other repayments.

he idea that two can live more cheaply than must have originated with somebody in the ding-ring or house-furnishing business. It is a d prevarication in one sense, but a truthful ement in another. For, while the expenses are e than doubled—or were in our case, at least— income showed an immediate spurt. I never ted so hard or so happily as in those first mar- years. I burned up the territory, and sent in rs in such volume that the company had to on raising my salary for fear somebody else ld hire me.

HOULD have been content to stay right there Columbus, saving a little money, enjoying amily, and taking life fairly easy; but Ethel's were set on New York. "That's where the incomes are made," she said. "That's the eague, and you belong in it. You're as smart ny of them. Why not take a chance and sure yourself against the leaders?"

e believed in me so completely that I began ve a little faith in myself. I decided to get to York somehow, and wasted a good many s in useless dreams and plans. It was at this d in my life that I learned one important ess truth: that oftentimes the surest way to omething that you want is to forget about it. may sound like nonsense, but business men ng my readers will (*Continued on page 48*)

If You Ask Me:

There are more ways than one of "carrying on"

As a boy, I used to edge closer when grown-ups shook their heads at the way someone was "carrying on." A neighbor was either misbehaving himself or else he was having a ripstaving good time. Discussion of either course of conduct would relieve a long winter evening, when board nails in the roof cracked with the cold and the wind wove snow-drifts up to the very eaves of the woodshed. . . .

Years went by. Many years. A great war laid its weary weight on the world. Again I heard those words: *Carrying on.* But what a new thrill they packed. Now they meant to keep going, breast forward, teeth gritted, with the light of an ideal in one's eyes. . . .

TODAY memories of the war are fading, as faded the fancies of a boy. In the city where I work, in the village where I live, in the places to which I go from time to time, I see more people than I knew were in the world back in the nineties. As I mingle with them, as I swap thoughts with them, I find that both kinds of "carrying on" are still in vogue.

But it's the first kind of which we hear and read most. From public print and public prattle you might think that we were all under the wheel of the great god Whoopee—that the only purpose of work is to snag the price of play—that to eat, drink, and be merry with all our might is a fit prelude to eternal extinction. There are plenty of people, I must admit, who act that way.

BUT they are the madcap minority, noisy and picturesque. They are the camp followers of a mighty army—the army of those for whom life smacks more of a crusade than of a crimson carrousel. That army is bivouacked in every last hamlet of America. Its soldiers are the men and women who, day in and day out, do their best with what life has given them; who, no matter how the game is going, are out there trying; who fight fair and hit hard as they go about the business of living; and who harbor the unparaded hope that they may leave their niche of the world a little better than they found it.

What soldiers they are! Defeat cannot daunt them, nor disaster crush them. Untouched by the ridicule of whoopee-makers or the precious patter of intellectual Pharisees, they march doggedly ahead. Death lies in wait just around the corner. *They carry on.* The riddle of eternity still mocks the mind of man. *They carry on.* Harvests blight, friends fail, loved ones die, dreams perish. *They carry on.*

And that's the kind of "carrying on" that counts.

Merle Crowell

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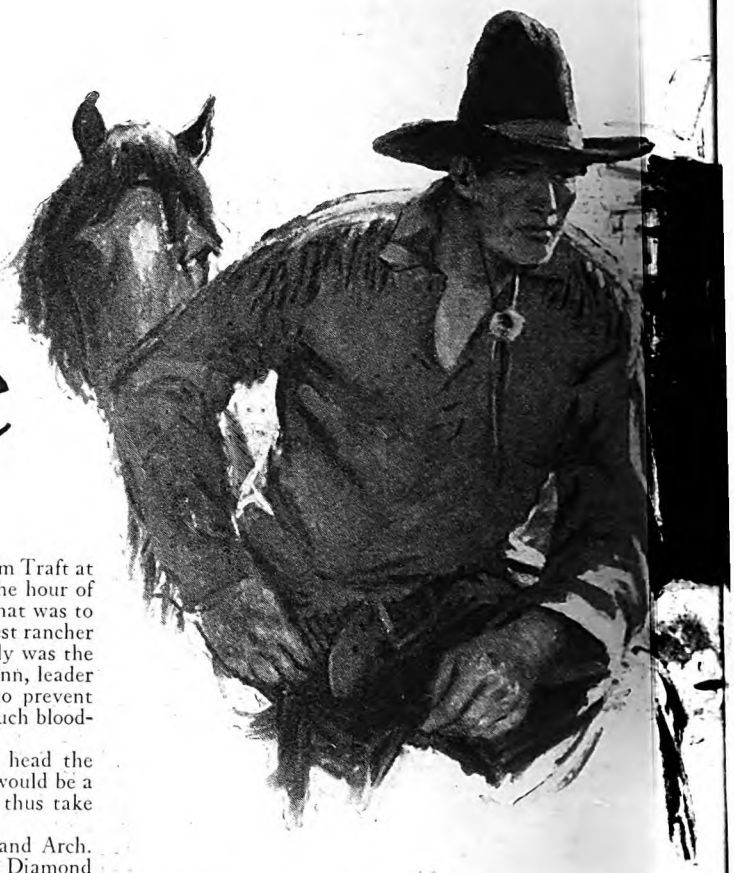
ZANE GREY'S *Smashing New Serial*

THE DRIFT Fence



WHEN "little Molly Dunn" of the Cibeque met young Jim Traft at the rodeo ball in Flagerstown, they both knew that the hour of fate had struck. But they little dreamed of all the travail that was to follow. For young Jim was the nephew of old Jim Traft, richest rancher in the country and builder of the "Drift Fence," while Molly was the daughter of a "no-account" rancher—and sister to Arch Dunn, leader of the Cibeque gang. And the Cibeque gang had sworn to prevent completion of the hundred-mile drift fence, no matter how much bloodshed that might involve.

Old Jim had brought his nephew on from Missouri to head the Diamond outfit and oversee the building of the fence, which would be a boon to honest ranchers, but would protect the cattle, and thus take away a living from the Cibeque rustlers.

There had already been a meeting between young Jim and Arch. Arch, with his confederate, Seth Haverly, had ridden into the Diamond camp to warn them not to go on with the fence, had been ordered off by Jim, and had galloped away with threats of revenge. But this was not Jim's only trouble. The tough Diamond outfit, loyal to his uncle, but not keen about the fence building, regarded Jim with scorn as a "tenderfoot" and were determined to "break" him. It was in one of his despairing moods that he rode in to the rodeo at Flagerstown—and fell in love with Molly Dunn. Then he learned, to his horror, that the notorious "Slinger" Dunn, the man he had ordered from his camp, was Molly's brother!

What he could not know was the tragic depth of Molly's shame that her family was so worthless and her pitiful longing to *be* somebody—not just "Molly Dunn of the Cibeque," who lived in shabbiness and disgrace, but who scorned the advances of the Diamond boys and of such rough admirers as Seth Haverly and Andy Stoneham.

PART III

IT WAS Sunday, and Jim had returned to the Diamond camp, a bewildered and chastened young man. Except for Jeff, the cook, who was asleep under a tree, the camp was deserted. Jim went into the deep shade and quiet of the forest. There, out of chaos, his thoughts got some semblance of control over his emotions and some order in themselves.

All the other egregious tenderfoot blunders he had made could not, in the aggregate, sum up the magnitude of alienating Molly Dunn. He writhed under that. And always he would protest: Who could have imagined that lovely girl sister to a desperado, a gun-thrower, a killer, a rustler of the very brakes it was Jim's task to fence off from the range? Then, just as poignantly he would add: But what difference did it really make who was her brother; and why had he been so asinine as to distress and shame her with the connection?

He found excuse for himself for everything but that. It had struck him almost dumb at first to realize that he had lost his head and surely would have devoured her with kisses had she not brought him to his senses with a cutting slap across his mouth. That act, at once under the astounding dominance of her voluntary kiss—a strange, sweet little touch of cool lips—had lost its heinousness. In the light of the present hour, when it came to him that there had been genuine sincerity, the wild impetus of first love, he realized he had not much to be sorry for there. But she had not known that. How would she ever know? Not that knowing would change her! Her eyes haunted him. What a magnificent blaze! In them had been repeated the fire of Slinger Dunn's.

Why had Molly kissed him? Jim recalled her pitiful little confession, and that hurt him more than anything else. She was not what he had thought her, and she yearned to be. Most vivid of the things he recalled was the bitter reproach in her big eyes. Why had she reproached him? Not because he had unwittingly intimated a wide class distinction between Jim Traft and Molly Dunn. She knew she was Molly Dunn of the Cibeque. The reproach had come from a deep and terrible hurt.

Jim divined suddenly that maybe she too had fallen in love at first sight. The ecstasy of that was short-lived. It could not be true. His own state for weeks had been one of excitement, strain, growing to morbidness. Then a swift change to romance and sentiment had thrown him off his balance. He now sank as far into the depths as he had been lifted to the skies. All of which seemed only to add to the mystery and fascination and fatality of Molly Dunn. He discovered himself vainly trying to do battle against her own estimate of herself. Just a little backwoods girl to whom a white gown had added charm! But he soon scouted that. Molly Dunn had *innate charm.*

Through the pine trees he saw some of the cowboys returning from Flagerstown, and the considerable distance between them

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She dropped the fagot she had picked up, and stared at him. "Arch, you shore ain't drunk?" she said, thoughtfully regarding him

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

d not drown sounds of their hilarity. Jim plumped down un-
r a pine, overcome by an entirely new and unforeseen prob-
ility. Some of the members of the Diamond had been at that
nce last night. Beyond the bounds of hope and reason was it
at they might not have seen him there with Molly Dunn.

ONG before the hour for supper, which Jeff had early on
Sunday, the cowboys rode into camp. Jim dragged himself
, and to the edge of the forest, only there bracing himself for
e ordeal. Somebody saw him coming. Did they maintain their
ual demeanor and pay no attention to him? They did not. To
s horror, they lined up on each side of the camp fire, and faced
m like a lot of grim judges.

"Howdy, boys, back early—I see," he said cheerfully, if
ltingly, "I changed my mind and went in to the *rodeo* yester-
ay. You sure gave me the treat of my life. I congratulate the
tfit on so many prizes. You can bet I was proud of you."

Not a murmur! He bent over to move a couple of billets on the newly started camp fire, solely to hide his face. Then he sauntered on toward the tree where he kept his pack and bed.

"Wal, boss, we heahed ya walked off with a prize yourself," called Bud Chalfack. "Some little blue-ribbon boy from Mizzourie!"

That sally of Bud's was greeted with uproarious mirth. Like a giant hand, it pulled Jim round. His cowboys presented a group of nine young men in varying stages of convulsions. The devil himself emanated from them. Jim choked back a sharp retort.

Then Cherry Winters, still quite drunk, staggered over to Jim, his red face a whole grin of impish delight, and he essayed to deliver what must have been intended for an important speech. But its manner of delivery, its incoherence, spurred Jim to a blunt "Get out!" and a hard shove. Cherry kept on staggering, this time backward, until he met with an obstacle in the shape of Jeff's woodpile.

He fell on this, toppled it over upon himself, and did not

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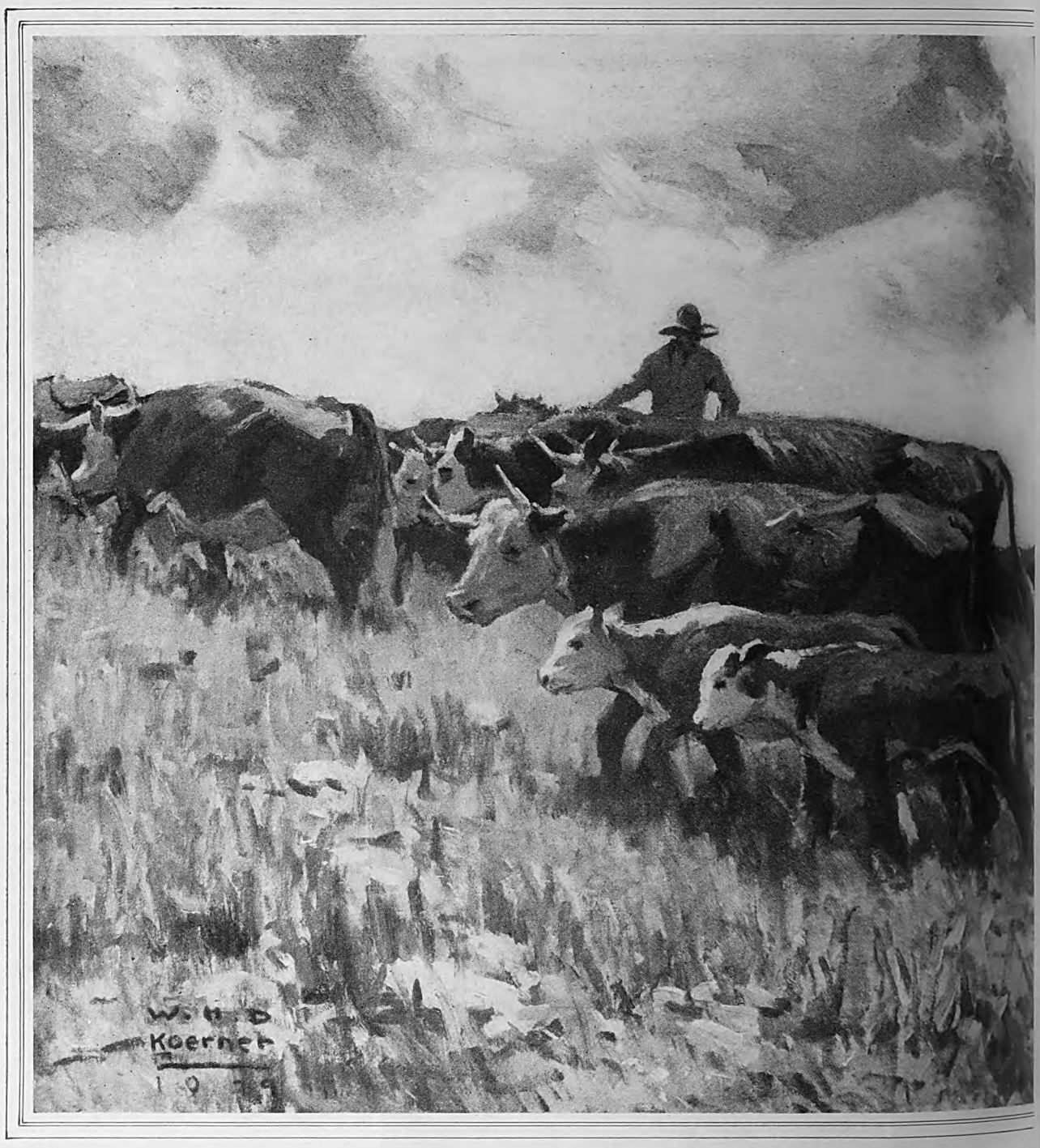

They drove cattle in from the brakes and down the Cibeque, small

arise. The gang whooped. They had all been drinking and Bud looked pretty wobbly on his feet.

"Tenderfoot—haw! haw!" he bawled. "You got us—skinned to frazzle."

"Thanks, Bud, but I don't quite savvy," returned Jim.

"Boss, I shore—been savin' somethin' up," raved Bud, beside himself with maudlin emotion. "Th' outfit's all *heahed* aboot you last night. But I *seen* you. I ben—savin' it up!"

"You better keep saving it," warned Jim.

"Aw, boss, I couldn't think of thet. It's too orful good. I gotta tell the Diamond aboot it."

If Jim had any dignity left, it was that of the gathering might of fury. What did the little fool know? Jim resisted a fierce impulse to slap the gaping mouth. The cowboys clamored to hear. They sensed the long-hoped-for corraling of their tenderfoot foreman.

"Boss, I seen you on the porch," shouted Bud triumphantly. "Fellars, I seen our fastidious boss from Mizzourie huggin' thet little hussy—Molly Dunn!"

Before Jim realized what he was doing, he had leaped at Bud, to knock him also into the woodpile. The blow had been solid, and for the moment another of the Diamond was down and out.

Curly Prentiss jumped out from the circle, slamming his sombrero down with a smack.

"You two-faced Mizzourie gent!" he yelled. "Bud's my pard. I'm shore gonna lick you for thet."

"Bah! You bow-legged cow-puncher!" blazed Jim. "If you can't fight any better than you dance—you'll never lick me."

That hurt Curly more than the blow to his friend. He threw his scarf one way, his vest another, his gun-belt at Jackson Way, and then rid himself of chaps and spurs.

THE delay gave Jim time to collect his wits. But even that, and some semblance of coolness, did not mitigate his welcome of a battle with any or all of this confounded Diamond outfit. The incentive he needed had been miraculously forthcoming.

Curly gave a capital imitation of a bull about to charge, when he was detained by Uphill Frost.

"Hold on a minnit," yelled that individual impressively.

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unches and short drives that had a sinister significance to Molly

"Don't corral me, I'm gonna pulverize this gurl-huggin' fore-nan," replied Curly, swinging his arms.

"Shore, an' my money's on you, Curly, old buckaroo," said rost, holding up a hand stuffed with greenbacks.

THERE was a noisy scramble then among the cowboys to get money up on Curly. But it developed that not a single acker of Jim came forward.

"I'll take every bet," Jim declared.

"Whoopee!" yelled somebody, with an eye to fortune. "Give ny odds, boss?"

"Two to one," answered Jim. "But hurry. I want to get ıis over and have my supper."

"Atta boy, Curly!"

"Larrup him unmerciful!"

"You're fightin' fer the Diamond!"

When Curly came lumbering in, Jim stepped aside and hit m in the ribs. Curly whirled around and plunged, swinging. e delivered wide, sweeping blows that, if any of them had con-cted with Jim, would have fulfilled the hopes of the yelling Diamond. But they expended their strength on the empty air. In a couple of moments Jim became aware that Curly could not hit him. The cowboy was a wonder in a saddle, but on the ground he was lost.

After hitting Curly a few times here and there, Jim discovered a vulnerable spot in Curly's big, handsome nose. Wherefore Jim began to concentrate on that. He whacked it with his left. Soon the blood began to flow, and with it Curly's wild exuberance. Then Jim landed his right, and Curly sat down quite suddenly.

"Git up, you big cheese!" yelled Hack Jocelyn, and he did not mean to be funny. "Our money's on you!"

Curly responded to that trenchant call. In the ensuing few moments he showed that his spirit was willing but his flesh weak. After his third knockdown Curly merely sat up.

This time he was near Bud, who was also sitting up.

"My Lord, pard, hev we come to this?" cried Bud, evidently sober enough to realize. "What'd he hit me with?"

"I reckon it was a hoss-shoe," said Curly, feeling his swollen and bloody nose.

(*Continued on page 176*)

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Anne Shriber

Anne Shriber's Pictures Appeal to the Heart

By JOHN WINKLER

"ANNA? Ann-nah!"

"Yes, Mrs. Detrick?"

"Have you made the beds?"

"Yes, Mrs. Detrick."

"All twelve of 'em?" (suspiciously).

"Yes, ma'am, and my own also."

"Very well"—querulously—"then you may come and eat your breakfast."

The scene was a rooming-house in one of the thickly populated districts of New York City. The time was the summer of 1922. A harassed landlady and Anna (later Anne) Shriber had become associated as a result of an advertisement placed in the New York Times a few days before: "Glad to do several hours' work daily in exchange for room and breakfast."

The room was in the attic. The breakfast was nothing to boast about. But Anne Shriber's purse was flatter, much flatter, than a sow's ear.

Yes, in those days, Anne Shriber was broke, but she clung to one idea so pluckily that now she maintains a suite of offices on Fifth Avenue, lives in a sunny, tastily-furnished apartment, and enjoys a fair income.

She has developed into a wizard at supplying photographs to fit the copy of advertisement writers. Now her clients include over two hundred insurance companies in America. Miss Shriber picks up her models on the street, in the subway, any- and everywhere. She costumes and poses them by sudden flashes of talent and "psychologizes" them into any required emotion or mood.

One morning, I watched Miss Shriber work with a tousled-haired, freckled-faced little boy named Jimmy, and the latter's curly-haired, blue-eyed younger sister, "Pat."

The camera was concealed behind a sheltering screen of palms, out of sight almost. Miss Shriber was laughing and chatting with the children. She put her arm about Jimmy's rough flannel shirt and said to Pat:

"Patsy dear, I feel sad today, and I am going to tell Jimmy a story that made me cry. Maybe you'd better go into the other room and play with your dolly. It wouldn't do for all to be crying at once"

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"Please, Miss Shriber," volunteered the little girl, "I want ıear the story. I don't care *how* sad it is. I can cry too. I cry as well as Jimmy can."

"All right, dear, you may stay here," replied Miss Shriber, then she told the story—and later she told me that it was true, every word of it. There was a brutal janitor, so the y runs, in a city apartment house who was annoyed because cat was constantly having kittens. One day the janitor overed Mother Cat in the basement with a new litter of little baby kittens.

"The kittens were like cute little balls of fur," Miss ber's soft voice explained to the children. "Oh, you would e loved them, Patsy; so would you, Jimmy. But that al man was angry when he saw the mother cat was paying e attention to them than she was to her duty in the cellar. ourse, she couldn't catch any mice when she was nursing dear little baby kittens.

"So, what do you think the cruel janitor did? He took the ns and dashed their heads against the furnace, one by one, they were quite dead. Then he threw them out into the yard.

I was so surprised when I saw him do that that I couldn't e. The janitor struck a match and lit his pipe, and went airs.

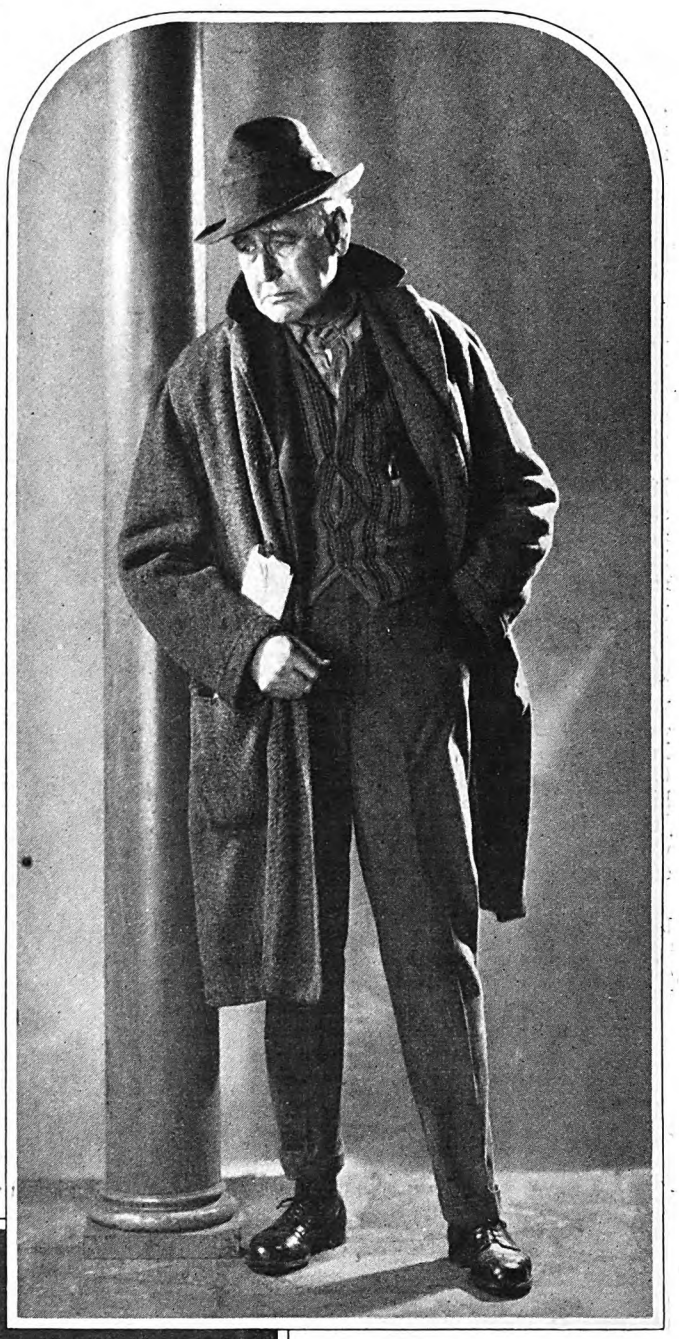
When he had gone the mother cat looked at me so help- and hopelessly, I felt terrible too. Then the mother cat into the back yard and brought the dead kittens in one ne, and laid them at my feet, as much as to say, 'Look nat he did to my babies. Can't you do something?' Poor mother, of course she loved her babies."

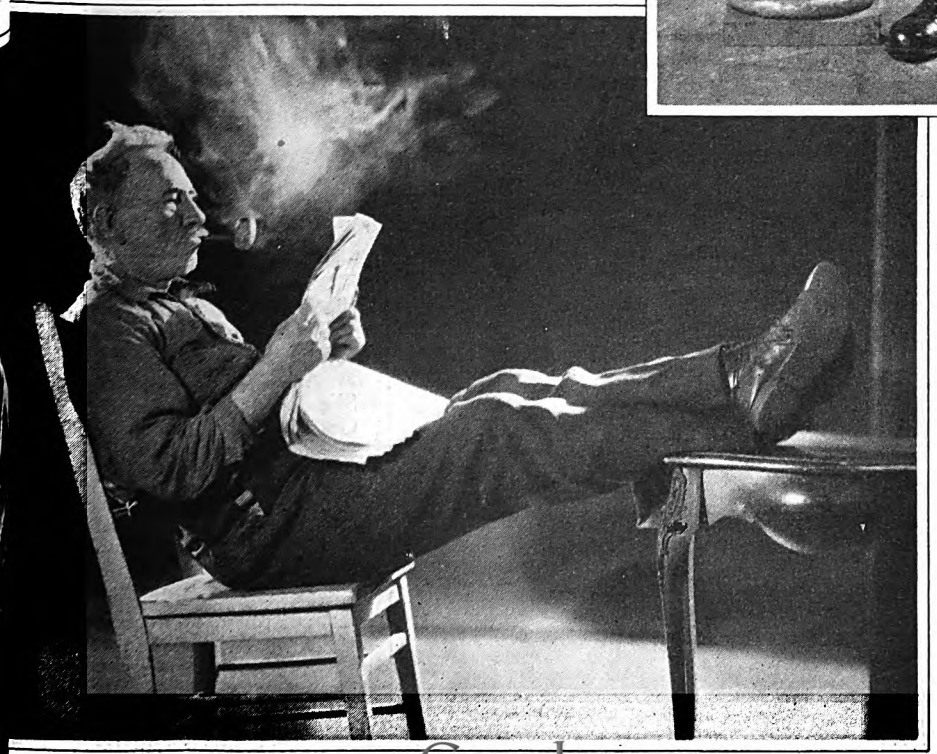
Miss Shriber's eyes were wet and Patricia and Jimmy were ering. Jimmy's arm stole naturally about his little 's shoulder; there was an almost inaudible click of the ra—and another Anne Shriber "dramatized photograph" egistered.

ne of Miss Shriber's successful little models is Anita ault, now eight. The "dramatized photographer" dis- ed Anita on the street four years ago. Anita is a beautiful blonde, delicate, fragile, dainty. Anita and Anne (two ogether) just play and "pretend" at taking pictures. The : Some of the most engaging studies that have appeared advertising columns, and a sizable income for Anita and nother.

I can always make Anita laugh, down to the very toes of recounts Miss Shriber, "when I tell her a funny story."

NE SHRIBER was born in a frame shack in the poorer istricts of Cleveland, Ohio. Her father, Sam Shriber, was in Baden, Germany. He is still living at eighty-one, and





plied his trade as bricklayer until a few years ago. Her mother, née Johanna Martin, was also born in Germany. Mrs. Shriber is seventy-eight, and still insists on doing her own housework. Anne's brother William is a plumber. Her sister Louise is a trained nurse.

"We lived in the poorer sections of Cleveland," Miss Shriber says, quite simply. "My parents were literal fundamentalists. The Bible, phrase by phrase, was the word of God to them. Father gave a tenth of his income to the church, to foreign missions. We had family prayers morning and night and grace before each meal. Father would not let us spend a single penny for candy—every cent went for the heathen.

"From my very earliest recollections I loved pictures. In

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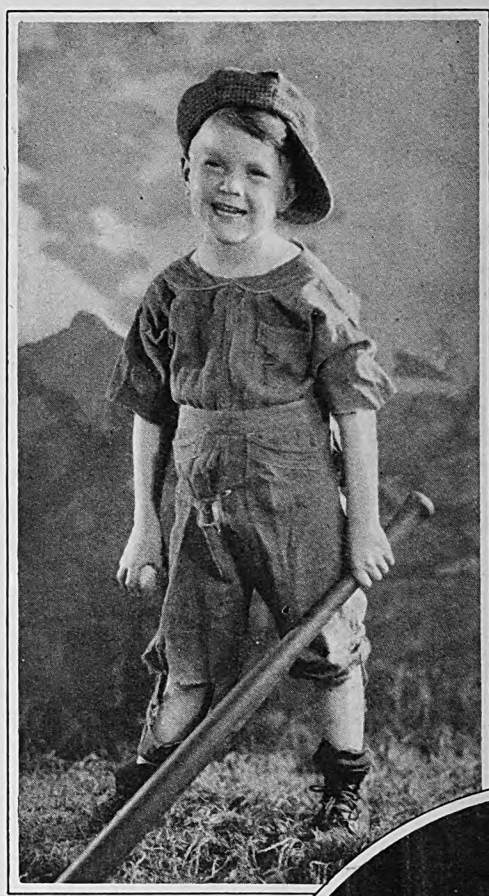
some way, when I was about ten, I became possessed of fifty cents—a great fortune. I had seen some beautiful pictures in the five-and-ten—two miles away. So, one Saturday afternoon, I walked to the Woolworth five-and-ten-cent store and bought five little pictures.

"I brought them home and hung them in our parlor, which was one of those forbidden places, used only on grand occasions. My father believed that pictures were 'idols' hung on the walls to be worshiped—so there were none in our home—for 'we worshiped God.' Each day I would sneak in and adore my beautiful pictures. One day they were gone! Instinctively I knew Father had found them, so I went to him. He took me by the hand and said, 'Come, I'll show you where they are,' and he led me to the old woodpile in the cellar, and there, scratched and torn to bits, lay my five beautiful pictures."



ANNA was graduated from grammar school at the head of her class. She was thirteen. That summer she became the humblest of sixteen servants in the home of William S. Harkness, Cleveland multimillionaire. She was kitchen maid at three dollars a week. Jennie, the cook, widowed Dutch woman with two children, taught her culinary science.

Next, thirteen-year-old Anna apprenticed herself to a dressmaker. For six months she labored without pay. To this day Miss Shriber despises sewing a seam. Then Anna decided to run away. Down on Huron Road, Cleveland, she noticed the windows of the Elliot-Fisher Company, where billing machines were demonstrated. She went to her friend, Mrs. Ruth Todd McGuire, of the near-by Gospel Church, and told her she planned to learn to operate a machine. Mrs. McGuire opened her home and her heart to the lonely child.

Next morning Anna went to R. B. Buswell, of Elliot-Fisher, and asked him for a chance to learn the operation of the billing machine. He was so impressed with the child's earnestness that he told her:

"I'll give you a key to the office, Anna. Come as early as you wish in the morning. Stay and practice as late as you like."

Ten days later, U. W. Hird, auditor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, came to Manager Buswell and asked for an operator for a machine newly installed in the newspaper office. After Hird had left, Buswell summoned Anna.

"Child," he said, "I have been watching you. You can operate the machine. But I want you to look older than you really are. Do up your hair. Come with me. I'll help you buy a long dress. Tomorrow you go to work under Mr. Hird at nine dollars a week."

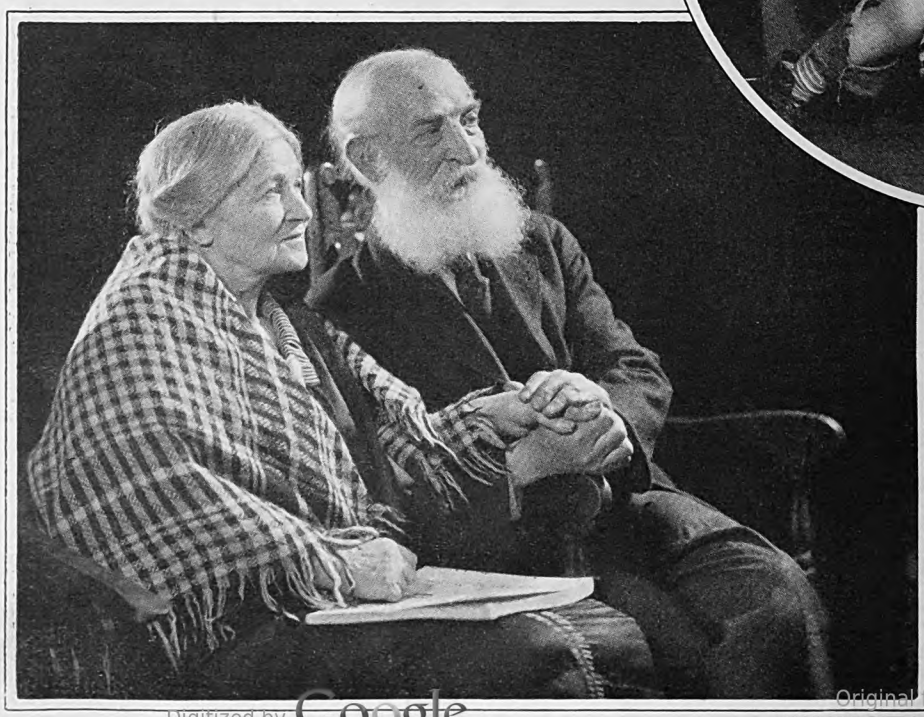
Nine dollars a week! A fortune! Anna made good from the start. At the end of a year she was in charge of the billing department at forty-five dollars a month. Hird took an interest in her and taught her bookkeeping. Mr. Buswell's company had developed a new bookkeeping machine, and two years later (Anna was now almost eighteen) her Cleveland patron sent for her, and said:

"Anna, I want you to go to Akron and demonstrate the new machine at

the Goodyear Rubber Company office. We will pay you a liberal salary and a commission."

Anna snapped at the opportunity. She spent six months in Akron. Goodyear purchased thirteen machines. Then, for six years, she demonstrated the new machine all over the Middle West.

"Here I enjoyed some wonderful contacts," she narrates. "And in this work I got another idea. I'd noticed it was very difficult for the stranger in a small town, or even a large city, to secure good living quarters. Years later, I returned to Cleveland and launched what I called the 'Best Service Bureau.' I opened an office and advertised in all the papers: 'Let us find you the right home; let us find



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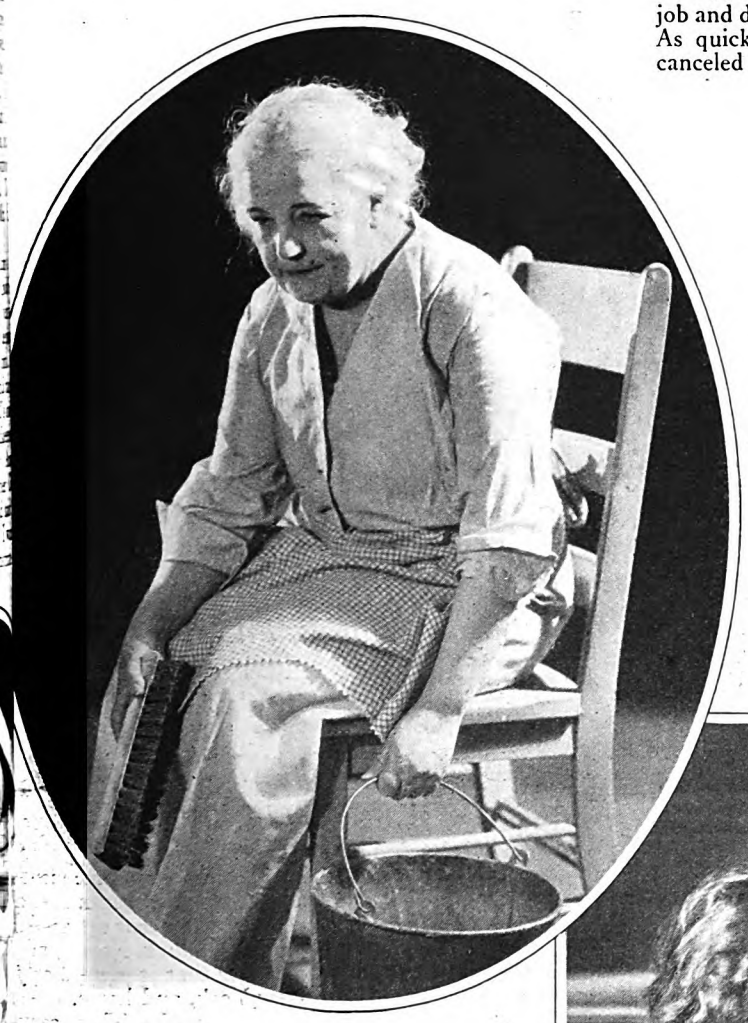
u the right roomer.' The response was overwhelming. It s my first experience with matching human temperaments. it it was highly successful, and I made a tidy fortune. Later old this business.

"It was then a letter came from E. C. Riegel, a rotogravure ber I'd met in my travels. He was in New York, and wrote had a job for me. I arrived in New York two days before



istmas, 1920. While working for Mr. Riegel, I another idea: I thought it would be a good to get out house organs for retail stores. I rested Loeser's, Oppenheim-Collins, and a ber of out-of-town stores. My publications a success, though they didn't bring in much ey—for me. However, it was the first oppor- ty I had ever had of expressing myself in ing, layouts, and so on, and again I was happy. 'For these house organs, I sensed the value of l human-interest pictures, enticing pictures. ave an idea for a picture, would go to a reputable ographer and tell him what I wanted; but I d seldom get it. So I decided to make my own ographs by finding and posing my own models!

HE first photograph I 'directed' was a Thanks- giving picture showing two old folks giving ks. I discovered the old lady for this picture on the t in New York. She was a widow. My old man covered similarly. They were dears, did every- g I told them and were grateful to receive the dollars apiece I gave them. I used this picture e Thanksgiving issue of all my house organs, in number. The picture created quite a stir. store in Akron, Ohio, got six hundred letters of nendation.

Then I met little Anita Fremault. She was the first of my 'discoveries,' a wonderful child could express any and *every* mood at will. I used Anita on all my front covers. A few weeks after the appearance of Anita's first pictures, a prominent advertising man sent for me and asked, 'How do you manage to get such animation into your pictures?' I was fussed, but managed to reply that it was because Anita and I 'just played' at taking pictures.

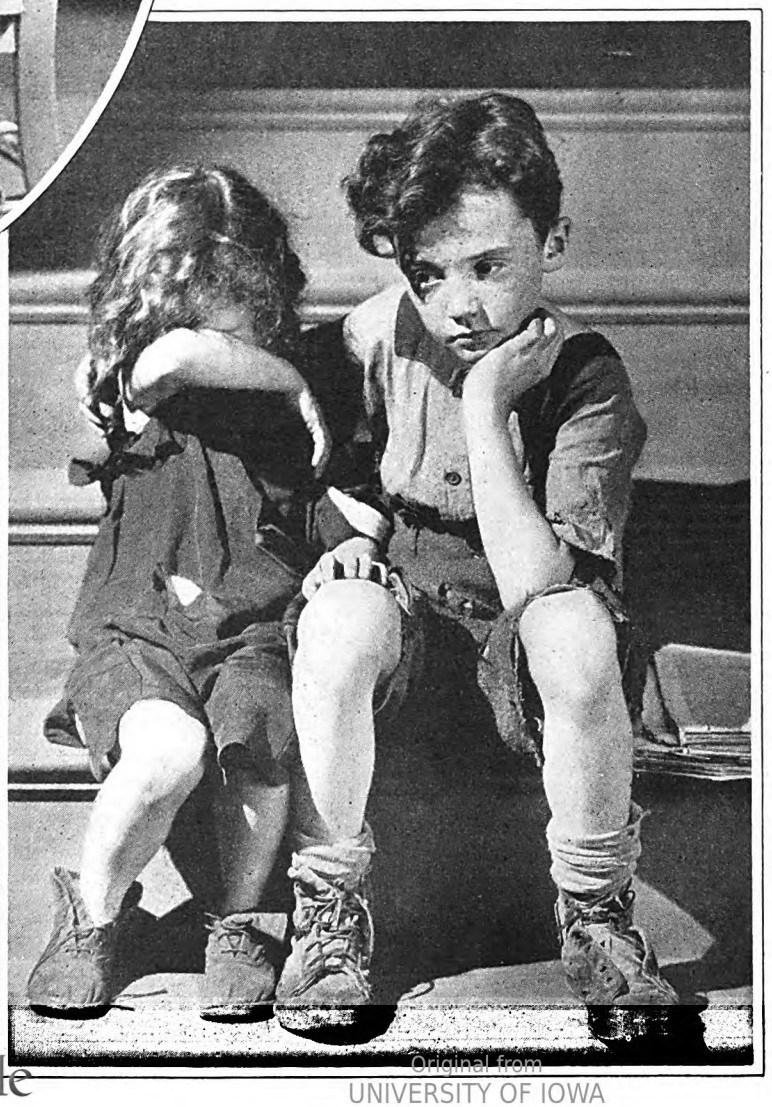
"'Well,' said this gentleman, 'if you can do that you are wasting your time editing house organs.'

"So I came to a great decision. I determined to give up the job and devote my entire time and attention to making pictures. As quickly as my contracts for the house organs expired, I canceled them.

"Then my troubles began! My income stopped. I discovered there was a great deal of competition in the new field. I had paid a small sum for a down-town mailing address, and thought money would come rolling in. But it didn't. Soon I was flat broke, really broke. So I said to myself, 'Anne, you've either got to go home with your flag furled, or go back to fundamentals.' I had one or two crumpled dollar bills. I spent this money, most of it, for an advertisement in the New York Times offering to do part-time upstairs maid's work in return for a room and breakfast.

"I got a job in a rooming-house on the upper West Side of Manhattan—a room in the attic, and breakfast. Back where I'd started at thirteen! All that summer (1922) I made thirteen beds for my room and breakfast. Afternoons I tramped about soliciting clients. And, strangely enough, I had a funny feeling that at last I was on the road to fortune!"

And so it turned out. She took a room all her own; eventually opened her present office on Fifth Avenue, New York; incorporated, and for three years has solicited no business. Anna Shriber has arrived and she means to stay! (*The End*)



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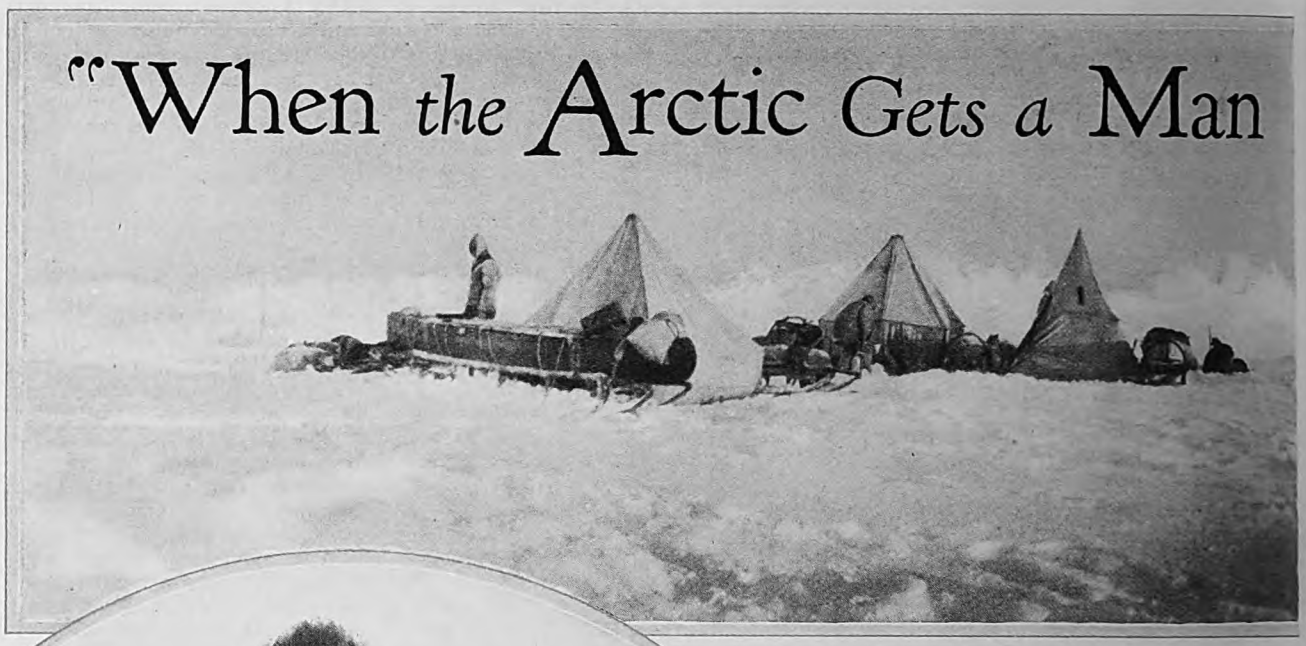
"When the Arctic Gets a Man



Major Anthony Fiala, explorer and outfitter of explorers, brought back from the Arctic some of the most thrilling memories and some of the greatest pictures that ever came down from the top of the earth. The pictures with this article were made by Major Fiala and illustrate various phases of his two expeditions into the North

So says ANTHONY FIALA *dangerous adventures in the ice happy memories and a longing to tropics, too," he says, "but the North*

By GEORGE W. GRAY

THE Arctic night ended in March. By July the ice broke up, freeing the ship from nine months' imprisonment. Then the America began to steam south, down a lead of open water that threaded the vast, drifting ice fields. With luck, Norway might be reached in eight days, and after that it seemed only a step across the Atlantic to New York, and home.

But the Arctic has ways of saying *No*. There came a shift in the wind, and the current quickened. The propeller rang like a bell as it struck the crowding ice. Up in the crow's nest, seventy feet above deck, eyes strained anxiously through the thick Arctic mist looking for the lead ahead that was fast closing. The pack ice snapped and crunched, like ferocious jaws impatient for their prey.

The temperature dropped; the floes drove closer together; the vessel groaned and trembled. Another squeeze wrenched the rudder and drove the ship hard over to starboard in a sharp list. There she froze in—a dark, leaning shadow in the cold gray immensity of ice and fog.

"Blast a way out," ordered the commander, and men got busy with explosives. But after two days a few blackened dents were all the difference that guncotton had made in the ten-foot ice around the ship. The pack consolidated into a cake about two miles across, a floating island in which was imbedded the helpless America.

ONE evening the photographer of the expedition followed the commander up to his cabin.

"Don't you think that bight on the southeast side of this ice cake has possibilities?" he suggested. "It notches in toward the ship for a couple of hundred feet."

"But we're a mile in from that," retorted the commander.

"Yes, but it's a chance, Commander. Let me take a few mines of guncotton down there and see if we can't blast a crack by working from the edge in toward the ship."

For answer the commander picked up the key to the powder magazine and threw it to the young man.

An hour later a deep boom told that the experiment was under way. And in three days a narrow channel half a mile long had been blasted into the ice cake; another day

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It NEVER Turns Him Loose"

whose thrilling and lands have left him only go back. "I've tried the is where the lure is!"

or two ought to free the ship. Men were busily engaged in this campaign when suddenly the fog that had shrouded everything for days lifted.

"Look!" cried the ship's doctor, in a voice of horror.

The whole southern sea, dazzling in the sunlight, was one invincible front of ice—bergs, pinnacles, huge shapes like turrets and castles, all compacted into a massive floe that stretched into the horizon as far as the eye could reach. While the men watched, they saw the water that separated their ice island from his oncoming continent grow narrower.

The crash came in half an hour. One of the men who was on the ship said it sounded—and felt—as if a mountain had collapsed. The America lurched violently, rocked starboard to port and back, again and again, then floated on even keel. From the deck sounded broken hysterical shouts, "We're saved! Saved!"

The blow had split the ice in two, and the split followed precisely the line of the ship's keel. Through the widening lane between the two halves, the America escaped to open water. And during the next two weeks, by dodging icebergs, skirting huge floes, and pushing through the maze of leads, she navigated three hundred miles of pack ice, and by degrees worked back to green ocean, and land, and home.

This was the return, in August, 1902, of the Arctic expedition which had been sent north the previous summer by William Ziegler, the American millionaire. He had expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in outfitting the expedition—it was his hobby to sponsor polar exploration—and now immediately he announced that he would dispatch another expedition the following summer. The North Pole was to be the goal.

MR. ZIEGLER spent four months picking a leader. Some of the biggest names in Arctic exploration were considered. He called in members of the first expedition separately and invited their suggestions. The photographer, when his turn came, recommended a certain well-known polar explorer as his choice.

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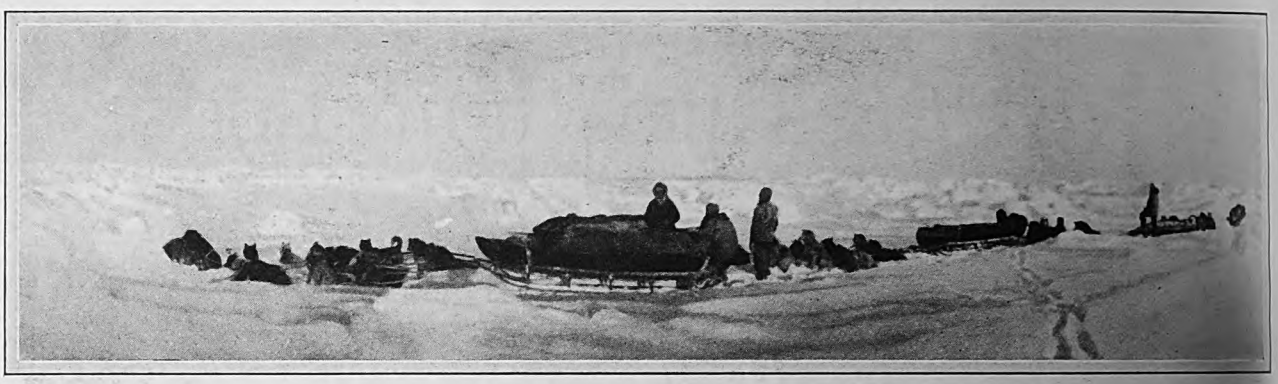

"But *my* choice is *you*," answered the millionaire.

This photographer was Anthony Fiala. Today explorers everywhere know Fiala as an authority on the polar regions and the tropics. He has lived and adventured in both. Big-game hunters, prospectors, surveyors, explorers, and adventurers of all kinds come to him for advice and help in outfitting their expeditions. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt called on Fiala to equip his Brazilian expedition in 1913, and then took him along to make moving pictures in the great Amazonian wilderness. He has designed rifles, is an expert on firearms and explosives, and during the World War the Army authorities put him in charge of testing machine guns and ammunition for the A. E. F. But in all these interests and adventures, says Major Fiala, the Arctic comes first.

THE Fiala-Ziegler Expedition sailed in June, 1903—thirty-nine men, two hundred and eight dogs, and thirty Siberian ponies. Their last port of call was a tiny fishing village near the upper tip of Norway. There they stowed the last ton of coal that could be crammed aboard, and on July 10 Fiala turned his ship's prow toward the midnight sun. With all sails spread, riding gayly on a spanking breeze, the America disappeared over the rim of the earth.

She was last seen by a Norwegian fishing schooner steaming along the frozen front of Barents Sea. She had been riding thus for a week, burning precious coal, trying to find an opening. It was the fisherman's opinion that she would not get through—no vessel, he said, could possibly live in those murderous floes.

When July of 1904 came, Mr. Ziegler sent a relief ship on a search north. This vessel patrolled Barents Sea for two months, but was unable to break through the ice and returned in the fall without news of the explorers.

A second year passed; still no word. Newspapers began to talk of another Arctic disaster. A larger ship was chartered, and in late July, 1905, she succeeded in smashing through to desolate Franz Josef Land.

There the rescuers found Fiala and thirty-seven companions encamped on two frozen islands. One man had died the second summer, a victim of that strange Arctic anemia that fells even the huskiest when the cold and gloom of the six-months night eat into his blood and the gray desolation of ice and mists gets on his nerves.

AND what a story they brought back!—of shipwreck, forced marches through the Arctic darkness, encounters with blizzards and polar hurricanes, sledges splintered by monster pressure ridges, a retreat in the fog as the sea ice was breaking up under their very tents.

"Our plan," explained Major Fiala, "was to establish a base on Rudolf Island, the topmost land of the Franz Josef archipelago, and to start from there in the early spring on a dash for the Pole.

"We reached Rudolf Island after battling for forty-nine days through five hundred miles of ice. Such of it as was not covered by ice, was black basaltic rock. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not the least suggestion of a growing thing on it—nothing but the ruins of a camp that had been built there five years before by the Duke of the Abruzzi and his band of explorers.

"We pitched camp on a rocky ridge that rose thirty-five feet above the level of Teplitz Bay. With lumber brought from Norway we built a hut with bunks for fifteen men, a shelter for the animals, and three observing stations for our scientific instruments. These buildings were completed during September. Then we settled down for the winter.

"A thick ice foot projected all along our shore into the bay, and we moored the ship to this natural wharf, about a mile from the hut. By mid-October the sun disappeared for the winter. The darkness brought storms; the winds increased daily; and a week after night set in came our first blizzard—a snowstorm riding on a hurricane that registered seventy-two miles an hour on our wind gauge.

"The sharp Arctic snow burnt like sparks of fire when it hit the face. I had to lean against the wind to keep my balance. All of us rushed to shelter, the ship's officers and crew to the ship, members of the field department and I to our quarters in the hut.

"At 9 P. M. our little hut shook to the very iron that anchored it to the rock. Suddenly the light went out. It was an arc light, connected by wire with the ship and fed by the ship's dynamo. Our first thought in the darkness was that the hut was being carried away. But in a few moments, finding ourselves still right side down, we wondered what had happened to the ship.

"The wind was screaming now, and high above the screams were deep booms like artillery fire. One look into that shrieking, biting, blinding fury was enough. We could only wait until the storm quieted.

"WE WAITED twenty hours. Then, at the first lull, two of us ran down to the bay. No ship! The place where she had been moored was now a wild, choppy sea. We ran up and down flashing our lanterns, but not a gleam answered out of the thick darkness. Then the storm swooped down again and drove us home.

"From the hut we continued to flash signal lights. But the rising storm obliterated all seeing, and the howling blizzard raged without let-up for three more days.

"By the fourth day the storm spent itself, and in the twilight of noon the

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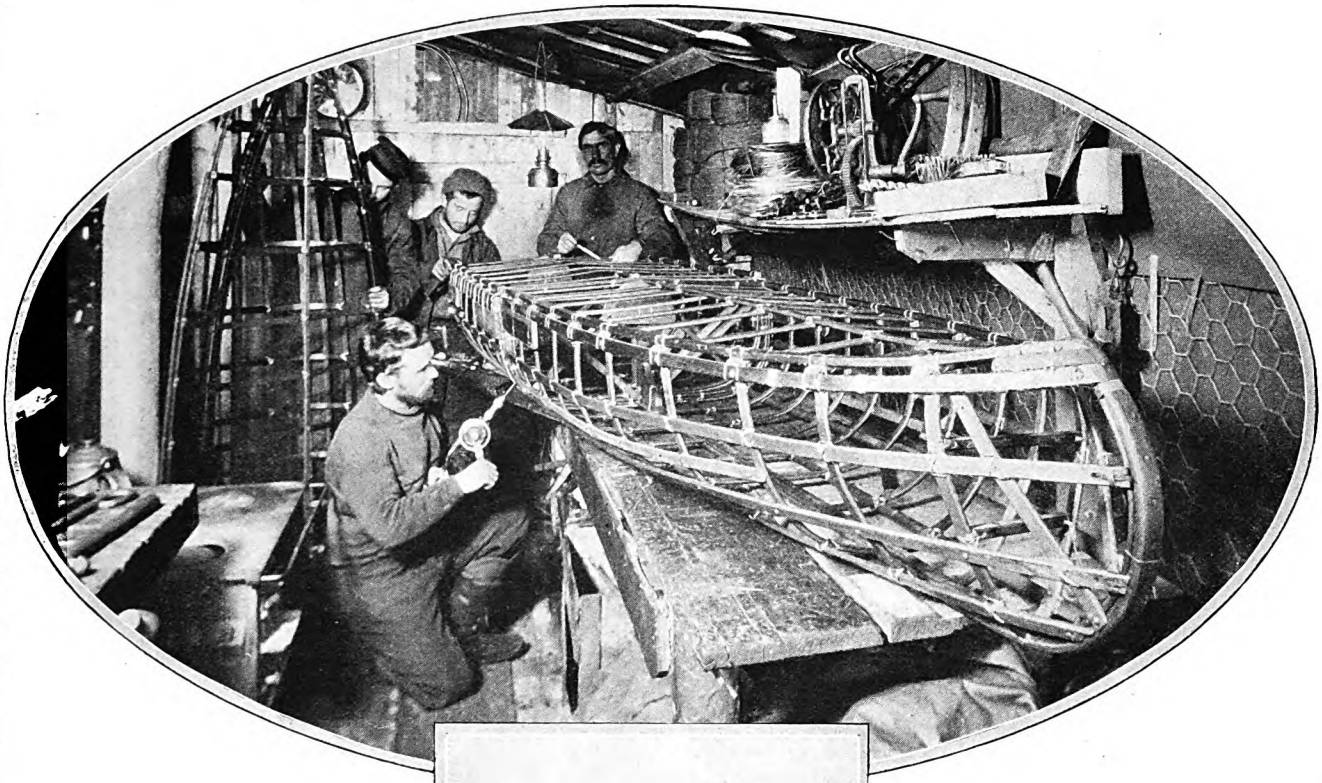


(In oval) Building a kayak in the hut on Rudolf Island

merica came riding home from the cean. She was covered with ice from aterline to topmast, had lost an anchor nd seventy fathoms of chain, but otherise seemed no worse for her four days' attle. The men, though, were haggard. carcely one had had an hour's sleep.

ON THE first night, when the ship broke loose, the mooring lines caught the propeller blades. And while the ship as dancing to the frenzied tune of the urricane, men went down into the proeller well to cut loose the tangled, frozen ass.

"The temperature was below zero, the a repeatedly drenched them, they had be lowered on a line and relieved at equent intervals, but they freed the opeller. This was one of many harrowg tales of that wild drift in the darkness.

"I felt that I ought to be with the ship any future trouble," said Fiala, "so I w transferred from the hut back to y old cabin on the America.

"The bay froze over, and thick ice cked us in on all sides. This was to be pected with winter. The America was old whaling ship, armored with tough enheart, built to withstand the ice. A y heavily crusted over should protect her from the pressure of the Arctic currents—so we thought.

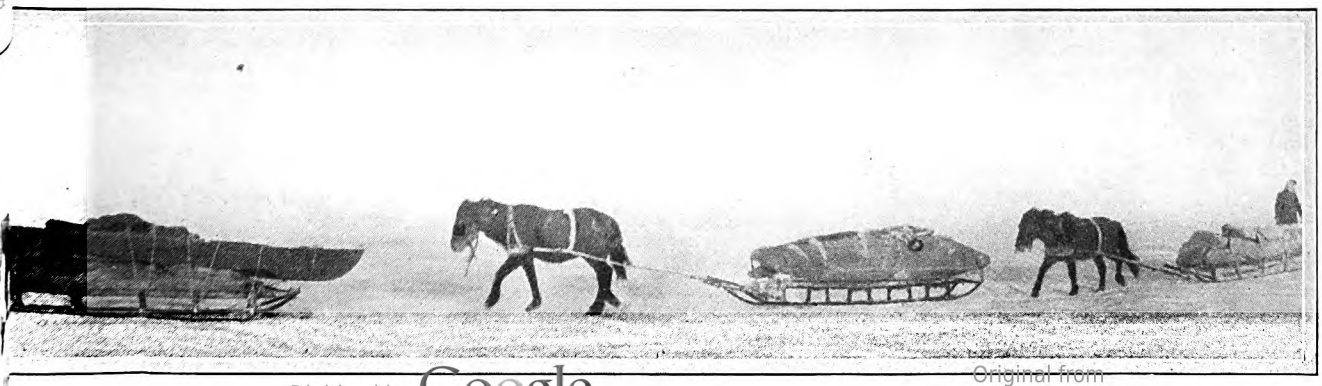
"The frozen but restless ocean soon began to push and crowd. There were days when the ship creaked and trembled for hours under the pressure of the ice. We were anxious. We slept by fits and starts. One night I was awakened by a weight on my breast and jumped up as the ship gave a violent lurch. When I snapped on the light it was to see the Captain's dog Moses, with his forepaws up on my bed, his great black eyes beseeching me to arise.

"I hurried on deck. The whole field of ice to seaward was tumbling, heaving, billowing. And this ice was five to ten feet thick. In the ghostly light I could see it move, furrowing in enormous folds which cracked like gunfire as they broke and tossed up great blocks.

"THERE sounded from below a terrible shriek of breaking timbers. 'He's got his teeth in us at last,' growled Captain Coffin.

"'Call all hands,' I ordered, and the engineer touched the electric switch which signaled the hut. The second officer fired three rockets in rapid succession.

"In the rockets' glare," said Fiala, "we saw more plainly what was preparing for us. A great pressure ridge, where the unbending crust broke and burst into splinters and blocks of ice, was still rising just off our bow. Another was upheaving a hundred feet (*Continued on page 157*)



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The Sins of the Fathers—

Dot demonstrates that truth is mighty—and that there is more than one way to make it prevail

By

FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrated by T. K. HANNA

LIFE in a town like Montrose does certainly make some queer combinations. Nobody could have dreamed that Sue Weller's life was going to be affected, one way or another, by the home motion-picture camera that Mrs. Frank Kirsted's father sent her for a present. In fact, nobody even knew that Sue was in town the evening that the Kirsteds invited quite a bunch of us in to look at their films.

They'd taken pictures of Frankie's birthday party that all our children had been at, so of course we were all crazy to see them. I hadn't stayed through the party, myself, but the twins had looked so adorable when I left them there in their white linen brother-and-sister suits, that I settled down to watch the films with very pleasant anticipation. The living-room was crowded and Rosie Merton and I drew the piano bench to sit on.

There seem to be a great many preliminaries to showing homemade movies, but I didn't mind—just sat thinking of seeing Jack's darling, friendly little smile and the one blond curl that always sticks straight up on top of Jill's head.

It took a little time to get the screen adjusted. Then, one roll of film went haywire all over the floor, and it took both Frank and Marian some time to get it wound back right. We all sat and made polite, waiting conversation.

AT LAST, everything was ready, the lights were turned off, there was a buzzing, clicking sound, and a square of white light appeared on the screen.

"This," Mrs. Kirsted explained, "is the film that came with the camera so you can see how the pictures ought to look."

I suppose it was an all right enough little film but, impatient as I was to see the twins, I wished that they had omitted the preliminaries.

At last, however, it was over.

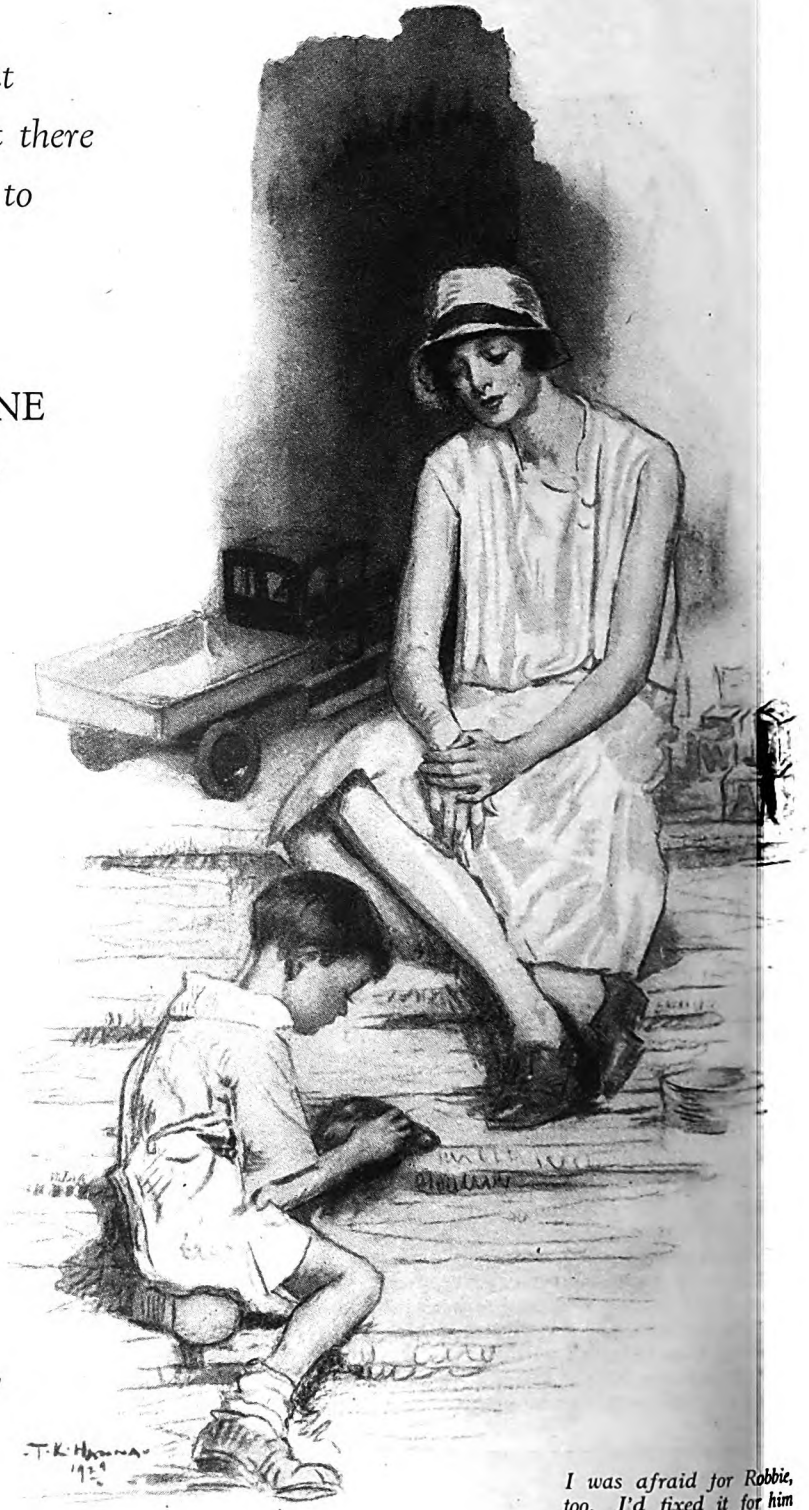
"Now, here," said Mrs. Kirsted triumphantly, "is the film we took on our vacation."

Rosie and I stirred impatiently on the piano bench. A seat without a back gets uncomfortable so soon. I suppose the vacation film was all right enough, too, if you happened to be interested in the Kirsteds' vacation. But as I'd never seen any of the crowd before, I found it kind of slow going.

At last, however, it was over too, and we sighed in relief, thinking that now we were going to see our children. There was the long pause while they ran the vacation film back onto the spools, or whatever it is they do, and got another ready. Finally the lights went out again.

"This," said Mrs. Kirsted, "is the film Frank took at the Porter Company's convention."

Honestly, that was going too far. All over the living-room you could hear creaks as people settled back disappointedly in their chairs. Rosie and I could have told them they were lucky to have chairs with



I was afraid for Robbie, too. I'd fixed it for him for a year, but after that—

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acks to settle against. I was beginning get curvature of the spine on that bench. But the fun that Frank got out of showg us the convention!

"Of course, you don't any of you know ese people," he explained, "but they're dandy bunch. Delegates from all over ree states. See that big fellow—he's om St. Paul and a perfect card. He d the crowd roaring all the time. And at short one with the straw hat—he's ate sales manager—and the one with the l—they're from Des Moines—and—" onestly, I never hope to live to be so red again.

UT at last our patience was rewarded. About ten o'clock and just before my ck was due to break entirely, the film shed on the screen. It had a beautiful e, all in old-English letters with a fancy rder: "Frankie's Birthday." The stirgs and coughings ceased, you could rly feel parents coming to life all over room.

'Frankie Gets up on His Birthday orning" the first caption read. And we tched Frankie sit up in his crib and n climb out. It was Frankie's sixth thday morning—which is past all the e, funny, baby age—and Frankie is of the most unattractive children that r lived, anyway. A spoiled little smart k.

I should worry if Frankie never got in the morning," Rosie whispered in ear, and I certainly agreed with her.

Then we had "Frankie Eats His Breakfast" and "Frankie Starts for Kindergarten" and "Frankie Comes Home for His Dinner" and "Frankie Gets up from His Nap," which was considerably like "Frankie Gets up in the Morning." At last, just as we were all ready to kill Frankie by any slow and painful method, came: "Frankie Greets His Party Guests."

Nobody knew whose child had arrived first, so we all leaned forward in suspense. Honestly if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. There, big in the center of the film, was Frankie shaking hands. And in order to get Frankie large and plain in the very middle of the camera, the guest was cut off altogether. There was that unbearable Frankie grinning and shaking hands with a fat little arm that went off into blank silver screen at the elbow. One child after another arrived but all we saw was Frankie shaking hands.

Then there was "The Birthday Party Plays Drop-the-Handkerchief"—Frankie tearing around with a handkerchief and a circle of little backs that disappeared before you could tell one from another. And "The Birthday Party Pins the Tail on the Donkey"—Frankie blindfolded and filling the whole picture, of course. There was one final picture that did show all the children around the table, but they all had on paper caps and before I had time to pick out the twins the picture flashed off and we had "Frankie Goes to Bed. Goodnight, Birthday Boy, and Happy Dreams!"

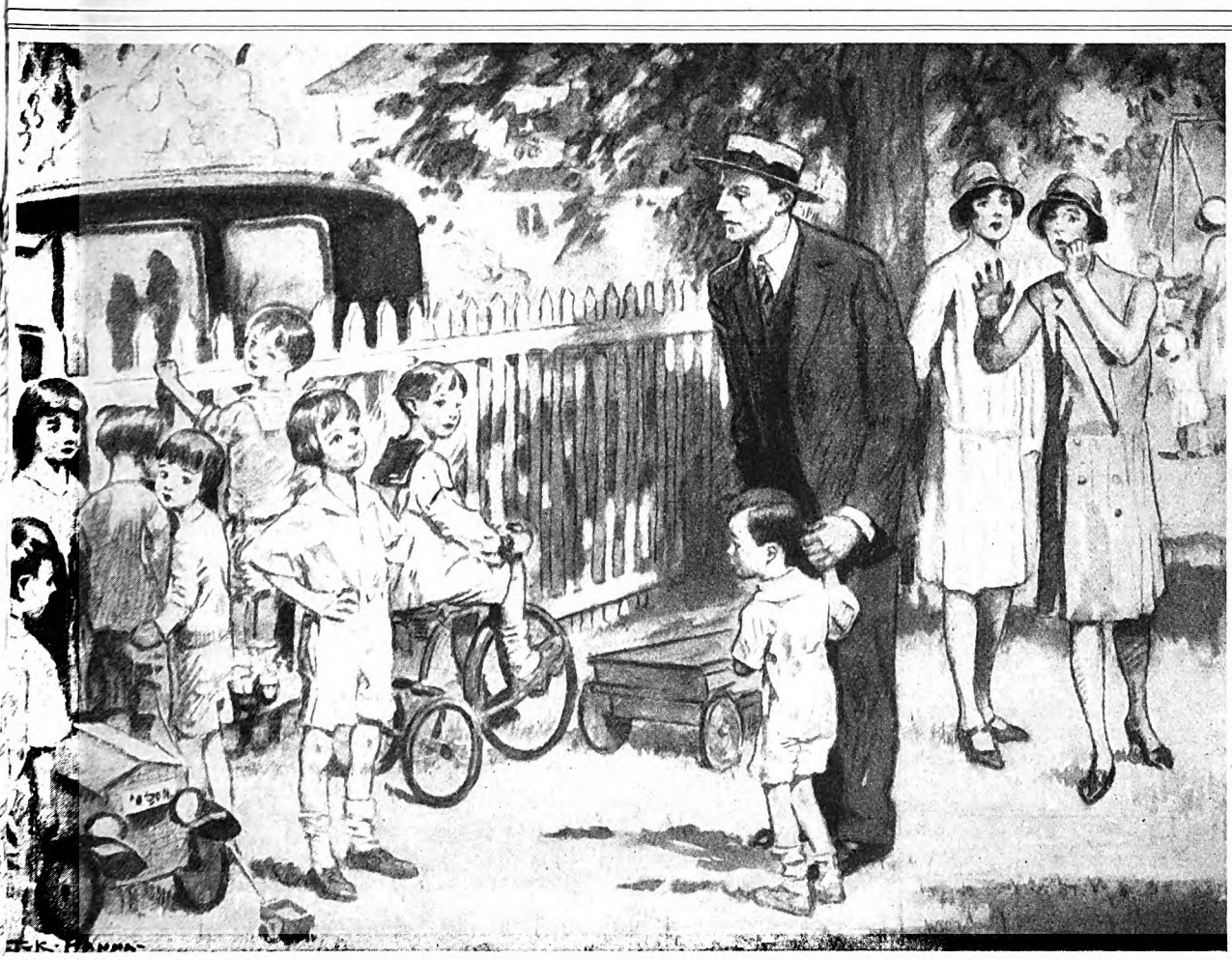
If there hadn't been such a crowd, I could have cried from sheer disappointment. To think of breaking your back for over two hours on a piano bench for that!

And all the lovely things that could be done with a home motion-picture camera!

WHEN Miss Prescott, who is a rich old maid and always getting up civic things in Montrose—pageants and Community Sings and Take-Your-Child-to-the-Dentist Week and everything like that—when Miss Prescott approached me to work on a motion picture to be called "Our Montrose—Then and Now" and said that Mr. Frank Kirsted had generously offered the use of his motion-picture camera, my first thought was to say might I never see Mr. Frank Kirsted's motion-picture camera again. However, I thought better of this as she talked on.

The camera was a very fine one—Mrs. Kirsted's father never sends anything but the best—and Miss Prescott said we could take a picture that could be shown at the Country Club and in the Masonic Hall and a few places like that, to make money for some charity, and then it could be sealed up and put away in the town archives—whatever they are.

On second thought, that didn't sound so bad. In fact, it gave me rather a thrill to think of people maybe a hundred years from now, unsealing that film and looking for instance at the playground scene and saying, "Who is that adorable little blond girl?" And it would be Jill.



Sue was following Ed and Bobbie with her eyes and had one hand out as though to draw them back

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I was put on the Historical Committee to look up typical old scenes, but I was interested in the today part, just as much. Of course, the new Children's Playground had to be got in. Montrose might be said hardly to need a public playground, nearly everybody having yards, but when Mr. Burris offered to donate the land for one, the Chamber of Commerce and the Boost Montrose Club and all the other organizations got together to fit it up with swings and seesaws and whirligigs. It was forward-looking, as Will said, and very good publicity for the town.

JACK and Jill hardly ever go there—they're a little too young and it's too far from our house—but naturally I took them over the day the pictures were to be taken there. So did every other mother in town. Honestly, it was like old home week, you ran into everybody you knew.

I was helping get a lot of children together for a picture around the swings when I noticed a little boy, three years old or so, that I didn't recognize, off at one side.

"Get over closer to the other children, sonny," I told him, "so you'll be in the picture."

"Oh, can I be in it, too?" he asked, seeming surprised.

And when I said, "Of course," he streaked over to a swing as though he was tickled to death. He was a cute, thin-legged, big-eyed little fellow. Not being able to place him, I'd have thought he was one of the poor children from the other side of the tracks only that he was so clean and well dressed. He had on the cutest little white piqué suit with a red tie, and even his knees were shining clean.

My speaking to him seemed to make him think I owned the playground, because a little later he hunted me up and asked me if he could play on the seesaw.

"Why, of course, honey, if your mother lets you. The playground is public; it belongs part to you."

"To me?" he asked. And when I repeated that it did, he said, "Can I walk anywhere I want to? And touch anything I want to?"

As anyone who has ever taken a three-year-old child into anybody else's house knows, that is a very unusual attitude; but beyond thinking how restful it must have been for his mother, I didn't give it a second thought. And I might not have thought about it again if I hadn't happened to see him when the ladies from the Water Street Church were giving out lollipops. That was for a picture, and the children certainly entered into it with enthusiasm. To my surprise, I saw the same little boy hanging off to one side.

"Why don't you get your lollipop?" I asked.

"Is one for me?" he exclaimed, as if he'd never thought of such a thing, though all the other children were fairly knocking each other over to get theirs.

When he came back with a big red one in his mouth, I asked, "What's your name, little boy?"

"Robbie," he said. And before I had time to ask "Robbie who?" he added, "I'm Sue Weller's child."

That placed him, of course, though I'd never known Sue very well. She was a little younger than I and lived way up on Somers Street. She'd left Montrose to work in Chicago three or four years ago, and though I had seen in the Monitor just the other day that she had returned to make her home with her mother, I couldn't recall her married name and I hadn't even known she had a child. So, "Robbie what?" I asked.

"Robbie Sloane," the little boy said. "We got chickens at Grandma's. Have you got chickens at your house?"

I said we hadn't chickens but we had a kitty, and for a minute or two carried on the kind of conversation you do with a three-year-old.

When I was telling Will about the afternoon at supper-time, I told him about Robbie, among other things, and I recalled that funny little phrase, "I'm Sue Weller's child." It seemed such an odd way for such a baby to speak of himself.

However, I didn't have any time to think about little boys with good manners the next two or three weeks. The Montrose Now Committee had a cinch, compared with us on the Montrose Then. All the Nows had to do was to arrange for pictures of the new hotel and the post office, and recess at the public school, and Main Street during the noon hour, and the Boost Montrose Club picnic at Woodhill Park and such things. All the merchants were tickled to death to help—it was good advertising. But, boy, how the Montrose Then Committee had to dig!

It was decided to get parallel pictures to the Nows whenever we could, and we wanted them as accurate as we could get. Some were easy enough. To go with the post-office picture, it was simple to get a picture of a man in a coonskin cap, with saddlebags, on horseback, supposed to be riding along the Pike from Verblen. There are plenty of dirt roads that haven't changed much since pioneer days. And the costumes weren't so hard to get—most families could find something stored away in their attics—but collecting them and dressing the right people in them, and so on, took an awful lot of time.

Somebody remembered that the old first hotel in Montrose, that had stood on Main Street where the new one was now, had been moved over on the other side of the tracks, and we found that it was still standing, being used for a Hunky boarding-house. So we were working out some sort of little scene to get that in. Take it altogether, it was one active time for me.

Of course, the twins' fifth birthday had to come in the midst of it, and I had to give a party for them. Busy as I was, I should never have remembered to ask Robbie Sloane if I hadn't happened to run into him and Sue in the Busy Bee grocery. I heard a little voice say, "Look, Mommie, there's the lady that owns the playground."

I HAD a pleasant chat with Sue, though I was a little surprised in her. I hadn't recalled that she was so stiff and shy. I said all the polite things, how terribly sad it was that she had been left a widow, how glad we were she'd come back to Montrose to live, and what a darling Robbie was. Then I asked her if she wouldn't let Robbie come to the twins' party the next day.

My, but I was glad I happened to think of it. I've never seen anything like the happy way her face lighted up. It really seemed all out of proportion. A child's birthday party is all very nice, but goodness knows it's not such a very thrilling social occasion. I asked Sue to come with Robbie—lots of the girls do—but she said she couldn't. She'd bring him and leave him, though.

"Well, come after him early enough to have a piece of birthday cake, then," I invited her. "There'll be some of the girls you used to know; they'll be awfully glad to see you."

Sue acted queer, almost as though I'd scared her.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to get there till just time to bring Robbie home," she said. "What time will the party be all over?"

That struck me as odd. When she didn't even know what time the party would be over, how could she be so sure she couldn't get there before it? However, I said, "Oh, about half past five," and let it go at that. If Sue didn't want to come to the party, it was nothing to me. I was just trying to be friendly and hospitable.

SHE didn't come inside the yard with Robbie the next afternoon—just brought him to the edge of the lawn and practically pushed him in and hurried off down the street. Robbie was so shining clean you could almost see your face in him, and looked too dear for anything in a crisp blue linen suit. There's something almost unbearably sweet to me about any tiny boy with his hair cut all severe like a man's and yet soft little baby hands.

Robbie had brought each of the twins a birthday present, such expensive presents that I felt almost embarrassed—a huge set of stone building blocks for Jack and a big doll, beautifully dressed, for Jill. They'd both come from Father's store and I happened to know how much they cost. I was really shocked. Even if Sue was rich enough to afford such presents, it was so unnecessary. They were lovely, though, all wrapped in tissue paper with pretty, bright-colored cards—"Happy Birthday to Jack from Robbie," "Happy Birthday to Jill from Robbie."

Robbie had the nicest manners I've ever seen; all the girls spoke about what a sweet little fellow he was. Frankie Kirsted seemed like a wild hyena compared with him. While refreshments were being served, I had to leave for a minute to talk to a man Will had sent.

He was a pleasant-faced young fellow, and when he asked me if I didn't remember Ed Gardner, I could recognize something vaguely familiar about him. It was very vague, though. Ed Gardner had lived in Montrose till he was ten or so, but he had been at least five years older than I was, and at five and ten, that puts people in totally different social classes. Ed had left, years ago, with his mother and was back, now, to close up his grandfather's estate. Old Mr. Gardner had died that spring somewhere in his nineties. He had left a little real estate, and Ed had been seeing Will about disposing of it.

He had happened to mention that his grandfather had always kept a diary and that the early ones went 'way back. Will, recalling the desperate time the Montrose Then Committee was having getting material, had asked Ed to let us read the diaries and Ed had brought me a half dozen books. He said they were full of details of the early days of the town.

I could hardly wait for the birthday

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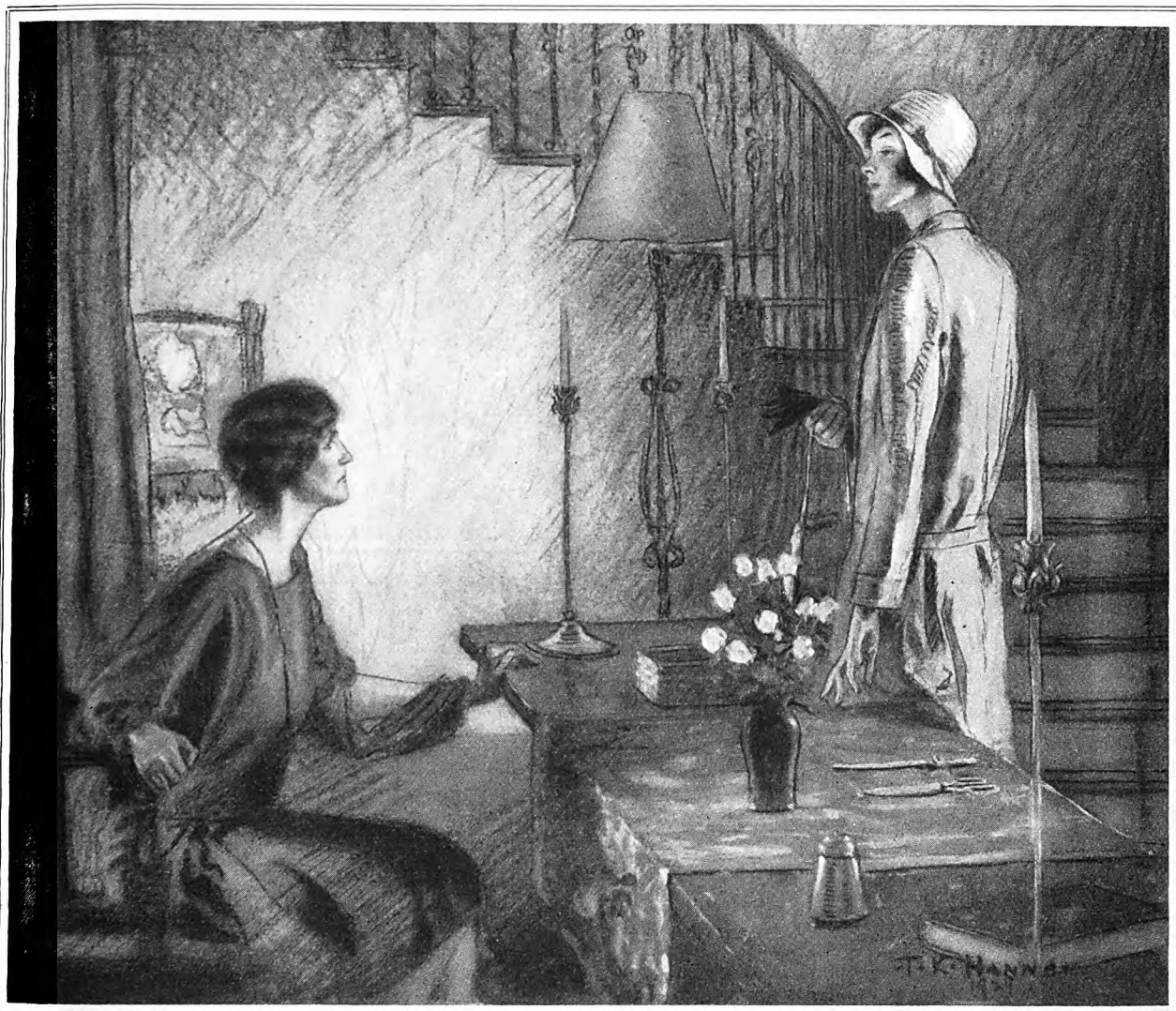

Mrs. Burris looked straight at me. "What do you want," she asked, "to keep your mouth shut?"

rty to go home, to get at them. Sue eller was the last mother to come for her ild, and Ed Gardner played with Rob- and the twins while we waited. When e came, I introduced Ed, and he said last time he'd seen Sue, she was about bbie's age. He walked down the street th her and Robbie and, watching them t of sight, it occurred to me that that uld be a good match, Ed seeming so d of Robbie and having done very well t in Vancouver, Will said. I can't say, wever, that it looked like a very likely tch. Sue certainly didn't have the tra- ional widow's charm. She was stiff as a el fishing rod.

Anyway, I had very little leisure for nning matches for Sue Weller the next or three weeks. The Merchants' As- iation had agreed to build a false front lica of old Main Street at Summer cor- and we were all busier than one-armed er hangers.

did see Robbie once in a while, in the cery with Sue or at the playground, I decided that I'd imagined that ut his seeming pathetic. Either that or bbie was changing. He seemed to have mped up a little and was as gay and sy and full of life as any of the other dren. He would come up and take d of my hand, if I happened to walk g a bit with them, in the friendliest, most trusting way in the world. Sue would forget to be stiff then and would fairly beam—I don't think I ever saw a mother so crazy about a child.

I RAN into her one afternoon in the Busy Bee when we both happened to be alone —the twins were at mother's and Sue had left Robbie at the playground. She was on her way to call for him and we walked along together. She seemed to want to talk just about Robbie, but this didn't make me tired the way it does when Mrs. Kirsted insists upon reporting all the cute things Frankie says and does. It seemed, in a funny way, as though Sue was pleading for Robbie, as though she was trying to make me believe he was a nice little boy. Which, goodness knows, she didn't have to do with me. I kept assuring her I thought he was a darling.

As we passed Will's office, Ed Gardner was just coming out, and he walked along with us, too, talking about his grandfather's diaries, asking me if I'd like to see any for the other years.

We all paused for a few moments outside the playground, looking at the children. I've never seen anything to equal the way Sue always kept Robbie so clean. I told her it seemed supernatural to me. I spotted him right away, among all the children, just by picking the most spick-and-span youngster in the whole lot.

The only one who could approach him was little Vincent Burris. I couldn't understand what Vincent Burris was doing in the public playground. Ever since his father married that Chicago girl, they've been simply too elegant and exclusive for words. Vincent Burris is the only child in town who has a regular nurse in uniform.

Glancing about, we spotted the uniform now over on the park side, on a bench by Harry Spotwood, who's our handsomest policeman. So that was why little Vincent was playing with ordinary children. Robbie was running around, all red-cheeked and excited. We heard Vincent, who was six years old and accordingly leading the games, call, "Now, everybody come over by the fence." And we saw Robbie run along with the rest.

Suddenly Vincent turned around.

"Everybody but Robbie Sloane," he said. "Robbie Sloane can't play!"

I expected Robbie to raise a howl of anger and protest as any of our other children would do. But, to my surprise, he stopped short, turned, and came trotting over toward us. And he didn't look angry or even puzzled so much as just disappointed. As though he'd really known all the time he wouldn't be let to play for long.

"Hey, there, (*Continued on page 107*)

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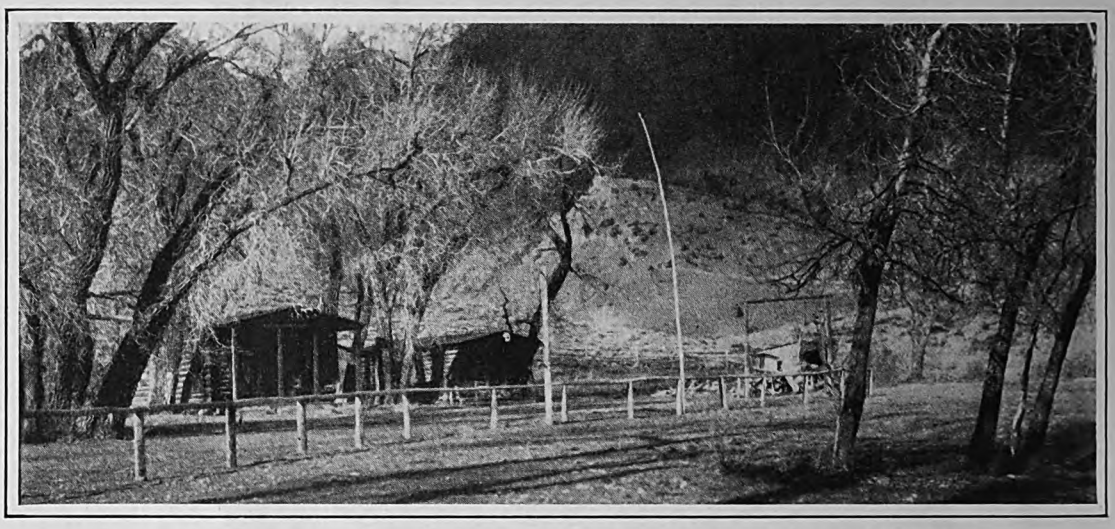

Oh, how Joe's boarders yell when they hear the dinner bell from this dining-room

Joe Jones Pastures Dudes on His Ranch

Joe ready to corral his dudes for an outing

JOE JONES is the owner of one of the oldest and biggest "dude" ranches in the West. For twenty-two years, he has made a business of giving Easterners the thrill of shooting grizzlies in their native Rocky Mountains, of tracking deer through the snow in midsummer, and of roughing it generally in that wildly beautiful section of Wyoming which lies within a day's journey from the northeast boundary of Yellowstone Park.

I met him in New York City, where he had come on business, but I knew at once that a windswept plain or a hazardous mountain trail was the proper background for Joe. Indeed, you can't look at him without glancing around for a horse to complete the picture.

His eyes, startlingly blue in a face tanned by a lifetime of exposure on the open range, have the look of one who is accustomed to far horizons. His legs are slightly bowed, as befits the legs of a man who spends most of his waking hours in the saddle. At home or abroad, he wears high-heeled Spanish boots, handsomely embroidered and finished off at the top with a tassel.

Joe was born to live outdoors.

I asked him how he happened to go into the business of "dude" ranching.

"Well," he told me, his lips twisting into a humorous grin, "it come about this-a-way: Twenty-odd years ago, when I was still little more than a yearling cowboy, folks from the East was a-gitting the notion that there was a sight of fun to be had vacationing on a ranch. So many of 'em come a-visiting that some of us ranchers decided maybe they would be willing to pay for their fun. They sure was! It wa'n't a bit of trouble signing up customers from the jump.

"I had a little money saved up from trapping and herding, so I set out from Oregon, where I was born and growed up, to look for a likely place to homestead. I found it in the east of Wyoming. I put me up a house, added half a dozen saddle hosses to my outfit, and hired some extra cowboys. We herded some cows and sheep, but our main business from the start was putting up 'dudes.'

"We had no trouble gitting customers. Our first season, we had seventy-odd folks staying at Majo ranch, as I call my place. Nowadays, we can entertain from three to four hundred during the season, which generally runs from May to October. Most of our guests average two or three weeks, but some of 'em stay a month or more. Many of them come back year after year. I have one man, a big banker, who has been with us eight seasons running.

"We've got fourteen cabins now. They're scattered about under the trees in what we call the 'dude pasture.' Matter of fact, the dudes don't feed there a-tall; everybody eats at the central dining-room. We got a big assembly-room, too, where the folks git together to listen to the radio and to swap yarns about that big grizzly they jest missed yesterday.

"Most of the time we're on the trail. Even during midsummer we have to wear heavy clothes and carry plenty of blankets. The ranch is nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, and our hunting trips often take

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us up to the timber line. It's nothing for us to camp out at an elevation of 11,000 feet or more. A few summers ago we had a ten-inch snow in July, and last summer we had a big snowstorm in August.

"You may be surprised to hear that women are often easier to handle on a ranch than men. They're willing to acknowledge that they don't know much about hosses and camping out. They usually learn faster, too.

"Men are a mite inclined to let on that they know more than they do. Even if they never stepped foot in a stirrup in their lives, they hate to admit that they're plumb ignorant about critters.

"Some folks are surprised to hear that there's still plenty of big game in the Rockies. Matter of fact, there are more grizzlies and other species of bear today than there was twenty years ago. Trapping was what killed off the bear population, and trapping ain't been allowed in fifteen years. The hunting season is limited to a few months in the spring and fall. That favors the bears, too. Last season we got twenty-nine bucks and eight grizzlies, not to mention brown bears. Also, last season, we got the record moose ever dropped in Wyoming.

"In 1913, a big grizzly come mighty near gitting me. I was guiding a doctor friend of mine from New York. He was anxious to git a grizzly, so one afternoon when we tracked a big one and her two cubs to a snow-covered ridge, I pushed Doc ahead to get first shot.

"Soon as the old grizzly seen us, she r'ared up on her hind legs to git a good view of the situation. Then, with a blood-curdling growl, she dropped back on all fours and charged the Doc. Right away I saw something was wrong with Doc's gun and that I would have to come to the rescue. Stepping backward to get a good aim, I fell sprawling into a snowdrift.

"Lucky for Doc, the bear was coming so fast she couldn't stop where she aimed to. Then she caught sight of me, and lunged straight in my direction. As she hurtled past me, carried down the steep mountainside by her own momentum, she took a side-swipe at my right leg, which was sticking out of the snow.

"I struggled up and followed her for sixty yards before I got a fair aim at her. In the meantime, Doc had unjammed his gun and got the two cubs. That was a pretty hot five minutes, all told!"

MILDRED HARRINGTON

This American Boy Violinist Took America and Europe by Storm

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Twelve years of age, and numbered among the great violinists of the world, Yehudi Menuhin remains a sturdy, healthy, normal American boy

AN INFANT sat on his father's lap under the rafters of San Francisco's Civic Auditorium. It was a symphony concert. But the two-year-old neither slept nor cried nor chewed a stick of candy. His baby eyes were fixed on the musicians, and head and body swayed to the rhythm of the orchestra.

Eight years later, this same infant, now grown into a little lad of ten, stood on the concert platform in staid old Carnegie Hall, New York City. When the last golden notes from his violin had died away, the dignity of Manhattan crashed under a storm of unprecedented acclaim. The chubby youngster bowed awkwardly as the thunderous applause rolled toward the stage. Twelve times he was recalled. After a demonstration lasting fifteen minutes, people from all over the hall surged in a great wave toward the platform, so that they could see at closer range this marvelous young genius. Men and women kissed him. They pounded him on his back. They hoisted him on their shoulders and shouted his name over and over again.

"Yehudi Menuhin! Yehudi! Yehudi!"

Wherever Yehudi Menuhin has played that stirring scene in New York has been duplicated. Even the Europe that smiles rather scornfully at "mechanistic America" bowed its head before the superb artistry of this product of our subways and skyscrapers. And nations that gave Ysaye, Kreisler, Elman, Zimbalist, and Heifetz pay tribute to this American boy, who, at the age of twelve, has won his place among the world's great violinists.

Yehudi Menuhin—his name means "The Jew bringing peace"—was born in New York City, January 22, 1917. But when he was only a few months old his parents moved to Berkeley, California.

Both his father and mother were passionately fond of music; and for the very good reason that they had no one to leave little Yehudi with, he was carried each Sunday to the symphony concerts in San Francisco. There his baby eyes were glued on Louis Persinger, the first violinist, and his baby hands vigorously applauded his solos.

When Yehudi's grandmother in distant Palestine learned that her little grandson—because of the horrible sounds it made—had smashed a toy violin that his parents bought him, she sent him a real violin. By exercising the utmost economy his parents were able to pay for lessons. Inside of three months, at the ripe age of four, Yehudi was playing classical numbers.

Within a year he made his first public appearance at a children's concert. The critics eulogized him. His parents yielded to his repeated entreaties to secure as his instructor Louis Persinger, the artist who had been his babyhood's idol.

With Persinger as his teacher the little fellow buckled down manfully to real study, and for four years, while his genius was being perfected and his mind trained, the main occupation of his parents was turning down the most intriguing offers from those who wished to exploit the lad's genius and youth.

"Yehudi is not for sale," briefly declared his father.

Following that sensible policy, Yehudi's public appearances were restricted to twelve in all up to two years ago, and for none of them did he receive recompense. Those twelve recitals gave the lad perfect assurance, but did not rob him of health or normal childhood, possessions more valued by his parents than sudden wealth.

I went to see the Menuhins in their old-fashioned house in San Francisco. For all Yehudi's money—he now receives

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enormous fees for his playing—they are still plain people. That accounts for the unaffectedness of the boy-artist on the concert platform. Simplicity is the keynote of his life. He eats abundantly of plain food and tumbles into bed at half past eight every night for a full ten-hours' sleep. Nerves? Even after more than two years of public adulation both at home and in Europe, he doesn't know the meaning of them. For there is nothing of the Bohemian about this young artist. He is the grandson of an ascetic rabbi and he walks always in the shadow of the synagogue, keeping the fasts and saying his prayers.

Every day he spends three hours in the open air romping with his sisters, Yaltah and Hepzibah, or rubbing elbows with youngsters of all classes and colors on the public playground. On Sundays he is piled into the family car—a four-seater of popular make—for pilgrimages to California's famous beauty spots.

No wonder that he is just plain, healthy boy!

Never in his life has Yehudi been in a classroom. Yet he is five years ahead of the average student of equal age. He speaks and reads three languages, delights in poetry, and for recreation reads classical literature.

At first his parents, graduates in pedagogy from New York University, taught him. Now eight tutors come daily to instruct him and his sisters.

Perfect concentration is the secret of his accomplishment. In his music he loses himself. Every morning he shuts himself up in his room and practices for three hours. No one—including even his parents—is permitted to disturb him. At the end he is as fresh and enthusiastic as at the start.

Last March this husky, roly-poly lad started for another triumphal concert tour of Europe, and with him went the most precious gift that he has ever received—a Stradivarius violin valued at $60,000, which was given to him by an admirer on his twelfth birthday.

GERALD J. O'GARA

Take It from Peggy the World's Gone Guppyi

SANDWICHED between an express office and a candy store is one of the smallest and most unusual pet shops in New York City. In the window, dozing in the sun, sits a South American parrot, canaries swing in their cages, paradise fish and guppyis dart in and out through the plants of their aquariums, and turtles clamber over one another in a large glass bowl. Inside are more parrots, more canaries, more fish, a long counter, and a small, back-room dispensary. This constitutes Peggy's Pet Shop, devoted entirely to birds and fish.

As little Peggy Gay, living near Lexington, Kentucky, the owner of this unique shop was always surrounded by pets, and when her favorite canary broke its leg she set it herself. This operation was the beginning of her study of avian ailments and of avian surgery, of which even today few veterinaries have a working knowledge.

In her teens, Peggy was sent to New York to a finishing school, and, like many other girls, stayed to seek a career. The career at first took the form of marriage to a young American of German extraction, by the name of von der Goltz. He also was a great lover of animals, and together they moved to a farm on Long Island, where they raised chickens, geese, fish, and parrakeets. When, a couple of years later, they sold the farm and moved into town, they found that fifty shell parrakeets, several aquariums of gold and tropical fish, a dog, and a cat were somewhat too many pets for an apartment.

"Why not start a pet shop?" Peggy's husband suggested.

Peggy considered the proposition, and finally the pet shop was established.

Peggy talking with the temperamental parrot who must have her mashed potatoes

"I take in bird boarders," she told me, "and I also doctor sick ones. Two of my parrot boarders love soda crackers. A new parrot fom South Africa saw me feeding them and begged for a cracker. I gave him one. He liked it so well I gave him another, then another. The next morning I found him dead. As he was not sufficiently acclimated to digest the food, the crackers had formed an impact in his crop.

"Most parrots," Peggy went on, "arrive at pet shops in a terrible condition. They have been badly fed en route to this country. The ideal diet for a parrot is sunflower seed, a little white bread, and fruit. On this he can live to be one hundred years old. Of course, we do not try to change the food of our boarding parrots, provided they are healthy. One of our boarders demands mashed potatoes every day. We would find it impossible to live with her if we refused her.

"I find parrots as intelligent and as affectionate as dogs, although some people who have had a parrot suddenly bite their mouths may doubt this. There's a reason for this capriciousness. Parrots are taken from the nests before they are feathered and fed with corn from the mouths of Indian women. Therefore, when a parrot kisses you, he expects to be rewarded, and when he finds there's nothing in your mouth, well, he bites you. That's all."

Notwithstanding the demand for her birds, fish remain the most sought-for pets. Peggy ventures the statement that people in New York apartments have more fish than other pets. Probably the reason is that they require so little care, and cost practically nothing to feed.

A recent craze in pets is tropical fish. The most popular of these is the paradise, a Chinese fish of bronze iridescence from three to six inches long, and the guppyi, a tiny inch-and-a-half fish from the West Indies. The guppyis are unique, as the young of the species are born alive at the rate of eight to fifty every thirty-six days. According to pet-shop findings, supplemented by Peggy's own experience, the world has gone guppyi mad.

NINA PURDY

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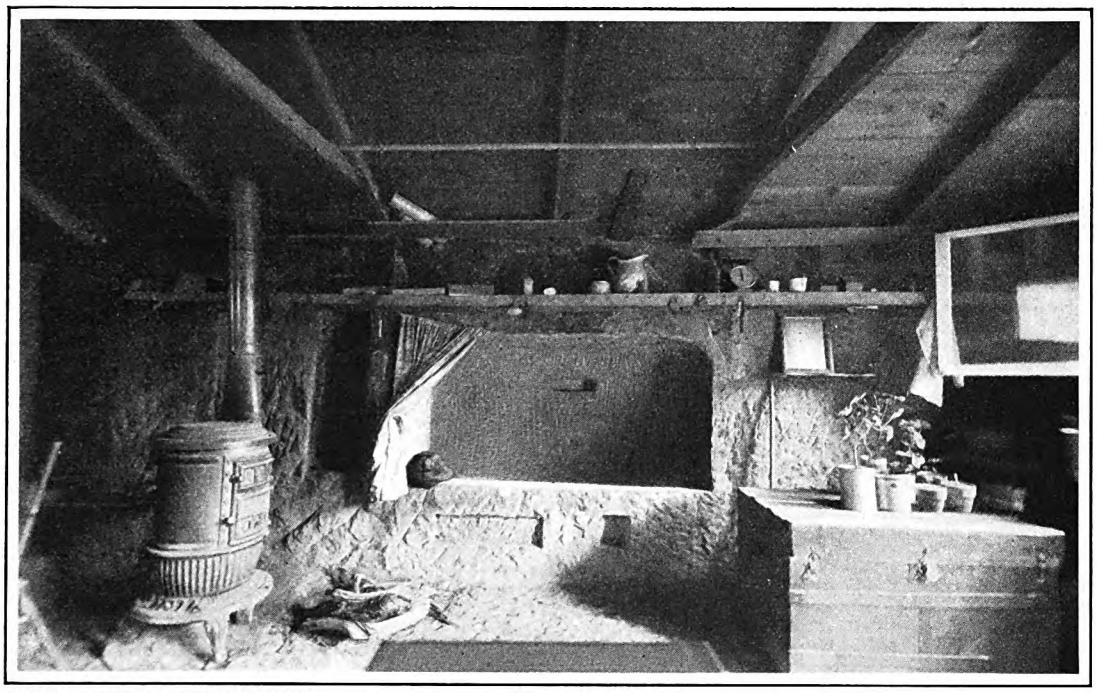
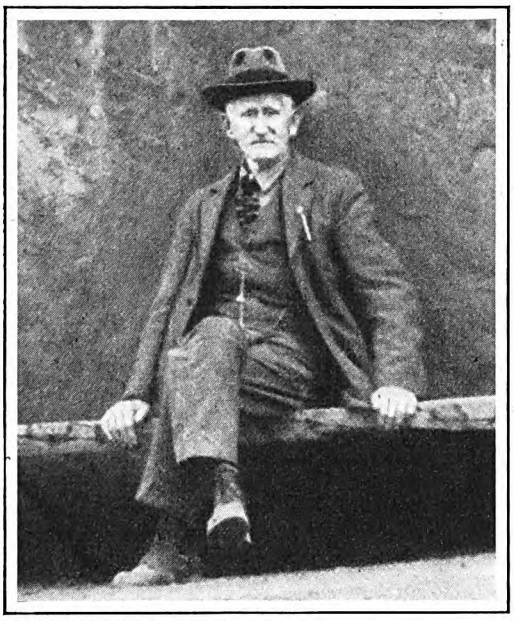


PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL G. HAMMOCK, DELTA, COLORADO

A view of the bed that Captain Smith carved out of the rock

Curiosity Led This White Man to Discover the Red Man's Secret



PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL G. HAMMOCK, DELTA, COLORADO

Into the last stronghold of the Indians went Captain Smith to learn the ancient secret of their flint work—a secret which civilization has lost

CURIOSITY has sent men down the seven seas and across a thousand Alps in search of as nany Italys. And it was curiosity hat sent Captain H. A. Smith, monuıent worker and sculptor, into the ıst stronghold of the red men to ·arn the secret of their flint work—ow they cut the stone that resists he tools of civilized man.

Captain Smith was raised on a farm ear Joliet, Illinois, near the middle f the last century. Upon his father's ınd were many Indian burial mounds, nd young Smith was fascinated by ıe artistry of the savages who built ıem. The arrowheads he found on ıe burial mounds were fashioned ith delicate symmetry, and he ıgerly questioned older people as to ow the flint was shaped.

Experts offered many and varied ılutions, but none of them satisfied ıe youthful artist. Those same ·planations are offered today, but 'aptain Smith knows better. He arned from the red man himself ıst how the arrowheads were fashıned into such fine, delicate shapes.

As a boy, young Smith was not allowed ı disturb the burial mounds; nevertheıss, he collected an assortment of pipes ıd flint implements while his father was ı town on Saturdays. At last the day ıme when the boy had his own workshop. ıis desire, however, to know how the red ıan fashioned the hardest and most ·autiful of stone grew, until he closed his orkshop one day and faced west, to find ıt for himself how the red man worked with stone that Smith's own chisels and steel would not cut.

For the next two months each evening saw his camp fire glowing on a grassy prairie ever farther, night by night, to the west. That winter in Colorado, Captain Smith ran a boarding-house for hungry loggers. He also fed bands of starving Indians. Sitting Bull munched his cold soda biscuits and grunted sourly. Captain Smith was never able to win over the old chief, and says of him that he was the most cunning and cruel of all the chiefs he came to know.

The soda biscuits, however, won Smith his opportunity to learn the secret of the flint work. He did not arrive a year too soon, for the Indians were already replacing flint arrowheads and implements with hoop iron purchased or stolen from the white men.

The Indians did not forget his kindness, and when summer came he went among them and sat with the flint workers. He found that the work was not done by squaws, as is popularly supposed, but by the old men. The boys of the tribe were taught the secret by their grandfathers.

The work was exacting, the flint to be shaped was held in a sloping position, and another piece tapped against it. Flint is very hard and chips readily. Minute flecks were pecked from the rock as it was slowly modeled. Utmost skill was required.

In order to convince any who might doubt his word, young Smith sat down with the old men and learned the art himself. Not only did he learn the flint work, but he learned the picture-rock language of the tribes, their feast signs, death notices, water guides, and hunting stories, as they left them on the red walls of the canyons.

Following the Civil War, Captain Smith again returned to Colorado and packed his tool chests over a boulder-strewn trail down into the Escalante Canyon, a

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broken valley walled in by towering crags and pillars of red sandrock. At the foot of a great stone face cut from the red walls by the winds and rains of the ages, he built a workshop.

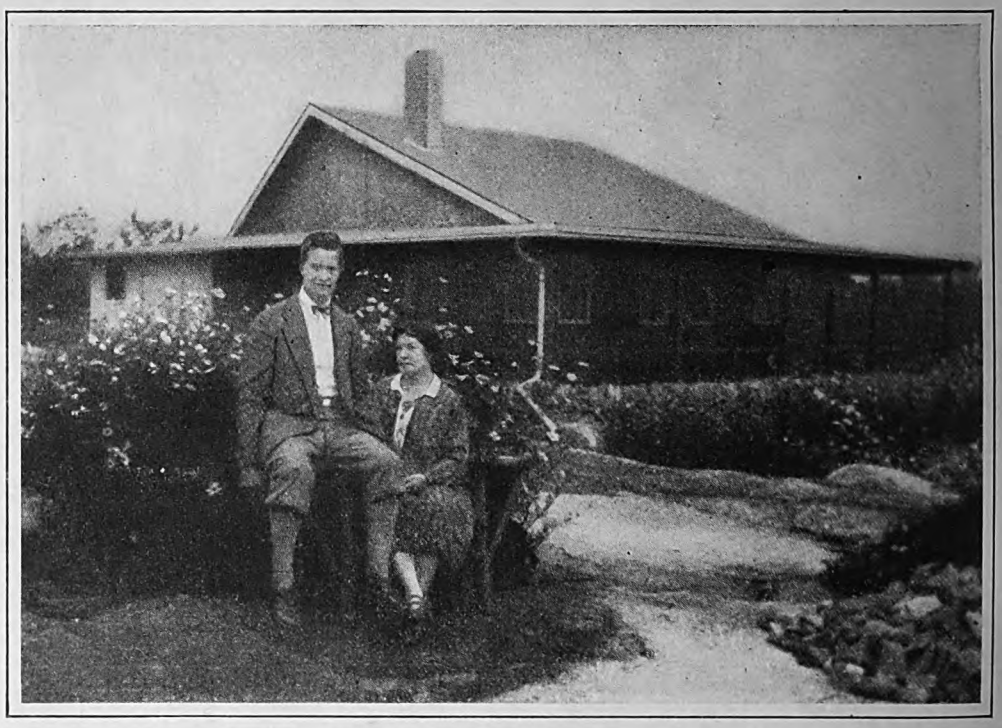
Selecting a giant boulder, Captain Smith cut one side of his house from it, building the others in modern fashion. From the stone wall he chiseled a bed, working for twenty-six days upon it. Above the bed he cut a niche for his pearl-handled revolver, and at the head he hollowed out a square for his rifles.

Anyone making the trip up the canyon to Captain Smith's workshop will marvel at the seeming impracticability of going ten miles up a canyon to work, when he could have built a shop in town fifteen miles away, thus saving a dollar a pound freight charges on his stone slabs. The explanation given by the Captain is interesting and strikes deep:

"The fellow who can't get out and live with himself is not big enough to do real work. Out here in the shadow of the canyon walls a fellow can't fool himself with halfway work. There isn't anybody to convince you that your stuff is good; you've got to convince yourself."

R. G. MONTGOMERY

Here's a New Use for Old Papers



This "paper" house cannot be pulled down about the Stenman family's ears. It's as solid as if it were built of wood

"HOW did you ever think of making a house out of newspapers?" I asked the mistress of the famous "Paper House" of Pigeon Cove, Massachusetts.

"Well," she replied, "it all began quite naturally. "We were talking one Sunday afternoon about building a little summer home near the shore, when my husband suggested that we build it out of newspapers. We all worked on it, and the idea grew until we perfected our plan."

On a rocky knoll, just off the main highway, in a lovely, natural setting among small trees and rocks, with beautiful summer flowers growing profusely, I found this unusual summer home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Stenman and their daughter.

I had expected to find a somewhat crude affair. Instead, I found a house which was also an artistic home. It is made entirely out of newspapers, with the exception of the frame, the windows, and the floors. It has no cellar, the uprights being erected upon a big, flat ledge.

Panels of newspaper, prepared in several thicknesses and then varnished, were set in between these uprights. Diamond-shaped pieces of folded newspaper, tacked on like shingles, were then placed upon the outside. When completed, the whole house was given two coats of varnish.

Mrs. Stenman said all three of them worked for two years getting paper ready before they began to build the house. A carpenter erected the framework. Aside from his help, the family did all of the work themselves. The paper bungalow has stood the test of all sorts of New England weather for five years, and shows no signs as yet of any real deterioration.

The day I called, Mrs. Stenman was working outside among the flowers. The daughter, a girl in her teens, was showing some visitors the house. Mr. Stenman was at his place of business. He is a wire worker, an inventor, and holds eighteen patents for various wire devices.

While the house at Pigeon Cove, Massachusetts, is unusual, the furniture is equally so, for it is constructed of tightly wound rolls of newspaper of varying diameters.

Mr. Stenman was the originator of the idea of rolling the paper. Newspapers were spread out flat and rolled very tightly until the right-sized roll was obtained; then it was fastened with glue and given two coats of varnish. The rolls were thoroughly dried before using, with the result that they became as solid as wood. In design the furniture is modernistic, being built mostly on straight lines. A long, low couch, window boxes filled with plants, chairs, a bridge lamp, and the famous Lindbergh desk are the furnishings of the living-room. The bridge lamp has a shade lined with the funny pages of a Sunday edition.

The Lindbergh desk is the most interesting, perhaps, of all the furnishings. It is made from portions of the daily papers giving the stories of Lindbergh's flights and receptions. So carefully has Mr. Stenman arranged the accounts in the rolls that they can be unrolled intact and the story read consecutively from day to day.

The dining-room has a large, hexagon-shaped table, several chairs, a long settee, and a floor lamp. In the living-room, a frieze, cut, in points, from the brown roto-gravure sections of Sunday papers, has been added at the top of the room.

The Stenmans built their little home far from human habitations, but often over the week-ends hundreds of visitors call. During the winter the Stenman family live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, having moved there about seven years ago from Lynn, Massachusetts, where Mr. Stenman worked at his trade.

FANNIE DRAPER WALKER

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NOT some of these vegetables—*all of them* are enjoyed in Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . . Just think of the time and expense of selecting, purchasing and preparing all these different vegetables—15 of them—in your own kitchen! . . . Yet you delight in soup that contains them all . . . Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes—and it's all ready—"a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

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Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Isn't it dandy
How lively you feel
After a piping-hot
Soup for your meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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"Life is to Find Out"

(*Continued from page 39*)

ld-time friends of Ellen's. It was all ıther ghastly.

One of Blake Whipple's hacks brought ıe widow back home. Sarah Moore ıanted her to come across the street and ay at the boarding-house. Ellen objected. Mrs. Moore would be so kind as to keep ıe children over there for a day or so—ll their mother got her "bearings"—it as all the trouble she wanted to cause.

"There's something I must fight out one," she told them. She seemed to be ıne but moving in a trance.

They acceded to her wishes. She "fought out" alone.

Three days and nights she stayed up in ıose rooms. The shades were all drawn. o lights gleamed at dusk. Then the urth afternoon she showed herself on lain Street.

SEEN Ellie Thatcher?" cried Uncle Joe Fodder. He had encountered Sam od at the corner by the bank.

"What do you mean, seen her?" The litor was puzzled by the awe in Fodder's ɔice.

"I met her jus' now, goin' in th' Methlist parsonage. Claimed she was seein' ı' minister t' get her ol' job back, playin' ıe organ. I knowed her figger, Sammil, *ıt I didn't know her face!*"

"What's happened to her face?"

"God, Sammil! . . . it's changed!"

"Changed how?"

"Can't tell you perzactly. Like she'd ught an' conquered sumpin'."

"Real sure 'tain't relief, are you, getng unhooked from Ed?"

Despite Fodder's warning, Hod was ırdly prepared for Ellen's metamorphosis hen, later that day, she entered our office. er eyes held . . . tranquillity!

"For gosh sakes, what's happened to ɔu, Ellen? And what's this palaver I ear about town—something 'bout you ıving a dream or vision?"

Sam Hod had to coax. But at length llen told him.

"You might—call it—a dream, I supɔse. The second night up in those rooms ours—alone!—something came to me."

"Something *came* to you!"

"I was sitting in the dark—numb all er—with the world crashed in on me—rather a chasm yawning in front of me. erhaps I was sleeping. What difference ıes it make? I was all alone—and had me—to that abyss."

"You mean finding yourself a widder so ddenly?"

"Ever since girlhood, Mr. Hod, I've alized that on father's death I wouldn't ve a relative. Our family was all gone. ell, father came to die but at least I had l. Then the worst happened. I'd even ıt my husband. All I had left was three pendent children."

"You had *them*, anyhow. It's not so d as if you were childless."

"Yes, but they're different. They uldn't help me in facing life's problems. ıey weren't there to *go* to, the same as ıd and Ed."

"Well?"

"Well, sitting there in the dark I seemed to feel someone was near me. I wasn't startled—no more than in dreams. Maybe I was dreaming. Again I say, what difference does it make? Only it was the queerest dream I'd ever had. I wasn't doing anything but sitting in that room—listening to someone speak to me in thoughts."

"Thoughts!" echoed Sam.

"ONE sentence I've remembered. Will I ever forget it? '*Life is to find out!*' That's what I heard. '*Life is to find out!*' I was puzzled, of course. I tried to move and couldn't. Then the light started fading—"

"Light! Thought you said you were sitting in the dark?"

"A queer, warm, beautiful glow. Like a candle, Mr. Hod. Yet I didn't see its flame. You know how dreams are lighted? And it gently floated off—all of it—leaving me behind—in the dark. On and on it went in the distance, always slightly upward. Then . . . the sun was in the room . . . prying underneath the bottoms of the curtains."

"You *must* 'a' been asleep, if time passed that quickly."

"I kept at home all day yesterday. Yes, and last night. I didn't dream again. Not a dream with thoughts, at least, like a rich mellow voice—or a warm, lovely glow. And . . . I finally fathomed the meaning of that sentence."

"Life is to find out?" The editor sat staring. Had he ever known *this* Ellen? It came to him suddenly that the one-time frail, colorless woman—or the husk of her—had been dramatically infused with a strong, vibrant Soul. Vaguely it awed him. He got what Fodder meant in their talk near the bank. "I—don't—quite grasp it, Ellen," he faltered.

She misinterpreted. . . .

"Mr. Hod, I'm thirty-five years old. Ever since childhood I've been panic-stricken at the eventual prospect of being abandoned; I feared being alone. So, don't you see, because I was afraid, Life has been given me as a pattern of factors that should *leave* me alone. Alone to find out."

"But to find out what?"

SHE gazed at him in wonder, that he failed to comprehend. "Why—that—that being alone was exactly what I needed—to develop my character—to make me strong—to show me the shallowness, the emptiness, of fear. Life was to find out what the fear was like in all its stark tragedy—to go through it—to leave it behind me—to follow the light."

"To follow the—?"

"Don't you see, Mr. Hod? . . . All of us have some sort of fear, some weakness, something we shrink from through a defect in our soul-strength. We're on this earth to meet it face to face, to explore it, to know the full pain of it, the joy of discovery that it's possible to vanquish it. For thirty-five years I've had this aloneness coming . . . because that was my weakness and I needed to be strong."

"How you going to earn a living, Ellen?"

Doubtless, in the shock of her grief, Hod told himself, Ellen, shut in alone, had experienced some neurotic illusion. A reflex from her subconscious panic it was, that could rationally be explained. Meanwhile, if she got any strength to bear her burden from the thought that the supernatural was responsible, what harm could be done?

"Oh, I've thought that out too. I'm surprised how clear my head is, not cluttered up with terror. There's only one thing I know—my music. I shall try to teach music."

"Well, the town's big enough to support another, I suppose."

"I'm not the first woman who's lost a husband, Mr. Hod. And life—this life—*isn't all there is*. I needed to have others dependent upon me. That's what the light told me. By thought. Whatever happens to all of us is planned for a purpose. Life is to find out!"

Was she slightly cracked? How could Sam say so, seeing her eyes?

"And now I want to know," she concluded, "how much it's going to cost me for a monthly ad in the paper."

"Not a bally penny!" said the editor.

He sat a long time after Ellen had departed. The back room quieted. Employees went home.

"I wonder!" he mused, as the office grew dusky. "Well, the years ahead 'll tell. Three youngsters to raise will be a good test."

THEY were.

No one in Paris, Sam least of all, hearing of that strange reflex from Ellen's despair, had the slightest intimation that instead of arriving at the vortex of experience, she was still at its edge. Her father had gone. Ed Thatcher had gone. There were greater tests ahead—weird tests.

For instance . . . Margaret.

Ellen's success as a music teacher came so quickly we were startled. Yet no one could say town pity was behind it.

True, large numbers of compassionate parents were abruptly convinced that if music had charms to soothe the savage breast it might also be utilized to subdue certain small Indians and squaws they were raising. But her real popularity came from her temperament. Children were strangely drawn to her, even more than their elders. Maud Penfield, the other town music teacher, had a weakness for rapping little knuckles at the production of discords. But Ellen was patient. And her income grew amazingly.

She paid off Ed's local debts and later moved her brood to a small, white cottage over in School Street. Margaret reached the gawky age. Small boys made her miserable, mimicking her lisp. Tommy developed into a shy, round-faced little boy with a ludicrous cowlick and a nose like a button—a quaint, undersized little nose that endeared him to every woman who saw him. He celebrated his attainment to short pants by speaking a piece at a Sunday-school concert . . . something whose verses ended: "And I love you more than tongue can tell!" Evelyn was a frail, sickly little thing who would grow up into a perfect replica of her mother as she was the night Ed saw her in Will Seaver's grocery. But they were neat, perfectly behaved

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children, and Ellen's life was becoming a beautiful rebuke to those crasser women who had once recommended a rolling-pin for Thatcher.

Then Margaret went to a Sunday-school picnic.

Over at Lake Hathaway, the picnic was held. And in midafternoon a trio of small boys pursued a badly plagued child with the gleeful threat, many times repeated—

"Maggie Thatcher!
Come and catch her!"

Blindly she fled their torment, over through some bushes. A pasture ran sharp to the edge of the lake and a ball game was in progress. . . . At sundown, three white-faced little boys edged close to their teacher. In her skirts they whimpered:

"Maggie Thatcher . . . she f-f-fell in th' water!"

A wisp of soggy muslin was finally espied, bobbing beneath alders. Margaret still had two sprigs of wild strawberries clutched in her hand when they floated her out.

It was an awful test of her philosophy, for Ellen, when they brought the drowned baby home from the picnic. Another night she sat with her dead. But only one night this time. When neighbors came in at daybreak, her calmness was back, twice stronger than before.

BUT it took little Tommy's passing a year and a half later really to show us what had worked in Ellen's soul. He came in from sliding one winter's twilight. His little nose was 'runny"—that same quaint nose that all the women loved. By eight o'clock he was wheezing badly. At ten he was running a fever. Lights burned in the cottage all through that night. A husbandless mother was in there, beautiful in her grit, making a desperate fight, with a kindly old physician, to save that tiny life-spark.

They kept it alight the first night. Day came and Tommy seemed gaining perceptibly. Then another night descended—and those fateful hours of somnolent morning. At a quarter to three o'clock, her only little son smiled up into his mother swimming eyes. She heard him murmur: "—love 'oo more 'an tongue can tell!" At exactly three o'clock he was a memory in her heart.

Ellen arose, her battle lost. At least her battle to save the small life. She tidied the chamber. Some time later she emerged to the sitting-room. Four women had come in, to help with the weeping.

Well, Ellen did weep—a little bit—if heroically smiling through tears be weeping. No one in Paris ever contended that Ellen's soul-strength came as a vision. Perhaps she fought a greater battle with the oversoul that morning than she had with the Reaper during the night. But she won it beautifully. When Mrs. Mason sobbed: "It's so awful for a child to die! Poor little soul—going out in the dark! . . ." Ellen echoed "Dark?" And her eyes had found once more their trance-like softness.

"Isn't it?" asked Sarah Moore.

"No!" replied the mother. "Not out in the dark! . . . *Up into the light!* This is the darkness—this life—now!"

"But all the same, they're so weak, so helpless!"

"Physically helpless, yes, Sarah. Physically helpless in this—this world of darkness. Which is why God provided us mothers, I suppose. But no child is spiritually helpless, Sarah. Children are—are spiritual giants—compared to us grown-ups. We're the—the weaklings. Tommy will find his way—right this moment he's finding his way!—up through the light. He hasn't had time to forget his earlier passage through it to—to reach my arms."

SHE had only Evelyn now. And as Uncle Joe said later that winter, noting the woman Ellen was becoming, her inimitable tenderness toward the only remaining girl:

"That's a whole lot o' mother t' waste on one young 'un!"

Evelyn, the sickly child everyone was certain could not reach her teens, was the one who survived. She grew into a rare, fragile orchid of a girl—shy, reserved, not understood by cruder town children—which drew her closer to the splendid mother's soul.

The two were inseparable. Ellen taught her all the music she knew. Parishioners passing Calvary Church on many an evening would hear chords of music from Calvary organ. Peeping through the vestibule doors, they would see a sweet picture up in the choir loft. Two lamps would be lighted—on either side the rack. And up on that bench, their backs to a great darkness, Ellen would be sitting with her arm round Evvy's waist. Patiently she instructed the girl in the playing of an organ, joyous in her heart that Evelyn wanted to learn. Month after month of it. Year after year. . . .

And the time arrived when the realization that Ellen Thatcher was the town's most beautiful matron pleasantly appalled Paris, Vermon . Small wonder she had a daughter so delectable. Her frailty was gone—Ellen's frailty. Her hair had become as rich folds of gold—not a silver thread in it. Half a dozen middle-aged men, some married and some not, were in love with her. She could have married wealth, tenderness, masculine strength now when she needed none of them. If life is to find out, Ellen was finding. She was too big a woman for any one man to possess her exclusively. And one by one they ruefully confessed it.

THEN Evelyn reached eighteen. And of a moonless night in spring she went into Will Seaver's grocery store.

A heavy-set young man swung his feet from a counter. He wore a smart business suit, two watch-chains and a "warm" waistcoat. He traveled for the York State Grocery Company.

His name was John Hume.

"For cripes' sake, who's *that* Sheba?" he demanded of Ben Lyman. He stopped his swinging feet.

Old Ben, quite bald now, stiff in his ankles, leaned harder than ever when a counter offered.

"No pickin's there, Jack," he growled. "That's Evvy Thatcher, Ellen Thatcher's girl. Dunno which is hardest to 'make'—the mother or the daughter."

Hume looked appraisingly at Evvy's pretty back. He was a dark-eyed fellow with a dimple in his chin.

"Mean to say I couldn't make a frail like her—if I really took the notion?"

Evvy turned at the moment, as if she had heard. She caught his glance on her, flushed, started out with her purchase. Hume slipped across.

"Haven't you left one of your bundles?" he addressed her.

"Why—n-no!—that's not mine. That's part of an order the clerk was putting up for someone else."

"My error, Miss—?"

"Thatcher," she said.

"Nice night, isn't it? I'm going up your way. Could I carry your packages?"

"B'gad, he's a fast worker!" gulped Lyman, as the pair were lost to view. "But Ellen won't stand for a feller like him. She'll slap him down quick."

The mother, however, did not slap him down. Hume ignored his Wickford business, when local trade had been called on. He took a room at the Whitney House and started attendance at Calvary Church.

Evelyn frequently substituted for her mother, playing the organ there.

How he contrived to meet Evelyn again and again, what he said to her, how she became enamored of him, what the mother thought of it all and what remonstrance she made, was disclosed to Paris in sharp, dramatic sequence.

OF a night in late July, Uncle Joe was shutting up the office of his livery when he heard a swift step coming in across the yard. A hot, sultry night it was. Thunder heads were piling; eerie flashes lit them. The veterinary turned as his doorway framed a woman.

It was Ellen Thatcher.

"Mr. Fodder! . . .Would you harness me one of your rigs . . . in a hurry?"

"Jus' what's th' trouble?"

"Evelyn has . . . well, she's . . . I found a note on my dresser . . ."

"Ellen, is it Hume?"

"Yes, they've . . ."

"Which way did they go?"

"They've gone to get married over in Foxboro."

"A hoss ain't no good. What you need is a car."

"But I can't drive a car."

"I kin drive a flivver. Let's get t' th' garage."

They hurried out to Main Street. Scarcely a word was spoken thereafter. Fodder did the borrowing, saw that the gas tank was filled, started the engine, steered out into traffic.

The air was queerly cool. Small spirals of dust were lifting from the pavements.

"Hang on, Ellen! It's gonna rain hard."

Out East Main Street they clattered, through the ancient covered bridge. Fodder was old; the car was a crate. Yet he tackled the grade by McDermott's in high.

Halfway up he was forced into low. Up, up, they climbed, twisting and turning, the radiator boiling though the grade was half mounted. Ruts wracked the flivver. Water bars jounced it. They reached the plateau that runs flat to Haystack Mountain.

"The storm's chasing us!" Ellen cried once. "The rain's already a mist above Paris."

Certainly the thunder-peals were chasing them. Louder, sharper, more ominous they grew. Eastern stars were blotted out. Big pellets fell obliquely.

They were churning madly down beyond Cobb Hill when that lightning-flash came. The heavens were ripped by a mad slash of light. A stupendous explosion! A roar as of a gale! Uncle Joe felt a blurred, swinging sensation. The car was going wrong—

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Then the flivver plunged weirdly as into a cushion—a cushion that crackled—rebounded—flung them crazily. Glass crashed. Head-lamps sputtered.

Then a smashing shock. A shriek! A thud!

"Ellen! Ellen! Where are you?" wailed the hostler. He was down in cold sop, thick rain in his beard.

In a long, broken flash he discerned what had happened. A tree had toppled over directly in their pathway. They had struck it head-on.

"Ellen! Ellen!" The old man arose dazedly. By more lightning flares he saw her. She had been hurled in the gutter when the car turned half over.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe Fodder!"

"Yes, I'm right here. Can I pick you up? Babcock's barn is a bit further on."

He lifted her somehow, got around the tree, staggered on through wild deluge.

Black it was, in that barn. Yet the woman must be sheltered.

"Set me down, Uncle Joe! Don't carry me farther. I'm . . . I'm too heavy!"

"Ellen, be you hurt?"

"I feel . . . all broken . . . to pieces . . . in *here!*" More lightning-flash streaked. He saw she was holding her hand at her breast. "Uncle Joe! . . . straighten out my leg. It's bent . . . it hurts . . . and yet I can't move it."

"Ellen! *Ellie!* You ain't dyin' on me, be you? Oh, God, don't die on me, Ellie. Not out here like this!"

ALL storms pass. That storm passed. Sweet rain dripped sorrowfully from mossy, twisted shingles. A great patch of night-light outlined the door. Stars presently showed, out behind the hill.

"It's all right, Uncle Joe. I'm resting easier now. And I want you to promise you'll tell Evvy something. Tell her I was grieved that she had to run away. She didn't have to do it. I wanted her . . . to know."

"You mean you didn't hold it ag'in' her, runnin' off with that Hume?—that drummer!—makin' your mistake all over—?"

"My mistake, Uncle Joe? But I—I made no mistake. You don't understand. Nothing happens by chance, Uncle Joe. I was—I was due to marry Edwin—just as that tree was due—to fall directly in our pathway—"

"You may hold f'r that sort o' thing, Ellie. I *don't!*"

". . . Well . . . tell Evvy . . . I didn't want her to think . . . if she really loved John . . . she must have her wedding as I had mine. If she loved him enough to go off with him alone—m-m-marry him—she needs that experience or it never would have come. Make it plain to her, Uncle Joe. She mustn't grieve all her life, thinking I was hurt—trying to follow—trying to dissuade her."

"Oh, why *don't* someone come?"

"It doesn't matter, Uncle Joe. I'm due to pass over in a minute—to be with Mother—Father—Edwin—Margaret—*little Tommy*—I want to see little Tommy so badly . . . his funny little nose! But after I've done it, tell Evvy I'll do what I can to be near her, to watch over her, to help her with her music—"

"You ain't really dyin', Ellie? My God, say you ain't!"

"Life is to find out, Uncle Joe. I've found out! I've done my work—there's no need for me to stay. I've faced the dark, groped into it, found it wasn't the horror that I thought. When you plunge in the dark because you need the experience, you begin to see light—the light that leads on! It's led me, Uncle Joe. It never once failed me. And now—the dark—I'm almost on the farther edge of it—and beyond it's all sunlight. Sunlight! I never dreamed it could be so b-b-bright—"

"Ellen! *Ellen!*"

"—it was worth the dark—every mile of the dark! Now I feel so strong. So happy! I conquered, Uncle Joe. *I conquered!*"

I HAVE recorded this chronicle while propped up in bed, pad across my knees, on the fifteenth floor of a New York hotel.

Earlier this evening, being in Manhattan on a business trip, I strolled up Fifth Avenue. Idly I window-shopped along that great Street of Quality, waited at intersections for traffic lights to shift, noted new skyscrapers recently completed. Music reached me through a lull in the traffic.

Forward on the left, the façade of a church reared loftily above me. Its stained-glass windows were lighted as with candles. Occasionally pedestrians turned up the steps. Strange, I thought, for an evening in midweek. I crossed over, drew nearer, saw small ivory letters on the black of a sidewalk bulletin board.

ORGAN RECITAL

By Evelyn Thatcher Hume

Evvy Hume! Ellen's little girl! Who else? I stood transfixed. I remembered she was playing a big city organ. A line of her mother's dying words came to me: "Tell her I'll be near her as I can, to help her with her music." I had to go in and see what had happened.

That vast auditorium was roofed in hallowed dusk. The pillars of the nave were as basalt stanchions, mighty enough to uphold the zenith. Deep shadows lurked everywhere. The lights were half-real. But there was nothing half-real about that structure that arose in soft grandeur above the distant pulpit. *The Great Organ!*

Tier upon tier, pipes built themselves up. Higher and loftier, wider and heavier, they formed majestic background for that Altar unto God. And up there in the colonnaded strength of them, raised above all heads in a focal-point of radiance, I saw a small, slender figure—the woman at the keyboard. Her back was toward me, yet I knew her face was lifted. She was mistress of that stupendous thing, playing it with the skill, the power, the *glory*, of a modern Saint Cecilia.

How inexpressibly awesome it was, that human ingenuity could be responsible for that edifice of harmony that could throb, wail, suffer, exalt—create and amplify every emotion of the soul—run the overwhelming octave of pain, suspense, revelation, tumultuous victory—bespeaking the sweep of Golgotha from the abyss of despair to the summits of atonement. The great organ! Its majesty! Its power! And Evelyn Thatcher was playing it—little Evvy Thatcher of Paris, Vermont.

I cannot say what music she played. But I discerned that I had entered at the end of that recital. The thunderous diapason died in rich distance. It was dramatically quiet in that vaulted church. Then—

Sweetly, softly, the bell-like notes of an old, familiar hymn. How easily the words fitted in with those chords!

> Lead, kindly Light,
> Amid th' encircling gloom,
> Lead Thou me on. . . .

Like a prayer it was at first, lifting up toward divinity. Notes of purest silver arose from the organ's mellow throat and found their way up to mingle with the Music of the Spheres.

> The night is dark,
> And I am far from home—
> Lead Thou me on!

A little old lady, sitting near me in the pew where I had edged in, spoke to me as a fellow worshiper at the shrine of divine harmony.

"You always know when her recitals are over," the gentle-faced soul took it upon herself to tell me in the quiet between stanzas. "She ends with that hymn. She plays it to her mother!"

I nodded. How could I tell what I knew of that mother? How could I ever have made anyone understand in those holy moments *that I knew Ellen Thatcher was as much an auditor in that moment as any of us who filled those brown pews?* Who might say that she was not looking upon the daughter as we could never see her?—that there weren't mysteries and senses which clay-formed mortals might never encompass, even in conception. My thoughts were drowned out in the throat-filling tumult of victory sublime—

> And with the morn
> Those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved
> Long since—and lost—awhile!

I CAME from that church without making myself known to Evelyn. I looked at the towering skyscrapers of the great, beautiful, grim city. Up between two of them, in infinite depths of blue, a pure, clean star—one solitary prinkle of grandeur—looked down on the gaudy, extravagant light-jewels of tinseled Manhattan.

Yes, there *was* a light that led on. Men knew it, recognized it, else utter despair would bring their extinction. Deeper than mind, wider than logic, it had first lifted the race to stand upright, then turned human faces upward. Upward to . . .

The star prinkled on, high above the city. Far up there it is prinkling at this moment. A hundred million years hence it will still be up there prinkling.

God keep it there, lest some of us forget!

"WHO is Standing in the Way of Jesus?" This is a question which is asked and answered in next month's issue by Dr. E. Stanley Jones, one of the greatest of American missionaries. For seventeen years Doctor Jones worked in India, and after discarding what he considered the nonessentials from Christian dogmas emerged with a faith which, as expressed in his book, "The Christ of the Indian Road," has made him an international figure. "The Christians," says Doctor Jones, "seem to the Oriental to be guilty of four great immoralities." In this article he names these immoralities, and explains them.

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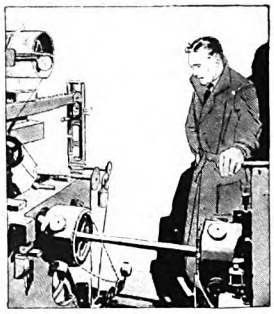

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My Greatest Discovery

(*Continued from page 29*)

expert in maids-at-arms, "maybe she's only Boadicea."

He pronounced the British queen's name as if it were spelled "Bodisha," of course. But that did not lessen my astonishment.

Here was a typical fourteen-year-old boy of the thronged East Side—the melting-pot region. Such a lad might popularly be supposed to confine his literary wanderings to "Deadwood Dick" or to "The James Boys, Frank and Jesse." Assuredly, one would not expect him to show a calm familiarity with Ariosto's heroine or with the luckless barbarian queen of the Iceni who was whipped at the chariot-tail by Nero's legionaries.

With elaborate carelessness I began to ask questions. As soon as Fogarty found I had some slight knowledge of both the notables he had spoken of and that I was not guying him, he was ready enough to gabble. He told me he read history, for fun; and that when he could not get history he read simplified ancient romances. There were perhaps not six books in the rooms where he and his family lived. But he had access to the nearest branch public library.

Posthaste I went to the branch library and to other libraries in its general neighborhood. I found what I wanted, and what never hitherto had I suspected, although my newspaper work had taken me deep into the East Side. I learned that history was the favorite topic with hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls of the people; though these youthful readers compla ned to the librarians sometimes that the books were hard to understand and had too many dry places in them.

THAT gave me my idea—the idea I had been chasing ever since Fogarty had talked with me. I explained it to my superiors at the office. They laughed at it. I kept on. Presently (as an experiment and because we were short of "features") they let me have a try at it.

So I wrote the first of my innumerable educational series. It was a simplified narrative history of the United States.

May I tell you just a few things I discovered while I was trying to educate readers of the Evening World in the story of their native or adopted land? If some of these things you know already, you are more fortunate or else better read than was I. For example:

When we were children in school, we were taught that the United States thrashed Great Britain twice—once in the Revolution when we won our independence; and once again in the War of 1812. With this theory in view, I began to study the War of 1812, for my Evening World series. Almost at once I struck a snag.

I found we had gone to war chiefly to prevent English officers from stealing men off our ships and forcing them to serve in the British navy. I knew that before. But I didn't know that the peace treaty contained no promise or even unofficial pledge on the part of Great Britain to stop this practice.

Then I reread the tale of that war in a new light. I found that with the exception of a few border- and sea-fights, we were beaten in almost every battle. I found that the British had driven the President of the United States into hiding and then had captured our capital city, Washington. I found that our great land victory (the battle of New Orleans) was won after the peace treaty had been signed; also, that Andrew Jackson was arrested by local authorities for fighting, against orders, instead of losing the battle by obeying the civilian instructions.

Well—if in the 1812 War with Great Britain we had captured and looted London and had driven the British king into hiding, and then if we had put across a peace treaty in which we did not grant our foes a single thing they had gone to war for—do you think we would have called it a British victory?

YES, that was one bad-tasting discovery I made in my delving and in the extensive day-and-night reading that now was mine. Here is another:

When first our colonies went to war with Great Britain in 1775, it was to enforce better treatment for ourselves and with little idea of gaining independence. Washington himself admitted that at first the idea of separation from the Mother Country was "abhorrent" to him.

I learned, too, that the Declaration of Independence was not actually signed on July 4, 1776. It was merely *adopted* on that day. Signers, one after another, put their signature to it at times when they happened to be in Philadelphia and when the document was available to them. Many did not sign it for a month or two later, and some did not sign until 1777. Yet always I had pictured the whole group standing around the table, on July 4, 1776, signing the Declaration in turn, while the crowd in the square outside cheered itself hoarse.

I discovered, moreover, that the famous picture of Washington crossing the Delaware contains one of the most laughable errors in all history or art. In the painting Washington is portrayed as standing in a boat above which floats the American flag. Washington crossed the Delaware in December, 1776. The American flag was not designed until the spring of 1777.

Speaking of flags, here is another discovery:

Do you know which present-day flag of all the world's foremost nations is the oldest? England's? No. The Union Jack was not adopted until 1801, when the union with Ireland had been achieved. The French tricolor? No. That dates back only to the beginning of the French Revolution. The German? The Austrian? No; nor the Italian.

The oldest flag now flying above any large nation is the United States flag, adopted in 1777. Yet, offhand, I should have said Old Glory was the youngest of the national flags.

You see I had much to learn. Here are a few more "discoveries," bred of my Evening World digging:

Washington was made a field marshal of France during the Revolution—this in order that Rochambeau and de Grasse and the rest of the French generals might serve under his orders here, without loss of prestige. Also, in 1798, we actually went to war with France; and Washington was asked to give up his honorable retirement and to take the field again at the head of the American forces. Luckily, this war was only a flash in the pan.

Slave-owning was not restricted, in old days, to the Southern states. Until long after the beginning of the Revolution all the American colonies held slaves. In my home state of New Jersey, for instance, slavery was not abolished by law until 1804.

For the moment, let me shift from this list of discoveries in order to tell you of one discovery I did not make, and that no sane reader can make, concerning our history. It is this:

In all my historical research I was not able to find one fact about George Washington which did not make his mighty name shine the brighter and more purely, and confirm me in my belief that he was the greatest man and the truest patriot in all history. I found many instances where American newspapers and American politicians assailed him fiercely during his lifetime, harassing him and seeking to belittle his grand work and his sublime personality. But never was I able to find a shred of justification for this vilifying. His name stands out above all honest criticism.

As a side issue, I proved that the story of Washington and the cherry tree is an unmitigated lie. A man named Weems invented it and, later, admitted it was not true.

I may be wrong, but I do not think anyone can truly be educated and glean a fair-sized fund of general information, except through his or her own independent efforts and apart from the regular school or college education. Nor do I think it can be done in any way except by voluntary and eagerly interested reading.

PERHAPS there is no true test of this general information gained from a study of history or of classic fiction. If there were such a test, I have a morbid fear I should fail miserably in it. Moreover, I loathe "questionnaires" as I loathe cold corned beef or parsnips. Yet I am going to ask a handful of questions, if you'll let me—not as a questionnaire nor as a test, and most assuredly not to show my own nonexistent superiority.

I am going to ask these questions without consulting any handbook or other authority. Probably most of you can answer them all offhand. Still more probably you could compile a similar list, with perfect ease, which would stump me. An ordinary simple course in general reading will supply the answer to all my queries. I think they and many more like them could be asked and replied to by the average high-school graduate. Here goes:

What did the following historic characters do to win fame and at the same time to endanger their lives or their liberties or

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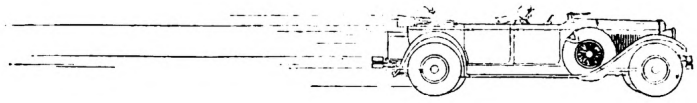

When summer highways beckon: *faster!*

and modern engines whisper: *speed!*

try the New Mobiloil and make

these gratifying discoveries–

hat the New Mobiloil outlasts other oils at high speed—preserves he first-year feel in your engine, and increases your power.

ur scientific prejudice against over-statement and iperlative claims would ordinarily prohibit this sort prediction in our advertising copy. But the New obiloil has been so consistently startling in its per-rmance that these statements about it are actually nservative.

When we say that the New Mobiloil will outlast her oils generally specified for your motor, our eedway tests have repeatedly shown that the ew Mobiloil not only consumes more slowly, but tually retains its lubricating value much longer an other high-grade oils—and it is an established gineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

The New Mobiloil has written its own advertising, and made its own claims in a series of remarkable road, speedway and laboratory tests. When we definitely offer you at least 20% more oil mileage, and a noticeable increase in power, plus 30,000 of the finest miles you've ever driven—with the first-year feel in every mile—you may be *sure* of getting these results right in *your own engine.*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

he New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

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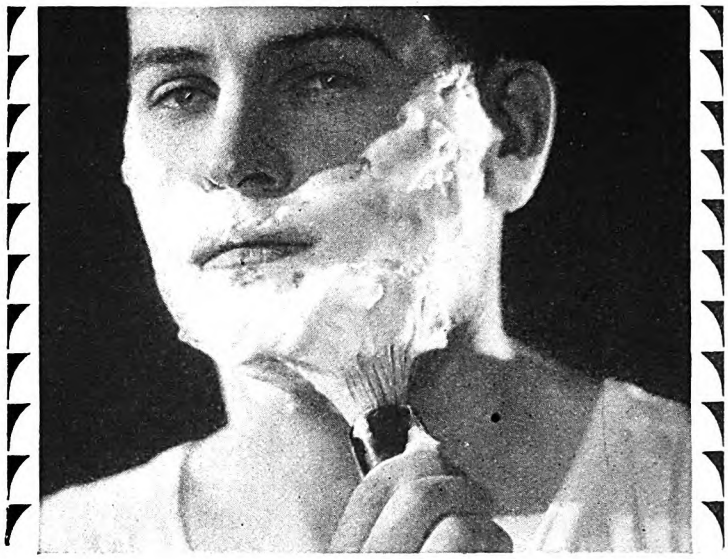
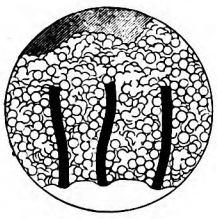


Small bubbles vs. big bubbles

How the former softens the beard faster and revolutionizes shaving



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

THIS news is spreading fast: Colgate chemists, time has proved, have achieved a shaving cream of unique superiority. Its success lies in the creation of a lather with small bubbles.

A new principle so easy to understand. So easy to compare with ordinary shaving

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . . crowd around each whisker . . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . . then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1712, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

their careers: Savonarola, Bunyan, Palissy, Luther, Galileo, Hypatia, Cortez, Archimedes, Leonidas, Regulus, John Hancock, Wendell Phillips, Cavour, Richard Wagner, Balboa, Florence Nightingale, Sam Houston, Dante?

Who were the following real life characters: Blondel, Semiramis, Sir John Talbot, Taillefer, "The Black Douglas," Adrienne Lecouvreur, Barabbas, Chevalier Bayard, Attila, Du Guesclin, Perkin Warbeck, Erasmus, Cranmer, Commodore Stockton, Cosimo de' Medici, Horatius Flaccus, "Kate Barlass," Cæsar Rodney?

A mighty interesting story centers around each and every member of the group I have just named. The stories of most of them are thrillingly exciting and they make enthralling reading, as probably you know.

Then here is a clump of fiction characters, from worth-while classic novels or classic drama. You can place all or most of them—far more, I think, than could I if it were you and not I who made out such a list. They are:

Hereward, Boffin, The Knight of the Leopard, Nydia, Thersites, Wamba, Donnithorne, Mantalini, Hester Prynne, Joe Sedley, Mrs. Malaprop, Alberic, Père Goriot, Roderick Dhu, Siebel, Benvolio, Tartarin, Peer Gynt, Uncas, Bussy, Elsie Venner, Aramis, Maid Marian, Lydia Languish, Danglars, Orestes, Sir Nigel, Cassio, Leander, Mrs. Gamp, Silas Marner, Wilhelm Meister, Major Pendennis, Undine, Uncle Toby, Silas Lapham, Francesca da Rimini.

To non-travelers in the wonder-world of reading, few of the names in the three groups will be anything but gibberish. To those who have bothered to familiarize themselves with that wonder-world, name after name will awaken recollections as happy or as sad or as interesting or exciting as would the re-heard names of childhood chums.

IT IS well worth while to have such golden recollections—to renew such splendid acquaintanceships at will, by the mere effort of walking to the bookcase.

I have an odd feeling about my Sunnybank bookcases. They are crowded with loved friends, with wise teachers, with jesting comrades whose wit can charm away the blues, with counselors who can incite me to better thoughts and to straighter aims. Why should I seek the companionship of dull-witted humans when I am lonely? John Jones will tell me his ideas on politics or prohibition. Peter Peters will tell me of his wife's operation or of his five-year-old son's latest cute saying. Henry Henderson will orate long and drearily about his seven-week-$700-European tour or tell me the gossip of his neighborhood. Dick Dickson is a mine of sloppy hard-luck stories.

Others will talk to me about their own flat adventures or of their uninteresting routine affairs. (I am not speaking of the scores of really interesting or congenial people one meets, but of the hundreds of folks who are not so.) I must listen civilly and try not to yawn, while these folk bore me or rub me the wrong way. Decency demands that I do not shut them up and stand them in a corner, as I could do if they were books, when they fail to entertain me or when they jar upon my mood of the moment.

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Ready for a Drink?

"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

LEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner the well drinks the water it must be pure. But e fact that he has drunk the water without ap-rent harm does not prove that the water is pure. ience has discovered that a few individuals have en able to drink water more or less polluted with phoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. t it is never safe for anyone to take immunity granted.

yphoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one t of every ten persons who have it. Until thorities responsible for the purity of drink-g water, milk and other foods in cities and wns learned how to guard against typhoid, tbreaks of this disease scourged the country ar after year.

here were no great typhoid scourges last ar in the United States, yet approximately ,000 persons were stricken needlessly with phoid fever and 6,500 died.

hose who recover from typhoid fever are left such physical condition that for about three ars afterward the deathrate of such persons twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when traveling. The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-A, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

ETROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

ggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Now... NoMars for all furniture. Just drive them on.

Here's the new way to protect your rugs and floors

Bassick announces the "Drive-on" NoMar . . good-looking . . easy to apply

NOW your last piece of floor-scarring furniture can have its claws clipped. The new NoMar — the "Drive-on"—makes it easy to equip even furniture not bored for caster-sockets.

With "Drive-ons" every rug is safe . . . every square foot of linoleum, every foot of polished floor . . . safe from gouging, scraping, marring. And safe with so little trouble. For "Drive-ons" drive firmly into place as easily as a nail is driven.

Their rich, unobtrusive brown blends pleasantly with the color of furniture and floorings. Their polished curves add a happy touch of refinement.

By all means get them on your furniture. For a trifling cost you can give your precious floors this last ounce of protective care.

Stop at your nearest dealer and ask for them by name . . . Drive-on No Mars—that's it. If he hasn't them yet let us know and we'll see that you get them. Do try "Drive-ons." They fill a long felt need. We have a helpful booklet that describes their use.

Shall we send you a copy? The coupon will bring it.

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

Bassick Casters, NoMar furniture rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture.

Drive-on NoMars are packed 4 to a set with the handy driving tool included in each set.

The sizes and prices are:

No.	
10—1¼"	$.50 per set
20—1½"	$.60 per set
30—2"	$.70 per set
40—2½"	$1 per set

BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS CASTERS

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

1. Send me a copy of the NoMar booklet to help me select the right furniture rests.
2. Send me___sets of___inch Drive-on NoMars for which I enclose $_____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____ A-3

If I want entertainment, I can have it by wandering into my library and taking down a book from the shelves. If I need counsel or mental stimulus, rather than excitement, there is a one particular small shelf I reach out to. From this little platform grave old Marcus Aurelius chides me gently for not keeping better hold on my temper and nerves. Montaigne and Schopenhauer and La Rochefoucauld and Emerson—swallowed in small doses, all—are tonic for whatever mood I may be in.

THERE is a shelf where I seek and find word-music which to me is also word-*magic;* from such old-fashioned but immortal singers as Tennyson, Scott, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Macaulay—bards who sometimes tell right stirring stories in their songs.

(Yes, I know that this choice of poets will stamp me, once and for all, as hopelessly low-brow and as a back number. I lack the brain and the appreciation needed for reading such poetry as the new *intelligentsia* praise. I have a perhaps foolish preference for understanding the meaning of things I read. When I want to fret over the deep-hidden significance in something, I turn to cross-word puzzles rather than to poetry. As I confessed, I am a low-brow and I am old-fashioned, and I have not even the grace to be ashamed of it.)

Then, when I want to mount the enchanted carpet and ride back into the past, there are Prescott and Lossing and Plutarch and Gibbon and Motley, and a half-dozen others, on my history shelf, to carry me whithersoever I would journey, through other centuries and other lands.

With them I can watch Cæsar, bald and beak-nosed and epileptic, ride into Rome, against the Senate's commands, at the head of his iron-faced veterans of the Tenth Legion. I can see Cortez and his handful of blackguardly supermen smash their way to the bleeding heart of ancient Mexico, conquering against odds of a million to one. I can hear Harold's Saxons bellow: "*Out! Out!*" as their Norman foes charge up the hill at Hastings, to conquer England.

I can follow Washington on his stealthy march past the waiting foe in New York, and thence I can swoop down with him upon the unsuspecting Cornwallis at Yorktown. I can be in the whirling midst of every warlike or political or social upheaval the tired old world has ever known—all by dint of this single history shelf of mine.

From shelf to shelf of my none-too-large library I can stroll; everywhere finding new joy and interest; ever making discoveries. The wisdom and the wit and the excitement, the philosophy and the goodly fellowship, and the word-music and the stark drama of the ages—they are at my command.

Will you laugh at me when I say that the mystic mastery of this book-world is worth as much as is the ability to play thirty-six holes of golf in a morning; or to dance yawningly and swig illicit booze, until gray dawn at a night club?

I have not touched on the deeper and more practical values of Bookland; because I can't well do it without being hypocritical. I mean, the chances of learning foreign languages or of mastering some profession or of acquainting oneself with the technical details of astronomy or

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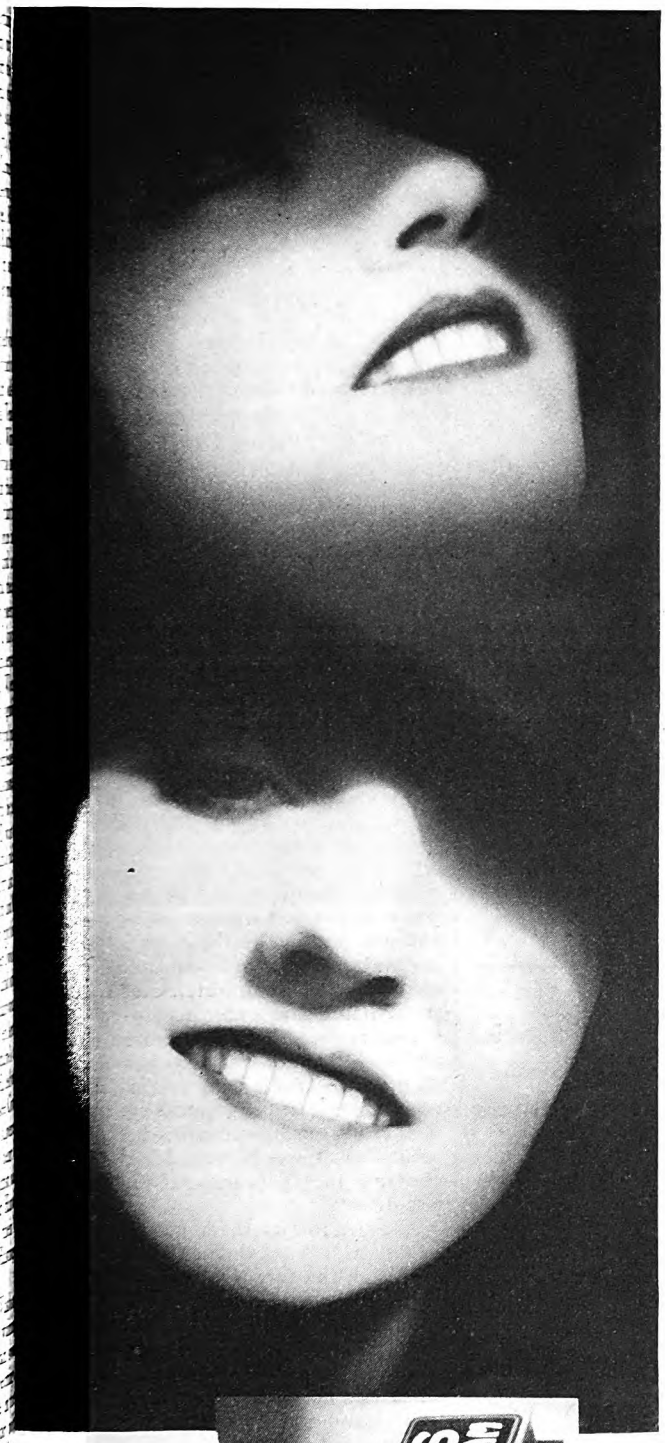


This penetrating foam

CLEANS TEETH BETTER

Scientist discovers that Colgate's has lower "surface-tension"... hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.

TOOTH decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect.

Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste's power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder... a polishing material prescribed by dentists... which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

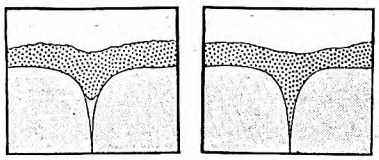
Think what this means to you... by using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them... restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

ıe one function a dentifrice is *clean* the teeth.) dentifrice can re pyorrhea; no ntifrice can permnently correct acid condition the saliva. Any im that any denrice can do them misleading.

How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1604, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name _____

Address _____

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NATIONAL
CASKET COMPANY, INC
OAK

THE PUBLIC IS ENTITLED TO THIS INFORMATION

SOMETIME to nearly every one comes the day when the responsibility of a funeral must be assumed. Too often it brings duties and obligations that are wholly unfamiliar. The casket, for instance, must be selected. And this involves such questions as, "What should it cost?" "What is it made of?" "How is it made?" "Is it in good taste?"

These questions should be answered before the day comes when it is painful to ask them. Realizing this, the National Casket Company is placing before the public information that should give every one a measuring rod of casket value.

Every National casket carries, in a visible but inconspicuous place, the trademark reproduced above. This trademark not only guarantees the finest casket construction, but it also specifically states the material used. If a National casket is made of bronze, the trademark states "Bronze." If it is made of mahogany, it states "Mahogany." The beauty and dignity of the casket are apparent on sight.

The National trademark is the symbol of a company known and respected for almost half a century. When you see this mark, you can be sure it pledges the finest casket to be had for the price asked.

National caskets are sold only through funeral directors. It is reasonable to assume that those who handle merchandise of high quality have high standards of service.

We have prepared a booklet, "Funeral Facts," and will send it free on request. Address Dept. A-3, 60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY
INCORPORATED

DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

higher mathematics or architecture or archæology or other profound studies.

I have not touched on these, because, personally, I have always lacked the application or the real desire to acquire them. I have been talking only of what the discovery of Reading has meant to me; and thus what it may be made to mean to any man or woman of average intelligence.

This rambling article is for such people as myself, not for born students. It is not a treatise on Higher Education or Self-Improvement. It is only an account of the fun and keen interest and profit which any ordinary human can gain through exploring expeditions in the wonder-world of books. I have tried to point out to you the easy road to that wonder-world, not to lead you to a weary study of abstruse themes.

I say this in no false humility. I have no ambition to be a profound scholar, but only to gain great and lasting pleasure and knowledge from my reading. Again and again, I have been lonely in crowds. Never have I been lonely in Bookland.

THERE is another hint I can give you, whether or not you care to avail yourself of it: The greatest and the best-told stories, the simplest and the sublimest philosophy, the grandest example of literary style—all are combined in one volume. That volume is the Bible.

I do not know what your religion may be; nor indeed that you are interested in religion. Nor is it any business of mine. But whether you are a zealot or an atheist, you will find in the Bible (as actual reading matter) more of keen interest and inspiration and inimitably flawless literary style than in any other book ever written.

Personally, I am a believer in the Bible, although I do not seek to thrust my beliefs on others. To me as a writer, its incomparable style and its power of telling tremendously dramatic stories in a mere mouthful of words would be enough to convince me of its inspiration, if nothing else did.

Read it for its sheer interest, and not merely as a pious duty; and you will find it by far the foremost marvel in all the wonder-world of Bookland.

I told my father about a friend of mine who was never without a book in his hand; who was known as "a great reader"; and yet who was incurably stupid. I could not understand why his incessant reading had not profited him more.

"There is no credit in being 'a great reader,'" my father explained to me, "any more than in being a great eater. Each is a form of gluttony, unless some benefit comes from it. It is not what you eat that counts, but what you can digest and assimilate. It is just the same with reading."

WHEN Father takes out his watch and Mother glances at the clock, it's a good bet that they are wondering whether it is time to turn on the radio for some program they enjoy. Radio is making us a nation of accurate timekeepers; it is also making us punctual in our habits. Public speakers no longer can exceed the minutes allotted to them. "Thanks to the Radio," says Graham McNamee in an article to be printed soon, "Things Now Start on Time."

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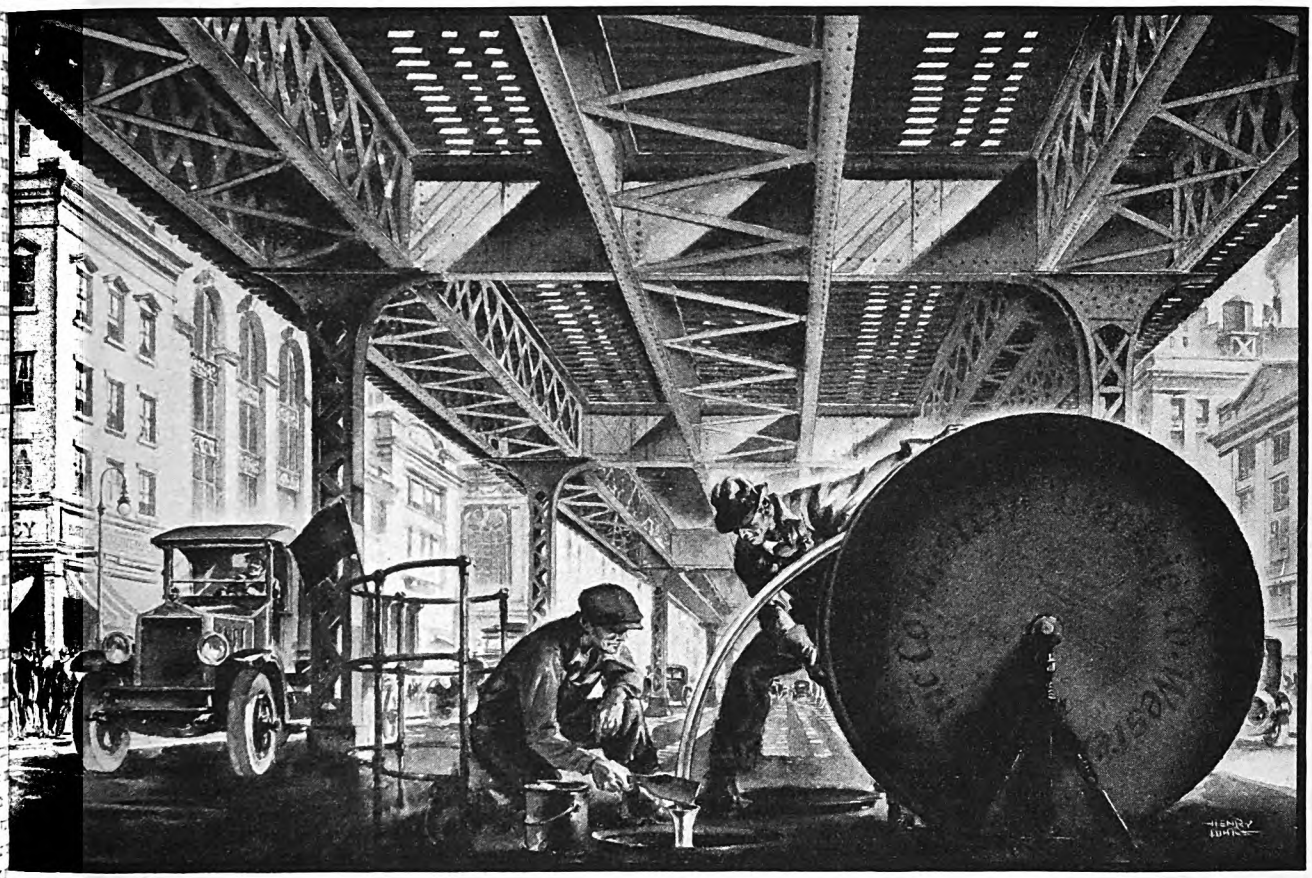

1800 conversations at once through a cable less than 3 inches thick

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE earth beneath our great cities is crowded. Steam, gas, sewer and water-mains, compressed air pipes, pneumatic tube systems, telephone and telegraph cables, light, power and rapid transit conduits lie so close together that any further additions create serious engineering problems. Yet the number of telephone calls that must flash through the underground arteries of great cities is steadily increasing.

The challenge to the scientific minds of the Bell System was to find a way for more conversations in existing conduits. Fifteen years ago, the pride of the System was a cable containing nine hundred pairs of wires. Then by many improvements a cable of twelve hundred pairs was perfected. It was rightly considered a scientific triumph.

Today, cables containing eighteen hundred pairs of wires are in service and these cables with every wire insulated are only two and five-eighths inches in diameter, one-half as large as the first nine hundred-pair cable. Eighteen hundred conversations at once—six hundred more than before—can now pulse through this two and five-eighths inches of cable.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

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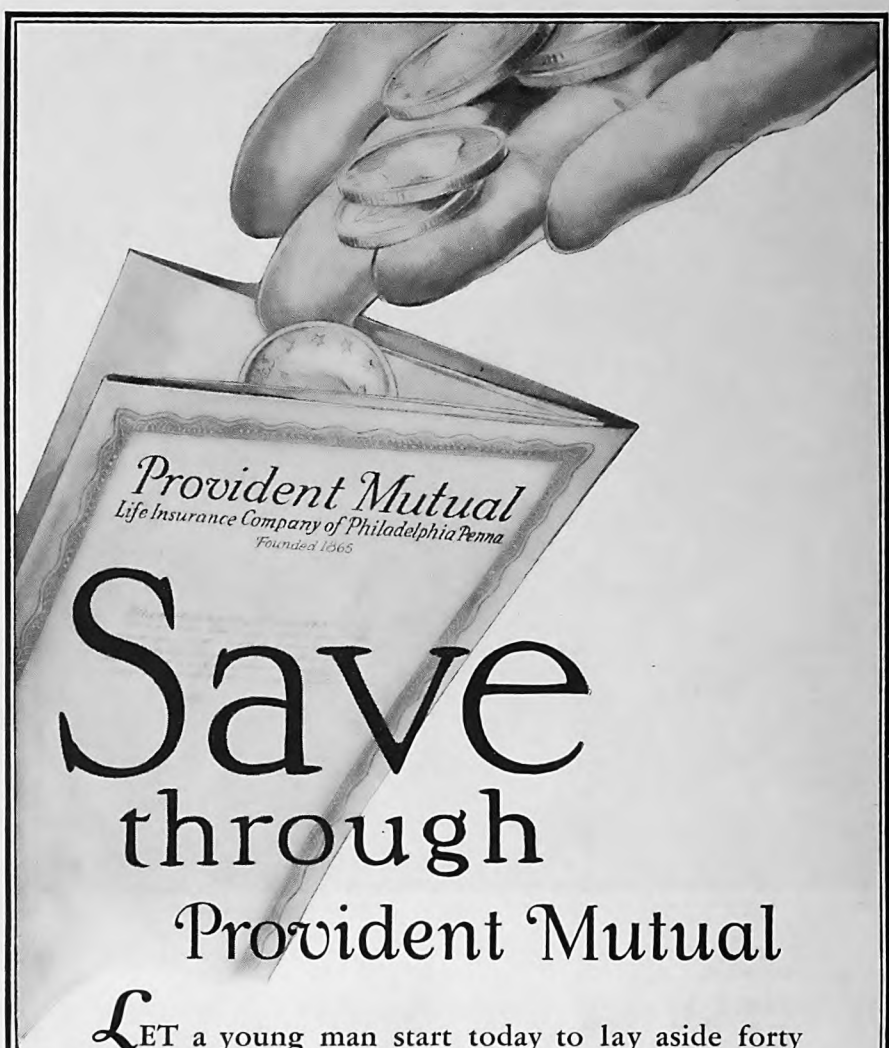

Save through Provident Mutual

LET a young man start today to lay aside forty dollars a month toward a twenty thousand dollar fund and, if he should die within the month, his dependents would receive just—forty dollars.

But, let him start today to lay aside the same sum toward a $20,000 Provident Thrift Policy and, if he should die tomorrow, his dependents would receive not the amount of his investment, but the amount of his insurance contract—$20,000. Moreover, he himself will receive $20,000 if he lives to age 65.

Why, then, is not life insurance a saner and more certain means of fulfilling an obligation to your dependents and to yourself?

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia Penna.
Founded 1865

© P. M. L. I. Co., 1929

Mail this coupon now

You may send me full information and quote premium rate for a Provident Thrift Policy, on the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born on ..... (month) (day) (year)

My name is .....

My address is .....

"Coolidge"

(*Continued from page 21*)

remember what a time we had getting somebody for Vice President. It looked like we were going to have to draft the Janitor of the Convention Hall.

"Well, do you know why it was so hard to get one? It was Coolidge—we couldent get him to say who he wanted, and naturally Parties always try to nominate somebody that you wouldent mind being seen with.

"Then, as you remember, they went for Lowden. They even went so far as to nominate Lowden, but instead of making it final they adjourned till 8 o'clock that night till they could hear from him to see if it was O. K. Then he sent his famous Telegram: 'I have said I wont accept the Vice Presidency, and I cant go back on my word.' Then they hit on Dawes and put him over with a bang. But between each one of these nominations and proposed nominations they would phone to Coolidge at the White House and his answer would always be the same—'He is perfectly all right with me.'

"So, when the Convention was over and I got back to Washington, I said to Coolidge, 'Calvin, why dident you tell 'em who you wanted? It would have helped them out a lot.'

"'No, I wasent going to tell 'em a thing,' he answered. 'I just let 'em use their own judgment picking a Vice President. Nobody told 'em four years ago and they did pretty well.' And another nice, quiet little grin from him.

"I DONT know about him running again now, Will. You ask me if he has made any money from speculation. No, not a Cent. He aint the kind that would speculate, even if he wasent President. Of course, a President is supposed to have personal affairs the same as any of us, and what he does with his finances is none of our business. No doubt, he has some of his earnings invested in some good, solid bonds, but nothing of a speculative value that his administration might in some way be accused of helping in value. You know, he just dont look on money that way.

"Now, you take the way he has been raised. His great-grandfather had a Farm, and skimped and saved, and after a lifetime of work left it unincumbered, and a little nest egg of a couple of thousand dollars. Then his son took it, and worked and saved, and left Coolidge's father perhaps eight or ten thousand. Then he works hard, saves and adds to that, and leaves Coolidge perhaps twenty-five or thirty thousand in addition to the farm. Now, that was progressive success. Each one took what he had, added to it, and left more than he started with. Coolidge will add to it and leave his son John quite a nice little fortune. Now, he can do that and when he dies he will know that he has carried out his mission: Live, work hard, be a good Citizen, and add to your savings.

"Here is another thing you can go back home, Will, and pretty near bet on. You wont see him messing into the following administration, if it should be Republican any more than if it happens to be Demo-

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Spring! . . *for everyone but her*

n her lovely Newport garden she stood—bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33. It was Spring—but in her life there was o romance.

Why was she still single? Once she uld have picked and chosen from many itors. Now she had none. Even time-ied women friends seemed to avoid her. e couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the mning, unforgivable, social fault. It esn't announce its presence to its vic-ns. Consequently it is the last thing ople suspect themselves of having—*but ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

★ **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

***Winning* new users by thousands. Listerine Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢**

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On the air!

Ben Bernie and his Mennen Men

Dance to their music every Thursday at 8:30, eastern daylight time, on the N. B. C. network stations—
WJZ, KDKA, WLW, WBZA, WBZ, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN

Here is Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, talking to Ben Bernie. Mr. Bernie and his orchestra are famous for their animated and witty radio performances, and their tingling dance music.

BEN BERNIE tells Jim Henry

"I keep my face in tune with MENTHOL-ICED shaves"

"JIM, I play before a 'high-hat' New York audience every night. And believe me, it's hard, hot work to lead a band through 17 jazz numbers! But—when I have started the evening with one of your *cool* Menthol-iced shaves I feel fit as my fiddle at the finale . . . The minute the lather goes on, I can feel my face cool down . . . and my spirits go up. Since I've started using Menthol-iced, there's close harmony between my face, my lather and my razor! . . ."

Mennen Menthol-iced
The Young Man's Shave!

COOLNESS—refreshing, invigorating, mountain-breeze *coolness* — that's what makes Mennen Menthol-iced unique—*absolutely different from any shave you've ever had!*

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream has Dermutation—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard and toning the skin. Dermutized shaves are smoother, quicker, easier shaves!

Try this *modern* pep-up shave. Send for free trial tube.

After the shave!

As a finishing touch to a perfect shave, *Mennen Skin Balm*, the modern fragrant freshener for the skin. Removes "face shine." Send for trial tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men, the neutral tint man's powder that doesn't show . . . Great after a bath too!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **SHAVING CREAM**

P. S. Mennen's Shaving Cream is also made without menthol. It comes in the green-striped carton. Use either cream for a smoother, snappier, happier shave! Jim Henry

Free 14 COOL Shaves!

Let Jim Henry send you a trial tube of Mennen Menthol-iced — and Mennen Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below, tear it out, and send it to Jim Henry, Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. D-4.

cratic. There will be none of the Roosevelt-Taft combination there. When he passes it on, it's ON.

"No, he said to me one time when we was kinder talking into the future, he said, 'This Country got along long before they ever heard of me, and they will get along long after I am forgotten.' You see, he has never lost his sense of proportion. He dont think that he is any greater than he was before he went in.

"Did I ever tell you about what my instructions were from President Coolidge when I come down here? Well, I couldent get anything out of him about just what I was to do, so finally I had to come right out and ask him. I was just about ready to go to the train, and here is what he said: 'Dwight, dont jump on Mexico. Just keep Mexico from jumping on us.' Now, it would be pretty hard to write a hundred-page Note to an Ambassador and give him any sounder advice than that. You know, he can say more things in less words than anybody.

"THEN, another thing that Coolidge realizes better than anybody is this: He knows that he come into the Presidency from the Vice Presidency, where nothing is expected; he knows that he dident look like much when he arrived; he knows that even the Atheists, after looking him over, prayed for the salvation of the country. So he knows that anything that he did was a surprise, and he knows that he come into our public lives when we had had just about all the Government laws and advice that we needed. He saw that the less he did the more satisfied we would be with him.

"Well, it takes a smart fellow to do nothing, especially when you would perhaps look bigger at the time if you did do something. He knows that the next man that goes in cant get away with the same tactics. Every game and every Administration calls for different plans.

"Why, do you know even his personality (or what lots of them called Lack of Personality) was in his favor? You take one of those Office Seekers going in to see Harding or Taft or Roosevelt or any of those congenial fellows, and they had to be friendly and take up lots of their time. If they dident do that the old Office Seeker would come out sore. But with Coolidge, what they have heard and know of him, if they get in, and he even looks at 'em, why they think he has made a big concession, and are so tickled that they forget to ask about the office, they are in such a hurry to get out and tell their friends, 'Why, he come pretty near shaking hands with me, and started to say "Hello!" Say, he aint a bad fellow at all. Where do they get that cold stuff?'

"That's why he has been able to physically stand the strain better. This reputation he has, has kept millions of pests away from him.

"No, I think you are wrong, Will, about him going to run again. Course, here is something he might do. Lay out for a while, and then? You see, his age will permit him doing that; he is not an old man, and wont be till several elections have passed, so just remember that in your predictions. And, say, we better go to bed; we got to get up early in the morning. Good night."

"Oh, say, Mr. Morrow, I see by the

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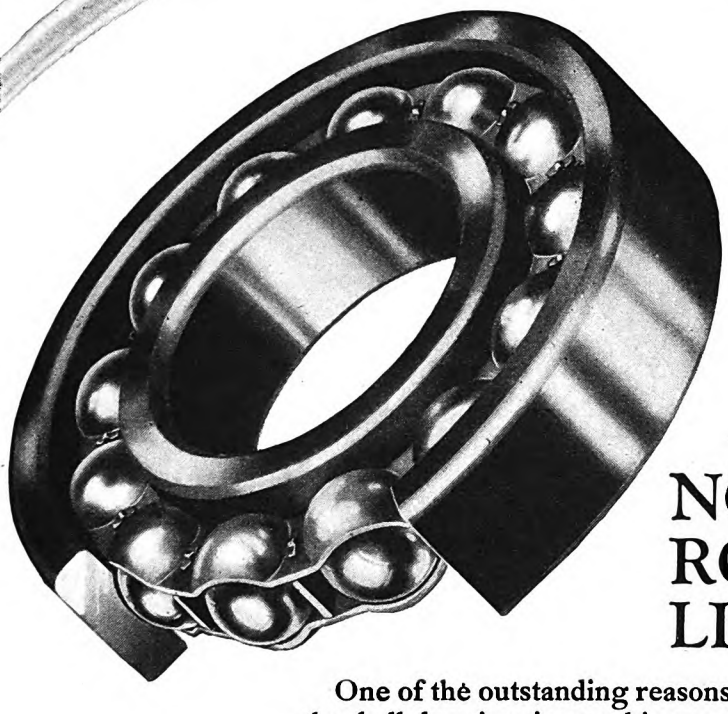

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

One of the outstanding reasons for the predominant use of the ball bearing in machinery of every description is its economical performance—economy that has a direct effect on overhead and reaches way back to the coal pile.

The New Departure Ball Bearing saves power because it is practically friction-free. Economy is enhanced because wear is negligible, adjustments to take up wear are never necessary, machine life is longer and machine performance is uniformly accurate. This means minimized fuel costs, repairs, replacements, lubrication attention, maintenance expense—in all manufacturing processes.

These inherent economic advantages explain the fact that in spite of the higher original cost of New Departure Ball Bearings, their use is becoming more and more universal in every type of machine and every kind of industry.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONN.
WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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"I found its flavor so much finer"*

*..and it brought him an unexpected reward...in *health*

"I was not run down, my nerves were not exhausted, my sleep was peaceful, and I took my caffein regularly. I was not aware that it was harming me. At the home of a friend one day, I was served Postum and found its flavor so much finer than that of caffein that it has been our regular mealtime drink ever since.

"Less than thirty days after my first cup of Postum, I became conscious of an improvement. My complexion was not amazingly cleared, I could not play tennis any better. The simple truth was that at night I was not as tired as formerly. Apparently caffein had caused a drain on my nervous system and my healthy body responded when this load was lessened.

"The result is that I have much more strength at the end of the day. When Postum can improve a healthy body, it is in Postum's favor that I must write."

S. G. Leaming, R. F. D. 1, Westerly, R. I.

This very day, you may have told yourself, "I never felt better in my life." But how do you know you're at the peak of health? How can you be sure when your diet contains an artificial stimulant that, without ever warning you, is sapping your reserve of nervous energy, wearing you down?

There is one way to find out. Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead! Then take stock! See if there isn't an added spring to your step—see if you don't feel fresher at the end of the day.

You'll enjoy Postum for itself as much as you enjoy its wholesome after-effects. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A drink with a rich, delightful flavor—mellow, appetizing. Millions prefer Postum's flavor to that of any other drink! And they're safe no matter how much Postum they drink. Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to attack nerves, interfere with sleep, impair digestion.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we'll send you one week's supply free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M. 6-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address
Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

papers where Lindy is coming to Mexico. When is he coming?"

"President Calles and I wired him to visit Mexico and we got an answer: 'Will be there the first clear day.'"

"Well, I better be getting out, 'cause he will be wanting my bed," I says.

I dident see the Morrows any more till a couple of months later when I saw them in Havana, during the Pan-American Conference, and Coolidge was there. Funny thing happened there that Mr. and Mrs. Morrow told my wife and me about. There was a big State Dinner given at the President of Cuba's Palace the night of Coolidge's arrival. The Coolidge's quarters were there in the same building. After the dinner was over and the guests were leaving, the Coolidges invited the Morrows up to their apartments. Well, they were up there talking so long and there was such confusion in the guests leaving that no one knew they were still there. When the Morrows went to leave, to go to their Hotel, the big old Palace was all dark and nobody knew how to get down. Coolidge was prowling around trying to show 'em some stairs. Then they couldent find their wraps, that had been left in the check room and it was shut up. Then they had to wake up the night watchman to get out. Coolidge said, "If this Palace is all located in Cuba, Cuba is bigger than you think."

When the big Battleship Texas steamed into Havana Harbor on that beautiful Sunday afternoon, and through thousands of cheering mobs the Coolidges were driven to this Palace, they were showed to their quarters. Coolidge dident pay any attention to any of it, then looked around and said to Jarvis, the head Secret Service man, "Where's the Baggage?" During the hurrah of the welcome in a Foreign Country he wasent going to have some guy cop the old valise on him. The old days of coming into the Boston Station with an extra shirt in the bag in case the Legislature held over for a fall session was on his mind.

Course, one of the best ones was on last Inaugaration Day when he and Mrs. Coolidge was leaving for Northampton. It was raining cats and dogs, with thousands out in the rain. They got to the Station, got into their private car, and as they sit down he says to Mrs. Coolidge, "Grace, I bet a lot of 'em got wet today." And when he asked Mrs. Coolidge, when she was packing all her dresses, what she was going to do with them when they got to their house in Northampton, she said, "Why, I will put some of them in the cubboard."

"You better put 'em in the rooms and we will live in the cubboard," he says.

And when they got to Northampton that rainy morning, and the New Englanders were down to meet him after twenty-five years of splendid service, starting with being Mayor of that very town and winding up with running our Nation, well, there was a little band blowing away, and it's raining down their horns, and Mrs. Coolidge, rather overcome by her townfolks' reception, says, "Listen, Calvin, they are playing Home Sweet Home," and Mr. Coolidge replied, "Is it?"

Now, here is the last Morrow story I am going to give you. It was when he was up here just before Mr. Coolidge left the

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First aid

to mothers in safeguarding baby's health

Frigidaire reduces risks that come with sultry days . . . . . .

"Watch baby's health in summer!" Down through the ages grandmothers passed this warning on to mothers. For with summer came the "critical period" . . . a time when even a symptom of illness brought grave anxiety.

For years mothers faced warm weather with dread. The dangers that confronted their children were *mysterious* dangers. They knew not *what* to guard against.

But how different it is today! There's nothing mysterious now about the risks that come with summer. It's simply that foods spoil more quickly and bacteria develop more rapidly. And to meet these risks, health authorities everywhere prescribe better refrigeration . . . and you can provide this better refrigeration with Frigidaire . . . the automatic refrigerator which is powerful enough to keep food at temperatures well below 50° . . . always.

The Frigidaire Cold Control
A development of Frigidaire and General Motors engineers. Found only on Frigidaire.

Power that gives a wide margin of safety

Frigidaire operates automatically. It has the *surplus power* that keeps foods fresh and wholesome . . . that safeguards health day and night, summer and winter . . . unfailingly.

This surplus power means added safety . . . the difference between certainty and doubt . . . and as more than 750,000 Frigidaire users will tell you . . . a feeling of security beyond all price. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and see the exclusive features of Frigidaire, including the new Cold Control . . . find out about the low prices and liberal G.M.A.C. terms.

Safe and unsafe refrigeration explained in free book

We have just prepared a new book on healthful refrigeration. It is illustrated with photographs taken through a microscope. Mail the coupon today for your free copy and also a copy of the new Frigidaire Recipe Book.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,
Dept. C-104, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me your book on healthful refrigeration, also the Frigidaire Recipe Book.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use.

A package lasts over three months.

White House. He told it to me in my dressing-room. He is a guest at the White House and they are talking about this and that, and Coolidge remarked, "I just found out, our Government does do something in the way of a pension for its Ex-Presidents. We can send our letters for nothing. The only thing about it is, nobody wants to hear from us then."

A few nights ago, Everette Sanders, his very efficient and popular Private Secretary that served him so well at the White House, was back in my dressing-room and told this: It was in the morning about seven. Coolidge is walking along the back of the White House and there is three men sitting on the lawn. "What are you fellows doing here?"

"Why, we are going to fix the boiler; we are just waiting till 7 o'clock."

"Oh, you are working here?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. President."

"Well, you better put out a sign then."

OH, YES, I dident tell you the one that Morrow told me, about what he said about the Klan. The Ku Klux Klan argument was getting pretty hot in Politics and some of the papers was writing Editorials about what he should do about it. He told Morrow, "They put the Klan in Politics; now they want me to take it out."

Then, dont overlook his famous one: "A lot of people think the war is over. The war aint over till the debt is paid."

Jim Wadsworth told me a good one. He had to take one of these old busy Widows, that was promoting some Bill, for personal and publicity purposes, in to see the President.

She started right in trying to flatter him—"Why, Mr. Coolidge, you look much younger than your pictures give you credit for; there is much more color in your face than the Pictures show."

"Yes, guess I will have to change my Powder."

Well, this old Gal being all powdered and painted up, that knocked her back, but not out. She starts telling him about the Bill she wants indorsed—"in fact, Mr. Coolidge, your own State of Massachusetts I think endorsed it."

"Yes, I wrote it," and sure enough he had; he had introduced it himself up there years before.

Now, I wouldent have told you all these things, but he got to telling about himself in the magazines and I knew he wouldent tell ALL. Course, I feel like I ought to give Morrow the check for this article, for he give me all the Stories, and if he needs it I will give it to him.

Course, to me the crowning achievement of Mr. Coolidge's entire career has been that he could find a House to rent for $42.50 a month. That's not Statesmanship, that's a Miracle.

Then, people ask you every day, "Has Coolidge got Humor?" Say, he has more real, downright, subtle humor than anyone we have in public life. We have had many little laughs at him and his rather eccentric ways while President, but for every one we have had at him, he has had a dozen at us. If he would sit down and write the funny things he saw while in there, then you would have a real masterpiece in humor. He saw 'em—dont forget that. Many a laugh those serious Senators must have handed him.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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Yeast rids the body of constipation poisons

says Health Director *of* Los Angeles

DR. GEORGE PARRISH

"Constipation is the bane of existence—the enemy of the human race. Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it. It benefits the entire system by eliminating the poisons and waste products of the body . . . Yeast is an easily digested food with medicinal value."

George Parrish

WELL-KNOWN HEALTH OFFICER *of Los Angeles, Calif., for eight years Health Commissioner of Portland, Ore.; former lecturer on Public Health at the University of Oregon Medical School; for five years connected with the St. Louis General Hospital; Vice-president, Western Branch of American Public Health Ass'n.; member, Los Angeles County Medical Ass'n.; past-president, Medical Society of Portland, Ore.*

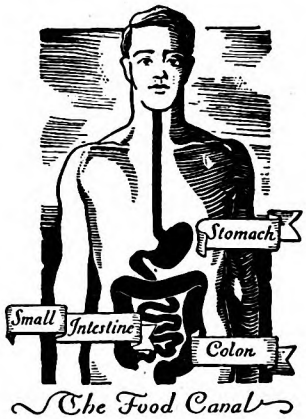
GUARDING the health of thousands is the responsibility of Dr. George Parrish, well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles.

From more than seventeen years of experience in public health and hospital work Dr. Parrish concludes that "constipation is the bane of existence—the enemy of the human race." To combat the poisons from clogged intestines he advocates the corrective food, fresh yeast, thus confirming the experience of physicians throughout Europe and America. In a recent survey, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants which in their passage through the intestine combat harmful bacteria, purify the system. Digestion improves. The complexion clears. Stamina and resistance are increased.

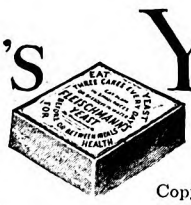
Start today! Eat 3 cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals: plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit you should eat yeast regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-65, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



THE DIGESTIVE TRACT is a continuous tube, from throat to large intestine. Here 90% of ills start, as poisons from clogging food wastes flood the system and attack you in your weakest spot. But here Fleischmann's Yeast works, keeping the colon clean, active, healthy — checking the poisons of constipation.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

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What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part— and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation . . . and a cigarette!

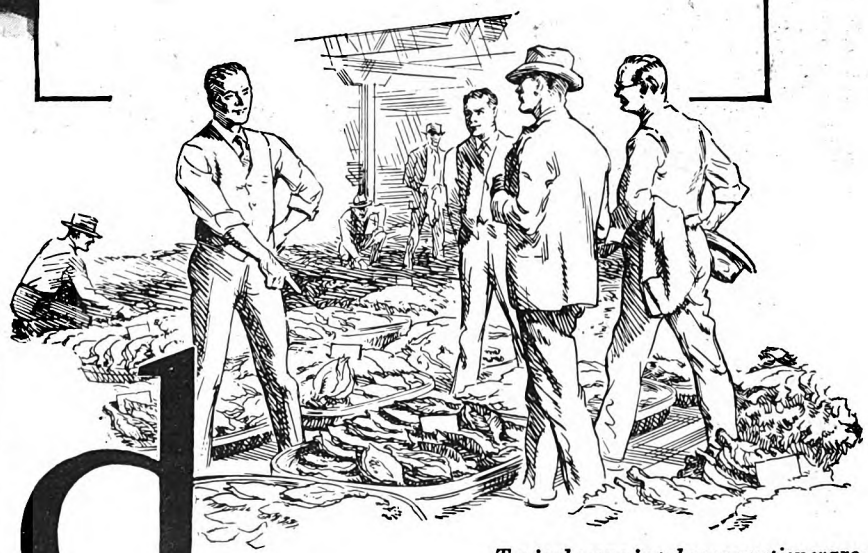
What a cigarette means *here*

They play their part, too— these buyers of Chesterfield tobacco.

Thousands of pounds auctioned each day; distinct types of leaf—twenty grades of "bright" tobacco alone; important distinctions of curing; differences in texture, color, size, in the natural sugar which means natural sweetness—and Chesterfield quality to be maintained.

Our buyers do their part. In New York or Manila, Paris or Alaska, our billions of Chesterfields taste the same. The same wholesome fragrance, the same natural mildness, the same satisfying "body," because our buyers know exactly what they want—and whatever it may cost, they *get* it!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.

field

. . . and yet **THEY SATISFY**

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General's Newest Achievement Surpasses Yesterday's Fame

A greater step-up in mileage ~ A fuller use of balloon low-pressure

General's reputation for big mileage has always been the outstanding guide to top-quality. With the *Dual*-Balloon "8" yesterday's fame has been surpassed. Twenty thousand, forty thousand, sixty thousand miles. No tire of anything like its great mileage capacity can compare with its low-pressure advantages. The *Dual*-Balloon principle has made possible for the first time the combination of the two most important features—all the mileage you want—and all the comfort. And beyond this there is the added safety of non-skid permanence, season after season—the peace of mind that knows no fear of punctures and the pride of knowing that your car travels on the best that long experience can build into good rubber.

"Brussels Flower Market." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

goes a long way to make friends

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How You Can Make Your Speaking Voice Attractive

(*Continued from page 19*)

the changes on 'yes' and 'no' is a lawyer's favorite sport.

"Physicians are trained in therapeutic voice value, and the bedside manner has the bedside voice. How vital this is to recovery probably you can testify. You want a calm, controlled, equable doctor, whose voice suggests the crystallization of the medical wisdom of the ages.

"The tones of a mother to her children, more frequently than her acts, determine her relation to them. The woman who has self-control and the common sense to talk of her children's misdemeanors in controlled tones, low and sweet, stands just twice the chance of making them come to the desired end.

"But the everyday, irritated mother tones, shrill, high, fault-finding, are, like the shrill voices of the subway and train, almost universal. Frequently, when a child's nervous system is none too strong, and when his affections are deep, the result is serious. I had one pupil who stammered, a boy in his teens, sent to me by his physician. After several consultations, the physician and I decided that under the strident tones of the mother, the boy stood no chance of cure. He was sent to an aunt and uncle, both people with gentle, kindly, placid voices. In one year he was a new boy, and the restoration of his nervous equilibrium, plus some humble care on the part of his contrite mother, made the cure permanent.

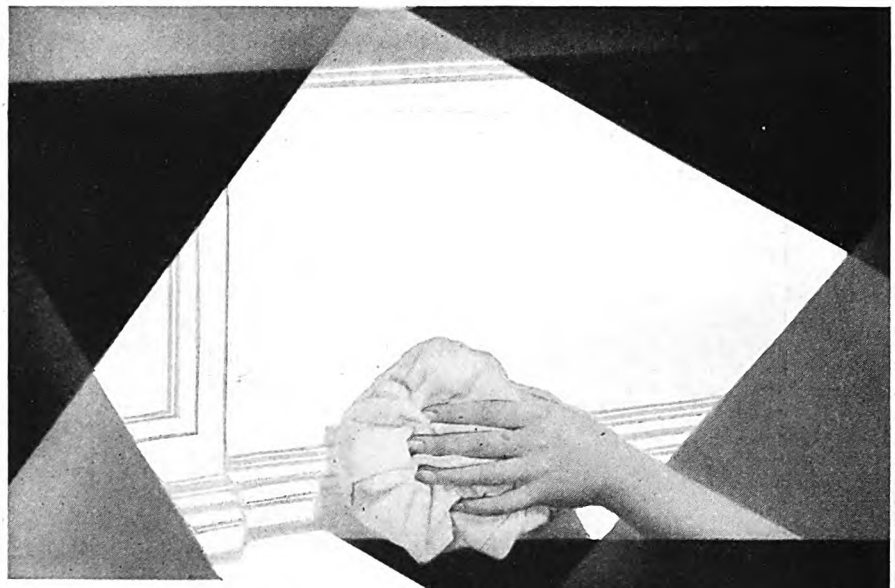
"ONE young man sent to me by his father had excellent business prospects. His father's firm was a selling organization and the youngster was trying to learn the business from the bottom up. But try as he might, his sales record was poor. He was a bright young fellow and he analyzed his failure.

"'I can't seem even to get the customer's attention,' he said. 'He will greet me all right, but after a minute he will somehow get away from me. Sometimes he actually walks off while I am talking. I think it's my voice.'

"He had a throaty voice, reedy and sharp, and it strained your ears to listen to him. He worked faithfully to improve that voice. In time—it took considerable time in this instance—the voice deepened, the sharpness vanished. The happiness and confidence of the young man put an entirely new quality into his tones. He began work on his voice four years ago. Last spring his father reported that the business had trebled in volume and that the young man was virtually the manager of the whole affair.

"Stand outside the door at any social gathering and you will see how little we have to lose in attempting to cultivate our voices. The tones that assail the ear are sharp, tense, throaty, clacky, and brittle.

"We Americans are a muscular people. We are in the virility of our first youth and our muscles move in emotional response to a stimulus before our thought process



NO SCRUBBING

DIRT WIPES RIGHT OFF

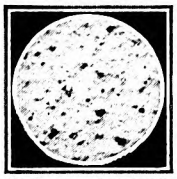
THIS PAINT ENAMEL—

THE VOGUE for white and light-tinted interiors is hard to reconcile with the difficulty of keeping ordinary paint clean! But thousands have solved this problem by using Barreled Sunlight, the paint enamel that *protects its own beauty.*

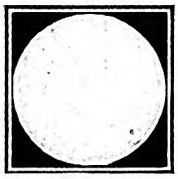
No matter how much grime filters indoors—and there's plenty of it today—Barreled Sunlight is proof against permanent soiling. It has no "pores" to hold dirt embedded. Smudges are easily wiped off with a damp cloth.

For sheer beauty alone, many people prefer Barreled Sunlight to any other finish. It has a rich "depth" peculiar to itself.

Extremely easy to apply—flowing freely and evenly, without "laps" or brush marks. Unusual too in its opacity, or "hiding power."



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The Microscope Shows Why—

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted any shade. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight, which is lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-Q Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

A pure, lustrous white—easily tinted any shade

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade you wish. It is an "all-oil" product and blends readily with any good oil color, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-Q Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check
☐Homes ☐Large Buildings ☐Factories
(Enclosed find 10¢ for sample can)
☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

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400,000 SQUARE MILES OF PLAYGROUND

THIS YEAR—HAVE A REAL VACATION!

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Here you will find tent and cottage camps and modern hostelries; the grandeur of woods, redolent with pleasant forest-fragrance, along the shores of waters where many varieties of fish await your lure.

Plan this year to have, perhaps for the first time, the kind of vacation you have always wanted.....in Ontario, Canada.

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gets to its conclusion. Such a combination makes for throat sounds in which the tongue and lips play little part. As a result, our articulation is faulty.

"For ordinary conversation we need just six tones. These will not express the whole gamut of human emotion and experience, but we do not desire to express the whole of life in an ordinary conversation. The majority of people use twelve tones to express everyday affairs and have no superlatives left for the unusual. Most of us talk as high as we can without cracking our voices. If you have anything of a musical ear, go to the piano and match up your natural tones. You will find your own register. Take the six tones that come low without straining, and work on conversation in those tones.

"*You* hear your own voice. Its tones, its timbre, its timing, have a profound effect upon *you*. If you doubt this, stand in the center of a room with your face to the angle of the wall and repeat with explosive force:

"'How dare you!'

"You get a distinct emotional reaction. Repeat the same words calmly and they sound absurd. Certainly you respond not at all to the words, but to the tone.

"When you produce a thought in speech that is low-toned, clear-cut, and finely articulated, that thought passes in clear-cut, fine mental pictures to all hearers, yourself included.

"The difference in speech between people who are governed mainly by emotional reactions and those who are governed by their mental processes is usually, almost universally, this:

"Emotionally governed people produce full, round vowel sounds, but slur their consonants; intellectually governed people produce clear-cut consonants.

"Hesitations in speech, hemming and hawing, 'a-ahs' and 'if you pleases,' and the 'see?' that has been so prevalent for years, testify to poorly focused mental pictures which the speaker is trying to put over with great mental effort. There is a very simple habit which, if persisted in, will cure this hemming and hawing and 'seeing.' It is this: Get what you want to say straight in your own mind before you try to pass it on to anybody else.

"PEOPLE who speak too slowly, who allow the concept of what they are saying too much time to make its home in your understanding, are a great source of annoyance and irritation. They really insult the intelligence of their listeners. A good talker responds in tempo to the light in the faces of his listeners.

"A too rapid talker nullifies what he is saying by his too excitable, too eager presentation. His listener is always suspicious of what must be presented in such haste. If the talker is a man who thinks more rapidly than most other people, he will have a hard time of it. For if his words are to have effect, his thought *must be attuned to their powers of perception*. If he keeps on being too swift for them, the result of his talking is a scattering of ideas, all out of focus. He hurts the pride of his listeners and embitters them.

"About the great cities we have what I call the 'suburban' voice. The repressions of genteel poverty, the urgent keeping up with the Joneses, the fear of missing the 'best' things, and the severe self-discipline

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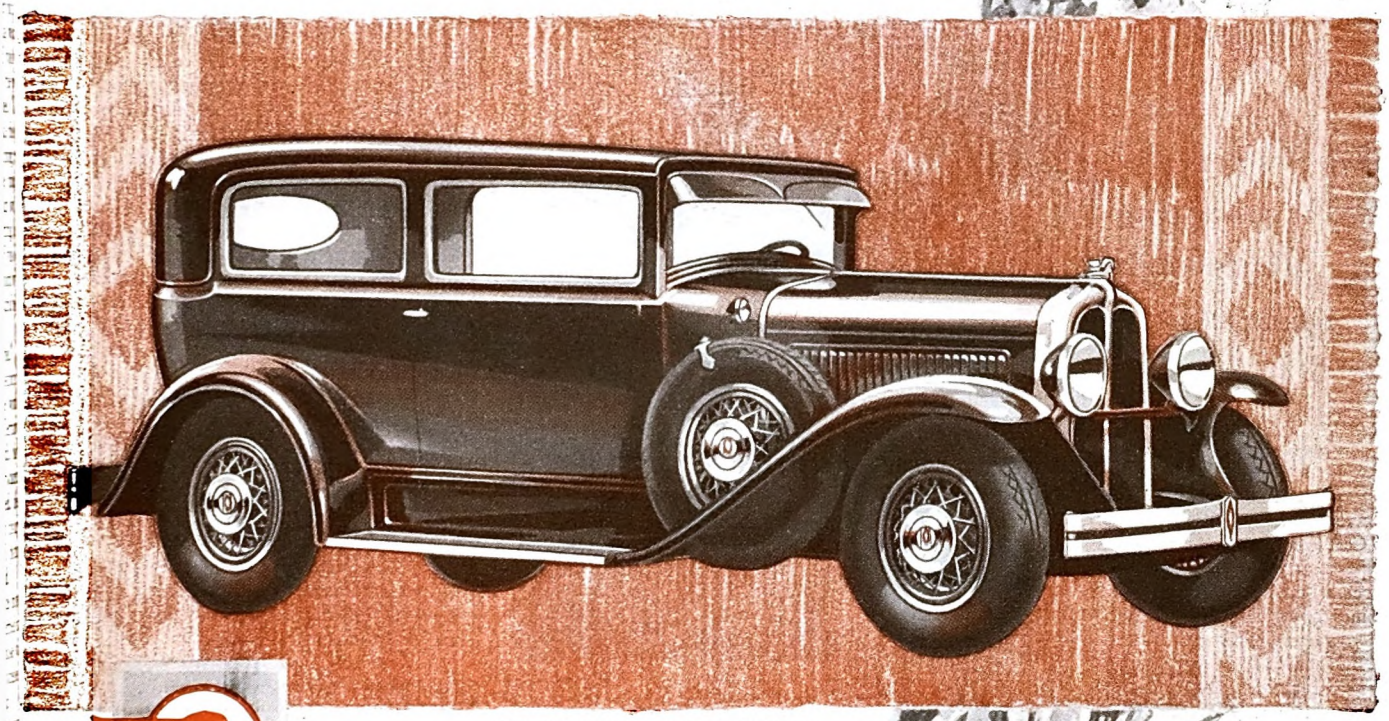
Proving that distinction in automobiles is not a matter of price



The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

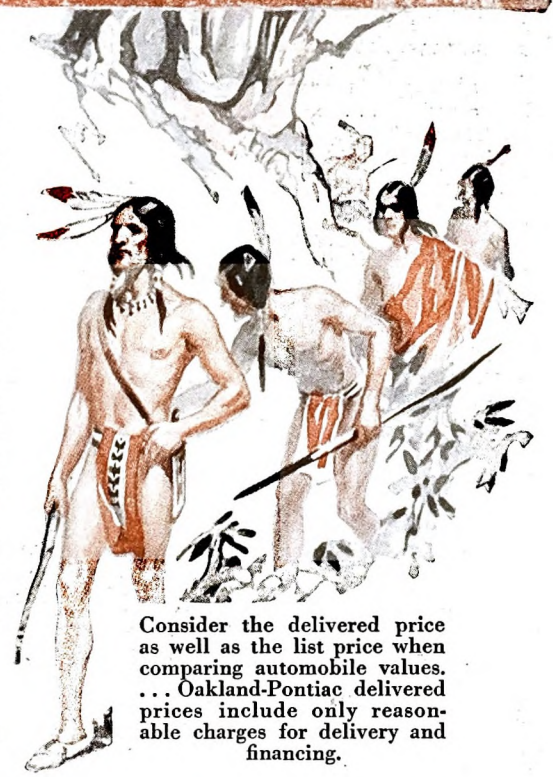
Not long ago, when you bought a low-priced car, you received a low-priced car and, to all outward appearances, nothing else. But now that condition has changed. The New Pontiac Big Six has brought big car appearance into the low-priced field. It is proving that distinction in automobiles is not a matter of price.

For in the New Pontiac Big Six you find the smart proportions and the rakish contours of a beautifully modeled Fisher body. You find flaring fenders, comparable to those on the finest cars produced today. You find a distinctive chrome-plated radiator, a sweeping hood, a rear view of attractively low and graceful lines. And you find all these in addition to the performance, long life and mechanical superiorities for which the Pontiac is famous everywhere.

Progressive Americans have discovered in the New Pontiac Big Six the car they have long been seeking. It satisfies their desire for beauty, style and big car performance. And it enables them to *step up* the quality of their cars without leaving the low-priced field.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN



Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

The New PONTIAC BIG SIX

$745
2-DOOR SEDAN

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Why try to GUESS which Tire is Best ?

This tire was first built to stand abuse . . . then bonded against abuse

IN the maze of claims and counter-claims, how can you be sure which tire will give you the most trouble-free service.

Certainly you can't tell by appearance. Look at any five tires without knowing the names or prices. You cannot even guess which tire is best.

But here is one way you can cut straight to the heart of the question. Dunlop Tires are first built to stand abuse, then to prove this, they are bonded against abuse.

Every advantage of the world's greatest tire-building experience . . . 40 years of it . . . goes into each Dunlop Tire. Every step of the manufacture is guarded by skilled craftsmen.

Only long-staple Egyptian cotton for maximum strength . . . only cords woven in Dunlop's own mills at Utica, N. Y. . . . only the very finest processed rubber . . . go into each Dunlop Tire.

Dunlop users know this extra quality. But Dunlop leaves no doubt.

Dunlops BONDED, even against abuse

SURETY Companies are the most prudent people in the world. Their job is to safeguard other people—bond banks against embezzlement and forgery—guarantee everywhere *faithful performance of duty*.

So Dunlop Tires are bonded by a Surety Bond, backed by both Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

This bond guarantees Dunlops against almost every conceivable tire hazard, even abuse.

Takes the guess out of tire-buying

UNDER the Surety Bond Plan, you know exactly what you are getting—a tire built to make good, then guaranteed against almost every tire hazard.

A guarantee so sweeping in its statements—so simple that any Dunlop dealer makes good in his own store—instantly.

Naturally, such a guarantee has aroused wide-spread interest. To answer the many inquiries, we have prepared specimen Bonds. One is ready for you now. It is free. Mail the coupon below—a free specimen Bond will come back by return mail.

DUNLOP

THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Department 603 A, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

and sacrifice essential to this end, result in voices denied free expression. They are forcedly friendly, aggressively eager, strident, hoarse from talking above train noise instead of below it.

"The curious thing about it is that if I could take a hundred of these people and work with them on voice control for a year they would show, not only a marked difference in their voices, but also in their emotional response to life itself. The voice and the emotions are much more closely allied than the sense of sight and the emotions; we seldom respond to a magnificent sight as we do to all magnificent sound. So responsive are most of us to the power of tone suggestion, that taking the hurry out of one's voice results in distinct nervous benefit and the release of mental powers of judgment clouded by hurry. Putting balance into the voice even by the mechanics of exercise will put poise into the whole human being. Think over the people you like, the people who rest you, the people who are always welcome. I am willing to hazard that they all have well-controlled, low-pitched voices.

"To convince yourself of the emotional response to voice tones, try this experiment. The next time you meet an angry or irritated man who has raised his tone, increased his tempo, look out! So quickly do you respond to the suggestion in his voice that you are likely at once to raise *your* tones and quicken *your* time. Be on guard and carefully lower your voice and slow up your utterance. Then watch his anger or irritation diminish.

"Men and women who work through the telephone or who deal directly with complaints, such as complaint clerks and adjustment clerks in large stores, need the soothing quality of low tones and slow speech to protect their own emotions as well as to quiet the aggravated persons talking with them. The heads of several great organizations have arranged for their employees to take instruction in voice control.

"SOME of the remarkable voices of human beings seem never to leave our memories. No one who saw and heard Sarah Bernhardt will ever forget her voice, as flexible to her will as the bow of a violin to its master.

"Many of our prominent business men have remarkably well-developed voices, which through long practice are admirably controlled.

"Floyd A. Allen, vice president of the General Motors Corporation, has an unusually fine speaking voice. Matthew Scott Sloan, president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, has an unusually good voice well under control.

"A face, however, is a poor criterion of a voice. One is likely to expect a fine appearance from a good voice rather than a fine voice from a good appearance. Bernard Shaw would never have had years of hard work living down a reputation for satirical, snobbish aloofness had we heard him when we read him. His movietone audiences love him. His voice was a revelation. Deep, full, friendly, warm, it gave a new aspect to his most radical writings.

"Mussolini's wonderful voice made him fewer friends; for his incisive tones, indicating clear thinking, intense emotional power, with personal magnetism highly

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Just ask for "Ethyl"—
I add snap to any car.
Ethyl

THE owner of a $5,000 automobile and the owner of a $500 car have two things in common: both want to get the best out of their cars; both depend on gasoline to make their engines go.

But no engine can be better than the fuel it uses, and all gasolines "knock" and lose power when the compression of an engine is raised beyond certain limits.

So General Motors Research Laboratories set out to find something which, when added to gasoline, would eliminate "knock" under higher pressures and thereby make possible more efficient automobile engines.

Seven years of search, involving thousands of different compounds, resulted in Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound which leading oil companies are mixing with good gasoline to make *Ethyl Gasoline*—the standard high compression motor fuel. The active ingredient in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

Since Ethyl was made available to the motoring public, automobile manufacturers have been able to offer cars of higher compression. And Ethyl gets out of cars of average compression an additional power which cannot be obtained with ordinary gasoline.

Try Ethyl Gasoline today. You will see the difference. The first tankful will convince you of its merits.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, N. Y. · 56 Church St., Toronto · 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London

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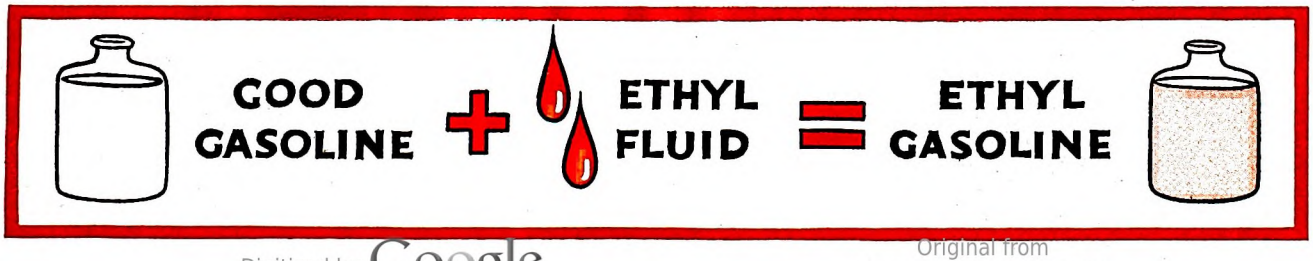

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developed, were nevertheless too dogmatic for the taste of democratic Americans. We vastly prefer the incisiveness of a voice like that of Dr. Parkes Cadman, whose forceful, clear-cut tones nevertheless indicate to the listener that he knows that the listener, too, has something to say, and that he respects it. Harry Emerson Fosdick is one of our voice artists. His voice has a beautiful melody of its own, and its modulation is as fine as that of an instrument played by the most skilled musician.

"Don't get an idea that because you are developing a different voice, you are losing your personality. Listen to the actors and actresses you love best. All of them have trained voices. All of them speak or are supposed to speak in what is accepted as a universal diction, which means that an accepted standard of articulation and pronunciation obtains on the stage. But with all this standardization, how different are Ethel Barrymore's husky tones from the springlike ones of Marilyn Miller.

"You lose nothing in personality by training your voice," said Mr. Van Campen. "On the contrary, you gain, for you have control of a new power of self-expression."

THE following exercises were given to me by Mr. Van Campen for readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. He says:

"Do you want to get acquainted with your own voice? Try these exercises."

Exercise 1

Pick out a good easy-chair with big arms. Sit down with both feet on the floor and lean back until you are reclining with both arms resting on the chair arms. Take three deep, slow breaths.

Extend arms over chair arms with fists clenched, meanwhile holding body taut and rigid. Lift the body on the rigid arms, keeping taut. Hold for thirty seconds. Let go all over.

You will sink way down. Take, easily and lazily, three long, deep breaths.

You are ready to use your voice. Recite aloud in full tones something you like. Try the last stanza of "America." Keep your body at ease. Use only your voice.

If you perform this exercise correctly you will probably be amazed to find out how much voice you have and how easily you can produce a volume of sound. Probably you will also be surprised to find out how much better your voice sounds than it does in daily work.

You are giving your voice a chance, perhaps for the first time since you have grown up.

We nearly always speak with much unnecessary muscular effort in trying to produce tone. In our throats is a most wonderful sound box, so wonderful that in teaching business men to use their voices I keep by me a model of the human throat and use it to show the really marvelous construction we use when we speak.

Exercise 2

Continue in the relaxed position in your chair. Place the first three fingers of your right hand (if left-handed, use left hand) on the soft spot below the breast bone. Press in sharply and at the same time pant like a dog.

Don't feel ridiculous. According to scientists, the greatest difficulty in the way of adult learning is the fear of feeling or looking foolish. Of all our absurd fears, this is the most absurd. Remember that great statesmen and great bankers, lawyers, ministers, and the presidents of the country have sat as you are sitting and repeated this or a similar exercise. The less foolish you allow yourself to feel, the better work you will do with your voice. Repeat the exercise for five or ten minutes. You now realize that your diaphragm controls your breath.

Exercise 3

In the same position in your chair, place your right hand on your diaphragm, your left hand on your chest. Take a deep breath. Then repeat aloud in full tones, "Ha! he! hi! ho! hoo!" Repeat "How *old* are you?" Give *old* the emphasis and you will feel your diaphragm move in response to your order.

Repeat, changing the emphasis:

"How old *are* you?"

"How old are *you*?"

"*How* old are you?"

This sentence is selected because it is easier to feel the diaphragm in full play when pronouncing words that begin with *h*, or with a vowel. A practiced student will feel diaphragm response on all sounds. Its movement gives your lungs more or less room to fill with breath and so makes for volume or lack of it in your voice. In extreme emphasis you find violent diaphragm action.

Exercise 4

Rise. Take your face in your two hands with the fingers straight on each side of the jaw. Open and close mouth as if to chew, but hold your jaws taut. Then let your lower jaw fall, as in a big yawn. If you relax, you will scarcely feel your muscles move. A relaxed jaw is essential in voice control.

Repeat aloud, holding your face in this fashion and exaggerating the sounds:

"m-m-m-my m-m-m-ay w-w-w-y w-w-w-way"

Repeat for five to ten minutes.

Exercise 5

Keep standing.

Rest your hand easily on your chest and read aloud something you like. Try different pitches and feel the vibration through the bony cavities of the chest. Emerson's Essay on Self-Reliance makes excellent reading.

Find out your lowest natural pitch and stick to that. When your voice raises, lower it and feel your vibrating response.

I might say that the best room for voice exercise is a bathroom. The air is moist, the walls are bare. In exercising in another room, choose walls as bare as possible and fix yourself facing an angle of the walls, at a distance of ten feet.

Exercise 6

Stand facing mirror. Draw your lips back as far as you can with ease. Then push them forward as far as you can, with ease. Repeat, exaggerating the sounds:

"oo—wee"

"oo—wy"

Join these sounds:

"oo—we—oo—wy"

The stretching of the lips back and forth is to sensitize them and make them ready for use in enunciating words.

Exercise 7

More lip work. Bring lips together. Repeat, exaggerating the sounds and saying them slowly:

"bee—bee—bee"

"Buy both books."

"me—me—me"

"Make more money."

"Poppy—puppy—poppy—puppy."

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

These sentences develop lip flexibility. If you do not like them, invent your own, using the first letters given.

Exercise 8

Work on consonants: d, n, s, t, and z.

Consonant sounds are deliberately made, or else, as with so many of us, they are *not* made, and a slovenly speech results. In making these sounds the tongue helps. It should be firm but not tense.

Repeat, carefully making the consonants:

"did, nun, sauce, tot, says, jazz"

Exercise 9

No one ever expressed word placing better than Shakespeare, when he advised the players:

> Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,
> Trippingly on the tongue.

We are a muscular people, and muscular folks try to make their words in their throats, the muscles of which are much more powerful than those of the tongue. This exercise will help you to place your words effectively. Place the tips of your little fingers in the corners of your mouth and draw your lips gently back, keeping them soft and flexible.

Repeat:

"Yes, indeed, it is."

You can hear how the sounds ought to be made when the fingers are not there. Remove the fingers and read aloud, trying to form the words in space about four inches in front of your mouth. Keep a half smile on your face; this will help to hold the lips back. Open your mouth so that the cavity made in the face will be round enough to give the vowels the full sound.

Exercise 10

This last exercise is for self-expression. The final thing to learn to do with the voice is to convey feeling.

Read aloud something you like. Kipling's "If" is good. Julia Ward Howe's poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," is excellent. Choose something that calls out in you the sense of glorying in power, might, and strength.

Then change to something calling forth kindliness, gentleness, sympathy. I usually use John Martin's poem, "The Dark."

THESE exercises make no allowance for timing the voice or for the development of voice timbre. They will simply start you on deep, resonant, full tones, on enunciation sufficiently clear to be easily understood. They are basic of all voice development. Practice each one five minutes a day, fifty minutes for the ten, twice a week for six weeks, and you will develop your voice in a way that will amaze you!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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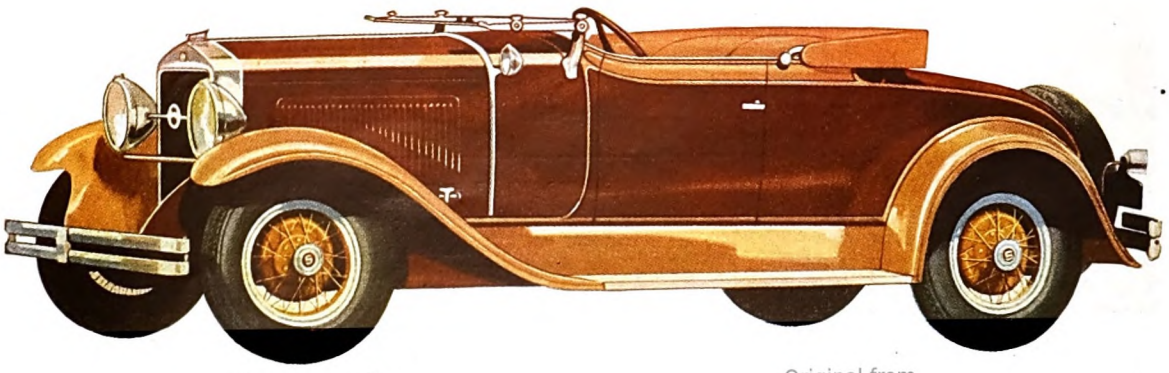
INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES . . MEADOWBROOK LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MEADOWBROOK, colorful rendezvous of fashion, fame and finance, is just as keenly appreciative of motor merit as of spirited horseflesh. At such famous play-places, championship performance, fresh styling, and restful riding have caused Studebaker's great new eights and sixes to become a familiar sight. Studebaker, holder of every official stock car record for fleetness and stamina, has preempted as well vigorous leadership in fashion. Artist and artisan—craftsman and engineer—have achieved a new and happy harmony. Lines are long and low. Colors are youthful and alive. Travel ease, docile obedience and supple suavity of power are thrown into still higher relief by Studebaker's One-Profit pricing. The car illustrated is The President Straight Eight Roadster for Four.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



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Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent*... approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. For almost 60 years dermatologists have endorsed Packer's Tar Soap for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs—*mail coupon and 10c for one sample* (25c for set of all 3)

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc., Dept. 6-F, 101 West Thirty-First Street, New York, N.Y.

I enclose_____cents. Send sample of

- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo 10c
- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo 10c
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap.....10c
- ☐ Set of all 3.....25c

(check sample desired)

☐ Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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The Sins of the Fathers—

(*Continued from page 65*)

young feller," Ed Gardner said, "what's the big idea? You can play if you want to. Run over and tell that young kaiser to go roll his hoop. He don't seem to know that this is a free country."

But Robbie didn't make any move to turn back till Ed took his hand and walked over with him. I happened to glance at Sue at that moment and I was actually frightened by her face. It looked suddenly tortured. She was following Ed and Robbie with her eyes and had one hand out as though to draw them back.

"What's the idea?" we heard Ed demanding. "Why can't Robbie play?"

AND then Vincent's voice, sulky at having grown-ups interfere, but shrill and sure of himself just the same:

"Robbie Sloane can't play because he hasn't got any father."

"Well, of all the fool ideas I ever heard," Ed said. "You might have lost your own father—you ought to feel sorry for Robbie, not keep him out of your game. Why, I haven't got any father either, any more. You'd let me play, wouldn't you?"

But Vincent Burris held his ground.

"Robbie Sloane can't play. He hasn't got any father."

Robbie Sloane's lower lip began to tremble; he was only a baby in spite of the manly cut of his hair.

"Come on, kid," Ed Gardner said roughly. "We don't want to play. Let's all go down to the Oasis and see if they're giving away ice cream today."

Robbie lit up like a Christmas tree at that, of course, and trotted along beside Ed, forgetting all about Vincent Burris before he'd taken three steps.

But as I walked along beside Robbie, I knew.

It was all suddenly terribly clear. Even that odd little phrase, "I'm Sue Weller's child." The way Sue wouldn't come inside the yard herself when she brought Robbie to our party, her stiff shyness, the way she never went anywhere, the way she had seemed almost to plead with me, a half-hour ago, to believe that Robbie was nice. Even Robbie being cleaner and better dressed than the other children, bringing expensive birthday presents she couldn't afford—Sue fairly tearing her heart out to make a place for Robbie with the other children.

As we all sat down around one of the three-legged tables in the Oasis, Sue dropped her stiff pretense. She just took for granted that we had understood. Robbie, excited over his "banilla sundae," wasn't paying any attention to us.

"I thought I could get away with it," she said simply. "I thought it would be better for Robbie here in Montrose, and mother was willing to give us a home. I thought if I just came back as Mrs. Sloane, widow— It was going all right! Robbie's been playing with nice children—you invited him to the twins' birthday party—I was asked to another one, too, and I was going to give him one—his birthday's today. I thought it was going to be all right at last."

"Wouldn't it have been easier for you in Chicago, where nobody knew you, where you could make new friends?" Ed asked.

"It was easier for *me*," Sue said, "but it wasn't good for Robbie. I didn't earn much—I had to board him out and he never got the right kind of food. I couldn't have him with me when I had to be away all day. I even tried general housework so that I could keep him with me—and that didn't work, either. Robbie didn't have any playmates nor any home—he was just a scared little mouse in other people's kitchens. I had to keep shh-ing him and scolding him for things that were just harmless childishness, for fear it would bother other people. I tried boarding him out again, and there was a woman who—who wasn't good to him." She gave a queer, ghastly little shudder. "And when I went to see him, he didn't tell me. She scared him so he didn't dare—she shut him up in a dark closet for three hours at a time—that baby—"

Sue's voice broke so she couldn't go on. I thought of Robbie's pathetic little "Can I walk anywhere I want to? And touch anything I want to?" The trusting little hand he would slip in mine. Then I thought of my own little Jack—of someone being unkind to him and his being left helpless, not even daring to tell me—Oh, I knew how Sue felt, all right!

"I don't care anything for myself, any more," Sue went on thickly, "if things can just be right for Robbie. And I thought that maybe if I came back home—"

"I haven't heard a word from anybody," I assured her. "I don't know what started off Vincent Burris, but don't you worry. Everybody loves Robbie—"

"I don't know what to do," Sue said, "if we can't stay here in Montrose."

I went on giving her what assurances I could, but I wasn't feeling any too happy and safe about them, myself. I know Montrose and I know how, once scandal gets started, it's like a grass fire on a windy day. In fact, I was feeling so concerned that I left Ed and Sue at the Oasis and walked straight out and called on Vincent Burris's mother.

I DIDN'T know Mrs. Harris Burris very well; she's a little older than I am and has gone in for being so terribly smart and exclusive. I was so excited and worked up, feeling sorry for Sue and Robbie, that I scarcely realized what a cheeky thing I was doing till Mrs. Burris came into their little reception-room. However, I summoned all my nerve and started out on just what I'd planned to say.

And I hadn't said ten words before I knew it was useless. I don't know how, but from somewhere, Mrs. Burris had got hold of Sue's story. At first mention of Robbie's name, she shut her lips in a hard, tight line and her eyes looked like those gray agate marbles we used to play with. It seems that Sue had invited Vincent to Robbie's birthday party, and that had made Mrs. Burris very angry.

"I hadn't intended to mention Miss Weller's unfortunate story," she said," but when she showed the effrontery to expect her child to be taken right in among decent children, I felt it my unpleasant duty—"

"But Robbie is decent, really, Mrs. Burris," I urged. "He's sweet and unselfish and well-behaved, much better behaved than most of our children—"

That was a stupid remark, I saw as soon as I'd made it.

"Sue Weller has made her bed," Mrs. Burris said stiffly. "I'm very sorry for her, but I can't keep her from lying on it."

"But Sue *is* lying on it. She isn't asking anything for herself," I pleaded. "It's just for Robbie. You'd never need to see Sue once if you didn't want to, but Robbie couldn't hurt anybody. He's the friendliest, sweetest—Oh, don't take out any mistake Sue may have made on Robbie. Just suppose it were Vincent in Robbie's place—"

That was wrong too. I seemed unable to say anything but the very worst possible.

"I'M AFRAID it's Sue who should have thought of Robbie, not either you or I, Mrs. Horton," Mrs. Burris said. "You and I may wish it weren't so, but it seems to be true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children, even to the third and fourth generation. It's hard on the innocent one, but it is nothing that I have anything to do with, personally, Mrs. Horton. The truth is mighty and will prevail."

"You could keep it from prevailing for a little while at least," I said, "by just hushing up Vincent. And it wouldn't be so bad, even if it got out later, after people had got to know Robbie and love him. You wouldn't have to let Vincent go to the party, but if you could just keep him from saying anything to the other children—"

Mrs. Burris smiled, the most disagreeable, snubbing smile in the world.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Horton, for allowing me to keep my child home when I think best. But as for 'hushing up' Vincent—that's not as easy as one may think. He's a very frank and open child. As a matter of fact, my dear"—I loathe it when people who hate you call you "my dear"—"I'm a little older than you and perhaps a little more experienced in the world. Let me give you just a wee bit of advice. Don't take too much upon yourself. If a thing is true, you have no right to try to keep it under cover. Nothing is gained in the long run."

Five minutes later, I found myself out on the street realizing I'd done nothing but make a fool of myself. I discovered that I was shaking all over—I was so angry at Mrs. Burris, so afraid for Robbie.

Ed Gardner dropped in that evening with some more of the old diaries, and he told me that just what I knew was going to happen was already beginning. He had walked home with Sue and Robbie, and Sue found two notes there, regrets for Robbie's birthday party. From little Tommy Scoggins and Baby Bartell. It was plain to see what had happened. The Scogginses are related in some way to the Burrises,

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and Mrs. Burris had been talking to Tommy's mother. The Scogginses and the Burrises are probably the two most important old families in Montrose. They have dozens of connections, all rich and important. On a thing like that, the entire town would slowly follow whatever they did.

And you couldn't have a better proof of what was going to happen than Betty Bartell's turning down Baby's invitation. Betty is one of those social climbers who can tell which way the wind is blowing before anybody else even feels a breeze. I met her on the street the next day and asked her why Baby wasn't going to Robbie's party. And she didn't even know. I'm sure she hadn't heard anything except that Mrs. Scoggins and Mrs. Burris weren't letting their children go. And that was enough.

It would be enough for everybody else, too, in time. The story would run through the Scogginses and Burrises and all their friends and connections like blood through veins. And in time it would take in all the town. I'd seen that sort of thing happen before. Once it was started, there was no stopping it. The only chance was to stop it at the source. And I'd done my best on that and failed.

I WALKED on down to Sue's after leaving Betty Bartell, to ask if she'd like to have me come and help at the party. She was wrapping presents for the grab bag and she'd bought the cutest things. They were much too expensive, but I didn't tell her so. I knew that she was just trying to make up to Robbie.

"He's so excited," Sue said. "He's never had a party in his life—yours was the first he'd ever gone to. He can hardly go to sleep at night for talking about it."

"Have you had lots of acceptances?" I asked, in what I tried to make a casual tone.

"Why, no, not yet," Sue answered. "Mrs. Haskell telephoned this morning and said she couldn't let her little girls come—one of them had been exposed to grippe and she thought it would be safer to keep them home."

My heart sank down into my lizard-skin pumps. That thin excuse, and from Mrs. Haskell! Mrs. Haskell and Mrs. Scoggins are hand-in-glove together in club work. The poison was spreading.

I walked home feeling sicker with every step. Robbie had called to me from the yard, "I'm going to have a birthday party Friday and all the children are coming!"

Would they all come? I thought of Sue making the grab bag, of Robbie's first birthday cake, of his soft, trusting little hand—suppose nobody came to that party! I suddenly recalled a birthday party in a film I'd seen, a party that a mother had worked over for a little girl—their waiting for guests who never came.

My twins would come to Robbie's, and I thought I could count on Rosie's children. I wasn't sure about Dulcie and Mrs. Frank Kirsted. You can't be sure of anyone in a thing like this. And it wasn't just this birthday, it was all the years ahead. No wonder Sue had that hunted look. To love a little thing as she loved Robbie and not to be able to protect him!

I had to report to the Montrose Then Committee the next day and, with no heart for my work, I opened one of old Mr. Gardner's diaries. I read several

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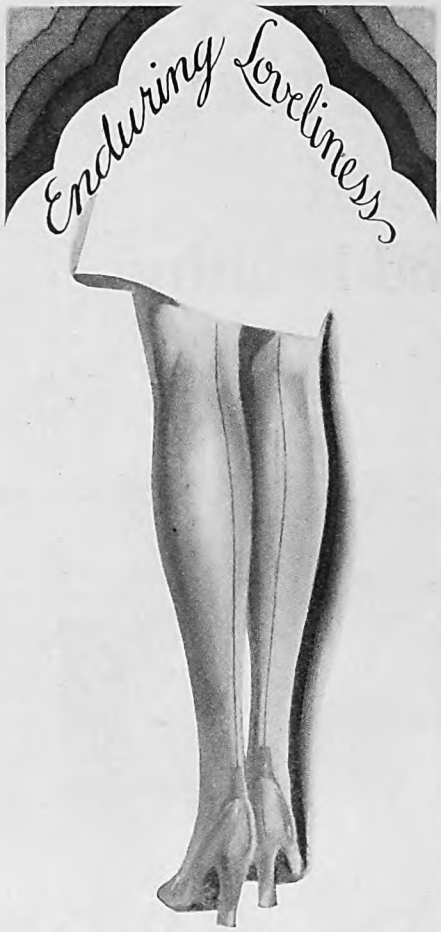

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pages, my mind on Sue and Robbie. Then suddenly I saw what I was reading! I read the same paragraph over and over. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

I was so excited I called Will's office before I remembered that he'd already left for Dawson and wasn't going to get home till the next evening. I left word that if Mr. Gardner came in that afternoon, they would please ask him to come to Mrs. Horton's right away and bring all the rest of the diaries. There was no time to lose!

Ed arrived about four o'clock with a puzzled look and a pile of dusty books.

"I think," I told him—and I heard my own voice shaking—"that I've found a way to save Robbie!"

It was five o'clock when I rang Mrs. Burris's doorbell again and was ushered into her little reception-room. At my first look at Mrs. Burris's gray agate eyes and straight-line mouth, I knew that I was scared. She looked to me, all at once, like an alligator. But I could almost feel Robbie's trusting little hand in mine. I couldn't fail him.

I swallowed over a stiff lump in my throat and smiled brightly.

"I'VE come on a less unpleasant errand today, Mrs. Burris," I said. "I'm representing the Montrose Then Committee and we were wondering if you still have any of the Burris keepsakes in your attic. The Burris family is such an important part of Montrose history that we can't do much without your help."

Mrs. Burris's hard look faded at that.

"Why, let me see—" she was all amiability. "There are a lot of old family relics in the attic. I'm sure we still have the desk Father Burris had when he was first made cashier of the bank. Then there's the robe Great-uncle Benjamin wore as judge—we happen to have that."

"Well, we—" I began, but Mrs. Burris interrupted me.

"Or are you using Great-uncle Isaiah? The one who was in the state legislature."

"We," I began again and finally managed to hold the floor and choke off the flow of judges, bankers, and legislators, "we're trying to get a few homely, picturesque scenes, for contrast, you know."

"Oh, in that case—" Mrs. Burris began, in a voice to suggest that I'd come to the wrong place.

"We're going to use a scene or two in the old hotel. They were always pulling off horseplay jokes there, and we've found two or three of them in old Mr. Gardner's diaries. And it always seems to have been Mr. Sam Burris who was the ringleader. So we—"

"Mr. Sam Burris?" Mrs. Burris raised her plucked eyebrows. "I don't—"

"Oh, he was the father of the Judge and the Senator. Quite a town character, I imagine. He tended bar in the old hotel. A bit of a black sheep, but an awfully picturesque one."

"I don't think—"

"Quite a time his sons had, living him down. Of course, he got pretty low in later life, but we'd get scenes from the heyday of his career, the part that all the older people will remember."

"Oh, I don't think—"

"And isn't it the luckiest thing," I went on brightly, "we've been down to the old hotel, and up in the attic, under piles of junk, we found the original bar. And there's one of the Perkins boys, the fattest one, who looks enough like the description of old Sam to play the part. We'd use a caption, of course—'Sam Burris sets 'em up' or something like that. All we'll need for costume will be a dirty white apron. Isn't that luck!"

Mrs. Burris was looking at me as though she'd just bitten a filling out of a tooth.

I went on gayly describing the pranks we were going to use.

"It's so much cleverer, don't you think, to get things out of the rut like that? It's that sort of thing that really makes the atmosphere of a pioneer town. Any city can produce its judges and bankers—we want the intimate, colorful things for the record. Like old Peter Scoggins, you know, the one who was an Indian agent. Of course, as everybody will remember, old Peter really started the Scoggins fortune by cheating the Indians, but we won't use that part.

"And Andy Haskell," I continued brightly, "who was ridden out of town on a rail for stealing horses. I believe he finally wound up in the penitentiary at Joliet. Anyway, he never came back. I think it's perfectly wonderful the way the wife and little boy he left behind managed to live it down. Why, just think, that little boy is Mr. Dewey Haskell!"

The Haskells are related in some way to the Burrises. Mrs. Burris had turned the color of split-pea soup.

"I think it's the most outrageous thing I ever heard of," she said, "to dig up all that old, forgotten scandal and set tongues wagging—"

"Oh, that isn't nearly all," I assured her. "The diaries are just full of the most wonderful anecdotes. Of course, there's something picturesque about almost every family in town, but I think it would be better just to pick the best-known families to use."

"It's—" her face was simply scarlet.

"And it's all true; that's the perfect part. Isn't it wonderful the way, years after things seem to have been forgotten, they crop out again? It's just as you said yesterday, Mrs. Burris. The truth is mighty and will prevail."

"IT'S outrageous—you can't do this terrible thing! Why, think of all the families who have position in town—what this would do to them."

I sighed.

"I'm afraid it's old Sam Burris and Peter Scoggins and Andy Haskell and the rest who should have thought of them. I'm very sorry for the families, but it's not my doing that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children, unto the third and fourth generation. Those things are always a little hard on the innocent person but, as you said, if a thing is true, there's no use in keeping it under cover."

"You can't do this! It's a wicked thing." Mrs. Burris looked at me wildly. "You can't make people of wealth and position the laughingstock of the town!"

"Why can't I?" I asked calmly. "I've already told the Committee that I have some wonderful ideas. Even if I should tell them now that we couldn't use the ideas and why—well, I could scarcely keep the Committee from talking. They're like Vincent, very frank and open."

"You mean," Mrs. Burris leaned forward breathlessly, "you mean that the

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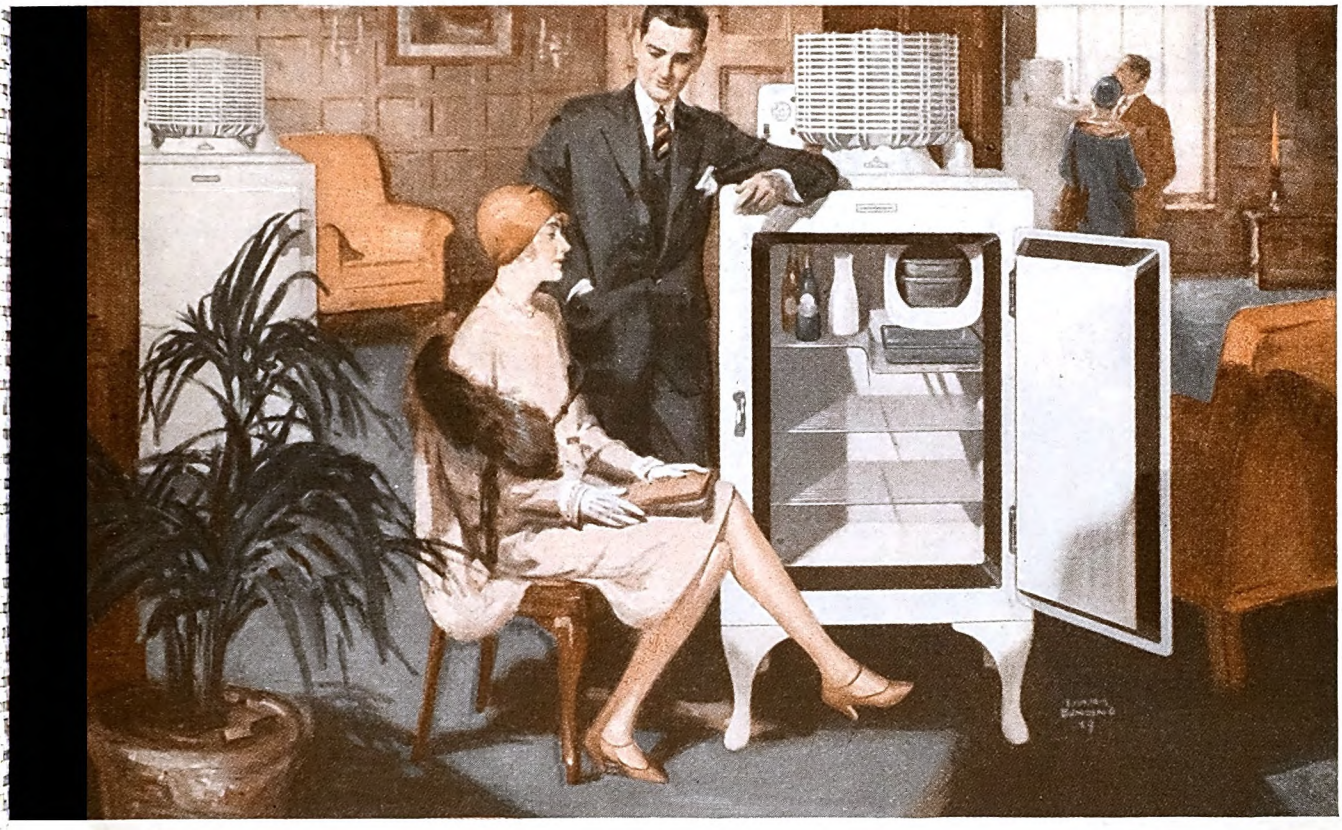

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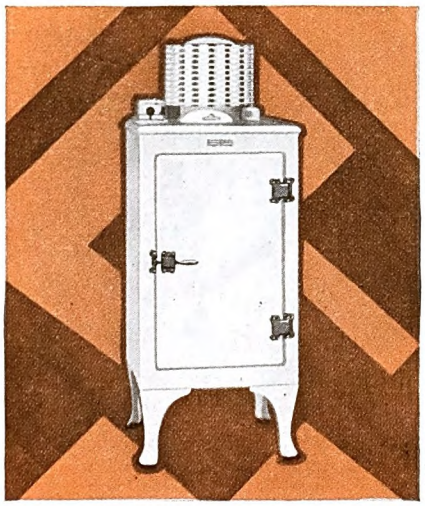

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Every day ailments

Loss of energy, nervousness, poor appetite, sleeplessness, come frequently to those whose vitality is low—who are "run down," and easily tired out.

There are many whose mirror shows a sallow, muddy skin. Many who are troubled with pains that seem like rheumatism.

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If you are easily tired—feel "run down"; if your skin is sallow or muddy; if you suffer from so-called rheumatic pains: Drink tempting, flavor-laden Japan green tea three times a day. Profit by its rich supply of Vitamin C. In two or three weeks you will probably feel more healthy—more alive, more vigorous. But be sure you drink Japan green tea.

Japan green tea has been for years one of our two most popular kinds of tea. It comes in several grades—in packages under brands or in bulk. Your grocer has Japan green tea or can get it.

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rest of the Committee haven't seen these wretched diaries—that they wouldn't know anything about these things if you didn't tell them?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"They haven't seen them yet," I admitted. "But as a member of the Committee, I should feel it my unpleasant duty—"

I rose and gathered my gloves and hand bag.

Mrs. Burris called me back. She looked straight at me.

"What do you want," she asked, "to keep your mouth shut?"

I was simply dumfounded. I had no idea one lady ever spoke so outright to another. But I looked right back at Mrs. Burris, straight into her gray agate eyes.

"You know very well what I want," I said.

But at the door I paused.

"By the way," I said, "we'll probably be working on the film, off and on, for a year. We want to get some winter scenes. I don't know how much control you have over Vincent or how much influence you have with the Haskells and the Scogginses but—" I shrugged my shoulders.

"Well, I'm so glad I found you home," I said brightly. "It's been such a pleasant little call. Remember me to Mr. Burris. I suppose I'll be seeing dear little Vincent at Robbie Sloane's birthday party. Don't forget—it's this week, Friday. Good-bye!"

IT HAD been a happy birthday for Robbie. I stayed to help Sue pick up a little afterward. Robbie was sitting on the step working with the box of clay little Tommy Scoggins had brought. All the children had brought presents, of course. "Happy Birthday to Robbie from Vincent Burris." "Happy Birthday to Robbie from Baby Bartell." Trust Baby Bartell's mother to know that the wind had changed! She called up Sue Friday morning and said she found she could bring Baby, after all.

The way Robbie was sitting, you could see only his close-cropped dark head and a thin little shoulder, the soft curve of one baby cheek.

I knew Sue was watching Robbie, and I swallowed over a great lump in my throat. To love anybody that way and to be always afraid for him! *I* was afraid for Robbie, too. I'd fixed it for him for a year but after that—

"Poor little kid!" Ed Gardner, who had stopped in after the party to have a piece of birthday cake, spoke sympathetically. I glanced from Robbie up to Ed and my mouth fairly fell apart. Ed was speaking about Sue Weller, not about Robbie. He was standing with his arm across Sue's shoulders, his hand rumpling her soft hair.

"Let's tell Dot," Ed suggested. "Let her be the first to wish us luck. I'm taking Sue home with me when I go back to Vancouver next week."

"Oh, Ed! Oh, Sue!" It was such a perfect answer to everything, that was all I could think of to say. And after a moment, "And you're taking Robbie?"

"Well, naturally!"

I needn't have asked. I looked at Ed's broad shoulders, his strong hands, his kind eyes. And I knew that whatever happened now, Robbie'd have a father to look after him. And Vancouver—thank goodness—is a long way off.

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The Kind of Poise That Gives You Power

(*Continued from page 13*)

detract from it. The four *positive* factors are, of course, the ones we should seek to acquire. They are as follows:

1. Confidence
2. A just appraisal of oneself
3. A sense of mastery
4. Magnanimity

"The four negative factors, those which detract from poise, the opposites respectively of the postive ones just named, we should seek to get rid of. They are as follows:

1. Fear
2. Exaggerated ego
3. Lack of training
4. Antagonistic emotions

"I have already said that the man of poise is distinguished by the harmony which exists between the various elements of his personality. It is this which accounts for his ability to conduct himself in a frictionless manner under trying circumstances. On the other hand, we frequently find that the person lacking in poise is disturbed by inner conflicts, doubts, and fears which make his conduct variable and uncertain under conditions of stress, and not infrequently under circumstances that are the most ordinary. This brings us back to the case of Miss F—. As you will see, the difficulty in which she found herself had to do with the first pair of contrasting elements named above—*confidence* and *fear.*

"FROM Miss F— I learned that some three years previously she had separated from her husband. A divorce had followed and she had resumed her maiden name. Subsequently, for this failure of her married life she had come to blame herself alone, attributing it solely to shortcomings in herself.

"The state of mind in which I found her is typical of persons whose lack of poise is due to fear. She felt that the faults which had manifested themselves in her married life would inevitably show themselves in her business activities and likewise lead to failure in this field.

"With the facts in hand, it was not difficult to show Miss F— that she was not alone to blame for the conditions that had led to the divorce. As is so often the case in such matters, there were unquestionably faults on both sides. But what I tried in particular to make her realize was that she had numerous latent qualities which, if developed, would make for her success in business as they might have made for her success in marriage. For instance, she was naturally kind and sympathetic. She was eager and willing to be helpful. She *liked* working with people. She had a strong sense of orderliness and considerable executive ability.

"In time Miss F— was able to make her business contacts with confidence and success. The change, of course, was a gradual one. It came about largely *because of her changed attitude toward herself.* To begin with, instead of magnifying her deficiencies, she let her mind dwell upon the qualities she had that were of value in her work. And she made a particular effort to do this because she had come to understand the effect that self-depreciation had on her conduct. Previously, she had been letting her mind dwell on the conviction that she was not naturally pleasing to other people and could not expect them to like her. This naturally had resulted in a feeling of shyness when it came to meeting people. To conceal her weakness in this respect she had over-asserted herself. In consequence, her voice had taken on a nervous, shrill quality, and her manner had become more or less dictatorial.

"DO NOT understand me to say that it is always easy to rid ourselves of the complicated doubts, conflicts, or fears which affect many of us in the same way they did Miss F—. What I want to emphasize is this: *Understanding* the effect which such inner conflicts have on our behavior is often the starting point from which we can go on to acquire the confidence we lack. For the effect of such conflicts—whether they come about through a fear of one's superior in business or through a fear that one's lack of education or of social training will be discovered—is always the same; they produce in us a sense of inadequacy—a discord which is the opposite of that harmony we find in the person with poise.

"It should be remembered, of course, that physical conditions are often responsible for the extent to which these so-called inner conflicts take hold of us. I refer to such conditions as over-fatigue, gastro-intestinal troubles, uneliminated bodily poisons due to under-exercise. When we find in ourselves persistent ills of this sort, it is important that we should set them right by following the advice of a competent physician.

"For those of us who are given to self-depreciation, it would be a good thing if we repeated the daily prayer of the poor Scotch weaver—'O, Lord, grant that I may have a good opinion of myself!' And why not? Can we expect others to have confidence in us if we do not have it in ourselves?

"'*Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength, there is strength; and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.*'

"And here I am reminded of a case that Doctor Abraham Myerson reports, of a man whose life, from his early thirties on, was an instance of lack of poise to an extreme and distressing degree. Since the factor that was strongest in his personality is the one farthest removed from that which caused the trouble in Miss F—'s case, suppose I refer to him as Z—. You will see that all I have to say in connection with him has to do with the second of the four negative factors named above—*exaggerated ego*—and the positive factor which is its opposite—*a just appraisal of oneself.*

"Following his graduation from medical college Z— began practice under favorable circumstances in one of our prosperous mid-western cities. Industrious, possessing considerable skill, he rose

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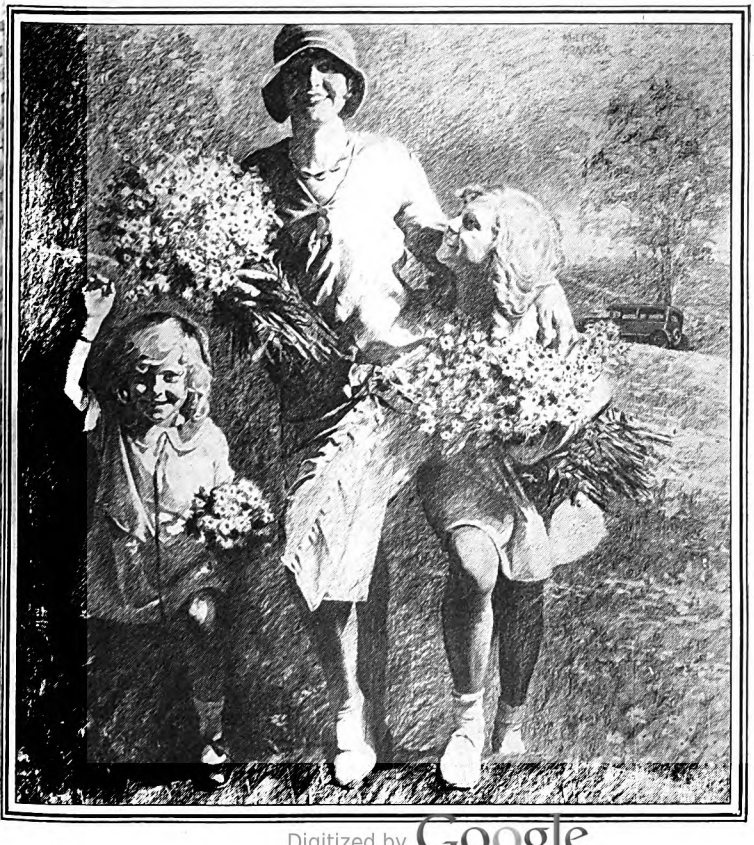
Our *second car* has made us pals"

"WHEN I was a child it was easy for mothers to keep in touch with their children," says a woman in Illinois. "Today the members of the family must make a real effort to keep united.

"I thought a great deal about this as my children began to grow up. I decided that the most important thing I could possibly do would be to plan ways in which they and I could have our good times together.

"My husband agreed, and for that reason we bought a second automobile, since he had to use his car in getting back and forth to business.

"I can't begin to tell you of the happiness it has given us—picnics together, expeditions for wild flowers in the spring, and exploration parties to spots of historic interest. It's our very best investment. It has helped the children and me to keep on being pals."



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idly to a leading position as a surgeon.

"Presently, however, it seemed that success had gone to Z—'s head. What I have mentioned as the dominating factor in his personality—his exaggerated ego—came to the surface. He developed overbearing mannerisms that offended some of his patients, and he made extravagant assertions regarding his own abilities. At about this same time, moreover, at one of the meetings of the local medical society, of which he was a member, Z—, in the course of a discussion of certain professional matters, characterized some of the older members as ignoramuses and charlatans. As a result, he was sued for libel.

"Now, instead of admitting himself in the wrong and apologizing, Z— proceeded to contest the suit. When he lost it, he not only appealed from the decision, but openly declared that the courts and the lawyers were conspiring against him. Refusing to pay his attorneys' fee, he was sued by them. When one of them dropped the casual remark that Z— was 'crazy,' Z— took this up and brought suit against him. Thus the original libel suit spread into half a dozen cases.

"Meanwhile, having married a rich wife, Z— found himself in a position enabling him to proceed in a course of conduct that was costly, unpoised, illogical, and ultimately full of disastrous consequences. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. Unmindful of the old dictum, that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client, he now went into court in his own behalf.

"Losing his cases one after another, Z— began an active and open campaign against the courts, denouncing their corruptions in articles and speeches and asserting that lawyers, judges, medical societies, and certain religious organizations were banded into a conspiracy to 'do him up.' In the end he suffered what the layman commonly refers to as 'a complete breakdown,' and was obliged to give up his activities in every direction.

"No one who reads this article, I dare say, will find among his acquaintances anyone afflicted with exaggerated ego to the same extent that Z— was. However, many of us do suffer from it in moderate form; and in consequence, at times, our conduct inevitably lacks in poise."

"HOW can one tell," I asked, "whether or not one's conduct is marked by symptoms of exaggerated ego?"

In reply, Doctor Overstreet listed seven questions which have to do with a kind of behavior that is characteristic of the man with this affliction.

"If you examine the questions carefully," he said, "you will see how they reflect the conduct I have just described on the part of Z—.

1. Do you frequently accuse other people of "doing you dirt"?
2. If you don't accuse them of it outright, do you frequently *think* it?
3. Are you suspicious of the attitude other people have toward you? In particular, do you think that people are likely to underrate your abilities?
4. If you have not been getting ahead in business as fast as you think you should, do you attribute this to the fact that favoritism has been shown your rivals?
5. Do you criticize other people severely?
6. Are you yourself easily hurt by criticism?
7. When criticized, do you bristle up and defend yourself?

"Anyone who finds that he can truthfully answer 'No' to all the above questions can be pretty sure that his sense of his own importance is not over-developed. With reference to any man who can not give a favorable answer to these questions, we may justly infer that his exalted opinion of himself is, from time to time, causing trouble between himself and his friends or business associates.

"ONE of the fundamental problems of life is to adjust ourselves to getting along with people. No one can really manage this unless he has a reasonably just appraisal of himself and his abilities in comparison with his associates. Nothing will help the man who has an exaggerated idea of his own importance so much as practice in *the art of coöperation*. So important to us all, and in particular to the man who suffers from exaggerated ego, is this ability to coöperate, that I give here another list of seven questions:

1. Am I well liked by my associates?
2. Do people come to me for judgment on affairs concerning which I am competent to give an opinion?
3. Do they ask me to give them other kinds of help?
4. Do I give help graciously?
5. Am I irritated by my fellow workers?
6. Are they irritated by me?
7. Am I unhappy when they are present?

"Anyone who can give truthfully a favorable answer to all these questions—'Yes' to the first four and 'No' to the last three—can be pretty sure that his ability to coöperate is excellent. If one can not give favorable answers to all, it is practically certain that he is lacking in this ability to a greater or less degree. In that case these are among the things that he should do:

"He should make a deliberate effort to see things from the point of view of those with whom he has to deal. Let him, once and for all, cease to think of himself as a 'star player.' In all his work he should regard himself as a member of a fine team for whose success he is willing to play any part required. It will help this man in his relations with people, if he will stop thinking of his own achievements and consider what it is that he can accomplish, when working *with his associates*, that he can *not* accomplish when working alone. Likewise, that he may be just to himself, he may ask what it is that his associates can accomplish when he is working with them that they cannot accomplish without him.

"Once a man who is given to exaggerating his own importance can come by a more just appraisal of himself, once he has acquired some facility in the art of coöperation, he will inevitably find that he is contributing much to the happiness of others. He will then not only be on his way to poise, he will have discovered one of the most genuine and lasting pleasures of life.

"Now we come to the third pair of contrasting elements. In this case, the negative factor is *lack of training*, while its opposite, the positive factor, is *a sense of mastery*. Let me see if I can make clear just what I have in mind in this connection.

"Among my acquaintances there is a

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man who was graduated from high school and then went into business. He married a remarkably intelligent and well-educated woman, a graduate of one of our large eastern universities. Now, to this man who did not go to college, the benefits and training derived from the higher formal education have always seemed of vast significance. Unfamiliar with what college training really amounts to, the experience he missed has always had a certain glamour for him. He still feels that he can never make up for the lack of it.

"I happen to know that this man's wife has been far too sensible ever to suggest to him that his lack of higher education is evident in his conduct or conversation. Nevertheless, when there is company in their home, the husband feels 'out of it.' He is embarrassed and uneasy. Trying to talk with his wife's educated friends, he feels that he is making foolish remarks, and, though his remarks may, in fact, be as sensible as those offered by the others, he finds himself covered with confusion. His embarrassment and suffering are intensified because he feels that his wife is noticing and is ashamed for him. In this, his lack of poise is evident.

"What should this man do to make up for what he recognizes as a great shortcoming in his education? In the first place, he should cease trying to match information with his wife's educated friends. He should never try to give the impression that he has the same familiarity with certain subjects which they acquired in college. Rather, he should plan ahead for the next four or five years and use all the time he can spare in mastering *some one subject.*

"I SHOULD like to emphasize the fact that the thing for this man to do is *not* to try to get a superficial smattering of a great variety of subjects. *That* could only increase his sense of inadequacy. Mastering *one* subject will do more to annihilate his fear of the things he doesn't know than will a superficial familiarity with a hundred subjects.

"Mastery! Not in the sense of domination over one's fellows, but in the sense of triumph that comes from thorough knowledge of some subject, a trade, a profession, a hobby, a job—that is one of the most essential things in human life.

"All great men have had this sense of mastery. It is something we achieve, and should strive for, as we go along. And in proportion as we are acquiring it, we are justified in a feeling of self-approbation. And self-approbation is essential to that harmony which is poise.

"Can you imagine that a man like Thomas A. Edison or Henry Ford could be embarrassed because of his ignorance of problems or subjects outside his own field of endeavor? No! Why? Because each in his own field *is a master.* And having acquired mastery in one field, he knows exactly what steps to take to acquire any knowledge that he finds he needs with reference to some other field. Moreover, if a man is a complete master in any one field, his friends and associates are prone to look upon him with respect and to discount his ignorance in other directions.

"So I say to any man who has a sense of inadequacy due to lack of training, *go and get a mastery.* And I don't care particularly in what direction, to begin with, he puts forth his efforts. Let him become a master in making radio sets, if that is what appeals to him; or let him master the mechanics, the handling and the repair, of his automobile. Let him take up European history or biography if that is what appeals to him. He will find that, as he really masters any of these things, his attention is turned *from* himself, he becomes absorbed in what he is doing, and he is on his way to poise."

"I THINK, Doctor," I said, "I know a story which illustrates that point. It is about Stephen Girard, back in the post-Colonial days.

"Girard was a shrewd, close man, forbidding in personal appearance, but generous and open-handed in benefactions, self-sacrificing and public-spirited. This famous banker-merchant had a clerk, Ben Lippincott, of whom he was very fond. 'I intend to do well by Ben Lippincott,' Girard would say frequently, and he was not averse even to letting Ben hear this. Consequently, when Ben had reached his majority and had completed his apprenticeship to the banker, he expected to hear from his employer something of great importance to himself. But it happened that Girard seemed disposed to discuss everything but the future of his clerk. So Ben mustered his courage one day and said:

"'I suppose I am free now, sir. I thought I would ask you something as to my course. What do you think I had better do?'

"'Yes, Ben, you are free,' said Girard. '*My* advice is that you go and learn the coopers' trade.'

"To Ben's glowing hopes this chilly answer was like ice. Nevertheless, he said: 'If you are in earnest, I will do so.'

"'I am in earnest,' was the banker's only reply.

"Finally, having faithfully served his apprenticeship to the best cooper thereabouts, Ben reported to his former employer that he was now ready to start in business.

"'Good!' exclaimed Girard. 'Make me three of the very best barrels you know how!'

"And Ben did so. Upon delivery of the barrels, Girard inspected them with care. Finally, pronouncing them first-rate, he asked: 'What are these barrels going to cost me, Ben?'

"'If I am to make a living as a cooper,' answered Ben,' I cannot produce such barrels as this for less than a dollar apiece.'

"'That's cheap enough for barrels as good as these,' answered Girard. 'Make out your bill.'

"And in settlement of that bill, Girard tendered Ben a check for twenty thousand dollars, along with this advice: 'Take it, Ben! Invest it in the best way you know how. If you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a trade to fall back upon. Whatever happens to you now, you will have the self-respect, confidence, and readiness of a man who has mastered at least one thing thoroughly and well.'"

"That's a story I'll have to remember," replied the doctor. "It hits off the point exactly.

"Let me comment now on the fourth and last pair of contrasting elements which have to do with poise. *Antagonistic emotions* is the term I have used to designate

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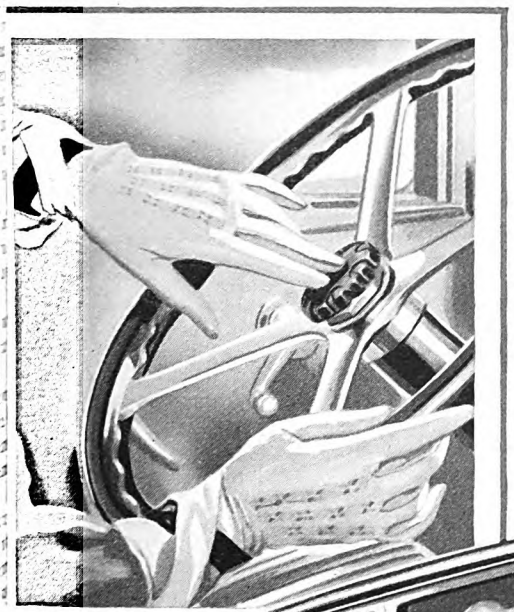

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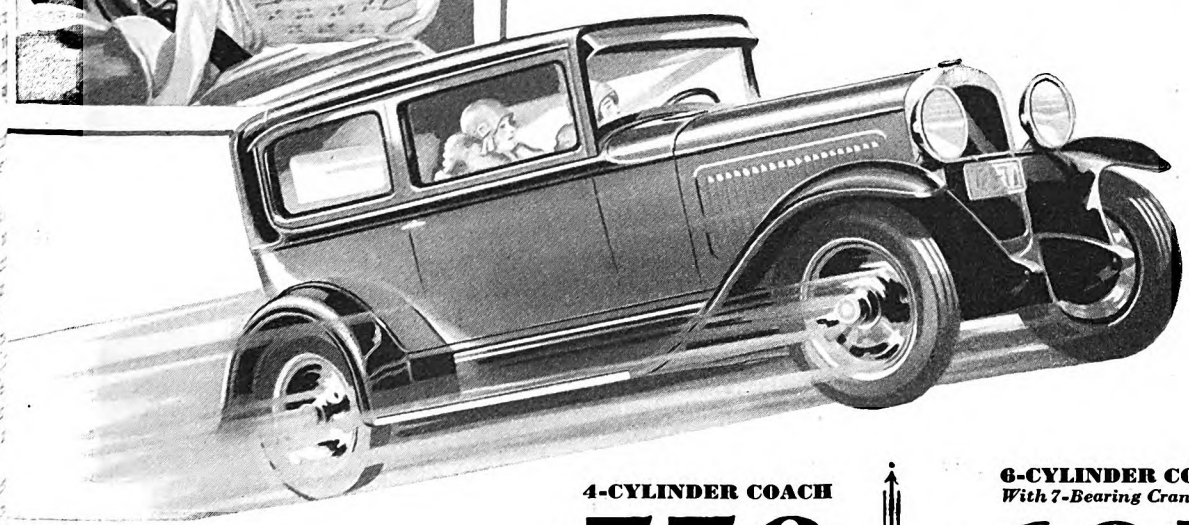

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Whippet

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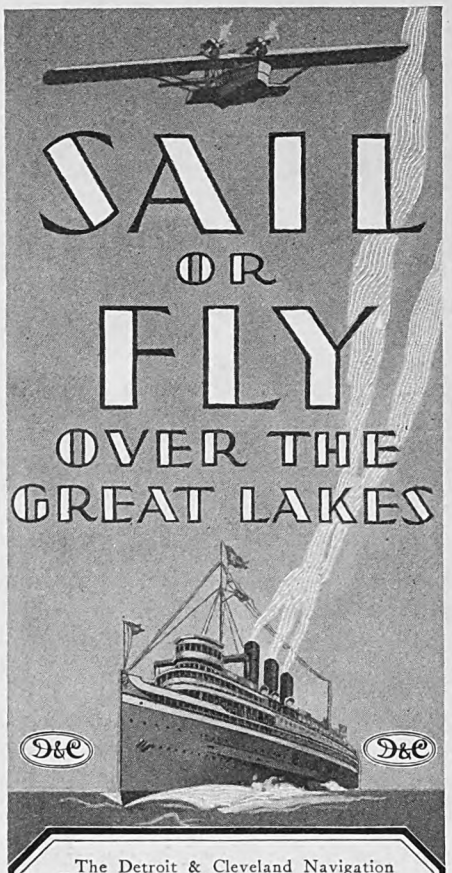

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the negative quality, and *magnanimity*, the positive.

"I have in mind a man whose conduct in his home life, as well as in business, is marked by a kind of instinctive opposition, a characteristic that is very common with persons lacking in poise. Frequently this trait shows itself in a curious way.

"'Isn't it a glorious day?' this man's wife may say to him.

"'Oh, I don't know!' he answers. 'About the same as yesterday, isn't it?'

"Or perhaps his wife says, 'I've heard such wonderful things about this new play. Wouldn't you like to go to see it tonight?'

"'I guess not,' he answers, without even giving a thought as to whether he would enjoy the play. 'I don't feel like going out tonight.'

"Bear in mind that what I refer to here is purely a matter of mood and does not have to do with a difference of opinion based on reason or a well-considered point of view. Responses of the sort I have indicated most frequently arise from moods of sheer perversity; a sort of hostile instinct to assert oneself. They are unpoised, of course. Inevitably they make for irritation and sourness.

"Of course, I do not mean to suggest that we should always agree with statements that are open to argument. I do mean, however, that, as a mere matter of habit, we should not assert the opposite when we hear an expression of joyousness or an opinion from someone else. When there are sufficient reasons for so doing, we should advance our own opinions or arguments quietly, never letting our emotions get the better of us. Such is the meaning of poise in this connection.

"Can you listen calmly to a point of view expressed by others, even when that point of view is unfavorable to your own interests? Can you hear with pleasure praise given to others who are engaged in the same sort of work as yourself? Can you rejoice in well-earned success in a field in which you yourself would like to win recognition but perhaps have not done so? A man of poise can do this, for he has that rare and noble quality—*magnanimity*—whose meaning I can best indicate by an illustration furnished by my friend, Doctor Daniel Gregory Mason, in his little book on 'Artistic Ideals.'

"AMONG the nineteenth-century composers was one who is now ranked as nearest to the great Bach—César Franck. All his life he was a poor, hard-working, obscure music teacher and organist. He was patronized, even ridiculed, by the reigning favorites in the fashionable music world. Conductors neglected him or played him perfunctorily, without sincerity. If I am not mistaken, even his 'Beatitudes' were never executed in their entirety during his life. Once, when he had arranged a performance at his own house, only a handful of friends and pupils attended. A genius, he was oblivious of all this and went on teaching for a living, for he never was able to support himself by his art.

"When he was sixty-seven, the one symphony César Franck had written was performed at a Conservatory concert in Paris. It was inadequately rehearsed and poorly played. Gounod, so-called dictator of music in the world of fashion, later declared it to be 'the affirmation of incompetence pushed to the point of dogma.' But Franck liked it. As always, on the rare occasions when his compositions were given in public, he bowed low to the audience. That day he walked home with elastic step. At his door his wife met him with eager questions: 'How did it go? Was it a success? Did they like it?'

"'It sounded just right,' answered Franck, with a happy smile. 'Just as I expected it would.'

"About a year after this performance, Franck died. Four days before his death, a friend, Arthur Coquard, brought him news of the success of an opera, 'Samson and Dalila,' by Franck's friend, Saint-Saëns, who had always been much more popular than Franck himself.

"'I see him yet,' records Coquard, 'turning towards me his poor, suffering face to say vivaciously and even joyfully, in the vibrant tones that his friends knew, "*Tres beau! tres beau!*"' (Fine! That's fine!)

"TWO things remain of which I must briefly speak. A few moments ago I made a remark to the effect that the man of poise is the man with an absorbing purpose.

"The point I wish to make here is this: It is by no means necessary to go far afield from the daily routine of our lives to find the purpose that inspires. Indeed, the true secret with regard to a purpose in life is most often to be found *in our own attitude toward what we are doing.*

"There are men I know who have found their fullest satisfaction in transforming into a reality their vision of what a beautiful thing family life can be; and still others who have found an uplifting purpose in the coöperative effort between themselves and their associates in business, in professional life, or in science.

"One word more. No man is strong enough by himself alone to achieve that harmonious nobility of character that is poise. All too frequently we find ourselves surrounded by narrowing and irritating influences that make for discord in our lives. Against these influences we make headway only by creating a more sympathetic environment for ourselves—through the aid of friends, books, music, and poetry—by familiarizing ourselves with the great thoughts and creative activities of the world.

"But the goal we have been discussing throughout this article cannot be gained by taking thought *alone.*

"And here I think of Thoreau, who, finding the environment of his New England lacking in air and light, derived what he lacked from the religions and philosophies of the East; of Stevenson, a prisoner of ill health in the South Seas, reaching halfway across the world to profit by the fruits of European culture; of Roosevelt, in the African wilderness, reading the classics and masterpieces in his pigskin library. Likewise, I think of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. A man of noble thoughts and fine deeds, he, too, created for himself the environment that he desired. It has been said of him that he felt free to *think* whatever he chose, but that he accomplished this *by keeping about him the books that suggested the kind of thoughts that he desired to think and the kind of acts that he desired to emulate.*"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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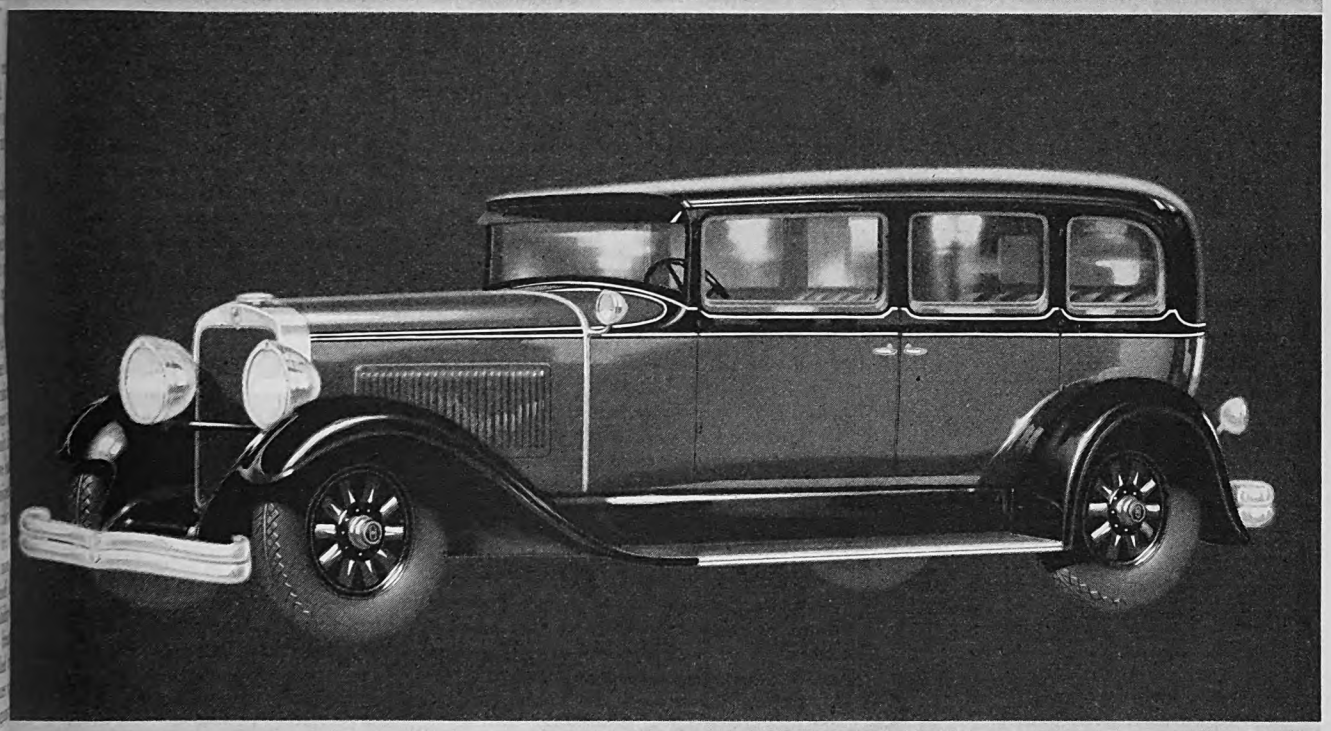

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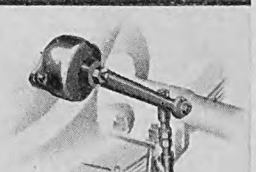

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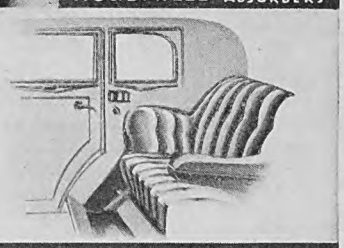

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Dare-Devil

(*Continued from page 42*)

use arguing with her, because she didn't know how to argue.

"Please, Ben!" she would say. "Let's just try it that way."

So the servants went and they sold the car.

That summer they went far out into the country, where for very little money they could get a house with a large garden that was a paradise for babies. It took him two hours to reach the city, four hours out of every day, but he was glad to do it, for there was a beach near by where Marie took the babies every bright afternoon and had a swim while they played on the sand. She had grown sunburnt again, her old vivid, eager self. She managed her house with the quiet competence she put into everything; it was wonderful for him to get home to that welcome of hers, to a good dinner, to the sweet country peace of that little house.

One day he had news which he was reluctant to give her. He waited until they were sitting on the porch, after the babies were asleep.

"Have you heard—about Emily?" he asked. And hated to ask.

"Yes," she answered. "I've had letters. . . . Isn't she splendid?"

He wished it were not too dark to see her face. She and Emily Dearborne had been in school together. Now Marie was here, busy with housework and the care of two little children, and Emily was very much in the public eye as a flyer.

"She came into the office today," he went on. "She wants to come and see you. She—wants to fly out. . . ."

"Oh, Ben!"

What was that in her voice? Pain? Regret? . . .

"I struck for a raise today," he said hastily. "I don't know if I'll get it now—but I'm sure to later. And as soon as I do, we'll buy a car."

She got up and came over to him, bent and kissed him.

"Ben!" she said. "My dear old Ben!"

"Oh, Marie!" he cried. "I didn't mean things to be like this!"

She put her hand over his mouth, and kissed him again.

THEY had no telephone in the house, and no near neighbors. Marie was alone with the children the next day when little Ben fell. He had climbed up on the porch railing, and when he fell, his head struck the flagged walk. He was unconscious, and his leg was bleeding from a cut made by one of the big conch shells that lined the walk. It was a bad cut; she made a tourniquet for it, but he needed more expert care than she could give.

She put him into his sister's go-cart, with a pillow behind him and a strap round his waist; then she tied on Nan's sunbonnet, and set off. Before her she could see little Ben's dark, curly head, limp on the pillow, and his rumpled sailor-collar, and she wanted to run. But little Nan could not hurry. Clinging to her mother's hand, she trotted along as fast as she could, awe-stricken by her brother's strange silence, by the sight of him in her carriage. But presently she began to cry.

"My foots is tired, dee' Mammy!"

Marie picked her up, kissed her hot, tear-stained face, and carried her in one arm while she pushed the carriage before her. She reached the house of their nearest neighbor, but it was locked; they had all gone out for the day.

So she went on. It seemed to her as if Nan's little clinging arms would choke her, as if the weight of that drowsy little body would crush her. On and on, down the unshaded road, in the fierce blaze of the August sun, on and on, with little Ben never stirring.

"My babies . . ." she said to herself, over and over. "My babies. . . ."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the doctor drove them home, little Ben still very white, but filled with importance.

"I reckon Daddy will give me a present," he said. "I was inconscious!"

"So was I!" said Nan.

"Don't let her talk so silly, Mammy!" said little Ben. "She was *not*."

"Don't be cross, babies," said Marie, "and you'll have ice cream for supper."

The doctor was quite willing to stop for the ice cream. He was a kindly man, and he had a great admiration for Marie.

When they got in sight of the house, he gave a whistle of amazement. For in the field next to the house was an airplane, and the pilot, in leather jacket and breeches, was talking to Ben.

"And it's a woman!" cried the doctor.

He got out and lifted down Nan; he would have taken little Ben, but his mother had him in her arms.

"I could walk," said little Ben valiantly. "On'y maybe I better not."

Ben was coming toward them, with a face white as chalk.

"He's all right now, Ben," Marie said, and let him take the child while she told him what had happened.

"Nan felled down too!" cried the tiny girl. "Daddy! Looka my drefful sore!" And she held up a plump brown leg.

Emily came hurrying up then, full of sympathetic interest in these domestic mishaps.

"I wanted to take you up," she said. "But I'll have to get back before dark. You'd love it so, Marie. It's so exactly your sort of game. You used to be such a dare-devil."

"Dare-devil!" said Ben, with a queer sort of harshness. "She's dared about all the devils there are, and—" His voice was unsteady; he turned away abruptly. "And knocked the spots out of them!" he said.

Marie stood with little Nan by her side while Emily took off; the plane, running across the field, rose and rose in the clear, pale sky that the sun had left. Her face was lifted to follow that swift, beautiful flight. . . .

Then little Nan pulled her dress, and she looked down, and smiled. Hand in hand, they went toward the house. Ben had settled the little boy on a sofa, and he came to meet them. And she saw in his eyes a look that lifted her heart as if on wings.

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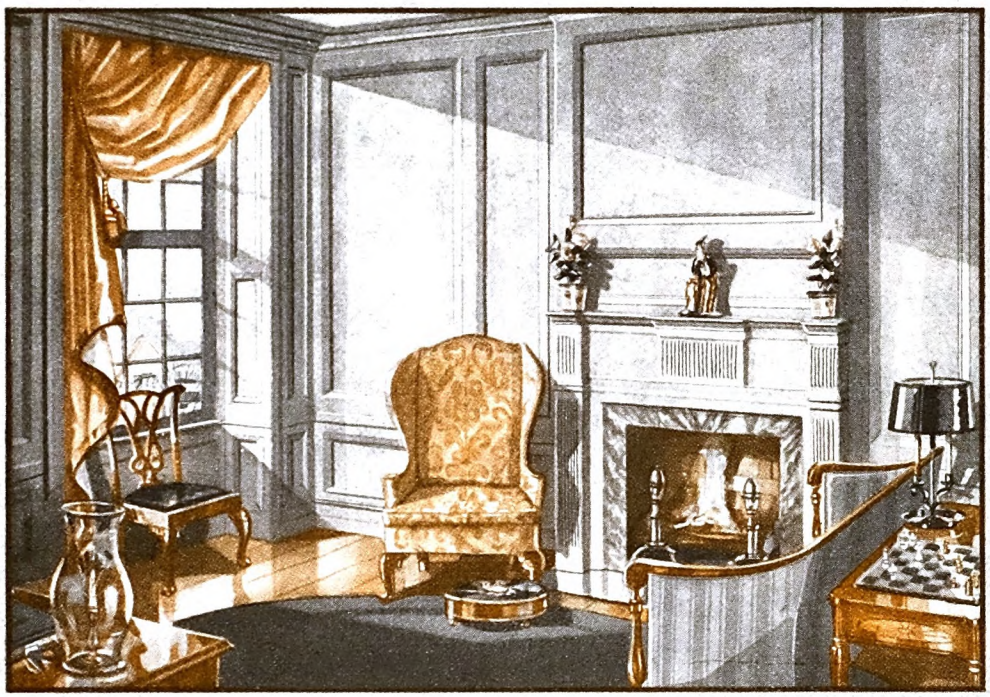

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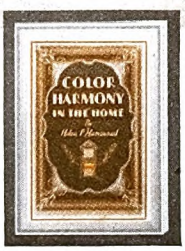

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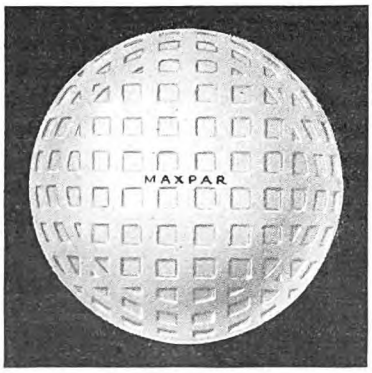

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Eves-Dropping

(*Continued from page 17*)

of what their successors would do—which the British used on the Somme in the autumn of 1916. They were the result of long study and experimentation kept as secret as possible—but not secret enough. German spies had reported on them before they first spread dismay among German infantry. Those reports, rather vague as to detail, but substantially correct, had reached Fräulein. She had turned them over to her technical adviser for his expert opinion. That opinion had been whatever was in 1916 the German equivalent of "Boloney!" The British might succeed in building a tank, he admitted, but under modern battle conditions on the Western Front, it would accomplish nothing. Then came the first tank attack, warning of what would come later when Ludendorff said that Allied tank attacks were one of the principal causes of German defeat. Fräulein summoned her technical expert.

"Here," she said, her large eyes flashing, a sneer on her lips. "Here, technical expert!"

She handed him a pistol—to use upon himself. And he did.

There is a story that Fräulein killed one man with her own hand—the Belgian who had gone through her school.

IT IS the ever-present atmosphere of romance and mystery intermingled that makes the woman spy more intriguing even than the man. Here are extracts from genuine letters of a German woman spy, one of Fräulein's pupils, that passed through the hands of the American secret service in late 1918:

Last night I made arrangements with the Deck Officer. Poor devil, he already loves me passionately. Think of it—he wants to marry me! He invited me to pay him a visit on board the ship. Of course I have accepted. I take it upon me to get into the map room in his company. Two dark eyes will do the rest!

* * *

The case of the Deck Officer has come to an end. The information was important. I am sorry for the man. He has touched me very much, but I am in the service of the Fatherland. I would gladly give my life if I could bring those hateful English to ruin.

* * *

I am interested in the old man, Mr. B., in the coal office. Women play a great part in his life. An attractive woman can do much. I don't know yet whether I shall act as a Dutch woman, or an American. There is also Herr I., a Dutchman, who hates the English "like a pest," and may become very useful to us. The plans and maps of the Netherlands military positions are printed there.

* * *

I saw Marie S. just before the departure of the convoy. She will give us information about the ships, and also as exactly as possible the place where they meet the warships. Believe me, if it is handled in the proper way, one can learn enough in their café! It is visited only by Englishmen, Norwegians, and Danes. She is on a good footing with these men and can be of the greatest use to us. When the English "gentlemen" have too much, they talk like anything.

* * *

I feel very uneasy. Yesterday morning I thought I saw the Spaniard who gave evidence in the Mississippi affair at Washington (White House) about what happened the night of June 11, 1912. It cannot be true, as he died on that terrible night. I don't like to be laughed at, at Stelle 1. I cannot forget it, though, as the Spaniard looked at me in such a sharp way. I have an idea that I am being shadowed.—H. E.

Please burn this letter at once.

Poor "Dark Eyes." Perhaps they were not seeing things and the owner was really being shadowed. Certainly her letters were being intercepted, and the parts quoted here show the methods of the average woman spy. But a semi-hysterical state, some authorities say, often makes her useless to her employers. Like, for instance, Bella Donna. The American secret service in Switzerland fooled her not so long after the capture of The Master. Here is the story:

ONE of G-2's best stunts, also one of the biggest practical jokes one army ever played upon another, was the Alsace Ruse. By scheming and tricks the Germans were warned of a big American attack in Alsace to reach the Rhine, when really we were preparing to attack some distance away, at St. Mihiel, and later even farther away, in the Meuse-Argonne. Major General Omar Bundy, commanding the 6th Corps, and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Briant H. Wells, were sent with staff officers to Belfort in French Alsace, where they openly established headquarters and drafted plans for the fake attack, while parties from seven American divisions reconnoitered the French trenches.

Then came a stroke of genius. Colonel Conger wrote General Pershing a letter outlining the Alsace attack plan, and saying all that was needed now was the Commander's O. K. He made a carbon copy of the letter. Then he threw the crumpled carbon paper into the wastebasket of his hotel room in spy-infested Belfort, and went out. When he returned soon afterward, the carbon was gone. The Germans prepared to evacuate Mulhouse, our "objective," moved more troops to Alsace, and made other arrangements showing that they expected an attack there.

Then there was Lieutenant Colonel B., who first reserved billets for twenty-five American newspaper correspondents, still to come, and made thorough inquiries about the Belfort postal and telegraph facilities for handling a sudden flood of despatches they would file.

Belfort was less than twenty miles from the frontier of Switzerland, that great switchboard of the German secret service whence news would flash to Great Headquarters at Spa and to Berlin. In Berne was even a better place to sow the seeds of false information, and the chief of the American secret service there was so reminded. "The Americans," he was informed, "are going to make a big attack in Alsace. The German secret service may be interested to hear about it. See that they do." A few days later the German chief in Switzerland began to get reports.

"X. and Y., suspected American agents," was their purport, "are going to

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4 FORWARD SPEEDS

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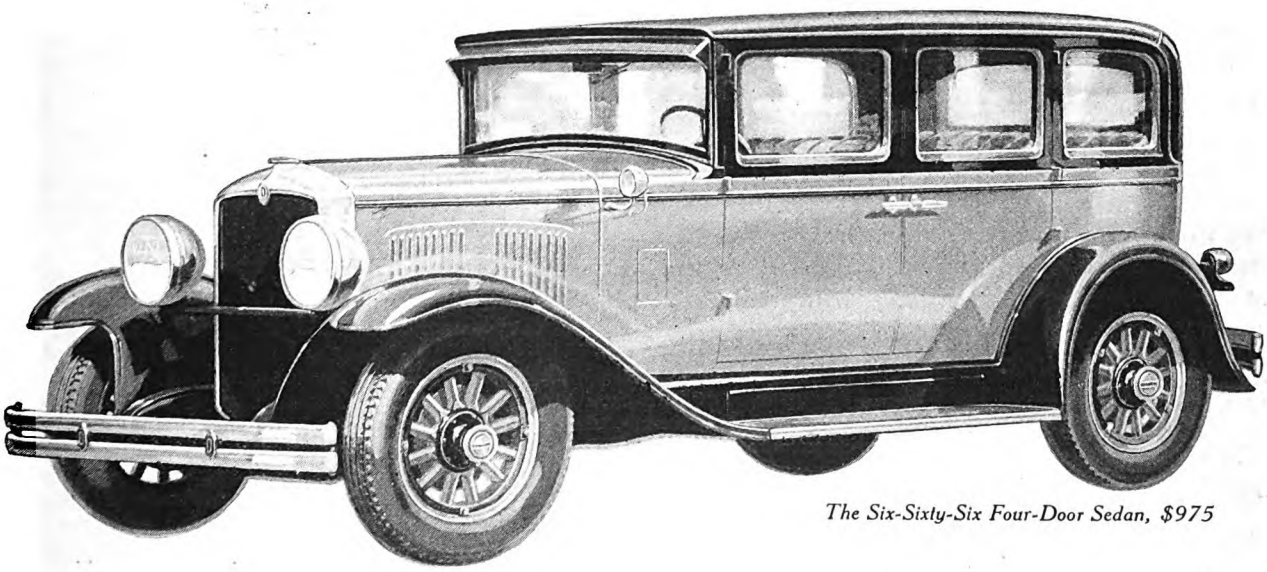

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A GOOD CAR

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are the ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians on the
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YOUR Courier-hostess and guide will give you entrée to medieval Spanish towns and ancient Indian pueblos, and interpret the strange ceremonials of a dozen tribes.

There are none of the petty worries of a motor trip. Hotel accommodations with private bath; meals, whether in town or at picturesque ranch—all these details are cared for by the expert Santa Fe-Harvey Company management and included in the all-expense rates of *$40.00 each person for the two-day Puyé Detour and of $57.50 each person for the three-day Taos-Puyé Detour.*

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Santa Fe System Lines
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Please send me picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Harveycar Motor Cruises."

all the libraries and bookstores in Berne, searching for information about Alsace. They ask for data about geography, topography, railroads, roads."

Geography, topography, railroads, roads! Just what an invading army must know about. The German chief handed those reports to his best code expert. "Get them into Germany immediately!" he ordered. Then he called in some agents, among them the heroine of this piece, the damsel Bella Donna. "Bella Donna," it might be explained, was what the Americans called her.

Her eyes had won the name for her. Those great, luminous black orbs were prominent features of the lobby in the celebrated Bellevue Palace Hotel in Berne, during four years of untold espionage and intrigue by a score of nations. Here was her hunting ground, masculine Allied officials or officers her prey. Bella Donna was right at home in European hotels. She was, one might say, a natural-born lobby vamp.

She was a handsome creature, dark, tall, graceful, with the exotic Russian air and gestures. Perhaps that was why the German chief had "put her on" the Americans, to scrape acquaintance with young secretaries of legation or military attachés, who were young enough to be gallant and to succumb before those lovely eyes. So she ogled and rolled and flashed them, but to little purpose. The Americans simply would not succumb.

"Wonder what she puts in those lamps?" they asked one another, and christened her "Bella Donna." Her real name does not descend to us. Now the German chief told her:

"You have one last chance. We hear that the Americans are going to attack in Alsace. We must have confirmation. If you can get it, you keep your job. If not, you lose it."

SO THAT evening in late August, 1918, the woman spy posed herself fascinatingly on a hotel divan, scanning soulfully, if a little anxiously, the cosmopolitan crowd that flowed in and out. American faces remained impassive, unmoved by arts of veiled seduction that years in the German service had taught her. Then the eyes flashed, as with long strides a tall, rather youthful man crossed the lobby. A big fish, she thought, in a position to know something about the Alsace attack, if anyone was. Hitherto, theirs had been only a bowing acquaintance. Could she land him now? She turned the eyes upon him—and they worked.

"Why, Mademoiselle," he beamed, coming up with outstretched hand, "you are charming this evening. And who could resist that smile? Won't you come into the bar and have a cocktail before dinner?"

"Bar? Cocktail?" Bella Donna heard the words in a rosy mist. "I should be charmed, Monsieur," she said demurely.

There was a laughing, noisy crowd in the bar, and at once her escort caught its spirit.

"Otto," he cried to the rubicund bartender, who was something of a character in Berne, "Otto, the two stiffest Martinis you ever mixed! Then two more—and make them stiffer."

In the little partitioned nook, they were gay and talkative, speaking first French, then English, which both knew well. But as the Martinis grew stiffer, the American's tongue grew thicker. His head rolled, then fell forward upon his chest. He slept. Now the great eyes flashed indeed, as Bella Donna leaned forward.

"Otto," she whispered, "come stand in front of us." Then, shielded by the broad, aproned figure, rapidly and with expert fingers she searched the American, and with a little cry found a long, narrow envelope.

"Let him sleep a little, until I return," she told Otto, and disappeared.

IN HER room in the hotel she lit an electric heater under a small teakettle, steamed open the envelope and drew out the single sheet, folded twice, of an American official paper. What she read made the eyes glow with triumph. It was an order, in proper official form, from General Nolan, commanding G-2 at American G. H. Q., France, to the chief of the American secret service in Switzerland, directing that he send at once to G. H. Q. all men in his service who had ever been in Alsace, or had special knowledge of the country, or spoke its patois. Intelligence officers for an invading army! The very thing the German chief wanted.

Bella Donna worked quickly. Disconnecting her electric wire from the heater, she connected it again with a little box-shaped instrument taken from concealment. Before this she set up the precious paper. Soon she had an excellent photostat of it. Replacing the original in the envelope, which she glued shut and dried carefully, she hurried again to the bar. There still slept the American. Again shielded by Otto, she replaced the envelope. Then she shook the young man.

"Come, Monsieur Sleepyhead," she cried gayly, "you have slept long enough. Let us dine."

Slowly the American raised a befuddled countenance.

"Wha'? Wha'?" he stammered, then, with a sudden look of alarm, clapped his hand to his inside coat pocket, then heaved a sigh of relief. Bella Donna struggled to keep triumph from the famous eyes. She bolted her dinner in manner American, made an excuse, hastened to the German chief.

"Here," she said, extending the photostat. "And you must apologize for ever doubting me. And I want a hundred marks more a week!"

Meantime:

"Hook, line, and sinker!" the American told his chief exultingly. "Once, though, I thought it was all off. When she was searching me—she tickled."

"Guess I'll plant a waiter or a bus boy in that bar," the chief mused, "now that we're sure Otto's in with them."

The real American attack, of course, came September 12 at St. Mihiel, one hundred and twenty-five miles northwest of the Alsace front. Doubtless somewhere in the smudgy pages of the history of secret service in Switzerland is written what happened to poor Bella Donna.

The men who were higher up did not always take the women spies very seriously. For instance, there was the case of "Irene." She worked for the Austrians, most of her activities being confined to Switzerland. One day Irene showed up at the office of an American official, offering to sell him some valuable infor-

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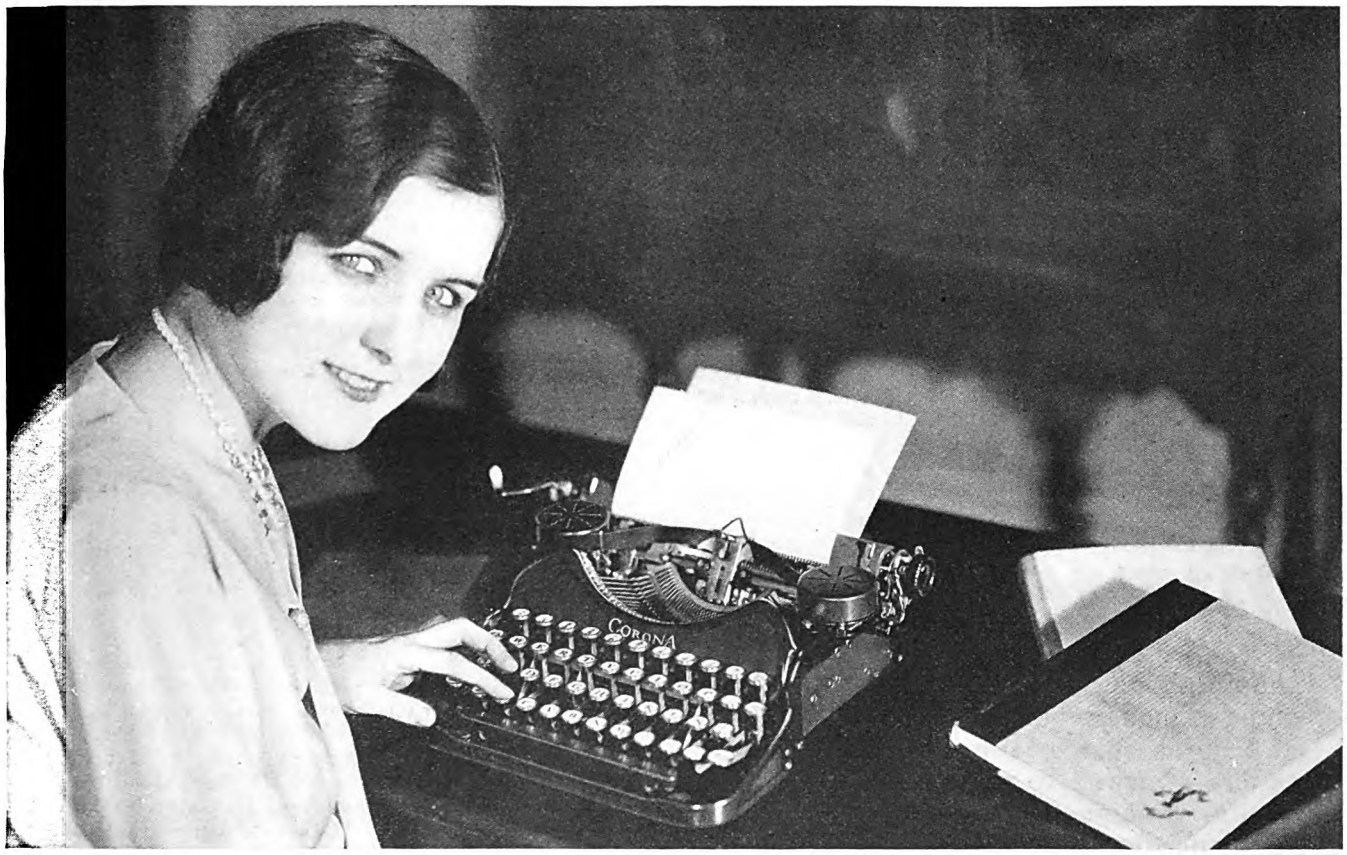

You don't have to be an expert to use Corona

By a Modern Girl

I HAD an interesting experience recently. I was down town shopping. "What beautiful colored typewriters!" I exclaimed. I had stopped beside an attractive counter display.

"They *are* beauties, aren't they?" replied the man behind the counter. "Wouldn't you like to try one?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I'm not expert enough. I never used a typewriter in my life."

The clerk laughed. "You don't have to be an expert to use Corona. Children in the first grade in school use them."

"How long does it take to learn?"

"You can learn the fundamentals in a few hours—that is, after you have read a helpful little book that is given free with every Corona."

That was three weeks ago. Now I have my own Corona. What a joy it is! I write all my letters on Corona. It seems actually easier than writing by hand—and it's much more fun. The clear-cut lines of type make my letters look neater than they ever did before. Many of my friends have complimented me on them.

. . .

This story is typical. Thousands of people are discovering that Corona is astonishingly easy to operate—that it is a wonderful convenience for office or home or travel—that it makes letter-writing lots of fun. Furthermore, the very features which enable beginners to write more easily, enable accomplished typists to *greatly increase their speed.*

You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see Corona. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. The balance may be paid in easy monthly installments. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—The World's Champion Portable.

An interesting illustrated booklet called "Corona Typewriters," which describes Corona in detail, and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models, will be sent you upon request. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

CORONA IS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PORTABLE ON 8 EXCLUSIVE POINTS

1. STRENGTH: *Strongest frame of any portable typewriter — solid one-piece aluminum, rigidly braced.*
2. SIMPLICITY: *Fewer parts than any other standard-keyboard typewriter.*
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4. EASY TO LEARN: *Corona design is the result of 20 years' study of the needs of beginners.*
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6. POPULARITY: *Corona has a million users. As many Coronas have been sold as all other portables combined.*
7. DURABILITY: *Coronas purchased 20 years ago are still giving satisfactory service.*
8. BEAUTY: *Graceful in line; exquisitely finished in every detail.*

CORONA

The PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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Please send me the free booklet, "Corona Typewriters."

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The Ediphone has set the tempo of modern business. It eliminates two time-wasters—buzzers to summon a stenographer and shorthand dictation to demand "twice-written" letters. The total of minutes saved can easily add an hour a day to the average dictator's free time—a month every year for him to devote to your mutual interests.

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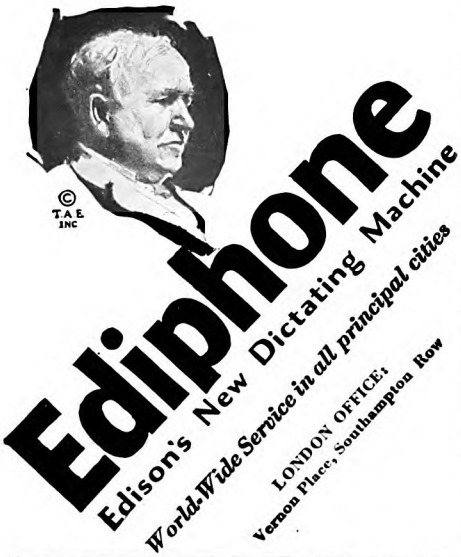

Radio Program Monday Evenings

mation about a cable-cutting job. The information seemed straight, the American paid for it, and hustled it to his chief.

"Why didn't you get that information sooner?" the chief demanded. Irene had told the truth, but told it too late.

The American thought little more of it until the Peace Treaty was being negotiated, and then one day he met the Austrian who had employed Irene, and they fell to talking.

"You bought some information from her, didn't you?" asked the Austrian.

"Yes," said the American, "how did she happen to turn?"

"Well," replied the Austrian, "she made herself such a nuisance around our place, always wanting more money, that I thought I'd give her some stuff to sell to you and let America pay her running expenses for a while. The information was good and of the sort that you would recognize as good—but I saw to it that she did not get to you in time to do us any harm. It was an easy way to get rid of her."

A FAVORITE German trick that American and other Allied attachés, diplomats, and officers had to be always dodging in Switzerland was a variation of the familiar "Badger Game." Women spies would endeavor to lure them to hotel rooms, where they would be discovered by "husbands" and threatened with exposure if they did not leave Switzerland at once. Sometimes the lure was a promise to give valuable information.

Among the sisterhood with Bella Donna, "Turkish Delight," and other women spies, was an Italian woman, with a beautiful oval face, splendid figure, and a "Come and get me" manner. She tried all three on a certain American, who reported the experience to his chief.

"See what she wants," the chief ordered, "but watch yourself."

So next evening, when they met in the Bellevue Palace lobby, things progressed almost as rapidly as they had for Bella Donna. As the Italian arose to go, she whispered, "Come in a few minutes to my room, and I will tell you something your government wants to know." The American nodded, and, shortly, rapped softly, but with some trepidation, upon her door. He could not but wonder what trap awaited, even though comrades were "covering" him.

The door opened, disclosing about what he had expected—his hostess clad mostly in a *peignoir*. The fair enchantress was at her most enchanting as she led him in and indicated a chaise longue. Then, as he moved toward it, she stooped, as if she had dropped something, locked the door and slipped the key into her bosom. The American leaped across the room.

"What are you doing?" he cried, and seizing both her arms, shook her like an old coat. As he had hoped, from somewhere or other the key fell to the floor. He pounced upon it, unlocked the door. Nobody in the hall. He stepped back into the room, past the amazed woman evidently struggling with very mixed emotions. He ran to the heavy curtains swathing the windows, ripped them aside, disclosing—nothing.

"Must be a dictograph somewhere," he said to himself, sitting down on the edge of the primmest chair in the room, as far as possible from the chaise longue. "And now, Signora, what was that information you were going to give me?"

He had outraged the Signora's finest feelings. How could he suspect her? Was she not Italian, a friend of the Allies? But there was room for two on the chaise longue. No? Reluctantly she began to tell about a new German plan she had heard of, "on the very best authority," to beat the British at their own "Q Ship" game. There would be a merchant ship with neutral flag, Swedish, Norwegian, whatever, steaming along the surface. Lurking beneath, always following, would be a submarine, to stab whatever patrolling Allied war vessels should search the neutral. They had also a clever plan to refuel submarines at sea by neutral ships. That was the Signora's information, drawn from her piecemeal. True, or made in the German rumor factory? All the American could do was pass it on to G-2-B, to be weighed and estimated. So, to the Signora's apparent disgust, he got up and left. Next day, so did she, and the hotel saw her no more. Pique, or was her job done?

Whether or not there had been a dictograph in her chamber, those inquisitive instruments played a part in American secret service, as in any other.

How many of the A. E. F. remember that hotel in the Rue D., not too far from the Boulevard des Capucines patrolled by boulevardières? A find, that hotel, with unobtrusive entrance, leading to comfortable rooms, and, despite regulations, always hot water and every other "*confort moderne*." So discreet, so safe.

That was where some of the dictographs were. Through long winter evenings, stenographers, American and French, listened to many a conversation between an American officer and some pretty lady, perhaps a German agent seeking information, or a French agent helping to spot loose tongues that should be sent where they could wag harmlessly. Time after time, listening stenographers wrote, "'Ow mannee Americain arrh on France?"

Their pothooks caught odd fish sometimes. One operator nearly broke the apparatus when there smote his ear the well-known voice of a certain high-ranking officer—but using language he had never heard that officer use before. The officer got a new, safer job far from Paris and the boulevardières—and wondered why.

There was reason for the warnings spread through the A. E. F. about *les petites femmes*.

MORE women did American Intelligence work of one sort or another in the United States than in Europe. Women of high, low, and no social position played the game, lured by desire to do something for their country—and to get a thrill. Many were volunteers, American, Allied, and German. The amateurs furnished most of the fireworks.

Intelligence suspected an Austrian Baron of violating his parole and doing some quiet spy work for the Central Powers. Shadowing about New York showed him engaged in several intrigues, to be sure, but not the sort suspected. The Baron was a ladies' man. Suspicion persisted, and it was decided to put a woman on him.

"She's got to be a good-looker," the

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Arizona hunter tracks down big catch ... *for his pipe!*

Stranded in hot desert, pipe-smoker finds oasis of comfort in this little blue tin

ASK Mr. Kirby, a victim of the stifling heat of the desert, and he'll tell you it's mighty uncomfortable to hunt for your favorite pipe-tobacco and find you've lost your pouch. Unless (as it so happened) one of the boys has a welcome "shot" of Edgeworth to fill the breach.

Mr. Kirby says it certainly did *more* than that for him. For from the moment he packed his pipe with Edgeworth the world seemed pretty good again. And now he's made up his mind he'll never smoke any other brand.

Not all pipe-smokers are brave bold hunters. But nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Pipe-smoking runs to sound, thinking men—not to the nervous, helter-skelter breed. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply *can't* be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.

But you don't have to wait until you're stuck in a desert to try the powers of Edgeworth.

Try this FREE *offer now!*

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 45 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Battle Mountain Sanitarium,
Hot Springs, So. Dakota,
December 5th, 1928.

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

One day in the desert, in Arizona, I went out on an all-day shooting trip, and left my pouch at home, and did not discover it until I was miles from town. Well, I was disgusted. The sun was shining hot as the devil that day, and everything was dancing in the heat, and I soon got a headache.

Now a queer thing about these headaches I have is that tobacco relieves them. So I asked one of the boys for a pipe of tobacco, and he handed me a tin of Edgeworth. Well, I thought here was the place where I was going to ruin a perfectly good pipe.

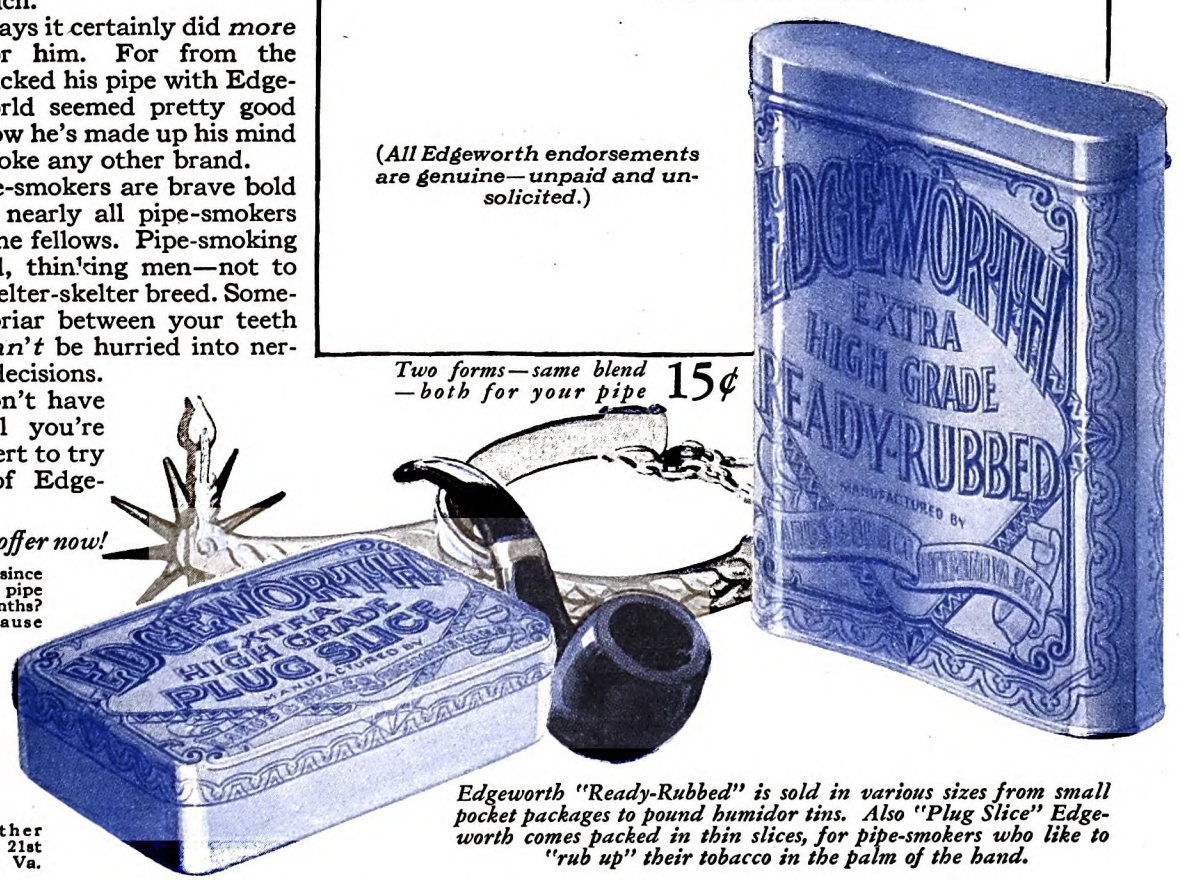
But I got the biggest surprise of my smoking experience. For the pipe tasted just as good as it ever had with the other brand, and was quite a bit cooler, too. I smoked three or four pipes before we got through the day's shooting, and when I had finished there was no dryness of mouth and throat, and no unpleasant taste in my mouth.

You can be sure I have never smoked any more imported mixtures since that day, and as long as Edgeworth is what it is I will use no other. I want to thank you for a really fine tobacco, than which there is no greater rarity in this machine-made country.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) McKinley Kirby

(*All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.*)

Two forms—same blend—both for your pipe 15¢



Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

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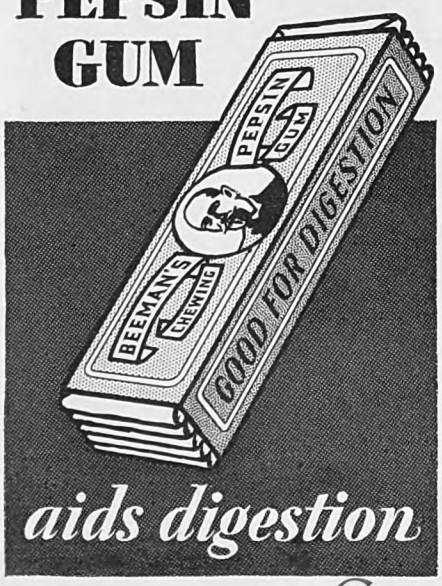
How's your optimism *after meals?*

MOST pessimism, according to a wise observer, comes from bad digestion. And most bad digestion comes from carelessness — quick meals, big meals, weird meals. Have a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after eating. Help your digestion this pleasant, wholesome way, as millions now do. You'll like the fresh, keen Beeman's flavor, the smooth way it chews. For over 30 years it has been a favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



aids digestion

shadows reported. "He's some picker."

Where search for good-lookers but in the chorus? Especially as a well-known New York theatrical producer was a valuable member of the Intelligence forces? He produced a girl whom the shadows pronounced a good-looker. They arranged for her to meet the Baron, then told her what to do. She was the peaches-and-cream blond type, sufficiently upholstered, that would appeal to a Teuton. She was to tell the Baron she was of German descent, worm her way into his confidence, and find out what he was doing for Austria.

The first week passed without news. "Probably just getting started," they thought. Then a second passed, and a third. No reports. Then this note:

"The Baron and I were married this morning. Thank you."

He was a real Baron. Explaining, perhaps, why girls go on the stage, and into secret service.

THE greatest center for that game in this country was, of course, wartime Washington. There was nothing imaginary about the presence there of agents and friends of Germany eager to pick up precious nuggets of information and forward them across the ocean, usually by South American countries and Mexico. In Mexico City was a German spy center not unfamiliar to the German Legation, that sent more than one agent to the United States. One was the famous Pablo Waberski. Another was a dangerous woman spy, who was not caught until she had worked for some time in Washington and had nearly done very serious harm.

One of the most important Government departments guarded closely its many secrets. In a special camouflaged safe were kept papers, drawings, letters, whose possession would certainly mean thousands of lives and millions of marks to the Germans, and might, in a few cases at certain times, have meant the difference between victory and defeat. The men who saw the contents could have been counted upon one hand—whereof one finger would have been President Wilson. The safe had a guardian, who almost alone knew its secret and how to open it. He had an excellent record as a Government servant and was trusted.

But does secret service entirely trust anybody? The safe's guardian was watched, from his getting up in the morning until his retiring at night, and it is lucky he was. He began spending his evenings with a beautiful, dark woman of Spanish type, unknowing that everything he did was noted. Infatuated, he became not alone indiscreet, but disloyal. To their amazement, the shadows beheld the woman and this trusted officer enter a certain apartment house in a quiet Washington street. The shadows knew that in that house was a small apartment, ostensibly that of a bachelor business man, actually conducted by a branch of the government as a hidden rendezvous for confidential interviews. The guardian of the safe was one of the few who had keys, with fully understood restrictions governing their use. The shadows telephoned their chief:

"He's taken her up to the apartment."

"Grab them both!" the chief exploded.

The third degree revealed, first, that the beautiful dark stranger was from the German spy center in Mexico City, caught as she had begun to weave around her intended victim a web of blackmail from which he could have escaped only by giving up the secrets of the safe.

At least, so the Intelligence officers believed who questioned her. She got off easily—deportation to Mexico. He, of course, no longer guarded that safe.

DOES this narrative seem unfair to women spies? The failures among them, of course, come to the surface, the successes remain often hidden. To right the balance there is one more story, to Americans perhaps the most touching story of all. Unfortunately, it must be told briefly, without official authority.

There was one American woman spy who played for a great stake, won, and died.

It was in Austria-Hungary, where American secret service accomplished more than is generally known. The former dual monarchy was, for various reasons, a better field for American agents than Germany. One of these American agents was a woman, who some say had been in Austria-Hungary before the war, and others say got in through the efforts of an unusual personality, a friend of the present President Masaryk, who operated partly with the amazing Czechoslovak secret service.

In the early fall of 1918 she decided upon her great coup—to hasten the downfall of Austria-Hungary then imminent from internal dissension, war-weariness, and near famine. She was not in Vienna, but in another large city, very possibly Prague, for she had help such as few within the iron ring but Czechoslovaks would have given. On a concealed printing press she printed thousands of the tickets on presentation of which the hard-pressed people could get bread or meat. Then she distributed them to many agents, some knowing, some ignorant of what she was doing. There came a rush on provision stores that stripped them, throughout a province at least. People who for years had not eaten their fill, went on a food drunk. Then came the cry, "There is no more!" Now real famine threatened, and that threat, the story runs, hastened the peace overtures of the already willing Emperor and the proclamation that part of his former realm was to become the Czechoslovak Republic.

But the fabricator of the false food tickets had been traced, arrested, and, woman or no woman, executed with short shrift. She knew, of course, that that would be her fate if she were caught. Yet she did her bit to end the war.

How that woman died, where she was buried, under what name, who were her family or friends, the writer does not know. The story he has told comes from three sources, all reliable, none official. Surely somewhere among our official records there must be a clue which, if followed, would enable the American people at least to know who was their World War heroine who lies in an unknown grave.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Johnson's next article will be about "Our Secret War" and how it was carried forward by fifty thousand Silent Watchers and a few hundred soldiers of fortune known as Intelligence Police. It was the work of two I. P.'s that made possible the brilliant surprise attack by the Americans at Cantigny. . . . That and other thrilling tales are told in this next article.

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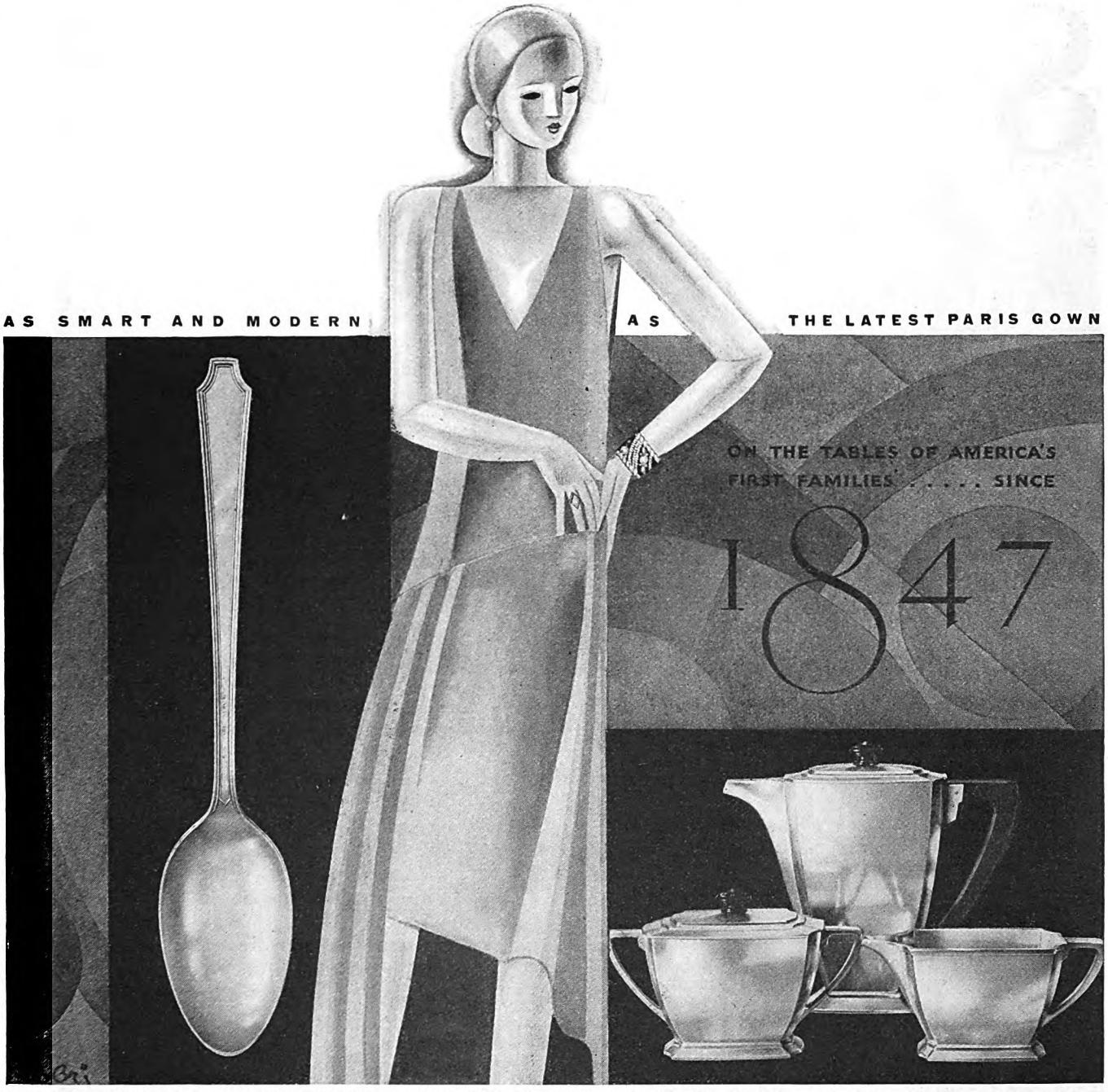

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LEGACY · *the New pattern*

No silverware pattern in history ever scored the instantaneous success that has greeted LEGACY . . . In the six months since its debut it has broken all sales records.

The reason is delightfully self-evident in the pattern itself. It is the first truly modern pattern in silverware . . . the first to embody the crisp, straightaway lines of modern art.

New as the latest issue of Vogue or Harper's Bazar in its modernity. But with four generations of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate artistry back of it. Lucky is the bride who is starting her silver service with LEGACY.

GENERAL OFFICES: MERIDEN, CONN. SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO. CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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8 Large National Advertisers *listen in on the Family Dinner*

THESE organizations—eight of the most successful advertisers in the country—are, of course, vitally interested in getting the most out of the advertising dollar.

Working independently of each other, these eight investigated the buying and reading habits of more than 23,000 American families, in scores of cities and towns. "What people influence the sale of my product?" "What magazines do they read?" were among the questions asked.

All eight institutions found that in the great majority of homes today, two or more members of the family influence nearly every purchase, whether it be toothpaste, pianos, fountain pens, or canned soup. No one person makes the choice. In over 69% of the cases it is a consensus of family opinion that makes the sale.

And as to magazine reading habits—the findings of these eight advertisers also coincided exactly. When asked which magazine was indispensable to the family as a whole — which it would vote to keep if only one magazine could come into the home—the answers were overwhelmingly in favor of The American Magazine.

• • •

Many similar surveys have recently been made by other large national advertisers, advertising agencies, associations, universities and research groups. In every one of which we have knowledge, the same results were obtained.

These studies point a clear way to reduce advertising waste. Since home buying today is governed by the opinions of the whole family, since the average family consists of 4.3 persons, and since The American Magazine is the outstanding family favorite — then The American Magazine offers the best means of telling and selling the whole family in 2,200,000 homes — at one advertising cost. It actually puts the advertising dollar on a 4 to 1 basis.

Write or telephone for detailed information on these surveys without obligation.

The Eight Advertisers who investigated Family Buying and Reading Habits

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

THE HOOVER COMPANY

NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

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The Future of American Business

(*Continued from page 26*)

anything else. For the first time, every banker and manufacturer realized that the more money people have, the more things they can buy; that the desire for more things and better things is the mainspring of production. Through higher wages, we gave people the opportunity to indulge their desire for better things and more of them, and then, by development of more flexible credits through installment buying, we enlarged that opportunity. The basis of our prosperity is our own domestic market, which we have vastly enlarged by this simple process of increasing the power to consume. And don't think for a minute that this new spirit of wanting more things and being willing to work for them is confined to the United States. Individuals all over the world are potential consumers to the physical capacity of individuals here. All they lack is equal financial capacity, and that is not beyond their possibilities."

I pressed Baruch on this point.

"MONTHS ago," he said, "I drew up a plan on the lines of which I believed the reparations problem and the debt problem would ultimately be settled. The plan proposed a meeting of representatives of the Germans, the allied nations, and the United States, at which the whole question would be faced afresh. Ten years have passed since the Peace Conference and four years since the Dawes Plan went into effect. We are in a much better position now to know what Germany can really afford to pay and what is both possible and profitable, from the long point of view, in the matter of debt settlements.

"The settlement of the debt and reparations problems would bring such a revival of industry in the whole world, and the demand for things would be so great, that it would result in what, for want of a better term, we might call 'an industrial renaissance.' These two questions have been like dragging anchors to the great ship of international commerce, which has been slowly gaining headway and is only approaching moderate speed in this country. If the reparations question is settled by fixing Germany's indebtedness definitely at a sum that she can pay and is willing to pay, so the Allies can get money sufficient to meet their requirements and their debt to America, and if America will take some of this cash as a settlement, the whole international financial question would change immensely for the better. The higher standards of living which we enjoy here, the construction of railroad terminals, airports, magnificent roads, bridges, and tunnels, which have contributed so much to our progress, would be duplicated in other countries as fast as they are able to get the means. The automobile, and the airplane, the moving picture, television, and the radio would carry to the farthest corners of the earth accurate pictures of the standards of living of the better countries, creating desires to emulate them the world over—the irresistible urge to do, to achieve, and to have.

"Incidentally, the fair and proper settlement of this question will do more for agriculture than anything that could be done politically."

At this point it is only fair to Mr. Baruch to point out that he outlined his plan for settlement of the reparations question three years ago. I had talked to him about it early in the spring of 1928. Early in 1929, when this is being written, the United States has already agreed to the selection of Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan as unofficial representatives to attend an international commission on the reparations problem. The best financial minds of Europe and of the United States have high hopes of some such solution as Mr. Baruch suggested.

His plan, or suggestion, was that the sum that Germany would pay should be definitely fixed in amount and should be a sum that Germany can pay and would try to pay. Under the Dawes Plan the railroads were obligated and certain first charges were made against the industries of Germany. Mr. Baruch proposed that of the amount fixed for Germany to pay, part should be represented by an issue of bonds to be secured by German railroads and industrials and to be a first charge against these properties. About two billion dollars of these bonds should be marketed, and the balance of the bonds, six or eight billions, held in escrow by the Allies, to be sold as and when the international markets would absorb them.

If the two billions or any proportion of them were sold, France, under the so-called "Spa agreement," would get 52% and the other countries their proportionate share, as determined by the same agreement. If France were thus to get 52% of the two billion, she would have one billion dollars in cash for any purpose for which she determined to use it. Mr. Baruch's main idea was that with such an amount, France could negotiate a cash settlement for her debt to America, and when further bonds were sold, she and England could make further cash settlements with us and still have a credit to their accounts in the balance of the bonds.

The bonds would be a first charge on all Germany, as they would be secured by her railroads and industrials, as outlined above, and be issued in all the gold currencies of the world—dollars, francs, pounds, lire, and marks. The citizens of the world would buy them because they would be the best bonds ever issued internationally.

MR. BARUCH'S suggestion was drawn up with the idea that if it were carried out, trade and commerce would so increase in the world that tax burdens could be lessened everywhere. If the United States were paid in cash, she could retire Liberty Bonds, reducing the yearly interest on her obligations, and give an opportunity for the reduction of taxes or the use of that money for some other purpose. When I asked him to discuss this plan in detail, he declined to do so because he said the matter was now definitely in the hands of the Reparations Commission. But he added, "I am not in

EVERY CAR NEEDS
SIMONIZ

MOTORISTS WHO HAVE HAD a lot of experience in the care of cars and have driven cars for years, know the value of Simonizing. They always Simoniz a new car before driving very far. They know the weatherproof protection that only Simoniz gives guards the finish from injury, and keeps their cars looking new and beautiful so long that they find it easy to get a good price on a trade-in . . . and Simonizing really saves them a lot of money.

Simonizing keeps new cars looking new and restores the lustre to the finish of cars that have become dulled, stained or discolored in use.

Simoniz Kleener removes all grime, stains and even blemishes. Then Simoniz gives immediate protection to all motor car finishes, including Duco and lacquer, makes them last longer and keeps their rich beautiful colors from fading.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener, and you will save money by driving a car that always looks new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise~
SIMONIZ

Easily Applied With a Cloth

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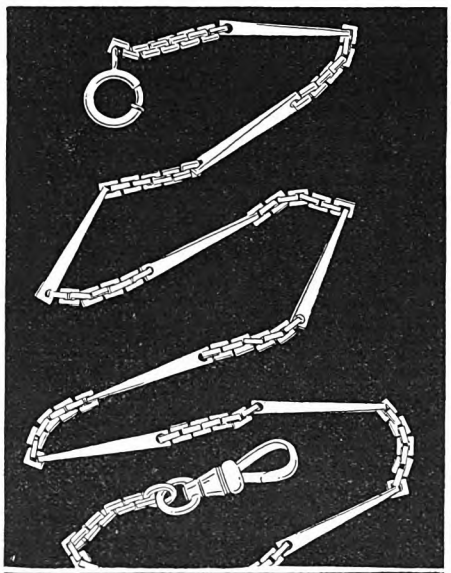
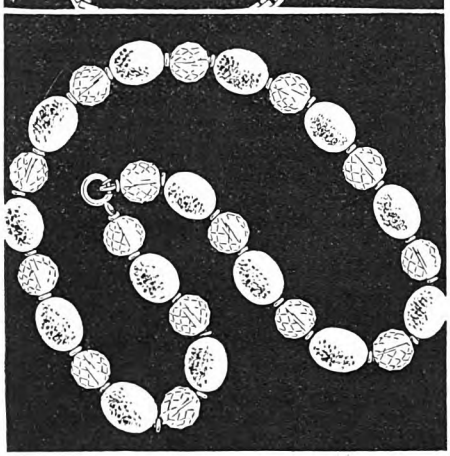
SOME THINGS TO

GIVE

IF THIS JUNE IS REALLY IMPORTANT





A VERY excellent gift for the young man who is graduating—any man, for that matter—is a new Simmons Chain. The one illustrated is No. 30711, a white gold-filled Waldemar, at $9. The chain is smartly designed, yet its dignity keeps the modern spirit well within limits of good taste.

You're going to have difficulty with the Simmons necklace. To whom among all these June friends of yours shall you give such a delightful thing? This graceful necklace is No. 30508, an effective combination of simulated crystals in two shades. The price is $7.25.

Virtually all the better jewelry stores are able to show you these and other Simmons styles, including bracelets. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS AND NECKLACES

The swivel says it's a Simmons

the least averse to forecasting the results of such a settlement. I believe that trade and commerce all over the world would be immensely benefited and interest rates would lessen, because the demand for gold by the great central banks, which no longer would be dominated by fear, would lessen materially.

"Something of that sort," he added, "I am confident is going to be worked out. And when it has been worked out I believe we shall enter upon a new period of world-wide production and distribution which future historians may call the 'industrial renaissance.'"

I asked him what he meant by the term "industrial renaissance." "That's a new phrase to me," I said.

"Maybe it isn't properly descriptive, but I'll tell you what it means to me.

"I have already said that the desire for more and better things—for a higher standard of living—is the real beginning of increased business. Until people are conscious of the want for an article there can be no real market for that article. People saw the automobile and wanted it immediately. About the same time, increased wages and credit facilities made it possible for them to have it. That began the fabulous development of the automobile industry. People see airplanes, and when enough of them really want airplanes—are 'air conscious' as they say—then the airplane industry will be a prodigious industry.

"Now, this process of wanting is already spreading all over the world. The spirit of tearing down the old and building something new and better which you see on every hand in this country has spilled over into every other country. Everywhere in our own land are new roads, new bridges, new subways, new terminals. Everywhere the burden of toil is being lifted off the shoulders of men by machinery and lightened in the home by electricity. The movie and the radio and the airplane are carrying the picture of our new standard of living into every corner of the globe, and wherever the picture is carried there is created desire.

"BEFORE the war there were hundreds of millions of people who had too little hope and too much fear to desire anything. They were born to live and die within the same narrow limits as their fathers before them. If the father had been a peasant, the son must be a peasant; if the father had been a porter, the son could expect nothing better. Everything was fixed, curbed, static. Then came the war, tumbling over thrones, destroying feudal privileges, and wiping out feudal fortunes. The process went too far, of course, as in Russia, where the people experienced a rush of liberty to the head and attempted to beat economic laws that are as fixed and unbeatable as the law of gravitation. But the great effect of the war, aside from its suffering and destruction of wealth, was in jarring dead brain cells into life, throwing people out of ruts, striking down barriers and chains, and giving hundreds of millions of people the right to look forward, to hope and to have.

"When all that wanting and hoping begins to find expression through increased productivity, millions of families will begin to apply, in some degree, the American formula of 'work and have more.' There will follow, in my judgment, such an expansion of production, such a work of rebuilding, such an interchange of goods through foreign trade as we have never experienced before. For the first time in history, we have sound reason to hope for a long period of peace. For the first time, the business men of all nations are supplied with statistical information, together with some understanding of the laws of economics. For the first time, we have sound centralized banking systems in all the countries and close coöperation between these systems internationally. Because all these factors are favorable, and because of the universal stirring of desire and ambition to which I have already referred, I believe in the 'industrial renaissance.' We are already seeing something of it in the United States."

"DOES this mean that everybody will be prosperous: that there will be no more 'bad times'?" I asked.

"Not at all. There will always be inequalities in human intelligence and industry. You can go into any state today and find some farmers making money and other farmers, only a few miles away, having a hard struggle. You can find the same situation in retail stores on any Main Street. You can look into any big business and see two men who started as boys together and are now far apart. We shall never have any social set-up that can insure equal prosperity for everybody. But we are beginning to conquer some of the obstacles which have unfairly handicapped humanity in general in the past.

"Think for a moment what a cheering spectacle the past century presents. In that period we have practically removed the scourge of famine from the world. Only a century ago it was considered inevitable that some portion of the race should be afflicted with famine almost every year. Food rotted on the ground in one country while people were starving only a few hundred miles away. China and India, where population is dense and modern methods have made little progress, still suffer periodically from famines, but the rest of the world has abolished this specter. Agricultural machinery has made it possible to farm many acres instead of a few; transportation, cold storage, and other scientific devices enable one section of the world to exchange its produce with other sections that are thousands of miles away. We are within sight of the day when everybody in the world will have enough food all the time.

"Similarly, we are making great progress in the conquest of disease. Smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria, yellow fever, and diabetes have been, if not conquered, at least greatly diminished through the magnificent work and sacrifice of scientists.

"Today, with the motor, the radio, and improved sea, land, and air travel, and with television almost upon us, who shall be alone, what place isolated, who be separated from the comforts and solace of his fellow man?

"Our generation has seen the first halting steps toward the abolition of war, and more good influences are at work in this direction than ever before.

"One foe we have made little progress against until very recently—namely, the panics and depressions in business which from time to time have shut down indus-

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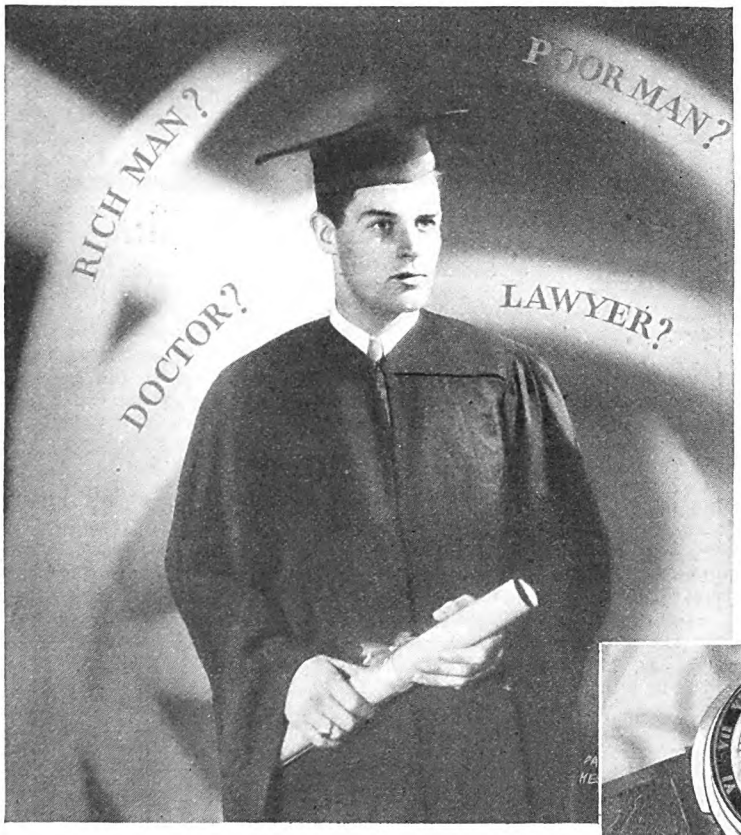
What can you give him to help him towards success?



Below, *The* "SPUR"—*more than a miracle of workmanship. A definite flair for the modern—that has not lost its sense of dignity. In 14k yellow or white gold with 19-jewels, $125.*

Other strap models at $50 upward.

The "WHEATLAND"—*harmoniously designed, with a Gothic face, this exquisite Hamilton holds a subtle beauty all its own. In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved (as shown) $50.*

IN a dozen little ways you've always thought of him almost as a child. "The boy," you said with a sigh of relief, "oh, he's still at college."

But now "the boy" is about to step into a new world. On his own. For better or worse.

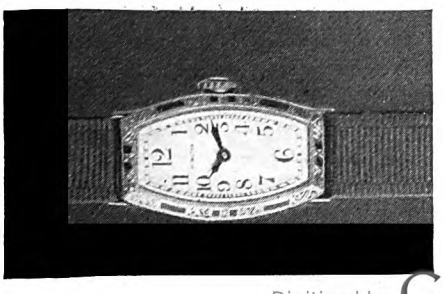
Do you know that your graduation gift to him can actually be something that will help him to success? Do you know that the world can tell a success—or a man on the road to success—by the time he carries?

After firing the question, "What time have you?" at hundreds of men in every walk of life this fact stands out: the higher you go in business or the professions the more exact watches you will find.

So give the graduate a Hamilton.

Successful men carry watches that are accurate *to the dot* . . . and a surprisingly large number of these men have Hamiltons in their watch-pockets or strapped around their wrists. Hamiltons range from $48 upward.

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," a booklet that will prove of much value when you choose that graduation gift for your son or daughter. It not only shows a complete line of beautiful Hamilton models, but tells something of the exquisite care that goes into their creation. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.



For the girl graduate

The "CHEVY CHASE"—*a new 17-jewel woman's ribbon model with a combination 14k white gold enamel and engraved case, silver dial with inlaid enamel numerals, $80. Others at $75.*

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

THE HAMILTON WATCH IS AN AMERICAN WATCH

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Farm Trade Tips

Volume 1 — Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers — Number 2

10 TRIED AND PROVEN BUSINESS BUILDING IDEAS

Yellow "Gold"

The Big Yellow Store in Iberia, La., finds that yellow paint turns into "gold" if you use it to establish "color identity." All their buildings are painted yellow. So are their trucks, wagons and outdoor advertising signs. They even use yellow stationery. The big store is the trading center for farmers for miles around. And it's easy to see how "yellow trucks" speeding along country roads constantly remind farmers of the store and its merchandise.

Uniform Charging

When he bottles and sells bulk goods, an Alabama druggist always writes the price on the *gummed* side of the label. Then when the bottle comes back for re-filling the price is visible—and no clerk offends the customer by charging him more than he paid before.

Shoes Sell Style

A smart specialty dealer in a Western state saw many a dress sale lost because woman's street shoes usually struck a false style note when they tried on new dresses. He doesn't sell shoes, but he laid in a stock of sample shoes which are now fitted to his customers before they try on new garments. Increasing sales show he has hit on a real merchandising idea. Shoes now correspond with dresses in his store—sales have increased—and his customers are pleased by this attention to one of the "little things."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Customers Sell For Him

H. B. Harvey of Sacramento, Cal., devised a plan to let his customers do his selling on washing machines—with the result that his sales have increased, his selling costs have dropped away down, and the number of "reverts" has decreased. He was operating with a crew of 14 outside salesmen when he woke up to the fact that although he had a good paper profit, his cash reserve was actually shrinking. He was paying $30 commissions on "sales" that were not sales at all—over 20 per cent of them were "reverts." He went to his customers and said in effect—"How do you want me to sell electrical appliances to you—through front-door salesmen, or through some other method?" The emphatic reply was "Some other method!" With that he fired his salesmen and hired his customers. He now offers $10 to any housewife giving him the name of a prospect, payable when the sale is closed. The plan is working out excellently. Sales have gone up and he requires the help of only one woman demonstrator.

—*Electrical Merchandising.*

$ $ From Color

An eastern hardware merchant has discovered three new facts that help him sell more colored kitchenware. First, he says that the woman who comes in to buy brushing lacquer can almost positively be sold some colored kitchenware—and that the way to sell her is to suggest the colored ware as "a bright spot in your kitchen in harmony with its color scheme." Second, he found from tests that yellow and green kitchenware moves the fastest, and he always buys heaviest in these two colors. Third, he found that displaying colored kitchenware on a white enamel kitchen table resulted in few sales. He then tried colored backgrounds—yellow, red, green, orange, and finally *black* crepe paper. Black sells the most colored ware, he says, because it makes the colors stand out.

—*Hardware Age.*

Sell Paint to *Her*

Alex E. Brantley, hardware merchant of Troy, Ala., says that house and barn paint orders come in a lot easier if you start your selling with the farm wife. First, he says, get farm women interested in using brushing lacquer in their homes. His store put on a 3-day course in lacquering furniture—for farm women exclusively. It was a big success. And since he carries only one line of paint, from lacquers right up to house and barn paints, farm women for miles around are already familiar with his standard line and are sold on the results it gives.

Doubles Candy Sales

Up to about a year ago, John K. Thompson, leading druggist of Pendleton, Oregon, stocked a large variety of candy—but he wasn't making any money at it. Then he cut out all bulk candy and kept on only two lines of boxed candy—one nationally advertised and the other a local brand. And, of course, he continued carrying the popular five-and-ten-cent bars. He began using window display space to tie up to the advertising of the nationally known candy. In three months his sales doubled.

Send It To "Mrs."

The Chandler Hardware Co., of Sylvania, O., has a farm mailing list of 5,700 names, and each name begins with "Mrs." They find that mail advertising brings in more sales when it gets the woman's attention first.

Sell A Car

"We never sell a car on the basis of giving 90 days' free service," says Henry Stiles, successful car dealer of Alma, Mich. "If you offer anything 'free' in your selling you tread on dangerous ground with the buyer—for *his* interpretation of your 'free' offer usually varies from *yours*.

"The only free service we give is the 3000-mile inspection. That's for our own protection as well as the buyer's. But every other service is charged for at standard rates. Giving 'free' offers is weak selling. If your car is worth the price asked for it—sell a car, not a 'proposition' and keep your customers' confidence."

"White Elephants"

The Southern Colorado Public Service Company has three good rules for moving out "white elephant" stock without having the cut prices build up sales resistance against normal *list* prices. Here they are:

1. Advertise the *number* of items you have for sale at special prices, as well as the *nature* of these items. Tell buyers that when these items are sold your prices will again return to "list."
2. Tell your customers in your advertising *why* the specials are available—frankly, that you bought a little ahead of demand and must move the specials to make way for new merchandise. This gets over the idea that price-cutting is not a store policy.
3. Mark the items plainly as "demonstrators" "slightly used in display," or "reclaimed merchandise." This gives another sound reason for the cut prices and further forestalls conflict with standard list prices.

—*Electrical Merchandising.*

$10.00 *for Your IDEA*

WE PAY $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade "tips." Send in YOUR idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many "tips" as you wish—we may use them all. You don't have to be a store owner. Anyone connected with a retail store can submit ideas. The only requirement is that the idea must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

"Farm Trade Tips" now appears regularly in *Collier's* and *The American Magazine* as part of FARM & FIRESIDE'S service to rural retailers.

Send your idea to—

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Service Dept.
250 Park Ave., New York City

The National Farm Magazine
Read in more than 1,300,000 Farm Homes
Farm & Fireside

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tries and brought fear and distress to millions of homes.

"The point to be emphasized is that we now have certain safeguards which never existed before: the Federal Reserve Bank; the better understanding and use of statistics by the nations, by banks and industries, and by individuals; the coördination of the financial systems of all the leading nations; and the great increase of human wants and ambitions throughout the world which, with occasional and temporary setbacks, ought to provide a huge volume of business for many years to come."

"ASSUMING that all this is true," I asked, "how should the average man proceed in forecasting his own life for the next few years? What plans can he make for his individual investments?"

"Nobody can advise the 'average' man on investments and it is furthest from my thought to discuss the temperamental spirit of the stock markets. There are certain principles, but the application of these principles rests with the individual in the infinite variety of his circumstance. The average man keeps his eyes not more than half open. He does not train himself to see what is going on around him. He hopes that some day somebody will happen along and give him an inside tip, or some advance information that will make his fortune over night. As a matter of fact, the best tips of all are written so large and plain that anybody with imagination can read and profit by them.

"You asked me as we sat down how I happened to be interested in radio. Who could fail to be interested in it? Who, with any imagination at all, could experience the miracle of a concert in his own home and not realize that this is a new force which is bound to give rise to great industries?

A friend of mine was talking with an Englishman who had recently come from Canada. As they rode along in an automobile, the Englishman pointed to an A. & P. store. 'What's that?' he asked.

"'Why, it's a chain grocery store,' my friend responded. 'What kind of chain stores do you have in Canada?'

"'We do not have any,' the Englishman replied. 'That is the first one I ever saw.'

"My friend thought it incredible, but that night he wrote letters to three men in Canada, asking them about chain stores, and from each he received the same reply. A few months later he opened the first store in a chain which has now spread all over the Dominion. He has made a large fortune, but he might conceivably have made almost as much if he had merely stayed at home and invested in the chain store systems of this country. Any man who watched the early success of these great systems must have seen that this was the beginning of a new era of distribution, and that every soundly managed enterprise in this field would be profitable.

"When Alexander Graham Bell at one end of a wire called into his crude instrument, 'Watson, come here, I want you,' and Watson came, it was the beginning of fortunes for all who had the vision to look ahead. When Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, it opened a new day of interest and progress for the aviation companies. When the first crude motion pictures flickered across the screen, it signaled opportunity to another group of people. The great chances do not come secretly.

"Quite as important as inventions or industries are men to manage and be responsible for them. It is better to back a strong, able man than take a chance on the most alluring prospect where the management is untried.

"One of my associates in the War Industries Board was a big-boned, two-fisted man from Chicago named Alex Legge. Somebody rightly called him 'the Abraham Lincoln of industry.' He was at that time general manager of the International Harvester Company. The way he handled things gave his associates great respect for his ability, and when the war was over, many of them said to themselves, 'Let's just follow Alex.' So they bought International Harvester stock, to their great gain. So anyone could have done in a score of similar instances.

"The records of business leaders are no secret. Every man, even in the smallest town, is in a position to know something of the life stories and achievements of the men who are directing the important industries. If he does not know, his local banker does. Charles M. Schwab once remarked that he made it a rule to do business only with lucky men, by which he meant with men who had demonstrated their capacity in a series of situations. It is a good rule. If you follow, in your investments, the men who have succeeded, you are likely also to succeed, assuming always, of course, that the industries with which they are engaged satisfy fundamental human needs.

"I DO not mean to say that a man can make his investment in any enterprise, however good and ably managed, and then go to sleep. Business is never static; it is forever moving, forever subject to the fluctuating influences of scientific discovery and consumer demand. These changes, which seem sometimes to come very suddenly, are not usually so sudden. They cast their shadows before them, and he who keeps his eyes open may see and be warned in time.

"If you pick the ten leading industries in the United States, excluding for the moment the railroads, which operate only at home, you will find that every one of them is set up to do business all over the world and that their foreign business has extended rapidly in the past few years. You will find that every one of them maintains scientific research on a broad scale, which is insurance that it will not be left behind by scientific progress, and will have the benefit of whatever new processes and products such research may develop. You will find that every one of them is headed by men of demonstrated success, who have surrounded themselves with capable assistants, trained to carry on.

"There is no mystery in these criteria of probable industrial progress. Economic and industrial news is available to everybody everywhere. The conclusions to be derived from it are simply applications of common sense. In broad and general terms progress is on the march. The economic condition of the world seems on the verge of a great forward movement. As to particular companies, and even as to particular industries, some are in phases

Are Your Opportunities Slipping By?

THE years roll by faster and faster seemingly. More and more frequently come those moments when we regret the opportunities we allowed to slip by. When we realize that we have made little or no progress; that we have acquired no new mental equipment, and no increased capacity for business or social life.

You must *do* something if you expect to accomplish anything worthwhile. But you will need perseverance and study.

Columbia University, as one of the world's leading educational institutions, urges you to use part of your time in study. Not solely for the attainment of greater efficiency in business, but for a fuller social life, and for the real joy of having a more intelligent point of view. Whatever your objectives may be, and wherever you live, splendid studies that lead to these objectives are available through Columbia Home Study Department. The range of subjects is wide.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Offers Home Study Courses of University Grade in the Following Subjects:

Accounting
Algebra
American Government
American History
American Literature
Applied Grammar
Astronomy
Banking
Biblical Literature
Biology
Botany
Boy Scouting
Business Administration
Business English
Business Law
Business Mathematics
Bu iness Organization
Chemistry
Child Psychology
Classics
Composition
Dramatic
English
Various Languages
Lyric Poetry
Contemporary Novel
Drafting
Drama
Drawing and Painting
Economics
Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
European History
Fire Insurance
French
Geometry
German
Government
Grammar
Greek
Harmony
History
Italian
Juvenile Story Writing
Latin
Library Service
Literature
Magazine Article Writing
Marketing
Mathematics
Personnel Administration
Philosophy
Photoplay Composition
Physics
Psychology
Psychology in Business
Public Speaking
Religion
Secretarial Studies
Short Story Writing
Slide Rule
Sociology
Spanish, etc., etc.

IN this country we are in the midst of an adult education movement. University home study courses are one of the important factors in this progressive movement, for they offer expert guidance under educators qualified to direct.

Our courses have been prepared by our instructors to meet the special requirements of study at home. While all basic material essential to the full understanding of each subject is fully covered, sufficient elasticity is allowed to permit adaptation to the individual needs of the student. Everyone who enrolls for a Columbia course is personally taught by a member of the University teaching staff. Special arrangements can be made for group study.

The University will send on request full information about these home study courses. A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter briefly outlining your educational interests our instructors may be able to offer helpful suggestions. Mention subjects which are of interest to you, even if they are not listed here, because additions to the courses offered are made from time to time.

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COLUMBIA University Home Study Department has prepared courses covering the equivalent of four years of High School study. This complete High School or College Preparatory training is available to those who can not undertake class room work. We shall be glad to send you our special bulletin upon request.

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of ascendancy, some few are retrograding. The wise investor will seek the former and avoid the latter. Having satisfied himself that he is in a fruitful field, he will seek to learn something about the companies he favors—the field of their particular endeavor, the men who are responsible for them, the policy of their operations. In the long run he cannot go far wrong if he relies on progress—not already too far anticipated—if he relies on what I have called 'the industrial renaissance.' As an old friend used to say to me as a youngster, 'How many bears do you know with residences on Fifth Avenue?' I can recall none.

"Of course, there is no royal road. Bob Fitzsimmons used to say that to be a champion a man must learn to take as well as give. This has always been in my thoughts when I have seen men under the punishment of life, and I may add that I know no champions anywhere who have not had their experience in taking it.

"There will, of course, be temporary setbacks due to causes perhaps more or less avoidable. Finance will be a limiting factor until that subject is better understood and worked out, but I am not speaking in terms of weeks or months when I say I think the great economic surge is forward.

"Also, in a large politico-economic unit such as the United States, the powers of government are so vast that if they be unwisely applied, they can hamper or even destroy a natural period of prosperity.

"Mr. Hoover clearly pointed out in his campaign speeches that we have pushed efficiency in machine production to a point where, in order to keep our people gainfully employed, we must continue to produce in ever increasing amount an industrial surplus beyond the capacity of our domestic market to absorb. In other words, our industrial prosperity depends on a rapidly expanding export trade. Industry is fast approaching the dependence on export markets that has given agriculture such distress. I cannot avoid some apprehension over the recent demands in Washington for tariffs amounting to embargoes on the importation of everything. Tariff protection is a complicated and highly technical subject. This much is clear. A prohibitive tariff would inevitably force our best customers into defensive tariff agreements. For example, I cannot conceive of the Argentine and Canada taking no steps to retaliate on any attempt to exclude their exports to us. They would raise walls against us, and the hands of our progress in those fields could be set back years in a week. Similarly for all American republics and France, England, and Germany. They would create mutual relations among themselves to the restriction of our export market, and we we could not fail to suffer loss.

"Such a result I do not fear because I know Mr. Hoover to be too sound in his economics and too keenly aware of our necessity in this regard to permit such a thing despite the clamoring with which he is already assailed. He will use the protective principles to preserve the markets which are rightly ours and, I trust, to relieve agriculture in that very limited field where protection will be of benefit.

"Yes," I said, "you have just said that the ability to take punishment is one of the essentials."

"The really essential attributes may sound trite," Mr. Baruch replied, "but, to my way of thinking, they are courage, integrity, and application. When a man has made up his mind to believe in the country and its industries, and to go forward with them, he must be willing to take the temporary setbacks along with the progress. He must keep his faith firm, and not let any little thing unsettle his decision. As for integrity, what can any man add to what has already been said?"

Baruch was thoughtfully regarding a picture of his father, Dr. Simon Baruch, the distinguished surgeon and scientist, whose services and research have left a permanent impress on medical knowledge and practice. The photograph was inscribed to his son, with the words, "Let unswerving integrity always be your guide."

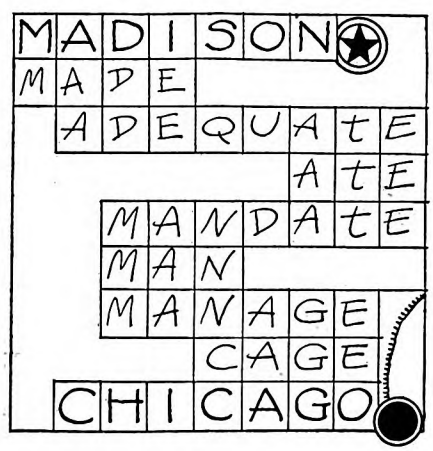
I looked at the picture and put it back on the desk.

It has been said that there is no sentiment in business. Some day I shall write a piece about fathers and mothers—the fathers and mothers of these well-known men in Wall Street. But, as Mr. Kipling would say, that will be another story.

Travel Trails Announcement and May Solutions

How to Follow a Travel Trail:

EACH word must have exactly the same number of letters as the spaces allotted, and each word must have three consecutive letters that travel straight down (or up) through the same three letters in the word below (or above); and the word before the destination must also have three consecutive letters that travel into the same three letters of the destination; as illustrated by this sample trail solved for you:



The clue sentence for each trail contains a few of the words which can be used as legs of the journey. Take as many words from the clue sentence as possible. Otherwise, use any word from a standard dictionary. Proper names are not allowed in solving a trail, unless included in its clue sentence. Solutions of the trails on pages 34 and 35 will be published in next month's issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

PRIZES: THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE offers a prize of ten dollars for every Travel Trail accepted for publication. Send the solution with your trail. Art work not essential. A Travel Trail, to be eligible for the contest, must not be longer than twenty words, including the starting point and destination. Also, it must have the home-town of the contestant as its starting point or destination.

Other suggestions are: Keep all cities and towns of your Travel Trail in the relative positions they occupy on a map. Clue sentence, if included, should carry interesting local facts and contain a few of the words required for traveling the trail.

Strive for an interesting, trail-like design. Limit the letters overlapping between any two words to a number as little in excess of three as possible. This helps to make your trail admit of only one solution. As far as you can, use well-known words. You can make your trail sufficiently difficult by traveling from one word to another through unusual three-letter combinations.

Contestants are not limited in number of trails submitted. Next month another group of winning home-town trails will be published. Send in yours to "Travel Trail" Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts not accepted for publication will not be returned.

SOLUTIONS TO MAY PUZZLES:

CONCORD
ORDER
POWDER
POWER
OWE
TOWER
WERE
REVERE
RIVER
VERSE
HORSE
ARSENAL
WARS
WARRANT
LANTERN
TERSE
PERSON
PERPLEX
LEXINGTON
EXIST
HISTORY
THIS
THIMBLE
BLEED
STEED
EIGHTEENTH
SENT
ENTERPRISE
APRIL
PRISON
SONS
TONS
BOSTON

WASHINGTON
BORING
HARBOR
CHARLESTON
LESS
DESSERT
SERVICE
ICE
NICE
NICHE
RICHMOND

SHREVEPORT
EVER
VERBATIM
BATONROUGE
TONNAGE
AGE
CORDAGE
ORDER
WORD
NEWORLEANS

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AFTER EVERY MEAL-FOR LIFE

We don't mean to imply that the bride's cooking requires a digestive aid—

But **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT** affords just that taste of mint we all like after meals.

And besides, it whitens teeth—sweetens breath—aids digestion and calms the nerves.

Freshens the mouth after smoking.

TASTE the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

J-15

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

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Weather will *never* wear them out

On new houses or old, J-M Asbestos Shingles are everlasting

Ice and snow have no more effect on J-M Asbestos Shingles than on granite. Impervious to weather, unburnable by fire, they make a roof which everlastingly ends roofing expense.

The most intense tropical sunlight is merely pleasant warmth to J-M Asbestos Shingles, which are not harmed by white heat of a furnace.

Spring showers or summer thunder-storms serve only to brighten the charming colors of everlasting, fireproof J-M Asbestos Shingles.

EVERLASTING is a strong word. Yet you can truthfully call your roof everlasting if it is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. To produce this roofing, unburnable asbestos and cement are blended under terrific pressure into monolithic stone shingles. No natural rock can be so free from splitting, so completely impervious to fire. These sturdy Asbestos Shingles have the further advantages of colors to meet every requirement, and absolute uniformity of quality in every shingle.

Consider what these points mean to you in protecting and beautifying your own home.

When you re-roof your present home with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you re-roof for the last time. Or if you cover your new house with J-M Asbestos Shingles you will never have to buy another roof, nor make repairs.

J-M Roofs Improve with Age

The process of making J-M Asbestos Shingles is as if rock were produced to meet specifications. These Asbestos Shingles can be raised to white heat, then plunged into cold water, without harm. No other natural or manufactured roofing (except sheet metal) would stand such treatment.

In fact, the toughness of J-M Asbestos Shingles is such that the only effect of weather is to make them harder and stronger. It is literally true that the longer J-M Asbestos Shingles are exposed to the weather, the less the weather can injure them. Actual tests show that the portions of J-M Asbestos Shingles exposed to the weather are stronger after 15 years of service than the portions which are covered.

Beauty plus Utility

Any home, from a tiny cottage to a great house, is improved by a roof of these colorful, rough-textured, sturdy Asbestos Shingles.

When you order a roof of our Shingles you receive from your contractor a certificate which attests to the genuineness of the roof. Ask for this. It protects you from disappointments due to substitution of inferior material. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are everlasting.

The famous J-M trade mark also stands for quality on automobile brake lining as well as on packings, heat insulations, built-up roofings, flooring and numerous other products. By using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles your home receives the benefit of this same engineering skill.

Johns-Manville

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM CORPORATION

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION

New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto

(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me your free booklet telling the story of colorful, permanent roofs.

Name.....

Address.....

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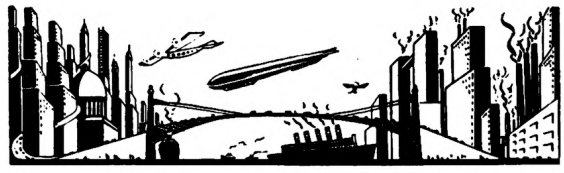

The Great Tomorrow

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Professor of Journalism, Columbia University; Formerly Associate Editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica

MANKIND is just beginning to master the world. Every day we advance further than our ancestors did in a generation. Nobody can keep up with the progress all of us are making. Nor can anybody foresee the great design of the civilization that is now taking shape. But we can, perhaps, catch a glimpse or two that will make us realize, with a deep thrill, the coming of *The Age of Man.*

The Age of Man is Just Beginning

WE LIKE to fancy that man has been Lord of the Earth for, lo, these many thousand years. But scientists laugh at this conceit. It isn't true. We still live in the Age of Insects. Ask L. O. Howard, the great entomologist. He will show you proof enough that man hasn't even conquered a small sector along the world-wide battlefront. Insects were here millions of years before we came. They still run things. We have hardly halted a single species in its forays against the goods and chattels of mankind. Insects damage our houses, our food, and our health far more than the World War ever did. To beat them, we must spend as much as we now do for battleships. When we vanquish them, we shall acquire territories and wealth vastly greater than all that ever were gained by Alexander the Great, by Cæsar, by Napoleon, or by any other military genius. Above all, the tropics will then fall under the sway of man.

Sometime in the Great Tomorrow this will happen. Just now we are concentrating on our other deadly foe, the bacteria. And victory is in sight. The Microbe Hunters have the enemy on the run. Here is the latest news from the front:

Dr. George Kremse, a German engineer, has just invented a chemical that purifies water on a scale hitherto undreamed of. The University of Greifswald vouches for its potency. If you put only one and a half grams of it in 2,500,000,000 gallons of water, it completely disinfects the water for years. Quite a lot of water, that! It's a lake a mile long, some 2,000 feet wide, and about 35 feet deep all over!

Good-bye, typhoid! Good-bye, all other water-borne diseases! Now, who will deal insects a dirty wallop like this?

Drop in at the Inn of Neptune!

BEFORE long you will be stopping off at the Inn of Neptune for tea. Maybe you'll go in your hydroplane, and maybe you'll just trail along in your glider. They're building the first Inn of Neptune now. It will be located at the corner of Gulf Stream Boulevard and Bermuda Lane, about 300 miles southeast of New York City. A commodious hostelry, this! No less than 1,200 feet long and 400 feet wide and 100 feet above the ever-lapping waves. It is the first of the Armstrong Seadromes which will serve as midway landing places for airplanes between New York and Bermuda. There will be a first-class hotel, a fine restaurant, and a big garage for airplane repair work, as well as huge fuel tanks for thirsty motors.

Long before the Great Tomorrow arrives, the seas will be dotted with man-made islands, to make easy the air journey between the continents. The idea rings strange and wild, doesn't it? Some editorial writers fear the scheme will fail because it will be impossible to get crews to live on such remote and monotonous floats. How little they know of the human race! And how little of modern ways! Nowadays it isn't necessary to require anybody to live more than a few weeks at a stretch on such a place. Even the garage mechanics at the Inn of Neptune can hop up to Broadway for a gay week-end. For the uttermost parts of the earth are just around the corner.

Next we'll be hearing of jungledromes, set down in the midst of the Congo and the Amazon. And Saharadromes! . . . And Polardromes? . . Well! Why not?

Paper vs. the Man With the Hoe

THE Man with the Hoe is going. Downtrodden, overworked peasant, tiller of the stubborn soil, he will soon be displaced. And what do you suppose is going to send him the way of the dodo? A scrap of paper.

It is, to be sure, a rather big scrap of paper. For it covers the entire field where the Man with the Hoe used to toil. They call it mulch paper. But they ought to christen it the Paper of the Great Tomorrow, for it is almost as revolutionary as that other scrap of paper which we call the Printed Page.

A desperate pineapple grower in Hawaii hit upon the idea of fighting weeds and bugs by covering his fields with great rolls of heavy paper which, by cutting off sunlight and air from weed seeds, would prevent their growth. Holes are punched in the paper, through which the plants sprout. The results were miraculous. Crops were doubled and even trebled. All work of cultivating ceased. Nobody has to hoe the plants. For there are no weeds to be chopped down nor hard-baked soil to be pulverized. Covered with paper, the earth stays moist and soft.

Night Letter: Hankow to Pekin. Collect

DID you know that, while every other nation in the world has been using the telegraph for a generation, in all its business and social communications, the luckless Chinese haven't been able to wire even a New Year's greeting? And why not? Simply because Chinese is a picture-language, and you can't put it over into Morse code—nor into any other. But now, of a sudden, all is changed; and Asia moves ahead a generation over night!

The Radio Corporation of America has just arranged with the Chinese Government to transmit messages in the original Chinese characters by telephotography. You know how our newspapers now telegraph photographs, and how our banks send signatures over the wire? Well, that is how friend John Chinaman will be shooting night-letters to his agent in Hankow commanding him to buy eight bales of hog bristles and two tons of chop-suey chemicals.

Conservative business men predict that the entire trade and politics of China will be revolutionized by this American invention within a few years.

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Here's the answer

to all who are losing their hair

SYSTEMATIC SCALP MASSAGE AND

GLOVER'S

YOU can easily prove that Glover's stimulates new hair growth and keeps dandruff away. Use this safe medical application regularly—massage your scalp systematically—and you will *see* definite results.

The right way to massage your scalp and care for your hair is explained in our booklet, "Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture." It tells facts about hair troubles and how to overcome them. Write for free copy today.

GLOVER'S
Imperial
HAIR APPLICATION
AND
MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. A, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

The Same Qualities That Serve Hunter in Sport Serve Him in Business

(*Continued from page 47*)

knowledge that he was storing up was to prove a valuable thing; it was to pay big dividends in cash during later years.

In 1925 an old friend of his boyhood, T. Harold Forbes, of New Rochelle, New York, came to him for help. Forbes's father had left him a suburban newspaper, the New Rochelle Star, and young Forbes felt it could be modernized and made a big, paying proposition. He knew Frank, knew Frank's record with his West Virginia sheet, and he asked his friend to come north and look the situation over. What Hunter visualized dazzled them both.

"Not one paper, not one small-town newspaper, but a chain," said Frank. "Well, why not? No one has ever applied the idea to the suburban daily."

"Yes," said Harold Forbes sarcastically, "and it would take about a half a million dollars to buy up the papers in this vicinity."

"A million," said Hunter to his future partner, "and I'm going out to get it!"

Bulldog Hunter went out for his million, and got it. He applied to the same men in the same banks he had known and done business with while with the shipping concern. Perhaps bankers are better judges of character than they pretend to be. At any rate, with that million in his pocket Frank Hunter went back to Harold Forbes.

"All right, Frank," said Forbes, "let's go." And off they went.

Drug-store cowboys and barber-shop politicians that infest every town sat back and roared. Who ever heard of a tennis player running a newspaper?

MEANWHILE Hunter and Forbes said nothing. They first bought the Mount Vernon, New York, Argus, for which, by the way, they wouldn't take a million right now. Then they acquired the Mamaroneck Times, and then a group which included the Harrison Citizen-Observer, the Larchmont Times, the Dobbs Ferry Register, the North Westchester Times of Mount Kisco, and the Pleasantville Journal; and they founded the Newcastle Tribune. No wonder the local antiquarians standing on street corners laughed. For some of those newspapers were dead, some were dying. And, of all towns in the United States, those represented by these papers are probably the most difficult in which to establish a small, local sheet. The inhabitants are mostly commuters going to New York every day. Each morning they have thrown at their doors a big city daily. And unconsciously they compare it with their local rag.

Hunter and Forbes realized the handicaps they were up against. But they said nothing and went to work. For several months they studied each property they had purchased before making any changes. Then one morning they revamped the entire make-up, washed out all the advertisements from the front page, put in new cuts, and set it up in new type. They went ahead and modernized old-fashioned plants, they built new buildings—all as fast as possible. They put each paper on a strictly cash basis. Modern bookkeeping and cost-accounting methods were introduced in order to watch expenses. Economies of all sorts were effected, made possible because supplies were purchased in large quantities for eleven papers instead of for one. They had their advertising for the entire group set up in one plant.

"Organization," says Frank Hunter; "that's the secret of the newspaper business the same as any other business."

YES, they organized, but they also worked, slaved, put time, brains, energy, initiative, into the thing. At first circulation fell off. Then gradually it picked up. People saw these two boys meant business, that they were putting out local papers dealing with local events and not attempting to compete with the big city dailies in world affairs. Circulation increased. The drug-store cowboys and the barber-shop politicians were the first ones to point out that they had predicted this all along.

Recently Hunter and Forbes merged with the Macy newspaper chain, consisting of the Yonkers Statesman, the Portchester Daily Item, the Tarrytown Daily News, and the Ossining Citizen-Sentinel, and they launched a new paper in White Plains called the Daily Press. Today Frank is president and Forbes is vice president of the Westchester Newspaper Securities Corporation. They own the most profitable chain of suburban newspapers, as far as I know, in the United States.

Right here you are going to stop me. "All this stuff you've been feeding us is very interesting," you'll say, "and this bird Hunter must be a smart guy. But I can't see anything in his career that affects *me* personally. What he did and how he did it doesn't matter to me."

Wait just a minute. Maybe it does hit you, after all.

You may never, it is true, need to borrow a million from the bank; but last month you went in to borrow a hundred, didn't you? The principle is precisely the same. Your credit may be worth less than his; but you had to stake it up against that loan just as he staked his credit and his judgment. Analyze the things that have made Frank Hunter's name mean victory in sport or in business, and you will find that they are qualities that we all know about and that everyone can cultivate—nothing hidden, rare, or abstruse about them, just the simple, old-fashioned things that affect us all.

First, then, Frank Hunter *concentrates* on whatever he happens to be doing. Frank isn't a great natural tennis player, for instance. He will tell you this himself. Ask him how, with a mediocre game, with no natural aptitude for the sport, with a slow-moving, heavy frame, he has worked to the top in a game that demands rapidity of movement, quickness, agility, and he'll reply:

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"Concentration. That's the secret of my tennis. What does concentration mean? It simply means being oblivious to outside influences of all sorts when you are in competition."

When Hunter is out on the court, he's not thinking about some party he is going to that evening, or how he is to meet the loan due next morning, or of who happens to be up there in the stands. No, sir! He's thinking of nothing but the point he is playing. His eye and his mind converge on one thing. And before long, by this fixity of purpose, he has weakened, battered down, overcome, the resistance of his opponent, and another player is walking off the court shaking his head and muttering to himself that he can't for the life of him see how such a clumsy player as Frank Hunter, whose only decent shot is his forehand drive, can win!

Concentration, that's a part of the secret of his success in the world of sport and the world of business. But there's more to Hunter than concentration. Hunter is a *fighter*.

"To get anywhere in sport you have to fight, and you must have an incentive to make you fight," he says. Perhaps that is why he is such a wonderful match player. It was interesting to watch him in the last national tournament as he mowed down first one player and then another, to notice how he was invariably at his best when most necessary in each match. His fighting spirit sensed the vital points, he went for them and won them. In other words, he was able to pull off his best shots at crucial moments. One adversary was bothered by the wind; Frank was too busy fighting to be bothered by it. Another man was annoyed by the applause of the gallery; Frank was so occupied fighting for the point that he never heard the applause. And so it went. Ask him whether he likes to play a practice or a tournament match best and watch his eyes light up:

"COMPETITION. I love it. Why? I don't know, you get more out of it. There's more—more stimulation to it."

Hunter had to fight to get cargoes for the steamship company; he had to fight to get the money to run his chain of newspapers. And it has been a fight ever since to bring them to life and keep them alive in a business way. In fact, his whole life is a fight—a fight to grab time from his work to get a few hours to devote to the sport he loves.

Last fall, during the National Singles Championships, in which he distinguished himself by defeating, first, a former American title-holder, then Borotra, of the French team, next Crawford, the best of the Australians, and finally Lott, the best young American, he was at his desk in his office in New Rochelle until one o'clock each day. The afternoon he played Jean Borotra he was working until two and took the court at four to the dot. Where most players would quit the game, would say they couldn't spare time from their business, would simply chuck it all, Frank Hunter finds merely another obstacle to overcome, and fights his way through. Of all the hundreds of thousands of players in this country, no one has to make the sacrifice for the game that he does, no one works harder to get his sport.

Another quality possessed by Frank

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

Not Just *Soap in a Tube!*

It's cream. It's real Shaving Cream. *It's not just soap in a tube!*

It's the product of 89 years of specialized study of how best to soften the beard; how best to take care of the skin.

It's cunningly blended from ingredients carefully chosen for what they *won't* do, as well as for what they *will* do; and scrupulously pure.

It's ultra mild. Billions of pores of millions of skins would tell you so if they could talk.

It's quick to make a lather; and the lather it makes holds 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of.

It's gentle in cleansing pores,—gentle but thorough; freshening to facial tissue. Gives a shave that's pleasant, quick and close.

Let no man think his shaving experience is complete until he has tried a tube of Williams.

The drug clerk speaking: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change. . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

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DIANA "Stuft" CONFECTIONS

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

FOR Bridge or Lawn Party . . . at every summertime social occasion serve these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades.* These luscious tidbits were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 different varieties. Packed in one pound jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins.

If your dealer does not carry the genuine, we will supply you. Send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will mail it postpaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS
3339 Franklin Blvd. · *Est. 1876* · CHICAGO
Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates

The original "Stuft" confections—often imitated but never equalled

Hunter to a considerable degree is *confidence*. He thinks he's good and then he goes out on the court to prove it to himself.

"I believe that confidence, when correctly applied, is one of the greatest assets in life," he says. "Let me explain. Last summer, after winning the Dutch championships, I began to think I knew something about the game of tennis. I went across to Wimbledon, met young Andrews, of New Zealand, in the very first round, had match point called against me, pulled it out, reached match point myself, expected to win it, didn't, and finally lost in five long sets. That was confidence wrongly applied. In fact, it was overconfidence. I underestimated my opponent and didn't give everything I had."

This was one of the rare times, probably the only time, that Frank Hunter ever came so close to winning and lost. His confidence is the confidence of courage, the confidence of a man who is ready and willing to fight.

CONCENTRATION, fight, confidence! Add another quality to these and you'll know Frank Hunter even better. That quality is *loyalty*. His loyalty to Bill Tilden is common knowledge; when Tilden was disqualified last summer, Hunter at once handed in his resignation as a member of the Davis Cup team. He stuck with Bill.

One more thing that has made him a figure in the business world today is the fact that he is a small-town boy who has stayed in a small town. To be sure, he has roved and ranged over the world, he has learned by knocking around that other lands and other peoples have many things worth copying. But when the time came he was able to return to his own home town and find opportunity waiting for him on Main Street.

Now, if all this makes Frank Hunter seem a dull and stolid person, the fault is mine and not his. A more entertaining companion at dinner, a more amusing person with whom to travel across the ocean, it would be hard to find. He has ideas on everything, can express them logically and clearly, and tops this off with a rare sense of humor, something worth many tennis championships, and many millions, too.

So far as I am aware, Francis T. Hunter is one of the very few leading American tennis stars who have any business but the business of tennis. When the short tournament season which he is able to play is over, he drops out of the limelight and out of the newspaper headlines. You do not hear of him, for instance, taking part in exhibition matches in Dallas, Texas, and then next week in Los Angeles, California, and the week after that in Atlanta, Georgia. Why? Because he is sitting at his desk in his office in New Rochelle working nights to make up for time lost during the summer. In short, he does not accommodate his entire life to sport; he plays when he can and pays his own way wherever he goes, preferring to earn a livelihood in business rather than to perform in any one of the mysterious and manifold ways by which it is possible for an amateur to make a living in sport and still remain an amateur sportsman.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

To improve your Game *wear a PAL*

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Dead Man's Shoes

(*Continued from page 33*)

ircumstance about this journey of my ·other is gone into: The inquiries that e made about the markets at Fort Pitt; ie money he withdrew from the bank; s conversation with the people; his in- ntions to take the Empress of Atlanta. is all sifted, for some suspicion to fasten ere on me. And, for all this hostile en- eavor, do the authorities find a single cident that can be twisted into any form gainst me? Do they find anything in any rection that does not tend to establish recisely what I have said about it?"

"They do not," replied the lawyer.

"Then," cried Brant, "why do you me here with this little moral lecture, iese indirections, these vague, veiled nuendoes? What have I done to bring ou here?"

Colonel Braxton looked up at the man. is voice, when he spoke, drawled as in an le leisure.

"It is something your brother did," he id.

"My brother!" echoed Brant. "What d my brother do?"

HE PUT his shoes on wrong," replied Colonel Braxton.

Benedict Brant went over to the fire. e took up the poker and moved the logs. shower of sparks went up, and for a oment the flames roared in the chimney. hen finally he spoke.

"His shoes on wrong!" he said.

"Yes," continued the lawyer. "He ade that mistake, after all the years of utine . . . and so it proves that, for all ur care, any one of us may make an error hen we believe no error possible. It is ue that the big cowhide shoes that your rother wore were not very carefully aped by the cobbler who made them for m. They were not shaped enough to be ticed by those who found his body. But marked the error when they took him rowned from the tree top in the river, nd when they removed his clothing for e examination by the surgeons."

Colonel Braxton did not look at the an fumbling with the fire. He drummed ly on the table with his fingers, and oke as to himself:

"It was a strange mistake to make . . . put one's shoes on wrong . . . to put e's shoes on wrong on the day of one's eath! Your brother Maynard had been tting his shoes on correctly for some xty years . . . and yet, on the day of s death, he put his shoes on wrong . . . s left shoe on his right foot!"

RANT did not reply. He put up his hand and fiddled his fingers against his outh. His face fell into a deep reflection. here was silence. The pale moonlight en- red the window and extended itself on e floor. The candles on the table, half rned down, added to the light. The gs in the fireplace smoldered and the ill of the night crept in. Finally the an came to his decision. He turned, and s face cleared of its anxiety.

"Colonel," he said, with a genial air, ve get nowhere with these indirections. t us sit down at the table and talk the

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matter out, frankly between ourselves. But first let me ask you a simple question: Did anyone but yourself notice the mistake my brother made when he put on his shoes?"

Colonel Braxton replied at once, and with an equal frankness.

"No," he said; "I alone observed it."

"Have you spoken of it to any other man?"

"No."

"Then," Brant said, "let us talk it all plainly out."

He turned toward a cupboard in the wall, opened the door to it, and got out a bottle of whisky, some glasses, and a loaf of bread, and set them on the table.

"It is not much that I can offer you," he said; "but it is something."

He poured out a glass of whisky for the lawyer and one for himself.

Colonel Braxton sat down in his chair before the table and took up the glass. Brant, however, did not at once sit down. He paused, his attention drawn to the hearth where the dog lay on the warm bricks.

"The fire is low," he said; "I will bring in a log," and he went out.

AND immediately the lawyer did a curious thing. He broke a fragment from the loaf of bread and dipped it into his glass of whisky and, rising, crossed swiftly to the fireplace. . . .

A little later Brant came in with the log for the fire. He glanced at the table and the lawyer, put on the log, and stirred the fire into a blaze.

And immediately, as if it were at a signal, Colonel Braxton did another inexplicable thing. He sprang up and went over to the window. The act was swift and unexpected. He cried out, staring through the panes of glass at the white field.

"What is that?" he exclaimed. "What is that?"

Benedict Brant crossed to the window swiftly, nimbly, softly, like a cat. There was no rheumatic disability in that knee. In an instant he was beside the lawyer.

"What do you see?" he said.

Colonel Braxton stepped back. He passed his hand over his face. He seemed in a manner to relax.

"It was a shadow," he replied. "I thought I saw a shadow on the snow."

"What sort of shadow?"

"A shadow of the gallows!" said Colonel Braxton.

BENEDICT BRANT turned. His hands clenched, his shoulders were thrown tensely forward.

But the lawyer was not there. He was stooping over, midway of the room, looking at the footprints that Brant had made when he crossed from the fire, for the wood ashes of the hearth remained on his shoes.

"Yes," he repeated, "the shadow of the gallows, Brant. . . . The length of your step here on the floor is exactly the length of your brother's step out yonder on the field. You did this precisely as I suspected: Killed your brother here, removed his shoes, put them on over your own, carried the body across the field to the river, restored the shoes to your brother's feet, threw him into the water, loosed and overturned the skiff—and returned here.

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ollowing the road along the river until it ame into the highway, and so left no rack of your own in the snow. . . ."

The man at the window did not move. His face was like a cast in metal. And when he spoke his voice was like the sound of metal: There was deliberation, and a deadly menace in it.

"And so," he said, "you have found all his out. Have you found out, also, how I killed my brother?"

"I am not yet certain," replied Colonel Braxton.

"Do not despair," said Brant. "You will be certain in the next two or three minutes."

Colonel Braxton pointed toward the fireplace.

"Perhaps I can be certain now," he said. "The dog sleeps well!"

Brant crossed the room with long strides, and touched the dog with his foot. It did not move.

"It sleeps well!" repeated Colonel Braxton. "I tossed it a bit of bread, soaked in the liquid in my glass, and I poured the remainder into the ashes. . . . No, Brant"—and his big voice filled the room—"you shall not kill me with your poisoned liquor as you killed your brother Maynard!"

A sudden, violent, and ungovernable fury seemed to fall on the man standing at the hearth.

"Then I will kill you with this iron!" he cried, and he seized the heavy poker out of the fireplace.

But a voice stopped him.

Mr. Dabney Mason was now standing in the doorway, a dueling pistol in his hand—the long barrel and the extended arm behind it were as rigid and unmoving as a rod of steel fastened in a vise.

THE murderous creature went to pieces; and, on his own confession, in due time, he was hanged. . . . But on this night of memorable adventure, returning in the carriage to the city, Mr. Dabney Mason expressed his wonder at the acumen of the lawyer in this affair.

"Colonel," he said, "how did it happen that you alone, of all the persons who examined the body of the dead man when he was brought in from the river, noticed that the shoes were on wrong?"

Colonel Braxton laughed.

"They were not on wrong," he said. "That was a pious fraud, Dabney. I made it up to stampede old Benedict's conscience, and he accepted it as a mistake he might have made, in his hurry in the night, when he replaced the shoes on his murdered brother's feet."

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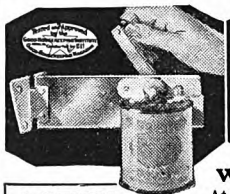

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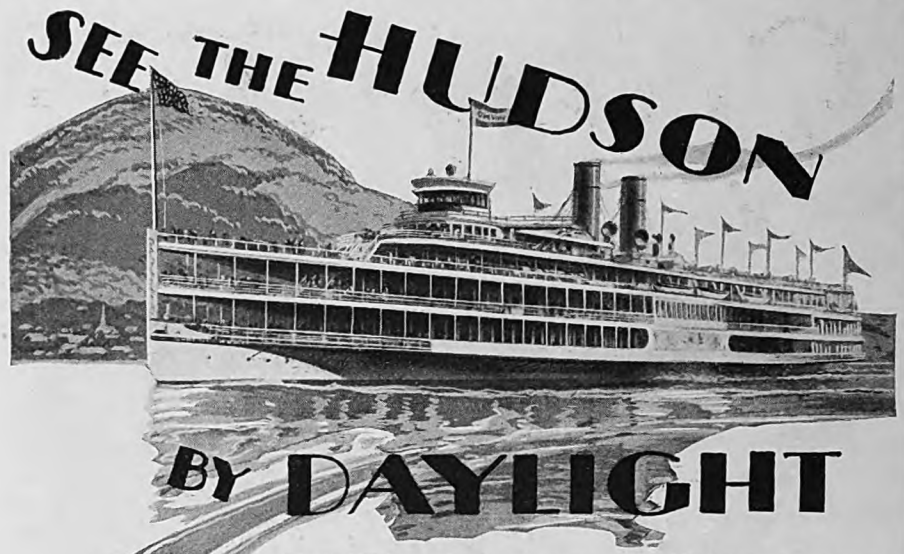

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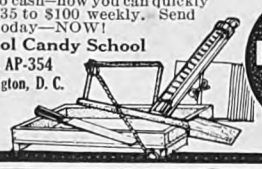

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Why I Rebelled Against My Wife

(Continued from page 49)

understand. How many times have you set your heart on a certain objective, and schemed and worried to attain it, without result, only to be surprised by achieving it as a by-product of just sticking to the job? It was so with me in this instance.

The letters I wrote to New York brought no replies. An advertisement which I inserted in a trade paper returned three letters from insurance men and two from bond houses, and nothing else. But one day, out of a clear sky, I received a letter from a New York man of whom I had never even heard. Tracing it back later, I found that he was a cousin of a jobber in Cleveland who happened to be in a store in Sandusky when I was there making a sale. The jobber had formed a good impression of me and had written to his cousin. So I got to an office on Broadway via a country store in Sandusky.

I SHALL pass over the next years, which were merely a repetition of the experience of thousands of other men who came to the big city from smaller places. I worked hard, and my wife and I saved money. There came an opportunity to buy a small interest in the business, and this was afterwards increased. We moved from a little apartment in the Greenwich Village sect on to a larger one on Riverside Drive, and then to a finer one on Park Avenue. You can picture me at the age of forty about as follows:

A man nearly six feet tall, well tailored, and seemingly in first-class health. Hair beginning to gray about the temples and a trifle thin on top. A member of three city clubs and two golf clubs. A son and a daughter, both attending expensive private schools. A wife who had kept her health and figure, and who, being relieved of most of the obligations of home-making and child-raising through the employment of competent servants, had plenty of time for clubs, afternoon parties, and bridge.

This is a picture of perfect happiness, isn't it? What more could any human being want? Comfortable home. Beautiful wife. Healthy children. Congenial business. Plenty of income. Surely the gods are seldom kinder to anybody than they were to me.

For five years we reveled in the stimulus and excitement of New York life. I made friends in business, and my wife made others at her bridge club, and we were constantly entertaining and being entertained. I became a member of the Bankers' Club. It was quite a thrill at first to sit at a table near the window and see the top-notchers in American business and finance come in and eat their crackers and milk. Later, as I climbed up a bit in my own business, I began to meet some of these men, and I discovered, with a tinge of disappointment, that they are really no different from the rest of us.

However, it was thrilling to be so near them. I was, as my wife had predicted, a member of the big league. And if I was not yet a very important member, still, some of the stars were beginning to notice

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. I was on my way to a real New York cess.

f sometimes I felt a little restive and ndered if the game was worth the ıdle, she reminded me crisply not to be lish. "You're on your way to the top," said. "You can't expect to get all the d things of the world without working them. And that means paying the ce. We've got to hold up our end. Peo- won't invite us to their homes unless entertain equally well at our own. And ı know perfectly well that some of ır most valuable acquaintanceships ve been made at dinner in the evening."

t was all true, in a way; and after such alk I'd kiss her and tell her that she was best little wife in the world. I felt y grateful to her in those years. She l lifted me out of the rut of mediocrity l forced me to make something of my-. Where should I have been without ambition and courage?

n this mood of general self-satisfaction, ugh tinged occasionally with doubt as what it was all about and where it was ding, I passed the years between forty l forty-five. And then, when things med outwardly more favorable than r, when my income was the largest it l ever been, when I was beginning to be ognized as one of the "coming" men vntown, when I ought to have been remely happy, I underwent a curious itual rebellion.

Vithout realizing it I had become in- asingly tired. Suddenly, the fruit of cess seemed to turn to ashes in my uth. I found myself one morning sit- at my desk hating the office, hating iness, and thinking about the days in father's store in that little country n.

ND all of a sudden I felt I couldn't stand it any longer. Seizing my hat, I l my secretary to cancel all my ap- ıtments for the day. She looked up in prise, reminding me of certain very im- tant conferences which were scheduled the afternoon. "Tell them I am away, you don't know where I have gone," id.

or the next few hours I wandered aim- ly about the town, hardly conscious of surroundings. Along about two ock, feeling hungry, I dropped into a k-around restaurant and ate my kers and milk. (Yes, I had finally hed the crackers-and-milk class.) oss from the restaurant was a little . I went over and sat down on the ch. The seat at the other end was oc- ied by a husky-looking middle-aged ı of the day-laborer type, who was ling the sporting page of a newspaper apparently enjoying himself im- sely. He asked me if I had been to ball games lately, and I told him I n't had time.

Time!" he bellowed. "Every guy has same amount of time. You got as y hours a day as I have, ain't you? 'll be dead just as long as me, won't If you like ball games, why don't go to 'em? Why don't you do the gs you like to do?"

didn't say anything. I didn't know to say. There he sat, smoking his and reading his newspaper—a man y own age, with an income probably more than five per cent of mine; and

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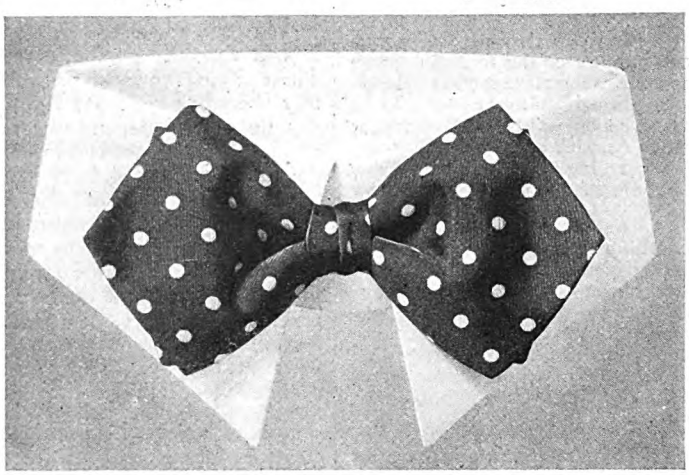

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

he had time to sit in the sunshine, to read, and to do the things he liked to do.

For a long time I sat there pondering. This was success. I had set out to get it, or rather my wife had set out to make me get it, and we had won. And what had it profited me? I took out some paper from my pocket and began to make notes. Expanded a little, to be intelligible to the reader, they were something like this:

OVERHEAD: When my income was $10,000 a year I saved $6,000. When it was $15,000 a year I saved $9,000. These savings made it possible for me to buy the stock that was the beginning of my financial independence. (Independence. What a word! How much independence could I claim?) We were very happy in those days of lesser income. We felt positively rich. We were healthy. My wife did a good part of the work of raising the children. I had time to play with them in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. We had all the satisfaction of people who were doing good work in the world, enjoying their children, and lending a hand to less fortunate folks along the way.

What is my present situation? My income is bigger than I ever thought it would be. I carry heavy insurance, but except for that I am saving nothing. On the contrary, we are continuously in debt. We owe our butcher and baker and candlestick maker. I keep my club bills paid up, because if I fall behind with them I shall be "posted" and the business world will begin to think I am slipping. We give practically nothing to churches or charities, or even to poor relations. Every dollar seems to be needed in three different places before it is actually in hand.

What is the answer? Why should we have felt so rich on ten thousand dollars and poor on several times that amount?

SOCIAL LIFE When we lived down in Greenwich Village and knew very few people, our social life consisted of an occasional evening out, the church, and a weekly bridge game with the Hendersons. Saturday night was our extravagant night. We went to the theater or the opera and sat in the balcony, and sometimes we took a taxicab home. We did not know any of the "best people," and we did not care. We were happy and healthy and thrifty.

Now, we know many of the best people. They are at our house for dinner or we are at their houses for dinner nearly every night. Looking back over last winter, what did we talk about at these dinners?

We talked about novels, divorces, trips to Europe, killings in the stock market. We drank and smoked and saw the same plays three and four times over, and played bridge, and went home to bed to toss around sleeplessly for hours.

This is social life. This is knowing the best people. For this we business men go out every evening, and are tired in our offices all day.

COUNTRY CLUBS: We belong to two country clubs. They cost us more than two thousand dollars a year. Our children do not go to church. Instead they drive out with us Sunday mornings to one of the clubs. As they are not allowed to play golf on Sunday morning, the course being reserved for tired business men, they hang around the club piazza all day. They meet the sons and daughters of people who are much richer than we are. This is a great "advantage."

I had no such advantages. I worked in my father's country store. My wife often looks back on those days and wonders how I stood it. She thinks it must have been a very meager life for a little boy. It was a wonderful life. I wouldn't trade all the members of the country clubs for the wise old fellows who used to sit in front of that country store.

Notes like these I made. After a while it grew dark, and I stirred myself, called a taxi, and went home. There was my dinner coat all laid out. My wife had not yet come home, the maid said. She had telephoned that the bridge game had delayed her, but she would be in time to dress for dinner. We were going to the Hillingtons'.

WE WENT to the Hillingtons'. But I said hardly anything to the other men, and they thought I was sick or all tired out. I managed to persuade my wife to leave a little early, and when we got home I asked her to put on a dressing gown and come down to the library. And we sat and talked through the rest of the night.

I need not report that conversation in detail. It was frank and intimate beyond any talk we had ever had, and punctuated with long periods of silence and with frequent outbursts of tears on Ethel's part. She could not understand at first why I was not perfectly satisfied. We had attained all the things that seemed to be most worth-while—social position, wealth, friends, invitations to the best homes, "advantages for our children." Patiently I explained that all this was empty and froth. The net result was that I was growing more and more tired, that we were saving less instead of more, and that I was ceasing to make active progress in my work, because so much of my energy was used up in useless social activity.

"But surely work is not everything," she demurred.

"Work is life," I answered. "A man is sent into the world to do a job, not to be a dinner companion. Here I am at the age when I ought to be most effective and I am becoming less effective every day, because I fritter away my strength in this futile routine in which we have entangled ourselves. You talk about advantages for our children. The best advantage any boy can have is a desire to do useful work in the world and the companionship of a good father. Our boy is growing up with no idea of work and with a father whom he sees only for a few minutes in the evening while he is changing his clothes for dinner."

Little by little she yielded, though it seemed to her that I was proposing to destroy the very foundations of our happiness. Finally came the direct question.

"What do you plan to do?" she asked.

"I plan to get a farm out in the country," I said, "and to establish you and the children there in all the comfort any family can reasonably desire. We can do that and live splendidly on half of what we are spending now. I shall be there with you and the children at least three days a week; the other four days I shall be in the office and shall sleep in a quiet room in town. Every other week you can come

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down here with me, and see your friends. We shall go to the theater occasionally and to the opera, and to some good lectures.

"But your main job will be with the children during the few years that remain before they leave us to lead their own lives. I intend to be an active helper on that job. I am going to devote a definite part of my life to being a companion to my boy and girl. I am going to take them out of their swell preparatory schools and put them into the public schools of a country town. And I am going to see to it that each of them has regular work to do around the farm.

"We shall do some reading again, and we shall have some good daylight hours outdoors that will give us back our sense of joy in living."

THAT was the final result of our all-night talk. And the very next day we began to put the new plan into operation. There was much gossip among our friends to the effect that I had lost a lot of money and was compelled to economize. To all this we paid no attention, but went steadily forward about our own affairs. For the past five years we have been living on the new schedule. And with what result?

All the social strain and worry and expense has been banished. Our health is better. We live in comfort and have an almost unbelievably large amount of money to give away. The giving has put a new joy into our lives. We have assisted members of our family who are less fortunate than ourselves. We have found boys and girls in our country community whom we could help to an education. We have made ourselves a part of every good enterprise in the village. Our children have a wholly new point of view, based on saner living and friendship with the sound, wholesome folks of the world. And my business, which was beginning to be a strain and a bore, has taken on fresh interest because I myself am fresh and interested. The more superficial of our friends have dropped us, as they always drop anybody who falls behind in the competition of show and expense. But our real friends respect us more.

HERE are the six lessons which my experience has taught me:

1. No man is in a sound position when a socially ambitious wife is running his life. A woman helps a man most when she makes his home, raises his children to be a joy and not a worry, keeps him strong and enthusiastic about life. When she begins to scheme and plan his advancement, either in business or in "society," he degenerates very fast. A good woman makes her husband successful without trying. The more she tries consciously, the greater the failure in most instances.

2. The change in modern life has been so rapid that most of us have never really adapted ourselves to it. We are the sons and daughters of people who lived on farms, who had fresh air to breathe, quiet nights in which to sleep, and plenty of time to read and rest and think. And we are trying to live crowded together in great apartment houses, with little sunshine or fresh air, and with no time to stop and ask where we are going, or what it is all about.

3. I drifted into a typical New York

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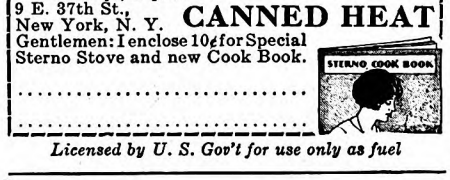

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Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (or 240 degrees F). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

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mode of living. It may be all right for some people. It was all wrong for me. I now live on a schedule planned particularly for myself, and without regard to convention: a life divided, half in the country and half in the city. It provides for only four days in the office instead of six, but I get far more work done in the office in four good days than I used to accomplish in six tired days.

4. The great idol to which the modern world bows down is "advantages for the children." The advantage of poverty and hard work, of contact with my fellow men in my father's country store, were greater assets to me than a legacy of half a million dollars. I hope to have the courage to give my boy the same advantages—hard work, simple living, and an affectionate interest in the men and women who have to fight hard for a place in the world. We waited almost too long. Another five years would have softened our boy and girl beyond hope. But, thank God, we made the move in time.

5. I believe we have to have a complete overhauling of the status and training of the modern girl. To me, her situation is pitiful. What has happened to her? Her job has been taken away. She is raised without responsibility, given an education which has no relation to her future activity, and, if she marries well, is condemned to be a workless and useless ornament in her husband's collection of possessions.

I believe in the old-fashioned training for girls, which included the dishpan as well as the music lesson, just as I believe in the old-fashioned training for boys, which included the stable and the garden. I believe the college course for women should be so shaped that when they graduate they would have some definite notion of what it means to be a wife and mother, of how hard it is to keep a man's love, and how infinitely hard to raise children to success. I would have them understand enough about business to take an intelligent interest in their husbands' affairs. But, most of all, I would try to develop in them an interest in books and art, and especially in other people, which would stand them in good stead if their husbands were successful and able to take from their shoulders most of the work of the home, leaving them with a lot of free time.

6. Finally, and this is partly repetition of what I have already said, but it is the crux of the whole thing: I believe that every husband and wife ought to provide definite periods for checking up, measuring progress against objectives, and making sure that the common life is headed toward a goal. The tragic thing in my experience was that I had to get into debt and come almost to the verge of a nervous breakdown before my wife and I had a real frank talk.

I Am Blind—Yet I See
I Am Deaf—Yet I Hear

(*Continued from page 44*)

under billows of pink and white blossoms."

My ears are dead, the birds are mute,
And still they sing;
It is within my heart they sing
As I pass by.

I think people do not usually realize what an extensive apparatus the sense of touch is. They are so likely to think it is confined to the finger tips. In reality, it reigns throughout the body, and the skin of every part, under the urge of necessity, becomes extraordinarily discriminating. It is approximately true to say that every particle of the skin is a feeler which touches and is touched, and gives contact which enables the mind to draw conclusions. All through my body I am keenly alive to changes and movements of the atmosphere, and I think the days vary for me as much as they do for anyone.

I am conscious of days when the air feels like a veil of gossamer softly dropped in a shower of silver mist. I am conscious of glad days when the sun brings a message of spring. I know great, shouting days that goad me into activity—days when the winds beat against me, challenging me to leap up and wrestle with them.

One of the liveliest of all nature's appeals to me is its infinite movement. Motion lights up the titan features of nature as stirrings of the spirit animate a face, and the wind is the soul of the earth. To me, it gives charm to the most glowing landscape and brightens up the most somber one. To me, motion is the beauty of the trees, the cornfields, and the sea. My fingers thrill as I feel the wind toss nature's "soft hair of grass" or shake its great rustling wings through a world of leaves. Viewless, changeful, unconfined, it is both an emblem of growth and of eternity, roving far over land and sea; it is to my touch what I imagine the horizon is to the eye. It brings me a sense of infinite space, of mystery, of sublimity. The wind symbolizes gladness, the urge and the aspiration with which the spirit of God keeps my inner life aglow.

The most satisfying sense of personal liberty I have ever had came when I felt myself to be a part of the wind. It was when I was in California working on the picture, "Deliverance," and flew in an airplane. The main difference I noticed in the atmosphere was the loss of odor as we climbed the aërial mountains higher and higher, past the flying dust, the ripening vineyards, and the pungent eucalyptus. As we raced with wind, I seemed to feel organ music and the sweep of ocean waves, winds from off mountains and illimitable plains. As the machine rose and fell, my brain throbbed with ecstatic thoughts that whirled on tiptoe, and I seemed to sense the Dance of the Gods.

Do not the dullest of us love water? Is it not to us what a friendly voice is to the ear? The sun beams upon us morning after morning, year after year, and we never tire of it. It is a delight to say, "The sun shines." It is quite as sweet to exclaim, as I have done a thousand times, "Here's the water!" This is one of the most good-natured things I know about the sun and water—they never cease to charm and soothe us.

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Blindness makes me no exception. Perhaps it intensifies my affection for an element that seems wondrously akin to my spirit. Changeful, alive, unconfined, resolutely holding its way towards the freedom of the sea, water gives my aching sense its rest because it harmonizes with the aspiring soul within.

The waters everywhere afford rich, thrilling sensations to my touch. Walking along the margin of a lake, or climbing a steep hill, I have captured these touch images from a tiny trickle down a mossy boulder, a rill quivering like violin strings with tense music, a brawling creek, a tumbling cataract, from which I can just lift the spray veil, as it were, and a calm river, flowing, flowing forever.

The ocean does not, however, impart quite the same friendly emotions to me. Its vastness is sometimes oppressive with a cruel power. It is not the vastness of the sun's generous warmth, or the illimitable yet intimate touch of the atmosphere that surrounds me with a glad sense of nearness—as if I were a tree with its own home in the bosom of these elements. Perhaps, too, my continual experience with a sea of darkness and silence gives a peculiar tinge to my actual impressions of the ocean. Just as I breathe in the rippling beauty or the sunny quiet of a pond, so I want to fill my soul's lungs with the radiance of light in human eyes, not with the solemn atmosphere of blindness. I become weary of contemplating too long the stern power of the Atlantic, and on calm days I cannot help being conscious of how that ruthless Neptune keeps a placid face above unnumbered wrecks of ships and men—and this suggests a silence too suffocating for thought.

Still, I have my times of playful, defiant encounter with the ocean, when I sail on it or plunge into its billows. It is a keen satisfaction to me to step off the immovable land and feel the liquid world yield and sway under me. If there is a surf, my heart leaps up. The blood sings all over my body as I feel the waves fret and foam. It is a piquant sensation to have the seaweed lift and swing, the shells and pebbles tumble and rattle about my feet, and fancy that the next billow will carry me away from night, even as of old the flood bore Undine away from her faithless lover.

I FIRST visited Niagara when I was a little girl. I stood breathless beside Dr. Alexander Graham Bell on the Chasm's edge, its earth-shaking thunder vibrating through every atom of my body. A thousand lovely coquetries were drawing our souls within the great curve of peril whence billowy clouds of spray arose, wrapping us in a glittering spell. Niagara is nature displaying all her magnificence and cruel power. She is everything at once—awful, treacherous, lovely, gentle as a caress, wild as a tiger devouring its prey, hiding the abyss with rainbow wings. We spent hours exploring the rocks and watching the tumbling waters from different spots. We rode in the little Maid of the Mist, and I felt drowned in an ocean of sound—a million horses galloping round the world spouting spume from their nostrils! I had felt water in many wondrous forms—soft-descending masses of snow, ice imprisoning the streams, spring showers, and the ocean surge; but never had I dreamed that there could be such a commotion of waters!

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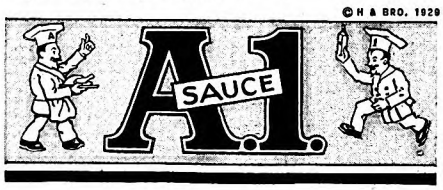

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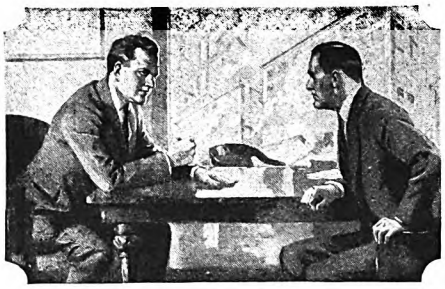

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The American Magazine, published monthly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1929. State of New York, County of New York—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. D. Mayo, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The American Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, Merle Crowell, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, James C. Derieux, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, A. D. Mayo, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is. (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Anna Wright Hazen New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Dorothy Hazen Soest, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; The Holding Corporation of American Lithographic Company, New York, N. Y.; Gertrude B. Lane, New York, N. Y.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Walter Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermeyer, New York, N. Y.; Flora E. Whiting, Josephine E. McFadden and Henry E. Schacko, as executors under the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ettlinger, Deceased, New York, N. Y.; Alanson H. R. Wilson, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(This information is required from daily publications only.) A. D. Mayo, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1929. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

When I think of what nature has meant to me, I cannot be grateful enough to my teacher, Mrs. Macy, who fostered in me an abiding affection for the glories of earth and sea and air. It was she who led me through the school of the earth and the university of the skies to the only true education, which is understanding the law of life. My mother, too, was passionately devoted to the out-of-doors. She loved nothing more than her flowers, and her love of birds was equal to her love of flowers. She would spend hours in the little wood near our house in Wrentham watching their pretty antics when they made love, or built their nests, or fed the young birds and taught them to fly.

I HAVE traveled about the country a great deal but I have never been able to accustom myself to the strangeness of life in cities. At home I have always been where I could breathe the woodland air. Winter and spring have always brought me wind-blown messages across marsh, brook, or stone-walled field. I have felt

> God's great freedom all around
> And free life's song the only sound.

All such peaceful, expansive sensations cannot be enjoyed in the throbbing whirl of a train, the rattle of lurching taxis, or the confinement of hotels and lecture halls. I have never been able to accustom myself to hotel life. The conventional atmosphere wearies me, and there is no garden where I can run out alone and sense the wings of glorious days passing by. At such times, I am painfully aware of the lack of personal liberty, which, next to idleness, is the hardest part of being blind. Nearly all the blind people I know—and I have known many—enjoy walking. It is my favorite relaxation, but there is one kind of walking I never enjoy, and that is in the heart of a great city, where I am played upon like a harp discordantly by the tramp of vast multitudes on the pavement and the rattle of trucks, street cars, and the elevated railroad trains crashing overhead—confusion worse confounded. This avalanche of vibrations seems always to leap at me with a fury of malice, as if it would destroy my body. A loaded cannon pointed at me would not have a more poignant and terrifying effect.

IT IS in the country that I am at home. Everything my foot touches is alive with interest. It matters not at what hour I enter my garden—whether in the cool, pure dawn, when the golden gates of the sun open, and the first rustle of leaves stirs to consciousness the bird in its nest; or in the noonday when all the banners of life are unfurled, and the sun's rays turn everything to splendor; or in the magical stillness of evening, when shadows steal across my path with soundless feet, and I sense "a folding of a world of wings," and down in the dusk of the grass, fireflies light their glow-lamps—I am filled with infinite gladness, and my heart sings the praise of the Creator, Who, out of space and eternity, made this little place for me, and sent the flowers to be my comforters in dark hours.

I enjoy my garden in all weathers. Even wintertime has its own sport and charm for me. As I walk briskly along, the wind shakes the snow down upon me from the hedge. Every few minutes, I pull off my gloves to revel in the touch of congealed loveliness on the trees and bushes—wondrous forms which God has

> Insculped and embossed
> With His hammer of wind,
> And His graver of frost.

Usually, by going from the steps along a cement path that turns off abruptly at the right, I find, without the slightest difficulty, the green circle of trees which surrounds my walk. But when the snow is deep, all paths are obliterated, so that there is no unevenness of the ground to guide my feet, and I get completely lost, but the adventure of blundering into every place but the right one gives me a good laugh or two before I successfully orientate myself beside the hedge. Indeed, Mark Twain's felicitous words form a spritely accompaniment to my steps. For I feel like Sandy when the Connecticut Yankee asked her, "Whereabouts does the castle lie? What's the direction from here?" You remember she replied, "Ah, please you, sir, it hath no direction from here; by reason that the road lieth not straight, but turneth evermore; wherefore the direction of its place abideth not, but is sometime under the one sky and anon under another, wherèso if you be minded that it is in the east, and wend thitherward, ye shall observe that the way of the road doth yet again turn upon itself by the space of half a circle. . . . It were woundily hard to tell [the leagues distant it is], they are so many, and do so lap the one upon the other, and being made all in the same image and tincted with the same color, one may not know the one league from its fellow, nor how to count them except they be taken apart."

IT IS when the book of the year opens at the page of June that I want to drop my work, whatever it may be, and enter the Kingdom of Delight. It is then that Nature receives the spring flowers at her Court, and each perfect day brings new beauties to grace the fête.

June-time within the green circle of evergreens that shields my garden is a wondrous woof of odors—evergreens and marsh-grass threaded with the scent of lilac and laurel. Bright-hued flowers mass beside me and hold up lovely faces to me. Where the grass grows softest, the violets open their blue eyes and look at me wonderingly. I call them dream flowers, because I always see them growing in the Garden of Sleep—violets and lilies of the valley. The honeysuckle trails over the privet wall, blessing every breeze with its fragrance. The wygelias reach out wraith-like arms to embrace me. When I push them aside to pass, how the winged plunderers of their sweets scatter in the sunshine! Tall irises from Japan and Germany display their exquisite gowns across the ribbonlike trails which the gardener has made around the summerhouse. In one corner of my garden there is a clump of old-fashioned lilacs. In June the boughs are weighted with loveliness and heart-penetrating odor—oh, nobody has ever put it into words!

If spirits wear garments, I hope mine will smell of lilac.

All through May and early June, a flaming tide of tulips spreads over the lawn, with here and there an island of daffodils and hyacinths. If I touch one of them, lo, a lily is born in my hands! As far as my arms can reach, the same miracle has been

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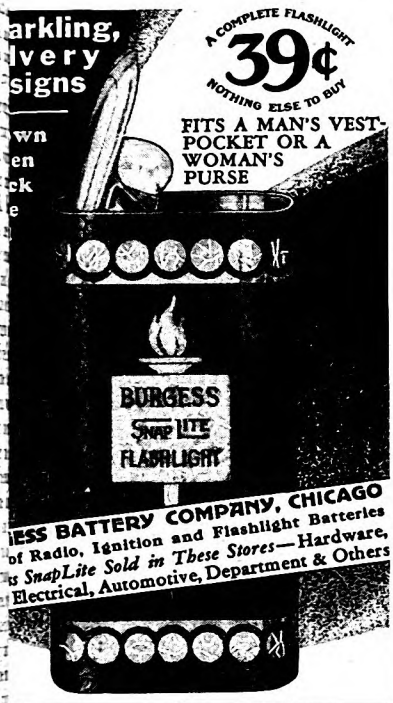
wrought. Love, which fulfills itself in giving life, has taken possession of my Eden.

A while ago two visitors came and sat themselves upon the dogwood tree, which was all tremulous with white blossoms. It is one of the trees which border my green circle. Morning and evening, as I pass it again and again, I reach up to touch the branches. The two visitors, two robins, had decided to live in that dogwood tree. They went about the business of life with singleness of purpose. They did not seem to mind me.

At first, when I put up my hand to touch the branches, they would fly off to a nearby tree and I could feel them watch me attentively. But they soon became accustomed to me. I brought them food and in my awkward, human way tried to tell them I was a friend. They seemed to understand; anyway, they came and were quite indifferent to my doings. I would stand perfectly still for a long time with my hand on the branch, and often I was rewarded by feeling the leaves quiver and the twigs bend ever so slightly. Once I sensed a commotion very close to my hand and a few days later I felt a tiny claw pinch my finger. It was not many days before the male bird lit squarely upon my hand, and after that there was perfect understanding between us. A bird doesn't stay long on one's hand without saying something. My new bird-friend began to twitter; he hopped back and forth on the branch, telling his mate about me, I suppose. When the eggs were hatched, she came 'way out on the branch, probably to take a good look at me. She must have concluded that I was harmless, for she flew away on a foraging expedition, leaving her little ones at my mercy.

TOWARD the end of the summer, a blind friend of mine came to see me. We were chatting in my study. A thunderstorm came up suddenly, and the rain began to beat in. Elizabeth went to close the windows. As she did so, she heard a plaintive bird-cry, and, catching my hand she drew me to the window. "I believe," she said, "a bird is beating its wings against the screen." It was difficult in the rain to raise the screen; but we succeeded, and there, clinging to the vines which had clambered over the sill, was my little Robin Redbreast! He fluttered into my outstretched hand. He was limp and dripping wet.

After he dried off a bit, he began to fly about the room; I pictured him as scrutinizing everything with his inquisitive little eyes. When the shower ceased, we took him to the window, but he did not seem to want to leave us. His sharp claws pinched my finger; he tilted his body, as if he would say, "I am satisfied; why do you want me to go?" I put him down on the sill, and he flew back into the room. We managed to catch him, and again I put him outside the screen, and again he flew back into the study. This time he hid under the couch, and we could not find him. We had to get someone with eyes to dig him out. He hopped on the window-sill from one side to the other. I thought, "No doubt he is cocking his head this way and that, soliloquizing in this fashion: 'Oh, which do I prefer? Do I prefer you, or yonder tree? Shall I stay here, or go on and on, away, away, away? Oh, my heart aches with such contrary desires!'" At last



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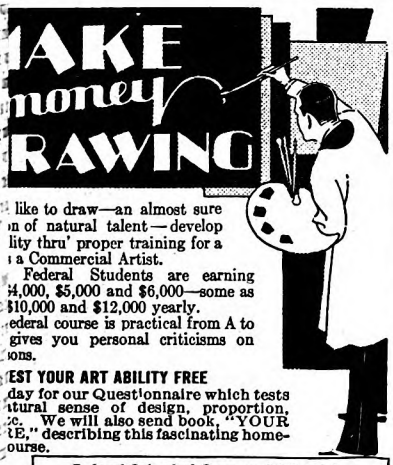
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he slowly spread his wings and unwillingly sailed away on the freshly washed air. He has never returned to the dogwood tree, nor to my hand.

Of all things that grow in my garden, I love best the evergreens. What a beautiful way they have of entering into relations with human beings! How readily they harmonize the wild nature of their forest kindred with our domestic habits. And how subtly yet powerfully they influence us while we set bounds to their growth.

The evergreens which grow on one side of my garden walk seem to know me as I know them. They stretch out their branches to me like hands and tease me and pull my hair whenever I pass them. In the springtime, when the world swims with odors of life, they bend toward me like friends full of glad news. They try to tell me what it is, but I cannot always make out what they are saying. I imagine they are asking each other why human creatures move from place to place, unstable as water, and as the wind that is always in motion. "Look!" they say, pointing their sharp little fingers, "look how she is going in and out among the flowers; like the mother the wind, she is blowing away out of sight."

IF I could fathom that murmur, that sigh, I should fathom the depths of consciousness of my evergreens. I do not know whether they speak of the future, but I am positive they could reveal the past. They could tell me what they have fared through in the immortality that lies behind them. I have felt the rings buried in trees—rings of the many seasons of births and deaths they died to reach this life. Why this thirst to rise higher? Why this love of stars and sun and clouds? Why this sense of duty to the earth, this fixity of purpose, this inward soul that remembers and sighs? As I stand beside my evergreens, they whisper: "All that is you has always been, and will always be. Every atom and every impulse of you began in eternity with us, and with us will return into eternity."

Oh, when my spirit is sore, fretted by the thought of the unhappiness in the world, it soothes me to walk back and forth beside my evergreens. I feel like a flower after a night's frost, when it steadies itself on its stem and looks up again to the sky with brave hope. And ever as I walk round my green circle, I seem to hear the song of the roots down in the ground, cheerily toiling in the dark. They never see the lovely work they have wrought. Hidden away in darkness they bring forth flowers of light! Little and despised are they; but, oh, mighty is their power to create flower and tree!

There are no trees I love more than the redwoods of California. My mother, who was with me when I first went to the west coast, worshiped them. "Nature's monarchs," she called them, and she declared that they were more impressive even than the mountains, "because human faculties can compass them. They are earth's noblest aristocrats."

We went often to the Muir woods on that first trip, and I have visited them many times since. How shall I describe my sensations upon entering that Temple of the Lord? Every time I touch the redwoods, I feel as if the unrest and strife of earth are lulled. I cease to long and grieve—I am in the midst of a Sabbath of repose, resting from human futilities. I am in a holy place, quiet as a heart full of prayer. God seems to walk invisible through the long, dim aisles.

All of us need to go often into the woods alone and sit in silence at the feet of Nature. A few years ago, I persuaded my conscience to turn its back upon prosaic tasks and go pleasuring in the open for two months. My teacher, Mrs. Macy, and a friend went with me. Our automobile was equipped with a tent, a small gasoline stove, an ice box, and, last but not least, my beautiful great Dane, Sieglinde, whose business it was to strike terror into the hearts of wandering Robin Hoods and other intruders.

One of our camping spots was a pasture in the Berkshires, where a brook laughed and romped. We were awakened in the morning by a herd of cows. I touched their glossy coats and wet noses as they investigated our bivouac; if they objected to this familiarity, they kept their thoughts to themselves. Another spot I loved was a pine wood near Lake Champlain. One night, we pitched our tent in a great hayfield out of Montreal which we called Stormfield because just after we had settled for the night a tempest burst upon us. We followed the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec. From Quebec, we came down through Maine and camped on the Kennebec River. My teacher told me that logs were being floated down from Moosehead Lake to sawmills farther along. In order to get a sense of what the river was like, I crawled into it, keeping my body out of the reach of the logs and clinging to the rocks. The current turned me over and over like a leaf, but I managed to touch some of the logs as they shot past, and the sense of the adventure was delightful.

WHEN I am in the woods, I love to put out my hand and catch the rustling tread of small creatures in the leaves.

I love to follow dark roads that smell of moss and wet grasses, hill roads and deep valley roads so narrow that the trees and bushes touch me as I pass.

I love to stand on a little bridge and feel the brook flowing under it with minnows in her hands.

I love to sit on a fallen tree so long that the shy wood-things forget that it may be imprudent to step on my toes, and the dimpling cascade throws water-spray in my face. With body still and observant I hear myriad sounds that I understand: leaf sounds, grass sounds, and twigs creaking faintly when birds alight on them, and grass swaying when insects' wings brush it, and the thistle's silvery flutter. These sounds I hear, yet my way is still.

Sometimes when I am at home and the house is all asleep, I steal out into the garden, silent and dim, where lilies and roses grow together. In the delicate dusk of dawn I stand with the shadow-forms of the flowers, waiting expectant the mystery of the birth of day. The earth's breast is sweet with leaf-hidden violets. The skies grow bright—with lifted head I see my lover, the sun, raise his beautiful face above a silvery, misty sea; and I find the thing I have long sought and hoped for—the light!

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"When the Arctic Gets a Man It Never Turns Him Loose"

(*Continued from page 61*)

astern, with fearful crunching, cracking, and sharp reports like cannonading. And all the time, from starboard, the folds of ice were pushing on toward the ship like the undulations of a slow earthquake, thrusting ahead of them the broken blocks.

"We were busy unloading when there was a frightful splintering of wood on the starboard, and we turned to see one of these ice boulders crowding onto the ship. The heavy oak rail was no better than matchwood in the path of that slow-pushing ram. Deck beams upheaved like the ribs of an umbrella, the masts leaned, the frozen rigging sagged.

"I went to my cabin," said Fiala, "to gather up my records and other belongings. Engineer Hartt came up and said the water had reached the fireboxes; he would be unable to keep up steam much longer. The beams were still groaning, and while we talked a shattering crash rang through the ship. The engineer rushed below.

"There followed a period of utter silence. All that I could hear was the labored throb of the pumps. It sounded like the pulse of some dying creature. And I felt that it was time to go The electric light had faded to a dull red; the pump gave one feeble beat, and died as the steam failed. As I passed down the companionway I saw Hartt draping an American flag over the engine. It had been his pet for two voyages north, and he was much affected.

"Scarcely had we landed when there came another squeeze. This time the ice thrust under the ship, lifted her bow, and with the vessel in that posture, the waterhole quickly froze."

FOR two months the wreck stuck there, a gaunt reminder which the huge snowdrifts could never cover up. The men revisited it many times, and dismantled it of cooking stove, doors, bunks, and other parts that could be used in enlarging the overcrowded hut. Then, in January, another hurricane swooped down on Rudolf Island, raging for three days, and when it was over the America had disappeared.

"We were then in the depth of winter," recalled Fiala. "The thermometer dropped to 52 degrees below zero, but with plenty of food and fuel we were snug in our little hut, and busy with preparations for our polar trip in the spring.

"The sun reappeared at noon on March 3, and that was our signal. Next day we dragged out the loaded sledges, lashed on the top loads, and tried the dogs. High winds delayed us until March 7. That morning we started over the glacier, headed for the north shore of the island, from where we proposed to sledge northward over the ocean to the Pole. We were twenty-six men, with sixteen ponies and twelve dog teams.

But the Arctic had said *No*, and the frus-

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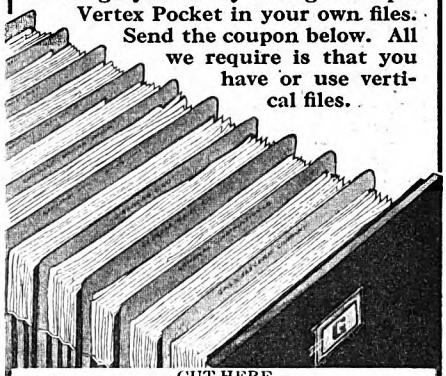

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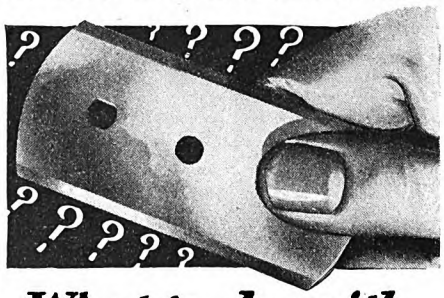

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trated men turned southward and back to camp after suffering agonies and injury and stark disappointment.

"But I just couldn't give up," said Fiala. "I vowed to make at least one more attempt, and called for volunteers. Thirteen men volunteered to stay with me. Twenty-five voted to go home, and I felt it my responsibility as leader to see that they got safely to the ship."

Cape Flora is almost the southern tip of Franz Josef Land. To get there from Rudolf Island required a journey of one hundred and sixty miles over melting ice. Fiala and his party made it successfully in sixteen days' sledging.

Fiala stayed at Cape Flora until late September, when it was plain that no ship could get through that year. Then the men who wanted to go home could only wait, and they settled down to spend the winter at Cape Flora. They were established in two huts, with stores of food and fuel. Fiala appointed a leader to each hut and assigned ammunition for the winter's hunting. Then he and six of his volunteers loaded their sledges for the journey back north to Rudolf Island, to rejoin the other volunteers who were already preparing for the final dash north in the spring.

"WE WERE fifty-four days on that trip," said Fiala, "and the last half of it was mostly one long groping in the darkness, feeling our way with tent poles over thin ice that bent beneath our weight.

"Our food got low. Sixty miles ahead was a cache, but to reach it we must cross that channel and sledge a long stretch. I put the dogs on quarter-rations, and we cut ourselves to half-rations. Then came that memorable Sunday—the greatest in my recollection. I read to the men from the sixth chapter of Matthew: 'Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? . . . Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.' They were very attentive and serious. All realized that we were at a crisis.

"That night a polar bear prowled into camp; after a frantic chase, I shot him just as he was about to leap into the sea—and our food problem was solved. We lived luxuriously on bear steaks, burned his blubber for fuel, and the dogs feasted. Then, on a rare day when ice jammed the channel, we crossed the sound.

"Ahead was a great glacier. One of our party had crossed it during the summer and said it was safe. So we didn't rope together as ordinarily I required in traveling a strange glacier. The weather was thick and the light dim—only a faint twilight between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.—so we halted the sledges at intervals and walked ahead to pick a trail over the snow. On one of these halts I had passed a few yards in advance, when suddenly the snow caved in under me. I found myself hanging over a crevasse, clinging with my fingers to the ice edge!

"Spencer, the steward, ran to help, and as he reached me the ice broke.

"I awoke in a dark pit. My nose was touching something hard and black and horribly cold. Behind me was something equally hard and cold. I was wedged by the breast between these two walls, with my left arm bent over my chest. Arm, breast, ribs, and back were in sharp pain, but my legs hung free. I kicked them backward and forward and sideways, and couldn't touch anything. Evidently the walls that held me didn't extend below.

"Then, still in a daze, I remembered falling through the glacier, and looking up, saw a faint patch of blue. It was the hole through which I had plunged—by contrast with this abyss the Arctic night was luminous. Long pencils of light streamed down the sloping ice walls, and I could see that I had dropped into a gigantic funnel. Only the thickness of my left arm had saved me from slipping through the neck to the lower depths.

"I heard voices calling from above, and answered. They shouted encouragement, said they were lowering a rope.

"Then I heard deep groans. They seemed to come from below, to my right. My first thought was that a team of dogs had fallen, but in another moment I heard words and recognized a voice—'Commander, are you there?'

"It was Spencer. In trying to help me, he had fallen. I couldn't see him—I couldn't see anything in that lower inferno—but I could tell that the fall had unnerved him. 'My head's cut open and my brains are oozing out,' he reported between groans. 'What's the good of the North Pole, if we have to die in this pit?'

"At last I felt a rope dangling, and grasped it. I made a bowline in the end, working with my right arm and the free fingers of my left. Slipping the noose over my right foot and hanging on with both hands, I called to those above to haul away. Gradually, by their pulling and my wriggling, I unwedged myself, and swung free like a plumb bob at the end of seventy feet of line.

"MY FIRST task was to find Spencer. The echoes were everywhere; I couldn't locate him by calling. Finally I told him to look up at me against the light, and indicate the direction by calling right or left. In this way we found him, and I was lowered ten feet to his position.

"I told him to catch hold—he weighed only ninety pounds—but immediately the men above yelled, 'Let go. It won't stand the weight.'

"Then I proposed to change places with Spencer. But he said, 'No, you'd fall a thousand feet if this ice slab slipped. I'm on the piece that broke and fell with me. It's wedged between these walls, but every time I take a deep breath it rocks. You go on up,' he urged, 'and send the rope back for me.'

"So I signaled the men to haul away, and the line sang like a telephone wire as I swung there. It was the sledge traces, a cotton cord three-eighths of an inch thick, the same as is used for window cord. I remembered a worn, raveled spot I had seen that morning as I was harnessing the dogs. Suddenly I felt giddy, limp, unstrung. Pains were shooting through my breast, my left arm ached acutely. Would the line hold? It did hold.

"We were still more than a hundred miles from Rudolf Island," Fiala said. "The remainder of the journey was a succession of encounters with young ice, glaciers, storms."

The remainder of the winter was spent in preparation for the spring dash north. It was begun on March 16.

"Our trail north that trip led over mountainous pressure ridges that spin-

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tered and thundered as we attempted to surmount them," related Fiala.

"Then we would come to a lead of open water, and it was either wait for the ice to drift together, or ferry across on an ice cake, or build an ice bridge. Any process was laborious and time-consuming, and often brought heartbreaking disappointment. As we advanced, the ice seemed to grow worse, more confused and broken. I stopped the sledges, and all hands went forward with ice picks and axes. It took three hours to cut a trail a hundred feet. But again and again we had to do this.

"I climbed a giant pressure ridge. I could see the ocean northward for miles—an unending wilderness of sharp ridges, overturned blocks, and rippling water lanes steaming with vapor. The thermometer was rising rapidly, it reached 34 degrees that day and, in consequence, the ice was melting and breaking up.

"We camped that evening for supper and rest on the only flat block in sight. It broke in two within a few feet of our camp an hour later, and while we were sleeping a crack appeared, with a loud report, right under one of the tents."

NEXT morning the little band turned southward. The ice had won. The Arctic again had said *No.*

The explorers sledged back to Rudolf Island, broke camp there, and sledged on to the south of the archipelago. They had reached Cape Dillon when the relief ship, which had already rescued the men at Cape Flora, picked them up on July 30.

Fiala's chance to see the Tropics came in 1913 when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt invited him to go to Brazil with him.

"How did you like it?" I asked.

"I wouldn't swap the Arctic for the Tropics," he answered. "There is something straightforward about nature in the North that I missed in the Tropics. The Arctic is hard and uncompromising, but one knows what its conditions are. The jungle seems more inscrutable—it is living, creeping, squirming, treacherous."

Out of his experience with the Roosevelt expedition came a tropical tent designed to keep out insects and let in air. Another device was a safety appliance for canoes, to reduce capsizing hazards.

I asked the Major—he won that rank in the World War—if he would care to go to the Arctic again.

"Yes," he answered with quiet emphasis. And then, "If I went North again, I'd use tractors."

"But the ice—wouldn't it break through and the ocean swallow up the tractor?"

"The Army has a tractor that floats," answered Major Fiala. "With a dog team," he went on, "the best speed you can make is four or five miles an hour. A light, canvas-tread, caterpillar tractor would make eighteen or twenty miles, and on rough ice it would go as well as dogs.

"Tractors will enable the explorer to take soundings and make magnetic observations at regular and frequent intervals. My idea is a scientific survey of the Arctic Ocean from Franz Josef Land across the Pole to Grant Land. I believe there is land northwest of Franz Josef Land." And he reached for his memoranda and went into a detailed explanation. He had the whole project worked out.

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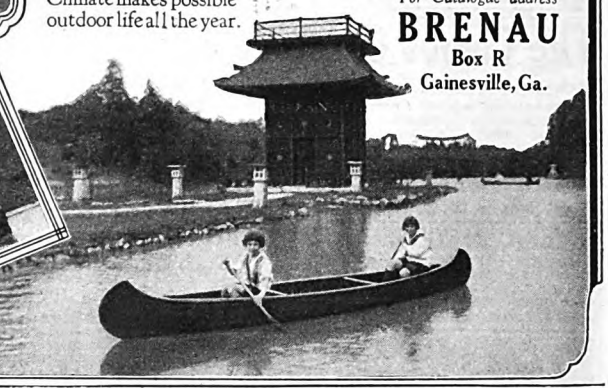

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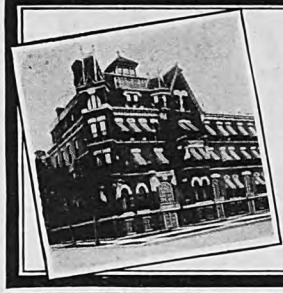

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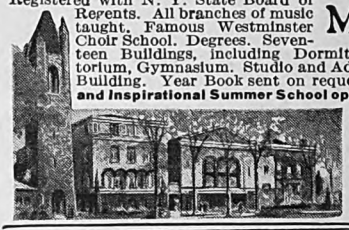

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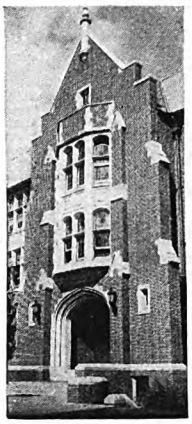

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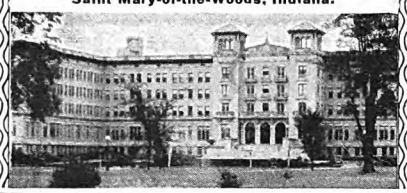

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Further Adventures of a Bargain Hunter

(*Continued from page 43*)

from wanting to show his love. The devil of it is, if you are short on time and money, it's pretty hard to put the idea across. I can't write poetry to my wife. I can't even *read* the poetry written by one of these regular, qualified, union poets—that is, if he pulls anything deeper than the old home-and-mother stuff that we used to get in McGuffey's Fifth Reader."

Oh, there's no doubt in my mind that nine out of every ten husbands mean well. The trouble is that they get into the habit of bringing home bread and bacon instead of flowers and candy, and after a while flowers and candy get pushed back into the woodshed part of their minds, along with a lot of other things which they intend to get around to some day.

But when their attention is called to their shortcomings—by anything except wifely reproaches—they are eager to make amends. Look at the way they jump at any straw that points the way. In less than three weeks after the publication of the article in which I told about my gifter-week club, I had letters from dozens of men who wanted to become members.

PERHAPS you recall that the gifter-week club was started by a North Carolina man who suddenly woke up to the fact that he was forgetting his wife's birthdays and all their joint anniversaries. Shocked by this discovery, as well as by the thought that the years were passing very swiftly, and with them the chance to show his wife how dear she really was to him, he wrote me that he had worked out a plan by which no week should go by without his wife's being reminded of his love for her. Each week I was to select some small present and mail it so that it would reach her by Friday or Saturday. He wound up with something like this:

"I'm not a rich man, and I'm afraid I can't spare more than three dollars a whack. What I want is a sort of little surprise package with something inside that she can't use on the house, or the kids, or me."

Well, as I say, that idea drew blood—and lots of it! Men from everywhere simply fell over themselves in their hurry to get in on the gifter-week plan. Besides the hundreds of orders that came to me, many were received by other purchasing agents—there are a hundred and twenty-odd of us in New York alone, you know. All sorts and conditions of men wrote in. Rich men, poor men, and yes, the thief that I spoke of at the beginning. I'm coming to him in a minute.

There was one man, apparently a rich one, who wrote me from a certain neck of the woods. "I've been married twenty-one years," this man told me, "and I've never remembered our anniversary with a gift. Likewise, most birthdays have gone unobserved. Your story of what these other men do for their wives makes me ashamed of myself. Not one of them is married to a finer woman than I am. Yet, from the way I act about some things, you'd never guess that I feel that way about it.

"My wife's birthday comes the fifth of next month. I want to make up for lost time; so I'm enclosing a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. Get her something handsome, even if it takes twice that much. I guess I can stand it. From now on, it's going to be 'free, wide, and handsome' with me where my wife is concerned. Just because her hair is getting gray is no reason she doesn't still *feel* like a girl about a lot of things.

"Maybe it's funny to other folks, but I always think of her as looking exactly the way she did the day I carried her in my arms over the threshold of the lumber camp shack where I took her as a bride. I promised her silks and satins and everything fine then. And as soon as I got the money I forgot all about my promises. I just handed her the cash and told her to get what she wanted. I guess that isn't the same thing as springing a little surprise now and then.

"After I read that piece of yours the other day, I went home and took a good look at 'Mother.' It gave me quite a shock when I saw that she isn't as young as she once was. Well, from now on, the sky's the limit! You'll get a check the first of every month."

Thus far the checks have turned up on schedule time—good, substantial ones, too! And I wish you could see the delightfully frivolous things I have sent "Mother." I can assure you that they are calculated to make any woman forget that her youth is behind her. For her birthday, I sent her a gold and silver evening shawl which would make any feminine heart turn somersaults of pure ecstasy. Since then I have sent her perfume, exquisite handmade lingerie, and quantities of other beautiful things.

But I am quite positive that the gift which gave her the most joy was her husband's letter to me. I sent it to her under a pledge of strict secrecy. If he sees this, I ask him to forgive me for breaking faith with him. I simply could not resist the temptation to make a fellow mortal *perfectly* happy. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that I helped to do that very thing!

SPEAKING of anniversaries reminds me to tell you about a clever young chap who certainly ought never to have any matrimonial troubles arising from his failure to observe these special occasions which are so dear to a woman's heart. During his courtship he was what you might call actually *forehanded* in remembering anniversaries. About six months ago, I had a letter from him which ran like this:

"I'm leaving soon for South America, to be gone a year. My girl won't wear my ring because she claims she doesn't want to 'tie me down.' Between you and me and the much abused gate-post, *she's* the one who doesn't want to be tied. Since the minute I laid eyes on her, I've been hog-tied and ready to be led to the slaughter.

"But what I set out to tell you is that there's another fellow on the ground. They say all's fair in love and war. Be

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hat as it may, I'm taking no unnecessary hances. I may be out of sight, but I on't intend to be out of mind. Not if I an help it!

"I'm leaving an order with the florist bombard her with flowers every week. ll personally shoot the letters and cable-rams along. Now, here's where you ome in: I want you to send her ten dol-rs' worth of something tricky and New orky every month. Not exactly the fter-week idea. She reads THE AMERI-AN MAGAZINE and she'd get onto that ght away.

"You know how hipped women are on e subject of anniversaries? I've got a unch to play up that idea. Please split the ten dollars so as to make it cover ree dates. The first present should ach her on the fifth of every month; I et her on the fifth. The second package ght to get to her on the eighth; that's e anniversary of our first—well, you can obably guess what happened on the ghth! Send the third reminder on the enty-fifth. I've told her that we're go-g to be married during the Christmas lidays. That's when I come home on y vacation."

For the benefit of all masculine readers, will add that the young man's hunch rked. Less than a week ago I had a ter from the lady in the case. She in-rms me that she will be in New York an extended shopping tour this sum-r and that she would like my help in ecting her trousseau. It seems that she 't going to wait for her forehanded ung man to come home; she's going wn to him. I understand that the wed-g is to take place early this fall.

MOST men cannot afford to spend any-thing like the amount spent by the men I have just told you about. Along h the charter member from North rolina, the bulk of my gifter-week mbers can spare only "a few dollars a ack."

However it is not the size of the lay but the thought back of it that nts with the feminine recipients at the er end of the line. I wish that you ld run through my files and see for rself some of the notes I have received n the wives and sweethearts who have n surprised by weekly parcels from w York.

One woman wrote: "Thank you from bottom of my heart. I believe that r idea has saved my life. I didn't need ing on earth but the assurance that husband doesn't take me for granted."

One of my favorite gifter-week mem-s is a boy from Texas who is up here in w York bent upon winning fame and une. He can afford only a dollar a k. I don't know how he manages to eeze out that much, for he told me e frankly that he is making only nty-two dollars a week.

can promise you that I am going to e that boy's dollar buy more than any r ever before bought in New York, is gifter-week parcels to his mother. 's the very best ever," he wrote me. eckon any fellow worth his salt could down on lunches and smokes to ten up things a little for *her*. I can mber when she would have her shoes soled, instead of getting the new pair she needed, so's I could have a

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catcher's mitt. I guess *that* tells you what sort of a woman she is."

It strikes me, however, that the boy's attitude toward his mother tells the most important part of the story!

And now we come to the thief whom I mentioned at the outset. He is "doing" five years in one of our largest penal institutions. Whatever his shortcomings as a citizen—and obviously they are serious—he has some redeeming qualities as a husband.

He was among the first to join the gifter-week club. And every Monday, as regularly as the day rolls around, I get five dollars from him. He earns the money in the prison tailor shop. Of course, he could send it direct to his wife, but, as he explained in his carefully written letter to me, "that wouldn't be so good, because it would remind her of where I am. I want her to think of me as just being off on a long trip.

"It's long all right!" he went on. "I got sent up eighteen months ago. It seems like eighteen years. Maybe they'll shorten my time for good conduct, and I'll get back to Lola in the next hundred years. I won't let her come up here to see me. I don't want her to get a picture of me in the gray in her mind.

"Her folks are pretty well off, so she won't suffer for anything. But I'm afraid she'll get into trouble some way. She's too young to be foot-loose—only nineteen—and she's as pretty as a picture. The best is none too good for her. I never did measure up. She doesn't know it, but they got me because I was trying to make money fast enough to buy her a fur coat she was begging me for."

Along with the letter, came a number of handmade cards on which were inscribed various loving messages to accompany the gifts. The phrases which occurred most often were:

"From Jim with love. Be good till I get back."

Maybe I'm a sentimental old woman, but I like to think that the little presents which I select for Jim's girl every week will help her in her uphill job of being good. It isn't the easiest thing in the world for a pretty, pleasure-loving young girl to remember that she isn't free when her husband is away on a five-year trip!

OF COURSE, there are some amusing letters among the three thousand and more that have come to me. But even these betray the fact that the writers are hungry for romance. One man sent me a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, together with an order for a reducing machine. He says that he is thirty-six years old and that in spite of the fact that he has been putting on a little flesh lately, it never occurred to him that anybody thought of him as actually decrepit—that is, until he attended a certain dance this spring. On this occasion it seems that a little débutante with whom he was, as he fancied, blithely fox-trotting, looked up into his face and demanded earnestly, "Please tell me, Mr. Blank, why you never got married?"

"It was the dreadful finality of that *never* that completely unnerved me," commented poor Mr. Blank. "For Pete's sake, send that rejuvenating machine along as fast as you can—there's no time to lose!"

Another young chap wanted a sure-fire cure for baldness. He suggested that I try the remedy on my husband before sending it to him. I had to write him that there are lengths to which even the most accommodating of purchasing agents cannot safely go.

Several requests have come in for wives. One man, a prosperous Oregon farmer, took the trouble to describe his ideal in detail. "She must be a brunette and of a lively temperament," he informed me. "Above all things, see that she is healthy. I don't want a woman who whines; I'd much rather have one with a wart on her nose."

As an incentive to speedy action on my part, he concluded with a promise to send me a barrel of his best apples just as soon as I produced a girl who would come up to his requirements. For the benefit of all interested brunettes, I submit the information that I have not yet received the apples!

THUS far, only one woman has asked my help in landing a husband, but she certainly wasted no time in beating about the bush. "I want to join the gifter-week club on my own account," she wrote. "Please send me an inexpensive present every ten days or two weeks—whatever you think would be calculated to put a little life into a man down here who has been hanging on for five years without coming to the point. I'm sick and tired of waiting for him to propose. This is his last chance to pop the question himself. If he doesn't come across pretty soon, I'm going to come out flat and ask him what his intentions are, if any!

"Here's my low scheme: Week before last, I spent three days in New York as a delegate from a church organization to which I belong. I didn't meet a single, solitary man who interested me one bit, but I'm letting Ed think that I did. I've already managed to get several letters with the New York postmark, and I can see that Ed is upset. A book or so, two or three boxes of candy, and a couple of pieces of sheet music ought to turn the trick. Ed plays the flute, but even I don't think he is much good at it. I've hinted to him that my New York friend is very musical. He informed me that no real he-man would ever take music seriously. Hence, my suggestion about the sheet music.

"I suppose you think I'm made of brass, but I just don't care one bit. I give piano lessons to beginners, and I hate scales! What I want is a house and children of my own, and I certainly will appreciate any help you can give me. Go as far as you like. As Ed would say, just let your conscience be your guide!"

Two or three parcels, including a roll of the latest musical hits, have already been dispatched. The latest report from the front brings the news that Ed has invested in several shares of building and loan stock. That ought to be a good sign. Anyway, I'm certainly doing what I can to help Ed's future wife sprinkle a little salt on the tail feathers of romance!

Judging from the incidents I have told you about thus far, you probably think that I am interested only in the man-and-maid variety of romance. Not at all. As a matter of fact, I believe that the letter which thrilled me most came from a

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nother in a little New England town. he enclosed a check for ten dollars, with ne request that I buy a complete outfit or her fifteen-year-old daughter, who was o graduate from high school in June. Mind you, the check had to cover dress, ip, white slippers, and silk stockings to natch. This was asking right much of en dollars—and me!

I combed the town for bargains, and, ventually, I assembled a dainty little ostume which would have delighted ne heart of any sweet girl graduate. The ll came to $11.50, but my client was deghted with the result of her investment. ne sent me a lovely note of thanks, and er young son included a snapshot of his ster to prove to me that she is really as retty as her mother thinks she is. When saw the picture, I quite agreed with my cretary, who exclaimed:

"My, she looks sweet enough to eat!"

Shopping for others is often a strenuis job, but it is rarely a dull or thankless ne. On the contrary, it is full of excitement and pleasant contacts. The latter equently ripen into lifelong friendships. Out of the hundreds and hundreds of ders I have had as a result of the arti: in The American Magazine, less than lf a dozen proved impossible to fill beuse the clients were unreasonable in eir demands.

Thank goodness, the vast majority of y clients exhibit a spirit similar to that own by a young oil tester who wrote from the Southwest explaining that he is very much in love with a schoolacher a thousand miles away. He went to say that, being a poor letter writer, thought that a gift a week might adnce his cause considerably, and he ound up by declaring. "And whether vin, lose, or draw, in the young lady's ections, I sure will appreciate your orts!"

Rattlesnake Golf

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Stacey don't dare sink 'em any eper on this land,' says the Colonel, en when he sinks 'em into a flat rock e this. This rock's pretty thin, and it ildn't resist an awful lot of pressure.' "What pressure is he afraid of?' says llis, kind of puzzled—as I was myself. "The pressure of the oil,' says the onel. 'It's liable to bust through anyere here.' I knew by the look on his e and the way he drew in his breath t the real selling campaign was about tart.

'Is there oil here?' asks Willis.

'Is there oil?' says the Colonel, in a d of hushed and reverent voice. 'Is re *oil?*' And he took off his hat, like he in church, or the national anthem was ng played, or something.

'Oil,' he said. 'Oil!' And then all the ural poetry in that man's nature red itself. Willis and Thompson and cowboys and me gathered round him circle, and it was like bells ringing ss moonlit waters, and music playing, childhood's happy days come back, golden dreams of young love coming and going on forever into the golden et of life—it was like that to listen to

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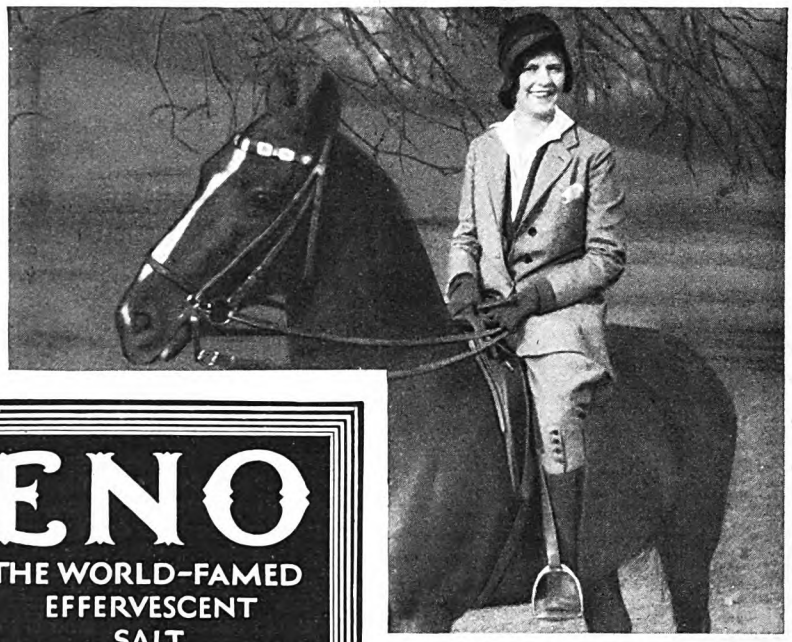

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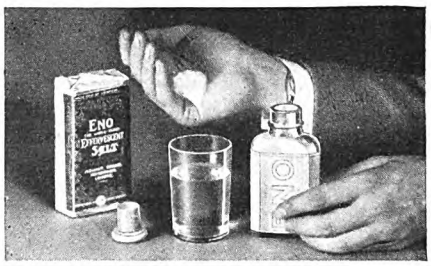

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Colonel Elwood B. Sanford talk of the oil under that land of mine. He made even me believe in it.

"You're innocent, and you're Eastern, and in all your benighted life it's possible you never listened to an oil talk delivered by a born artist. I can't convey to you second-hand any of the solemn and almost religious feeling of it when it's put across properly. We have got beauty out here in this sun-kissed land of ours, the beauty of flowers and fruits and blue skies and glorious business opportunities and optimism and rejuvenated health, but there's no beauty anywhere in the world like the beauty of an oil talk when an old master like Colonel Elwood B. Sanford sweeps the strings of his angelic harp.

"I think he's a dirty old crook, on account of something I'll tell you later; but in some ways I've got to hand it to him. By the time he got through I was almost sobbing with uplift and patriotism and business possibilities, and I was crazy to buy that land myself. I would, too, if I hadn't been unfortunate enough to own it already.

"There was a kind of solemn stillness when he finished, and then one of the cowboys broke the tension by lighting a cigarette. He flipped the match, still burning, into the one and only greasewood shrub on my place. You may not know about greasewood. It don't so much take fire as it explodes.

"'Just see that!' says the Colonel, as the greasewood plant flared up like two bushels of celluloid collars. 'This land is so full of oil that the plants suck it up; their roots are fairly swimming in it. You boys better be careful where you throw your matches after this.'

"'But why don't you let the oil come up?' asks Willis; and it seemed a perfectly reasonable question to me.

"'Major Stacey has been waiting until he could start his own refinery out here,' says the Colonel, 'so that other people wouldn't get the bulk of the profits.' And it sounded like a reasonable answer to me.

"This oil talk relieved my mind a good deal. Willis looked too intelligent to me to fall for the rattlesnake vests and the chili grass; although he'd said nothing. On the way to the second driving tee the Colonel mentioned potash, and that seemed reasonable, too. While we were playing the hole the Colonel sold Willis on the divots we took, which showed sulphur, copper, and borax, and that was all conservative enough.

"THEN he got romantic again, when we pitched up onto the green. My second green is at the corner of what was going to be Orange Drive and Orchid Avenue. For some reason that's always been a popular street corner for Gila monsters to loaf around. Ever see a Gila monster? Well, he's a varmint that looks like he had wanted to be an alligator, but his growth had got stunted by lack of food, water, and public appreciation. He's sad about it, and the only noise he ever makes is like he was snoring. The cowboys had to boot a dozen of them out of the way before we could putt, and then get rid of a rattlesnake that was coiled in the cup itself.

"The Colonel sold the place on the desert crocodiles, as he called the Gila monsters, and the profit from their hides, and a little later he sold it again on a swarm of desert gnats we had to play through—bees that made desert honey, the sweetest in the world, from cactus, he said. I wished he'd quit saying desert this, and desert that, all the time; for I didn't want that word desert to get drilled into Willis's consciousness.

"AT THE seventh hole, which is at the corner of Avocado Street and Chrysanthemum Terrace, he tried to palm off a convention of buzzards as eagles, and figured out for Willis what he'd make a year selling eagle feathers to the Indians. It didn't sound so good to me. I wished he would stick to oil, which is dignified, conservative, and legitimate. The desert ticks and horseflies he snubbed entirely. He sold for a while on gold, iron, tin, radium, silver, magnesia, zinc, lead, and I felt a little safer, for there's lots of pretty-colored rock there.

"But I always will think he made a mistake when he tried to represent a coyote which Willis saw galloping in the distance as a sheep dog.

"'Where are the sheep?' asks Willis.

"Just then a bunch of these long-tailed white rats that inhabit the desert trooped over a hill and down into an arroyo, and I yelled out quick to Willis, 'My sheep have all been sold and shipped!'

"For I saw in that Sanford's eye that he was going to try to represent those rats as desert lambs, or something. His mouth was open to do it. He closed his mouth and gave me an aggrieved look, like I was cramping his style, and then he opened his mouth again and sold those rats as desert foxes.

"'There's a vitamin in the soil on the Major's place,' he said, 'that makes the fur of these Southern white foxes finer and silkier than the Northern species.'

"We were playing along the edge of the canyon itself then—as I recollect it, at the corner of Apricot Avenue and Riverbrink Drive—and the usual sand-storm was in progress there. You've always got to play through one to get into the canyon and to the tenth green, and to get out of it again by way of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth holes, which are sort of terraces, or shelves, or ledges, as you might say, on the far side. There's lots of climatic diversity on my place, but in the canyon itself there's only one season—that's the sandy season. Daytimes the sand washes out of the hills onto the desert near by, and nighttimes it washes back again.

"'This sand,' says the Colonel, spitting a lot of it out and gasping, while we were putting on the tenth green, 'is the most valuable glass-making sand in the world. They send all the way from Europe for it, to make stained-glass windows for churches.'

"'Uh-huh,' says Willis. 'Where's the water hole on this course?'

"'There's a good water hole on my ranch not more than three or four miles from here,' says Old Man Thompson. 'If you were to decide to stock up with cows, I'd make an arrangement with you so your cattle could get water there.'

"'Look here,' I said, 'you two are talking about different kinds of water holes. Mr. Thompson means a water hole where cows drink, and Mr. Hitchcock means a water hole where golfers lose balls.'

"'Either would suit me right now,' says

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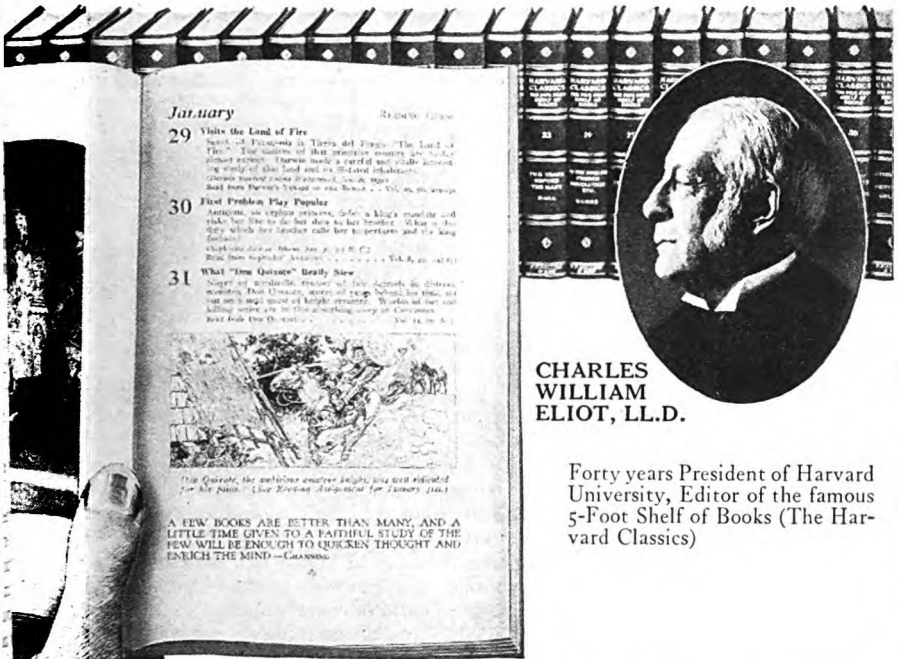

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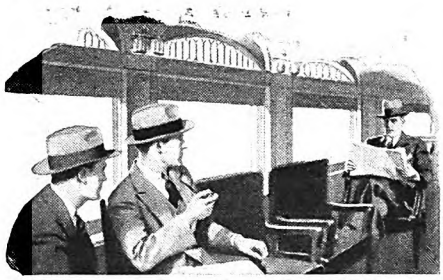

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a cowboy, very tactless, I thought, blowing sand out of his nose.

"'Isn't there any water on this place?' asks Willis.

"I'd been dreading that question. I'm going to trust you with a secret, now, that I wouldn't tell anybody but a close friend—the truth is, there *isn't* really much water on that land of mine. There; it's out now, and I feel better! I'm so candid and honest by nature that it worries me to conceal anything. Some former owner drove a well near the house, and there's a feeble little trickle of water can be pumped out with a gasoline engine. There's as much gasoline goes into the engine nearly as water comes out of the well. When I first got the place, which I took on a bad debt I never could have collected anyhow, I rigged up a shower bath back of the 'dobe house. But when you turn the shower on, the last couple of years, nothing comes out but spiders, ticks, and ants; and now and then a little baby centipede.

"The Colonel, stung to desperation, pointed to a streak of white sand at the top of one of the hills, and began to orate about the perpetual snow of the mountains, and how it fed the perpetual springs.

"'I don't see any springs anywhere,' said Willis, with his back to the way the wind was blowing from.

"'Turn round!' yells the Colonel; and we all looked where he was pointing. Five or six horned toads, that had been blown in from the desert with the sand, were sitting on a rock, and they began to hop away as the Colonel approached them.

"'You see those frogs?' says the Colonel. 'Just follow the frogs and you'll come to the springs and marshland!'

"And while we played the rest of the way out of that canyon, and its perpetual sand-storm, the Colonel wheezed and spluttered and sold the property on frog legs, figs, and oranges.

"Before we played the fourteenth hole, which is located at the corner of Date Palm Place and Waterlily Close, we rested a little and got the sand out of our eyes with water from the canteens. Then we teed up and drove off for the fifteenth hole. The fifteenth hole is like this: First, you got to go over a little hill, which has a flat place on top of it, and then down the other side to the green. You can't see the green, which is at the corner of Almond Street and Narcissus Boulevard, until you get to the top of the hill. There's a kind of a little depression in the flat place at the top of the hill. It's rocky and warm up there, and some days quite a few of my snakes are lolling around in order to get caressed by the sun.

"JUST as we got to the top of the hill, 'Crack!' went a rifle somewhere, and 'Ping!' went a bullet over our heads.

"Without any conference among us, we all flung ourselves with one accord into the dip in the ground, just as there rang out one of those wild, unearthly yells, fierce and mournful, that nobody but an Indian has ever been able to tear out of his vocal cords.

"I risked an eye over the edge of the hollow we'd all dropped into. It was who I thought it might be—Mojave Dave. Dave was down on the putting green, with a chuckwalla he had been eating in one hand, and a rifle in the other, doing one of those dances you usually got to pay money to see. He'd eat some chuckwalla, and then he'd yell another yell, and then he'd cut another caper, and then he'd let loose another bullet; and it wasn't a civilized sight at all for anybody to see that you were trying to sell property to.

"'Where did old Dave get hold of a rifle?' asked one of Mr. Thompson's cow hands, who had also been risking an eye.

"'It's mine—the old varmint's made himself a Christmas present of it,' said Mr. Thompson, clawing at a tick that had worked its way into his skin through his whiskers. 'Don't you boys remember I missed my rifle a couple of days ago, and five boxes of ca'tridges?'

"'Five boxes—huh! That's two hundred and fifty shots Dave's got,' says the cow hand.

"DAVE, he let out another yell and another bullet. It hit a small stone, and the stone jumped, and ricocheted, and hit Willis in the nose, and the blood spurted. And just then I heard a familiar kind of a buzzing somewhere near, and take it all in all it didn't look like such a good sales argument for my property. We didn't dare to stand up, or even lift ourselves high enough to crawl away down hill, the bullets were coming so fast and steady just an inch above us; we had to lie there among the insects while the pebbles danced around us.

"'Those golf balls must have bounced down at Dave over the hill, while he was eating his dinner,' said Old Man Thompson. 'You boys should have yelled "Fore."'

"Dave is really a nice old fellow, and I never heard of his acting that foolish, excited way before. The only thing the matter with him is that he gets loco spells.

"Dave lives mostly in the desert, and what he lives on is chuckwallas and canned peaches. You don't know what a chuckwalla is? Well, it ain't like a peach. He inhabits my place a good deal because of there being more of his favorite game animals on it than any place of similar size in the world.

"His canned peaches he gets mostly from Thompson and me. Old Dave is loco on the subject of owning all the land there is, anywhere. He's a Mojave, but he don't live with any tribe or village; and he says he's the only Indian left that never had anything to do at any time with a government reservation. He says the Indians once owned the whole country, and him being the only ungovernmented Indian remaining, why, naturally, he is the heir to everything everywhere.

"But Dave is usually right reasonable about it, too. He'll trade. He sells the land every so often. About every six weeks Thompson buys his ranch from Dave all over again with another can of peaches, and I guess I've purchased my place from him fifty times in the last five or six years. Once I asked him why I had to keep on and on buying it from him.

"'Dave,' I says, 'you ought to stick to a bargain when you make it. . . . 'Huh!' says he. 'No! Dave no stick! Dave heap like white man!' But Thompson and I like him, and we were both surprised to see him misbehaving this way. Before this his wrongs had only made him sort of sad and dignified, and not active.

"I saw Fred Parsons reach for his gun.

"'Here,' I said, 'don't you shoot at Dave! He's a friend of mine. He's got

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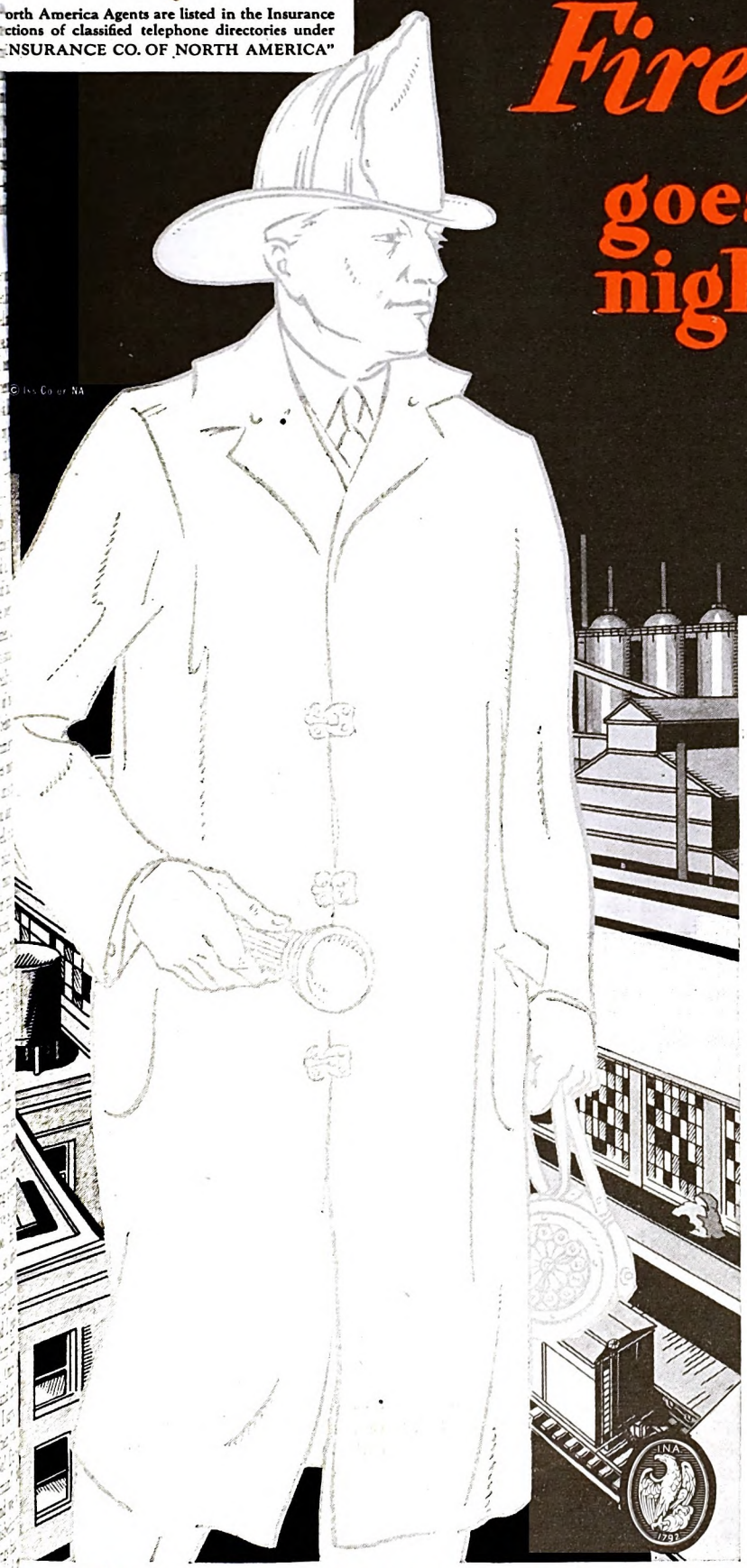
WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance Sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA"

The White Fireman goes on the night watch



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Unless the dog-teams are in splendid condition, the great adventure will fail. The dogs *must* be kept healthy.

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We urge you to get your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and the best treatments for each. A "Symptom Chart" makes it easy for you or your dealer to diagnose your dog's ailments.

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Our expert veterinarian cared for Byrd's Huskies before their departure. He will answer, without charge, questions about *your* dog's health. Write fully. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them or the Free Dog Book, write us direct.

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the heart of a child. He'll be all right as soon as those ca'tridges are all shot away.'

"Fred took a 'Bang! Bang!' over the lip of the depression we were lying in; and in a second I heard something thrashing about among the pebbles.

"'Excuse me, Major Stacey,' says Fred, 'but I didn't have time to explain before I shot. I wasn't shooting at the Indian. I was just nicking that rattlesnake that had reared himself up there like he was going to kiss Mr. Hitchcock on the neck.'

"There was another whirring that made us all feel like we ought to rise from that little hollow. And some more bullets and dancing stones that made us feel like we better keep on lying down.

"'You take my gun, Mr. Thompson,' says Roy Peters, handing it over; 'you can probably shoot better than I can.'

"So Old Man Thompson lay on our right flank shooting the heads off of rattlesnakes when they lifted above the edge of the hollow, and Fred Parsons lay on the left flank doing a similar humanitarian work. The pebbles poor old Dave kicked up bounced amongst us, and his bullets whined above us and spattered around us, and I saw a couple of buzzards idling about above as if they were looking for business opportunities, and on the whole it was one of the most nervous and irritating golf games I ever implicated myself in.

"Just as I was wondering how Willis was enjoying all this, I heard him laugh.

"'Say, Colonel Sanford,' he says, 'just exactly what is the advantage of *Indians* on a place like this?'

"'Advantage!' yells the Colonel. 'Indians!' And in his excitement he sat up to orate. One of Dave's little Yuletide greetings combed his chin-beard, and he lay down again. But from where he lay, he started the most outrageous selling talk I ever listened to.

"SELL? What did he sell? Why, sir, he sold that Indian himself! Sold him while he dodged his bullets! Sold him romantic and sold him commercial! I only wish I could think that man Sanford is as honest as he is talented. He lay there in the hot sand with ticks in his neck and horse flies under his collar and tried to turn that total loss that was plunking bullets at us into a glorious asset!

"'Mr. Hitchcock,' he yells, above the din and rattle of the bombardment, 'Mr. Hitchcock, you are fortunate in witnessing the last Indian uprising this country will ever see, fortunate in being in the midst of a historic moment. . . .'

"He smashed a centipede with his boot and discouraged a Gila monster with his mashie, and went right on. . . .

"'Chief Bear Skin down there is greeting us with all the beautiful, untamed enthusiasm of his race, but he is really happy! Happy because he and his tribe have consummated a deal with Major Stacey whereby the Major is to take charge of marketing all the Indian products. . . .'

"His broad hat floated away on the wind of one of Dave's bullets, for he'd raised his head too high again.

"'Indian products,' yelled the Colonel, as his hat left him. 'Blankets, metalwork, beads, pottery, baskets. There's a fortune in it, Mr. Hitchcock, there's a fortune . . .'

"A flying pebble knocked his false teeth out, but he rescued them from a chuckwalla, wiped them on his sleeve, put them in again, gulped, and went right on. . . .

"'This fortune, Mr. Hitchcock, will be yours! For we offer you the Indian contract with the land! All aboriginal rights and all riparian rights go with the property, Mr. Hitchcock, making it the most desirable purchase in all the Golden West!'

"Yes, sir; I wish from the bottom of my heart that man had probity to match his gifts!

"Suddenly, I got an idea. 'Dave,' I yelled, sticking up my head at the risk of getting my toupee mussed up. 'Dave! Peaches! Peaches!'

"Thompson caught the idea, too, and began to yell: 'Peaches, Dave, peaches!' And the rest of them joined in without knowing why they were doing it.

"Dave, he had a box of ca'tridges left, and he looked at 'em wishful. And he listened wishful to the cry of 'Peaches!' He stood doubtful for a minute, but the desire for some dessert after his dinner conquered his sense of his wrongs, and he dropped his gun and came towards us. We all got up.

"'There's four cans in my shack,' I says to one of Thompson's cowboys. 'Take him over and give them all to him!'

"JUST then Fred Parsons let out a yell. 'Great Jehoshaphat!' he said, and pointed.

"We looked where he was pointing and there was the city of Los Angeles!

"A mirage, like we sometimes have in the desert countries, was showing it to us as if it were only five or six miles away—this wonderful city, which will have between two and three million inhabitants the next census count if we ain't crooked out of it somehow, with all its skyscrapers and spires reaching up into the blue, unclouded heavens! Near! Why, it looked so near you felt like you could reach right over into Hollywood and put your hand onto the new First National Bank Building or John Barrymore.

"Colonel Elwood B. Sanford stuck out his hands towards it like he had created it himself and loved it.

"'Look!' he said, with that magnificent gesture. 'The city is coming nearer to this fine suburban development every day! From the corner of Almond Street and Narcissus Boulevard, where we stand now, a new car line will soon run right down to the center of Los Angeles proper! It will be but fifteen minutes from here to the Southern Pacific Railway station.'

"I've heard men sell almost everything; but he was the first optimist I ever knew personally who tried to sell a mirage. And yet, in the midst of my admiration, there crept a little doubt. He had genius, but genius can blunder. It takes genius to stand in the midst of a passel of dead rattlesnakes, with a loco Indian beside you, and buzzards drifting inquisitive towards you, and sell these critters as desirable suburban improvements for a city forty miles away. It's genius, but is it sound? Is it judgment? For you can only sell a mirage as long as it lasts.

"'I didn't know it was so near,' says Willis.

"'I brought you around the long way purposely,' says the Colonel. 'I wanted you to get a look at the scenery, and I was saving this as a surprise for you.'

"But sure enough, it was a blunder. It

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"Terribly scalded—

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HEARTBREAKING sobs . . . How cruel, the pain of burns and scalds! How dreadful, the menace of infection, the threat of hideous life-long scars!

No true mother can take this risk. Let Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing, protect your child.

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Keep Unguentine always in your bathroom medicine cabinet, and extra tubes in kitchen, office or workshop, automobile. Buy Unguentine today.

At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

"I WENT TO THE 'PHONE and my elder boy started to put little Harold in his bath before it had cooled. His tiny feet were so terribly scalded way up above the ankles . . . I covered them with Unguentine. They're healing nicely now and without a scar."

Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

was super-salesmanship, but it wasn't sense.

"For right in the midst of the most eloquent suburban lot sale I ever harkened to, that dream city winked sarcastic at us—and faded out.

"At the same moment a chill came out of the canyon and I heard an owl screech in the hills and a coyote began to sing somewhere a long ways off in an arroyo. Willis laughed, and then he shuddered a little, too; and if I ever saw the face of a man that felt over-sold, his was it. We all went back to the shack for supper, me wishing every step of the way the Colonel had concentrated on oil and minerals. Oil always seems reasonable and sound and conservative.

"I hope you're my friend. I couldn't bear to tell the rest of this to anyone that wasn't full of sympathetic friendship.

"Well, after supper a trifling little ten-cent-limit poker game got itself started; and I wish I could remember for sure whether it was Colonel Elwood B. Sanford that proposed it. Anyhow—

"You've got a guess as to what that chill wind blew out of the canyon in the way of luck. I state with shame that it was I myself who suggested that the limit of this game be raised to a quarter. It was Old Man Thompson that wanted it hiked to fifty cents. It was Roy Peters who thought it ought to be a dollar limit after-while. I don't remember that this Willis Hitchcock ever suggested any hiking at all. It was Fred Parsons who said he liked stud poker better than draw.

"THE day after Christmas, when this game started, was a Wednesday. Along towards Thursday evening Thompson left us, with my car, and when he came back he brought two cases of something he said was drinkable, and he found us playing four-dollar stud with an eight-dollar bet on the last card.

"On Friday, the cowboys of the Thompson outfit, who had long since been cleaned out, thought they'd better bid us *adios*, and go and look after cattle a little.

"What I especially remember about Saturday is that some time that day the limit of this game faded away just like that mirage had. There wasn't any limit any more. By Sunday evening this Willis Hitchcock had a check for everything I had in the bank, two building lots in Pasadena, the car I come up there in, another brand-new car in a garage in Hollywood, a half interest in a store building in Beverly Hills, an I. O. U. for the value of a hundred head of cattle that was once Thompson's, everything that Colonel Elwood B. Sanford said he possessed, and a half interest in that very property we were sitting playing on and had tried so hard to sell him. I say nothing of further I. O. U.'s *ad nauseum*.

"You know what I think, mister? I think, somewhere about the middle of that game, or nearer its start, that Sanford person deserted my flag and made common cause with this Willis Hitchcock. And later went and shared what this Willis Hitchcock took from me. The way some of those hands was dealt and played makes me more and more suspicious the more I think 'em over.

"It was the day after New Year's. Willis said he guessed he'd have to bid us good-bye, and he went down to the road and climbed into the car I'd come up there in, and then he says:

"'Major, would you like to cut the cards just once more before I start? One half of this place against the other half?'

"We cut. I hoped I'd lose—that darned place and trying to sell it had cost me so much money that I wanted to be rid of it all and never hear of it again. But I won his half of it back, and that made me wonder if he wasn't a slicker with cards. There I was, stuck with it all once more!

"'Well,' says Willis, turning on the ignition and starting the engine, 'I certainly have enjoyed my little golfing trip up here. And when any of you boys come down to Tia Juana you must make a point of looking me up.'

"'Tia Juana!' I said. 'Aren't you from the East?'

"'Why, no,' says Willis. 'I was born and brought up right in Los Angeles.'

"'Aren't you a retired banker?' I asks.

"'Yes,' he says. 'I am. I mostly fool around with horses and other games now. It's been quite a while since I had anything to do with a faro bank. Good-bye, boys!' And with that he let in the clutch and was off.

"I can't find it in my heart to think that Colonel Elwood B. Sanford knew he was a professional gambler and planted him on me from the start. If so, why would he have tried to sell that land so hard? And he really tried—I could tell. No, the thought of turning and rending me came to the Colonel after that game got started."

Major Stacey fell into a sad silence, which I respected. He rolled himself another cigarette, and looked bluely at the blue smoke. Presently, he spoke:

"There's just one little thing that might be construed as consolation. Colonel Sanford owns half that land now. Us losers had a few consolation rounds, and he won it. And some day he'll go up there with another prospect, and fall off a cliff, or get stung by a rattlesnake, or something. He will, if there's any justice in the universe, on account of the trick he played me."

One of the Japanese bell-boys came out of the hotel. "Telephone for you, Major Stacey," he said.

THE Major went in, and it was ten minutes before he returned. There was a queer look on his face, as if he didn't know whether to be glad or sorry.

"That phone call was from Old Man Thompson," he said, "and I'm trying to figure whether there's justice in the universe or not. This morning one of his hands slung a stick of dynamite at a family of rattlesnakes in the bottom of that canyon, and the explosion opened up an oil gusher—and that old grafter, Colonel Elwood B. Sanford, owns half that oil!"

He sat down, and frowned, and smiled, and smiled and frowned. Finally he said:

"It's terrible on a man like me, who has always led a life of honesty and idealism, to be hooked up as a business partner with an old crook like Colonel Elwood B. Sanford! I wonder if I couldn't buy his half of that property right now—before he finds out about the oil."

And he went in to the telephone booth again.

* * * * *

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"This Professional man's $1000 grew...safely...to over $40,000"

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"For 15 years, he always owed us oney. But in those 15 years this pro-sional man's $1000 grew with constant ving and investing—safely—to over 0,000.

"He presents," continued Mr. Pugsley, remarkable contrast with another ung man—in the same profession, and out his equal in ability—who wouldn't it, who wanted to make a 'killing.' ying bonds—for him—was too slow a y to make a fortune. So he plunged re, took a 'flyer' there—and he's still rying the worry.

"With every new venture into specu-ion, he starts from scratch. The result vays ends disadvantageously. The last ne we met, he told me, 'Mr. Pugsley, vish I had taken your advice a dozen rs ago.'"

LIKE ALL BANKERS worthy of the h position their communities accord

"One of them took my advice."

them, Mr. Pugsley considers that to preach safety in investment is one of the moral obligations of his profession. In every community, leading bankers urge upon their customers to put safety before any other consideration.

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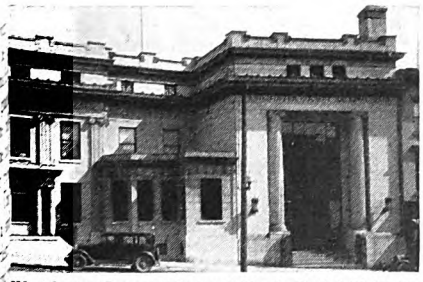
Fred I. Pugsley, influential banker of Peekskill, N. Y., is President of the Westchester County Bankers' Association, and Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank of Peekskill.



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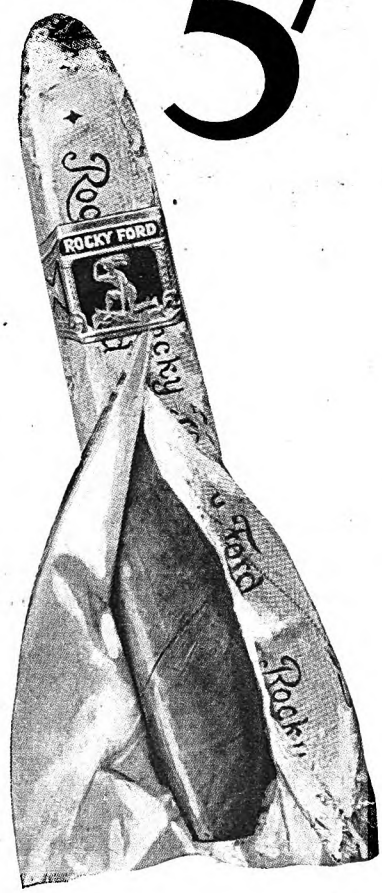

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The Drift Fence

(*Continued from page 53*)

Jim stepped closer and peered down at Curly.

"Well, Prentiss, have you had enough?" he asked fiercely.

Curly looked up. "Boss, I cain't say how it come aboot, but I'm shore licked," he said, and grinned.

"Did I pick this fight?" went on Jim, quick to grasp the situation.

"You shore didn't."

"All right. Are you going to threaten me with that nonsense about gunplay, or are you going to shake hands?"

CURLEY laboriously got to his feet. Something had pierced the armor of his stupidity. "I reckon I'll shake," he rejoined, and he took Jim's proffered hand.

"Aw, you're drunk," growled Hack Jocelyn, in disgust, with a hard eye on Curly. "An' we had our money on you!"

Bud Chalfack essayed to rise, a task by no means easy, owing to the billets of wood that surrounded his feet.

"Bud, you better stay there, because if you get up I'll only have to knock you down again," said Jim menacingly.

"But *I* wasn't fightin' you. Thet was Curly. You're bigger'n me an' I didn't do nothin', except give you away. An' if you hadn't soaked me I'd hev told the fellars—"

"If you tell any more I'll beat you into jelly. And I'll do that anyhow unless you apologize."

"Aw! Fer callin' Molly Dunn a little hussy?"

Jim looked a grim affirmative.

"All right, boss. I crawl. But I didn't mean any insult."

"You didn't?—Say, you little dumbhead! Didn't you lie when you said you saw me hug her?"

"Boss, I think I was sober *then*," replied Bud gravely. "I seen you hug her. You lifted her clean off the floor. She whacked you one—an' when you let her down, she went fer you sudden-like an' kissed you."

Jim faced the silent, puzzled cowboys. He believed for once he had the upper hand.

"Boys, Bud was drunk last night. He has heaped disgrace on me and insulted a fine girl."

Bud took violent exception to this, as was manifest from his face and actions, without the speech that followed.

"Boss, it ain't no disgrace to hug a gurl in Arizonie. An' if it happened to be Molly Dunn you'd shore make this outfit proud. 'Cause Molly Dunn has handed the mitt to me an' Lonestar. An' she shore set Hack Jocelyn down cold an' hard. Hack is plumb crazy over her."

"But you called her a hussy!" thundered Jim.

"But, boss, I didn't mean thet in no insultin' way," protested Bud. "Molly's a little wildcat. She has shore made this Diamond outfit sick. Why, me an' Lonestar was flirtin' with her down at West Fork, an' we never knowed she was Slinger Dunn's sister. . . . Boss, I take thet 'hussy' back."

"Very well, in that case I'm sorry I misunderstood you," said Jim, and offered his hand to Bud.

Jeff's noisy, banging summons to supper ended the incident. Jim imagined an almost imperceptible transformation in the air of the cowboys, except in Jocelyn and Winters, who were surly and uncommunicative.

Jim sought his bed early. But he did not find slumber coming easily. He believed he had stumbled on a way to get the best of the Diamond outfit. These simple, elemental boys respected only achievement. They did not really care in the least who a man was. It was what he could do! And Jim believed he could whip every last one of them.

But as for Molly Dunn! When Jim let clamoring thoughts of her dominate his consciousness, his exultant glee died and his heart sank like lead in his breast. So some of these tough cowboys knew her! Had dared to approach her! The idea made Jim's blood run hot and cold. Still, Molly could not have helped that, if these cowboys had discovered where she lived or any place she frequented.

As he lay there, his face turned up to the dark canopy of pines, through which starlight filtered, he realized he was infatuated. That was as far as he grasped truth. Molly was an enigma, but only that because of the allusions of Bud Chalfack. Then a staggering thought struck him. Perhaps Bud Chalfack had lied about his interpretation of the word 'hussy.' Bud was a smooth-tongued, crafty cowboy. Jim had observed a hundred instances of his diplomacy with his comrades. He was the brainiest of the lot.

The thought of Bud's trenchant remark was sickening. If these cowboys actually knew Molly Dunn, if they had ever been in her willing presence—especially that hard-lipped, veiled-eyed Jocelyn—it would be for Jim no less than a calamity. Because he would at once have to turn his back on romance. Then suddenly he recalled Molly's shy, swift kiss—timid if there ever had been a timid kiss—and later her sharp retort that he had been the first ever to have that from her, and loyalty and love leaped to her defense. There then the battle raged in Jim's mind—between trust and gossip, between romance and realism, between faith and unfaith.

MOLLY DUNN filled the bucket at the spring and set it down

She had been home from Flagerstown exactly fifteen days, and they seemed years. All had changed. Her very identity was not the same. If she had ever had any capacity for happiness, it had fled.

She looked at the old wooden bucket. She had carried it as long as she could remember, and that was as far back as when she had been so little that she could scarcely lift it. And the spring—all her life she remembered that. Once it had been an unfailing source of wonder and gladness. It was the biggest and finest spring of granite water in all the Cibeque Valley. It roared out from under a mossy cliff at the head of a shady glen, as large as a room and as deep as a well.

Many rocks and drooping ferns lined the banks; maples and sycamores leaned

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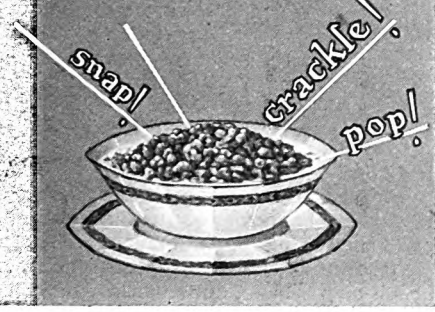
Have you *heard* the new Kellogg cereal?



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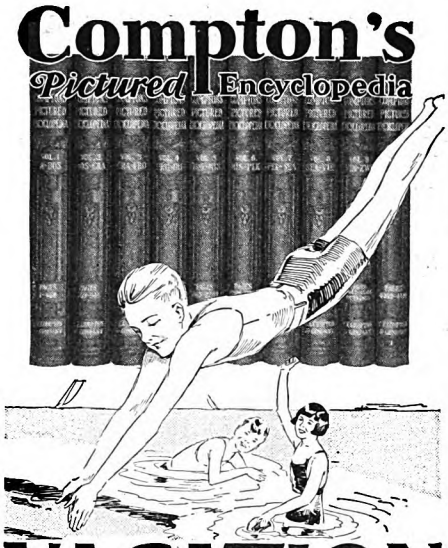

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over the amber water, letting only gleams of sunshine through; huge pines and spruces rose from the bank above to tower high. Above the spring on a level bench were grass and flowers, and clean, flat, gray stones where Molly had played alone all her childhood, and dreamed away hours of her girlhood.

But she gazed about now with eyes hopelessly disillusioned, or else blinded by the trouble that had come to her. All because of the wonderful ride to Flagerstown—a white gown, a dance—and *him!* Molly had come at last to feel that she could never be again what she had been before that visit, and that she would be what he had mistaken her for or she would die.

Every day since her return home had seen a struggle. At first she had been hot and resentful in her humiliation. She had hated Jim Traft. She would be a worthy sister of Slinger Dunn. She would carry on so boldly with the riders that her name would become a byword on the range for—for—Molly did not know for what, but she would find out.

She would encourage that nice little cowboy of the Diamond—Bud Chalfack, whose name she had never known until the night of the dance. And she would flirt outrageously with Curly Prentiss. Indeed, she would no longer repel the advances of Hack Jocelyn, though she disliked and feared him. She would show Jim Traft that she could win his stuck-up cowboys and cast them aside, for Seth Haverly, and even for Andy Stoneham.

But opportunities for such conduct had multiplied and she had not availed herself of them. Seth had often been at her home with her brother Arch, but she knew why he came. And always Andy waylaid her when she went on errands to the village. On Sunday she had espied Hack Jocelyn riding up the trail from West Fork, and she had dodged into the brush.

She resented her own vacillation and was long in understanding. But as the days went by she had finally realized that she was terribly, miserably in love. Her amaze and scorn, her fury and contempt, her pride and her shame, her wretched attempts to sink under this malady and make of herself what Jim Traft must think her—all were of no avail.

Lately Molly had begun to soften toward Jim, and that change in her feelings had been the forerunner of dreams and remembrances and longings. Once she had surrendered to this sweet fancy, she was doomed. Before she knew it, she could no longer fight herself or the thought of Jim. So that a few lonely afternoons in the glen, a few nights lying wide awake in the dark loft of the cabin, had been her undoing. The shame of it made her more furious than ever, but she was helpless.

EACH morning for a week when she had come to the spring for water she had set the bucket down, to indulge in pondering, brooding thoughts. This morning they prevailed longer than usual. But at length she picked up the heavy bucket and took the trail home.

The trail led to the clearing, to the forty acres of hideous slash in the forest that Dunn had homesteaded twenty years before. The rest of the hundred and sixty acres consisted of timberland. Dunn had never "proved up" on his claim, and therefore had no patent for it.

Arch Dunn plowed the red field and planted the beans, and corn and sorghum and potatoes. He had spells when he stayed home and worked about the farm. But the last year or two he had left the harvesting of the crop to Molly and her mother.

The cabin, at the end of the clearing, fitted the scene. It consisted of two one-room log buildings, with a porch between and one rough-shingled roof over all. The shingles were moss-green in places and the logs were bleached. In the chinks between, sections of clay had broken out. The fences were down, the sheds built of uneven clapboards.

Altogether Molly viewed the homestead with gloomier eyes than ever. She carried the bucket into the kitchen end of the cabin.

"YOU'VE been gone long enough to dig a well," remarked her mother, with sarcasm. Mrs. Dunn was still young and good-looking enough to be jealous of Molly. She had come from a station considerably above John Dunn's and she was a bitter, unhappy woman. Since Molly had grown old enough to attract the attention of men, what accord had existed between mother and daughter had gradually been broken.

"That bucket is heavy an' it's a long ways," replied Molly.

"You used to fetch it in a jiffy. You met some cowboy on the trail."

"No. It's funny, but I didn't this mawnin'."

"Well, you must have fallen in the spring, then."

"Wisht I had," returned Molly flippantly. She went out and across the porch. Her father had gotten up and was slouching in his crippled way to the big blanketed chair where he passed his wakeful hours. Of late, Molly had seemed to see him differently, with pity and tolerance.

Dunn was a broken man, living in the past, ruined by some secret association with an infamous war between sheepmen and cattlemen, and devoured by passions that had outlived his enemies. Molly had affection for her father, despite the impatience and disgust which grew with the years. And of late, since her own trouble, she had begun to have some little understanding of her mother—of what it must have meant to be faithful to John Dunn all these years.

There flashed over Molly a consciousness that she could follow Jim Traft to the end of the world and slave her fingers to the bone for him. Then she laughed at her own imbecility. For her to aspire to be the wife of Mr. James Traft, gentleman tenderfoot from Missouri and the sole heir to old Jim Traft's land and stock—that was rather far-fetched and ridiculous. Besides, she did not do anything of the kind. But she could not control vagrant and perverse thoughts.

Here flashed another: This same Jim Traft had importuned her to let him be her sweetheart! Molly had a stronger, sweeter, more suffocating rush of emotion. What would become of her, if this thing grew? She must throw herself at Andy or Seth, or both of them, and they would kill this affliction. But could those louts do it? Molly divined they could not kill anything except her self-respect. And that, strangely, had become a pronounced thing. She

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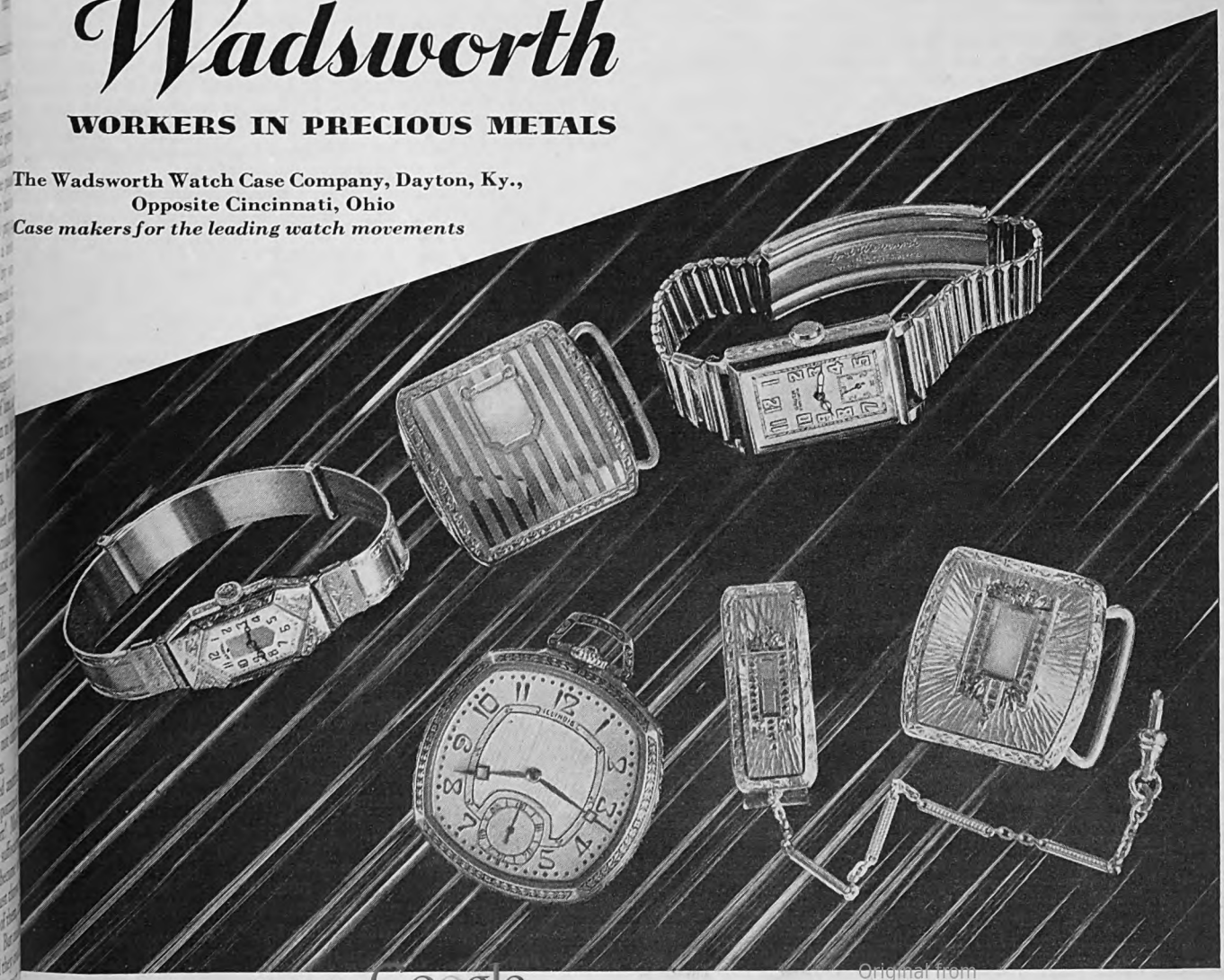

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would not have it to contend with. Her pride—her vanity! All because she had been hugged by a handsome young fellow from Missouri! Molly let out a peal of ringing laughter, that made even her father take notice.

"Lass, you've been queer since you came back from Flag," he remarked, in his quavering voice.

"I feel queer, Dad," she replied. "I waked up from my backwoods sleep."

"Backwoods! You mean this heah homestead?"

"Never mind what I meant, Dad."

MOLLY plunged into one of her working spells. It could never have been said of her, at any time, that she was lazy, but she took streaks in which she was busy from dawn to sundown. Small as she was, Molly had strength and endurance. Her little tanned hands were pretty to look at, on the back; her palms, however, and the inside of her fingers, were hard and cut and calloused. They occasioned Molly pangs of regret, though she had never felt ashamed of the labor that had coarsened them. It was just that the vanity inborn in her rebelled.

She was vain of her little feet and trim ankles; and that was why she never went barefoot and barelegged any more. She would brush her hair until it crackled and shone with gold glints in its dusky splendor. But she could work like a beaver, and she did this day, preoccupied and sad most of the time, yet cheerful during intervals.

Toward sunset, while Molly was at the woodpile—one of her many accomplishments being skill with an ax—her brother Arch approached. This was an unprecedented action for him. Years before she and Arch had been like sister and brother, playmates, but that seemed long before he had taken to evil ways of the woods and had earned the sobriquet of Slinger Dunn.

"Molly, cain't you leave a little work around heah for me?" he complained.

She dropped the fagot she had picked up, and stared at him. What a handsome, shiftless, backwoods beggar! He had the build of an Indian. Horses had not warped his legs nor broken any bones. His soiled buckskin garments somehow suited him. For some amazing reason he had shaved the golden down from chin and lips, and his dark, lean face shone clean and smooth. Arch's eyes usually lost their piercing quality when they beheld Molly. Just now they were bearable.

"Arch, you shore ain't drunk?" she said, thoughtfully regarding him.

"No. An' I ain't sick, nuther," he replied. "Never you mind aboot me. But cain't I be civil without you gettin' sassy?"

"Shore, I hope so. An' now I know somethin' ails you, Arch."

"Set down. A fellar cain't talk in there," he said, jerking a sinewy brown hand toward the cabin. "Dad is out of his haid. An' Mother—wal, poor Mother raves if you so much as open your mouth."

"Poor Mother! Yes, an' poor Dad, too. . . . Arch, you said a lot."

"Molly, what chanct have we ever had to help make them different?" he queried, swallowing hard. "I never had no school-in'-a-tall. An' you—only a couple of years. What do we know? . . . An' before I was sixteen I was Slinger Dunn!"

Molly was so amazed she could not keep track of flying thoughts. One held, however, and it was that if awakening consciousness of heretofore vague things could come to her, it surely was possible for them to come to Arch.

"Arch, is it too late?" she whispered.

"Thunder, yes, for me. But for you, Molly—wal, mebbe it's not. I hope to Gawd it ain't."

"Arch, if you want to know, I'm as down in the mouth as you," said Molly.

"You have been queer lately, since you come home. . . . Moll, did anythin' happen at Flag?"

"A whole lot."

"Wal, tell me aboot it," he went on, with that wonderful flash of eyes.

Molly laughed. "So you can shoot somebody up?—No, Arch, you cain't ever help me that way."

"Is thet so? Wal, you never know. But all the same tell me."

"Arch, it was awful for me," she rejoined, unable to resist sympathy. "Mrs. See took me, as you know. She was lovely. Bought me clothes—an' oh! such a beautiful dress. She has fine friends in Flag. She introduced me. I was asked to help in a booth at the fair. . . . Well, it's like a dream now. A dream you cain't believe. I—I was the belle at that dance, Arch. Can you believe it? I was crazy with joy—at bein' taken for a—a lady. I must have looked one, Arch. . . . Then somethin' happened an' my heart broke."

"THEY found you out, Moll?" he queried shrewdly. "Thet you lived down in the brakes? Thet your dad was John Dunn? An' your brother Slinger Dunn of the Cibeque?"

"Yes, Arch, I was found out," she replied. "But I didn't go back on you."

"Shore, you'd never do thet," he said somberly. "You oughtn't to have gone to Flag!"

"Must I stick here buried in the backwoods all my life?" she asked passionately.

"Molly, thet stumps me. I reckon I'd have said 'Yes' a while back. But if you *was* made much of in Flag—if you *was* took for a lady, why, there's somethin' turrible wrong. An' it's with Dad an' me. An' with Mother, too, cause she's stuck to him."

"Arch, I am a Dunn, too."

"Moll, I come out heah to ask you a fool question. I see thet now. But I promised Seth an' I'll keep it. He wants to know if you'll marry him."

"Seth Haverly?—Heavens!—No!" she cried, aghast.

"I reckoned you liked Seth."

"Perhaps I did, once, a little."

"Wal, marryin' Seth wouldn't help none. Now you make me think, Molly, I'd be ag'in' thet. But you needn't never tell him. Andy Stoneham is a decent fellar, though. An', Moll, he's turrible sweet on you."

"That tobacco-chewin' lout!" exclaimed Molly.

"Who you gonna marry then—to git you out of this heah hole?"

"No one, Arch. You see that marryin' one of these Cibeque boys would only nail me heah. . . . An' the—the kind of a boy I—I—who could save me—wouldn't have me."

"He'd be a darn poor sort then," flashed Arch, with passion. "If I was sich a fellar as you mean I could swaller a lot for you, Molly. Don't fool yourself. You're good enough for *any* fellar."

His earnestness, his sincerity, touched Molly. She went to the woodpile and sat down beside him, meaning to thank him, to yield to this surprising sympathy in him, but all she did was to burst into tears.

"Wal, don't cry," he said, almost roughly. "Molly, I heah this Diamond cowboy, Hack Jocelyn, was seen in West Fork last Sunday."

"Yes. *I* saw him myself, an' I shore ducked into the brush."

"Ahuh. Wal, thet lets you out, if you're not lyin'."

Molly dried her useless tears and presently faced him. "Arch, I used to lie to you, about the boys, an' everythin'. But I wouldn't no more."

"Reckon Jocelyn hasn't rid down heah so often the last year fer nothin'. Molly, is it you?"

"Yes, Arch, it's me."

"Don't you like him?"

"I did at first. But not now. He's older. He's daid in earnest."

"Humph. You mean aboot you? In love with you? Wants to marry you, same as Seth?"

"Arch, he's in love all right, but he never said nothin' about marryin' me. An' of course, I wouldn't have him if he had."

"Wal, I should smile not!" ejaculated Arch. "Marry one of thet Diamond outfit? . . . But at thet they're some pretty decent boys compared to Jocelyn. . . . Moll, he an' me are aboot ready to meet up."

"Arch, you can't help me by killin' any more fellars," cried Molly, shocked at the significance of his words. "That's one thing against me—your bloody record. An', Arch, if you keep on—if you should happen to kill one of that Diamond outfit—well, I'll just go to the bad!"

He took that darkly, without a protest, as if consciousness was being driven home to a man inevitably lost.

"Wal, I reckon I want to tell you somethin'," he spoke up. "All this talk about marryin'. . . . I up an' asked Lil Haverly to marry me. I told her I'd turn over a new leaf an' go to ranchin' if she'd have me. An' she laughed in my face! . . . She'd let me be sweet on her, too, Molly, an' thet fooled me."

"She's no good!" retorted Molly, hurt suddenly and astoundingly conscious of her brother's pain.

"Wal, not much, mebbe. Anyway, it doesn't matter," he replied, sitting up. "Come. I'll help you pack in this wood."

MOLLY slaved and brooded the days away. On Sundays she accepted the calls of Andy Stoneham and other young boys.

Two of these Sunday afternoons were rendered exciting by the fact that the boys from the Diamond rode up and down the trail. Hack Jocelyn was one of them on both occasions. The other cowboy Molly did not know, though she had certainly seen the youngest one, frank and as rosy as a girl.

"Molly," said Andy, on the second of these visits, "you know thet cowboy Jocelyn belongs to the Diamond?"

"Shore, I know," replied Molly. "Is that a crime?"

"Wal, reckon 'tis; leastways some outfit's been buildin' the drift fence. Jocelyn has an eye fer you, gurl."

"He's very handsome and a[illegible]. Most all the Diamond boys are.

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"Ahuh. Why doesn't Jocelyn brace in hyar then?"

"He aims to catch me alone, Andy. An' it's just as well you're heah."

"Much obliged. Glad I'm good fer suthin'," replied Andy, with sour humor. "But jokin' out of it, this fellar Jocelyn is up to tricks. Last night I seen him in Mace's saloon. He had money an' was spendin' it. Sort of stumped me to see Seth Haverly drinkin' with him."

"No, Andy!" exclaimed Molly, aroused. "Was Arch there?"

"Reckon not. Arch hasn't been around lately. Now, what's he a-goin' to say to thet?"

"Say! He won't say anythin'. But he's liable to do somethin'. Seth an' Arch are like brothers."

"Molly, around hyar Arch is considered a dangerous fellar, but one you can trust. Seth ain't so dangerous, they say, but he cain't be trusted. Now, we know thet Arch an' Seth, the other Haverlys, an' Hart Merriwell an' Boyd Flick, an' some others make up the Cibeque outfit. One or more of them, on an' off, rode fer the Coffee Pot, the Hash Knife, the Bar O, an' other outfits in the valley. But so far as I know not one of them is ridin' fer any outfit now—except their own."

MOLLY echoed his last words, and she caught the significance of his lowered voice and roving look around.

"It jest strikes me funny thet Jocelyn of the Diamond seems to be makin' up to Seth Haverly of the Cibeque. How does it strike you, Molly?"

"Not funny, you can bet," replied Molly, with a short laugh. "Andy, there's somethin' in the wind. I'm thankin' you for givin' me a hunch. Arch is strange an' sore lately. He's thet touchy aboot the Diamond boys an' their work I cain't get a word out of him."

"Ahuh. Wal, Molly, you can shore get them out of me," rejoined Andy solidly, as one who had hit upon a happy medium. "I heard folks talk aboot Jocelyn. An' I'll tell you what: If he keeps on ridin' down to West Fork it's gonna be plumb bad fer him."

"Oh—Andy," faltered Molly.

"Slinger will *kill* him," whispered Andy. "My own idee is thet Slinger might stand fer Jocelyn gettin' thick with Seth an' his outfit, fer after all this brother of yours is a lone timber wolf. But he'll never stand fer Jocelyn runnin' after you."

"Andy, I know he won't," whispered Molly. "But I've told Arch aboot it."

"Molly, air you shore you ain't interested in Jocelyn a-tall?"

"Yes, I'm shore. I was at first. Like a ground squirrel with a snake! But now—Jiminy, I'll run like a scared rabbit!"

"Thet's good if it's true. Will Slinger believe you? Molly, excuse me, but thar's folks who say you're meetin' Jocelyn on the sly, along the trail somewheres."

Again Molly suffered a hint of her status in West Fork. She passed by Andy's covert suspicion. What could he know of a girl's honesty? But she told him rather forcibly that at least her brother trusted and believed her.

"Ahuh. Wal, I'm glad. You know what a place West Fork is for talk. Wuss'n a beehive. An' the drift fence has shore stirred up trouble. Molly, do you know thet son-of-a-gun tenderfoot Traft is most clear to the brakes with his darned fence?"

"I—I—hadn't heahed," replied Molly, thrilling.

"Wal, he is. Most clear on the Diamond! Ole Enoch Summers says, "Tenderfoot the devil! Thet boy is Jim Traft over again, an' you two-bit calf-chasers hev gotta look out."

"Did Mr. Summers—say that?" gasped Molly.

"He shore did, an' to a whole storeful of fellars."

From that hour Molly was kinder to Andy. She relied upon him to fetch her news—the facts as well as gossip. And Andy, evidently sensing some change in her, accepted the part gratefully. Molly went to one of the Saturday night dances with him. It was an ordeal and she did not stay long, especially after she had espied Hack Jocelyn enter the hall. She was quick enough, and Andy helped her, to get out before Jocelyn saw her.

"Take me home, Andy," she said, nervously holding his arm.

"Wal, it's a huggin' bee inside an' a fightin' bee outside," replied Andy sardonically. "West Fork as she is an' always will be, I reckon."

The air was cool and sweet after the smoky hall. Molly was glad to turn off the street into the lane, and she held Andy's arm tighter.

"Molly, I ain't had a chanct like this in a coon's age," said Andy, as if stolidly realizing the opportunity.

"Andy, I'm afraid of Hack Jocelyn," replied Molly simply. "I *cain't* be your sweetheart. . . . Do you want me to be afraid of you, too? Afraid to have you take me home in the dark?"

He did not reply at once. Evidently the facts were hard for his slow mind to assimilate.

"Wal, now you tax me aboot it, I reckon I don't."

Molly regarded that as more than an answer to her question. Andy, too, like Arch, had unplumbed depths, in the darkness of which there must be good.

DRY, hot midsummer lay upon the Cibeque. In the shade of the glen Molly spent hours idle on a rock, watching the big trout lying still in the clear water.

Things that concerned the life of West Fork revolved uppermost in her mind. The drift fence, so dominant a factor now, was well out on the Diamond. In the eyes of the Cibeque folk young Jim Traft was a perfect hurricane for work. Conflicting stories about his working pace and his fights with his cowboys were rife about the village. More cattle had drifted down into the brakes this summer than ever before. Vague hints that they did not all drift there of their own accord filtered to Molly's ears.

Arch had been home steadily for a month, more morose than she had ever seen him. But he had driven Molly out of the bean-field and had harvested the beans himself. She tried not to see that he and the Haverly gang had cattle deals frequently. They drove cattle in from the brakes and down the Cibeque, small bunches and short drives that had a sinister significance to Molly.

She went back home through the woods, watchful along the trail, and as soon as she reached the house her mother sent her on an errand to the village. She hurried out back of the barn and slipped into the woods to cut across to the trail, sure that none of the riders with Arch had observed her.

The dusty village street was asleep. So was old Enoch Summers in his store. Molly made the necessary purchase, and made haste homeward.

When she reached the shady trail she went slower to regain her breath. At a thickly overgrown point, where the trail turned, a brown hand shot out from the green and grasped her arm. Molly was not the screaming kind. But she struggled with all her fierce young strength. It availed nothing, however, and she was dragged through the brush a step or two into a little clearing beside a huge, fallen pine. Molly was frightened but not surprised to look up into the dark face of Hack Jocelyn.

"HOWDY, sweetheart," he drawled. "I bin layin' fer you."

"Let go," said Molly, and she jerked so hard that she freed her arm. "What you want? . . . Did you have to drag me in heah?"

"Wal, there's some folks I'd rather not have see me," replied Jocelyn.

"My brother Arch, for one, I reckon."

"No. I'm standin' tolerable with Slinger. I was thinkin' of thet sneak, Andy Stoneham. He's got eyes an' he thinks too much."

"Well, what you want? Mother sent me on an errand. She'll be waitin'."

"Let her wait. Reckon I've waited often an' long enough. I had to see you."

"If you *had* to, why didn't you come to my home, like any decent fellow would?"

"I've had reasons, Molly. But I'm glad to tell you one of them ain't pressin' no more. I've quit the Diamond."

This had decided interest and surprise for Molly, though she did not voice it. She peered, however, up under the big sombrero, at the cowboy's handsome face. It bore signs of recent battle.

"I couldn't stand Jim Traft no longer," went on Jocelyn. "I bin layin' fer a chance to quit a month an' more. We had some words. An' it ended in a fist fight."

"Did he lick you?" asked Molly, unable to resist her swift curiosity.

"I reckon he did," returned Jocelyn ruefully. "He's a slugger with his fists, an' thet kind of fightin' ain't mine. I couldn't make him draw a gun while I was ridin' with the Diamond, so I just quit."

"Ahuh. Quit so you *could* make him?"

"Shore. An' I reckon that sounds good to you."

"It means—nothin' to me," replied Molly, lying with tight lips.

"What was this heah talk aboot Bud Chalfack seein' Traft insult you at the fair dance in Flag?"

"Mr. Jocelyn, if he did, that's my business an' none of yours."

Molly looked away into the forest, conscious of deep-seated pain.

"Good day, Mr. Jocelyn. I'll be goin'," she said, and moved away.

Like a panther he leaped at her, cursing under his breath. She was a leaf in his grasp and she realized it. He lifted her high, held her close, and it was only by contortions of her supple body that she escaped hot, fierce kisses on her lips. But they burned face and neck.

"You're stayin' heah—till I get through—with you!" he panted.

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"Let me—down! I—I'll stay," choked Molly.

He let her slide till her feet touched the ground, but did not at once release her. Molly burned with more than shame. She could have killed him if she had not been so scared. All cowboys were violent and rude at times, but this one was a man with a cruel hand as masterful and relentless as if she were a horse. She must use a woman's wit or she might have infinitely more to regret. The place was secluded, lonely, so far from any cabin that screams would be useless.

"I reckon you'd better," he said, giving her a shake. "Molly, I'm through with the Diamond an' I'm throwin' in with the Cibeque. If you fell sweet fer Jim Traft, like them moon-eyed Flag girls, you can jest forget it. 'Cause I'm crazy in love with you an' I'm goin' to have you. An' you'll marry me as soon as I make the stake we—I'm figgerin' on."

"Marry you!—Mr. Jocelyn, you're takin' a lot on your haid," said Molly, aghast and astounded at his effrontery. "I'm thankin' you because a man cain't do any more than ask that of a girl, but I must say 'No.' I don't love you."

"Wal, if I know gurls, you'll change your tune soon as I make my stake!"

"Stake. What you mean?"

"Never you mind now. I want to talk to you aboot your brother. Accordin' to the Haverlys, he ain't got any use fer me. No reason, except I was on the Diamond an' thet I'm supposed to have been driftin' round heah on your trail. An' thet ain't no lie! Wal, you're goin' to set me straight with Slinger."

"Oh, I am!" quoth Molly. Her fear held her in abeyance, but she could not wholly suppress her leaping spirit. "If I know Arch Dunn that little job wouldn't be easy."

"WE—I—I've figgered it out," declared Jocelyn. "It's been goin' the rounds thet Jim Traft made a show of you at the dance. An' we'll see it gets to Slinger's ears pronto. Wal, you're goin' to admit it's true, an' tell him I quit the Diamond because of it. Savvy, sweetheart?"

"I savvy that you are a deep an' cunnin' hombre, Mr. Jocelyn," replied Molly sarcastically. Not to have saved herself another of his onslaughts could she have refrained from that retort. But Jocelyn's instant grin proved that he took it for a compliment.

"You can jest bet your sweet life I am. . . . An' now soon as you swear you'll tell this to Slinger—an', wal, give me a kiss—you can run home to your mom."

"I won't kiss you, but—I'll *think* aboot tellin' that to Arch," she replied, playing for time.

"I cain't let you go on thet, Molly," he said cheerfully. The idiot actually felt sure of her. And he began to roll a cigarette, a shadow of a smile on his dark, smooth face.

Molly averted her eyes, lest he read in hers the thought that was forming.

Once out of reach of his long arm she could get away. The cowboy did not live who could catch her on foot. Molly calculated distance and moment, while concentrating all her energy. Suddenly, like a flash, she ducked and bounded at once, under the brush into the trail. Jocelyn shouted and crashed through. But Molly darted away. She could run like a deer. Her moccasined feet pattered on the hard trail. He thudded heavily after her, soon losing ground. Molly looked over her shoulder to see that he might as well have been roped, for all the hope he had of catching her.

She sped on out of his sight, never slacking her swift pace until she reached the place she had cut across to avoid the riders. Once in the clearing she went slowly so as to regain her breath.

The fool! The hard-lipped cow-puncher—to think he could bully her into knuckling to him! But otherwise she welcomed the encounter. Hack Jocelyn had quit the Diamond. It was a stunning fact, against all precedent. He was making up to the Cibeque, and especially to Arch Dunn. Some deviltry afoot!

MOLLY sat down on a log to rest. And the gist of the complex situation burst upon her in a realization of menace to Jim Traft. That agitated Molly even more than Jocelyn's attack on her. Hackamore Jocelyn would kill Jim, and if he did not, Slinger Dunn or the Haverlys would. Molly divined it, shocked that it had not dawned upon her before, and her warm, pulsing blood turned to ice. Jocelyn had proved traitor to the Diamond. For that he would be welcomed by the Cibeque, though she doubted Arch's complaisance. An infernal scheme had been hatched and Hack Jocelyn was the prime mover in it.

And what did he mean by a stake? Molly understood the word to imply what riders called food or money that they hoped to get by some lucky or clever break. Jocelyn had certainly meant money, and no small amount. Molly racked her brains for a solution, which was not forthcoming. Then her mother, espying her on the log, called loudly. Molly hurried to the cabin.

"I declare, but you take long to do anythin'," said Mrs. Dunn harshly.

"Well, so would anyone if she got waylaid by a bully of a cow-puncher," retorted Molly.

"Who?" demanded the mother, with a keen look at Molly's heated face.

Instead of answering, Molly ran like a squirrel up the ladder to the loft that opened over the porch. It had two compartments, one above each cabin. That over the kitchen was a storeroom, and the other, over the living-room, was Molly's. It had a window at the far end, a rude contraption that had been put in by Arch. The gabled roof was high enough only in the middle for Molly to stand erect.

Since Molly had been a child this had been the only room she had ever had, but she preferred it to the living-room, where her parents slept and quarreled. Arch Dunn used to sleep on the porch below, and then Molly had felt safe, but for years now, most of the nights, only the pines and spruces had sheltered him. What furniture there was in Molly's boudoir was home-made, some of it put together by her own hands. Yet until Mrs. See had taken her to Flagerstown, she had been contented in this loft. But then she had been a good many things before that lamentable visit.

At any rate Molly kept her cubby-hole, as she called it, clean and neat, and fragrant with the scent of pine and spruce boughs, upon which she spread her blankets. She lay down there now and tried to puzzle a way through the maze of circumstances which seemed to have involved her.

Following her mother's call to supper, Molly heard Arch's slow, clinking footfall. When he wore moccasins he could not be heard at all.

"Where's Molly?" he asked.

"I don't know. She got huffy because I asked her a question an' flounced out somewhere," replied the mother.

"Some of your questions are shore irritatin'," said Arch. "What was thet particular one?"

"She came home red in the face and panting, and when I told her it had taken her a long time to go to the store, she said she'd been waylaid by a bully of a cow-puncher. Then I asked her, 'Who?'"

"Ahuh. I reckon the gurl's gettin' too big an' pretty to be alone on the trails," returned the son ponderingly. "Molly is no kid any more. You can bet I'm findin' thet out. I heah she beat them Flag gurls all hollow at the fair dance. I heah a lot."

"I never hear anything," complained Mrs. Dunn. "I'm stuck in this cabin from sunup till dark. I want to get away before I die on my feet."

Molly had heard such ranting of her mother's for years, but she was stunned to hear Arch reply that maybe soon they would be able to move away from the Cibeque.

"Arch! What've you done now?" queried the mother.

"Nothin' jest yet. But I reckon to make a stake soon."

"Humph. Call the girl to supper."

Arch stepped to the end of the porch and called: "Hey, Moll!"

Molly thought best to answer sleepily: "Yes, Arch. Heah I am. What you want?"

"Supper, you wood mouse," he replied, and he waited by the ladder to give her a slap and then lift her down.

"No kid no more! Moll, you're as heavy as a sack of beans."

"Shore, an' worth aboot as much," retorted Molly. "You're plumb interested in me lately, Arch."

"Yep. I am, more'n you'd guess," he replied. "You an' me are goin' to have a little confab after supper."

Molly looked straight into his piercing eyes, though she felt her face burn and her nerves quiver. However, she did not reply. She ate her supper in silence, which, in fact, was what they all did.

"Wal, sister, now you can have a walk with *me*," said Arch dryly, as he got up from the table.

MOLLY did not need to look at him again. She knew there was something in the wind but she felt only half frightened. Arch was a puzzle lately. She walked beside him, as he led her along the edge of the field toward the creek. When he got to the head of the trail where it led down into the glen toward the spring, he halted and said: "Reckon this is far enough. Who was the bully of a cowboy that waylaid you?"

"Hackamore Jocelyn."

"I reckoned so. Wal, what'd he do, Moll?"

"Arch, I don't *have* to tell you everythin' or anythin'," she said steadily.

"Reckon you don't, to be fair aboot it. But you ought to. Poor ole Dad is done, an', wal, I reckon Ma's no good. I'm no good, either, fer thet matter. But I'm your brother, Molly."

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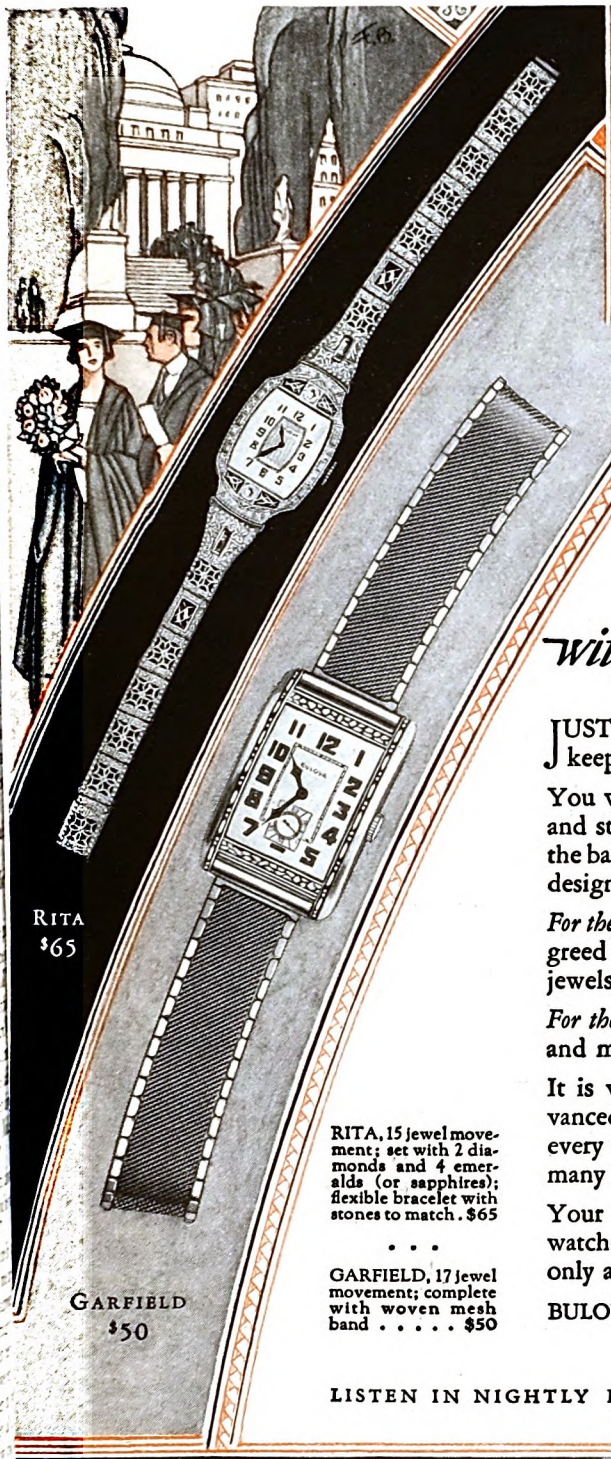

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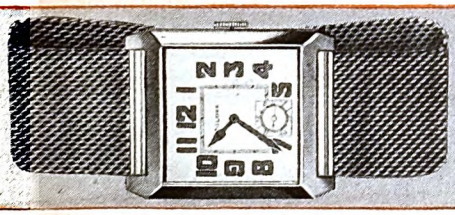

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She had never heard him speak like that before.

"Arch, you—you don't trust me," she faltered.

"Thunder! It's only the last few days thet I seen you was old enough to mistrust."

"Then—how can I confide in you?" she asked simply.

"Molly, are you goin' to make me choke thin's out of you?"

"I'm not anxious aboot it."

"Wal, then, are you sweet on this Diamond cowboy?"

Molly told him bluntly just what she thought of Jocelyn.

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned. I been given to believe you was sweet on him."

"Somebody lied. I haven't any use for Jocelyn. If you want to know, I'll give you the straight goods aboot him—so far as I am concerned—but Arch, I'd a good deal rather not tell you. It'll make you mad, an' probably run you into another fight."

"Molly, it's no shore bet thet Jocelyn an' I won't fight anyhow. Seth has been talkin' too much for Jocelyn. He's too anxious. There's somethin' up. It looks to me like Jocelyn wants to double-cross the Diamond an' somehow throw in with the Cibeque. I'm not shore. But I don't take to the puncher. Mebbe I'm cross-grained. Mebbe it's because he's throwed a gun heah an' there. All the same if he'd double-cross Traft, he'd shore do the same by us."

LONG before Arch had concluded that speech, Molly had made her decision to hold back nothing, though at the thought that he might ask pertinently about Jim Traft, her heart came into her throat.

"Arch, you're on the track," she replied swiftly. "Jocelyn has quit the Diamond. Had a fight with—Jim Traft, he said, an' jumped at a chance to quit. He had a black eye, a cut lip, an' some other fish marks. An'—an'—" here Molly paused to relieve the oppression in her breast, and failed to do it. "Jocelyn tried to bully me into lyin' to you. Wanted me to tell you he'd quit the Diamond because—because Jim Traft had insulted me. Then he could throw a gun on Traft!"

Slinger Dunn whistled long and low, and afterward muttered a deep curse. His brown hand shot out like the strike of a snake and snapped a dead twig of cedar.

"Molly, you've shore cleared up part of this heah deal," he said gratefully. "I'll bet a hundred Jocelyn aimed to throw in with the Cibeques."

"That's what he said, Arch," rejoined Molly, and impelled by released emotion, she began at the point where Jocelyn waylaid her on the trail and she recalled every word and action of that encounter.

"So much fer Hackamore Jocelyn," muttered Dunn. "I wonder now—I jest wonder what cairds Seth holds—or if it is his deal."

"I wouldn't trust Seth Haverly with his grandma's spectacles," said Molly.

"Wal, Molly, mebbe I'd better take your hunch. But I cain't believe Seth would double-cross me, leastways with a puncher from the Diamond. An' thet brings us to real talk!"

Molly had only to look up to realize that herself. Dunn fastened a hand in her blouse, and, with a slow pull, he drew her up so that her eyes were scarcely a foot from his.

"What's this I heah aboot Jim Traft insultin' you?"

"I—I don't know what you heahed, Arch—but it's a lie."

"Did you meet him?"

"Yes, at the fair."

"An' went to thet dance with him?"

"Oh, no. I went with Mrs. See. . . . But Jim Traft came—an' I—I danced with him once."

"An' thet's all? You wasn't out in the moonlight with him, on the porch?"

"Yes—we walked out a—a little."

"An' he grabbed you an' hugged you?"

"Y—yes, Arch—he did."

"You let him?"

"He's big an' strong. . . . what could I—I do? But at that I slapped him."

"Which was proof you felt insulted. So how's it come you say you wasn't?"

"Listen—Arch—an' don't choke me," she gasped. "I—I wasn't honest with him. The truth is—I took to him—somethin' outrageous. An' he must have guessed it. . . . But when he—he had me in his arms—I hit him. I—I wanted him to believe I *was* insulted. He'd taken me for a girl far above one from the Cibeque. . . . But I really wasn't insulted—an' when I hit him I wasn't honest. An'—an'—"

Molly reached the subtlety of a woman in her instinct to protect Jim Traft. And she seemed to divine that her brother might not know more.

"Took to him somethin' outrageous!" ejaculated Arch incredulously. "Molly Dunn!"

"Yes, Molly Dunn," retorted the girl, gaining courage with resentment. "Even if I do belong to the Dunns of the Cibeque, I've got a heart!"

"I ain't blamin' you, Moll," he returned, as if realizing the inevitableness of the fact, and he let go of her. "You're only a kid. An' he's shore a good-lookin' fellar. An' he can talk. But, Molly, the thing is he's old Jim Traft's kin. He's worth a million. An' he couldn't have no honest intent toward you."

"I'm no fool, Arch, if I am a kid," she rejoined. "I know when a man means bad by me. Lord knows I've had reasons to. I shore knew today when Jocelyn grabbed me. . . . But Jim Traft didn't mean bad. I swear it."

"MOLLY, he must have talked you out of your haid," said Dunn, amazed.

"No. He didn't waste any time talkin'. I'd hardly got out into the moonlight. . . ."

He shook his shaggy head doggedly.

"You cain't tell me honest thet Jim Traft didn't make you feel you was Molly Dunn of the Cibeque."

"No, Arch, I—I cain't. He did. He was shore surprised. An' he let out what he thought. Afterward he tried to—to soften it. But—but then my heart was broke."

Dunn made a swifter and more expressive movement with his hand, passionate and vindictive.

"Hurtin' your feelin's thet way is a wuss insult than huggin' you," he declared, with a note of pathos in his anger.

"It hurt like sixty, Arch. But he didn't mean it. There *is* a difference between Molly Dunn of the Cibeque an' Jim Traft from the East—rich, educated, with family name."

"Ahuh. You said it, Molly. Family name. You're daughter of old John Dunn. An' sister to Slinger Dunn!"

"I told him that."

"Before or after?"

"It was after, of course."

"Shore, it was. No, Moll, there ain't no overlookin' thet. He was only playin' with you. Shore, in some safer place he'd gone farther."

"*No!*" cried Molly, poignantly hurt, as if at the thrust of a blade.

"An' you're givin' it away thet you'd let him go as far as he liked."

"Oh, Arch! How can you—talk so!" sobbed Molly. "That's a lie. *You're* insultin' me."

He shook his head gloomily and averted his blazing eyes, to hide their thought from her. Then he strode away, leaving her there trembling and stricken.

FOR days Molly lived in a perpetual state of nervous dread of events that had cast their shadows.

Arch remained in one of his brooding moods. He worked in the fields as if to make up for lost time. And he did not go to the village in the evenings. The Haverlys rode over every day or so and engaged him in long talks, which left Arch more taciturn than ever.

Then one morning when Molly came down she saw Arch's horse saddled and carrying a small pack.

"Where are you goin', Arch?" she asked at breakfast.

"Up on the Diamond, an' I reckon you better stick around home," he replied gruffly.

"What're you—goin' for?" she dared ask.

"Wal, fer one thing, to see if this outfit is lyin' to me. I didn't tell you thet Seth an' his new pard swear they posted a notice up north of the Diamond. They laid down the law fer thet drift fence. The Cibeque wouldn't stand fer the fence goin' farther than the haid of East Fork. Thet's in the saddle just under the Diamond. An' if it was built farther it'd be laid down pronto."

"What *else* you goin' for?" added Molly anxiously.

"Wal, I reckon you ought to know," he replied, with a dark glance on her.

Molly, in trepidation, followed him out to his horse, where her mother would not hear. She laid a trembling hand on him, as he was about to mount. She did not know what to say. But terror of something possessed her. "Arch, if you really love me you—you won't—"

He stared down at her, arrested by her agitation if not her words.

"Who ever said anythin' aboot me lovin' you?" he asked.

"No one. But you *do*, don't you?" she implored. "Somebody must love me or—or I cain't live."

"You seem to've been tolerable healthy all along," he drawled. Nevertheless he evaded the question.

"I've only you to help me, Arch," she went on swiftly. "I'm tryin' hard not to run true to what they expect of Molly Dunn. An' I can be drove too far. I'll hate you if—if you—"

But he was flint.

"You *have* run true to the Dunn's, I reckon," he replied bitterly, and rode away.

(To be continued)

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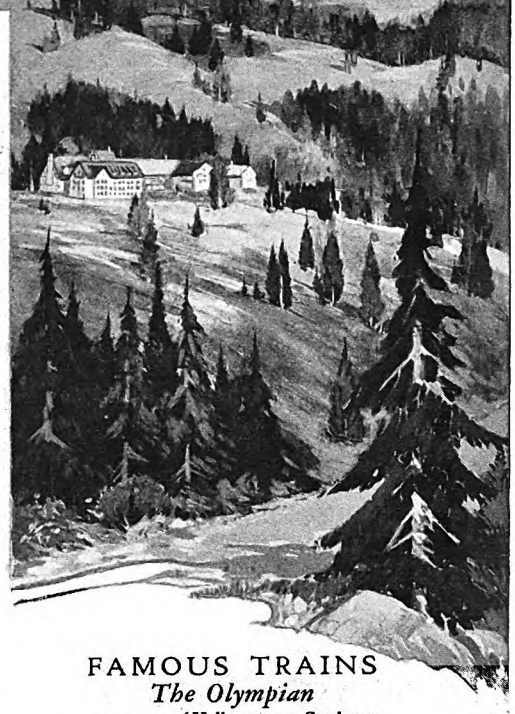

The Mountain Soliloquizes

I am the patriarch of ranges—Mount Rainier—the Great Snow Peak, deified by aborigines.

I come of fiery origin; my crest, my sides torn by the volcanic blasts that created me. I have known the cold and the wild life of the Arctics. To me still cling remnants of that ancient, icy mantle.

I dwell in a kingdom of enchantment, discovered a century and more ago by the navigator Vancouver.

I have gazed, for ages, upon a wondrous terrain, upon the placid Pacific's waters. I have watched the coming of Indians, explorers, trappers, fishermen, pioneers; their shacks and tents into mighty cities grow. I have lured men—then turned them back. The legend of Hamitchou reveals the wrath visited on the wise man of the Squallyamish, who coveted the precious shells of my crown. History tells of Kautz's perils as he sought my summit in '57. And it tells, too, of man's triumph when Stevens and Van Trump scaled my slopes in '70.

No more am I defiant. Age has made me cordial, friendly. Happy throngs visit my National Park throne room—for glorious fun on my glaciers, snows and flower-carpeted Alpine meadows.

For these companions, I am grateful; also to The Milwaukee Road, the only railroad to my threshold, which has interested hundreds of thousands of people in me and enabled me to give them enjoyment.

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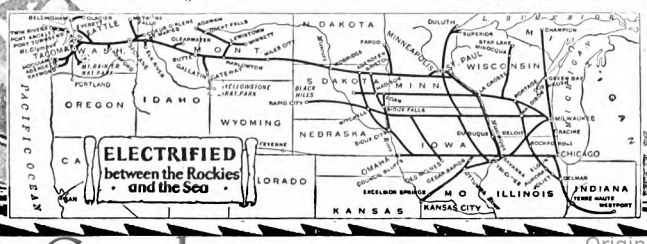

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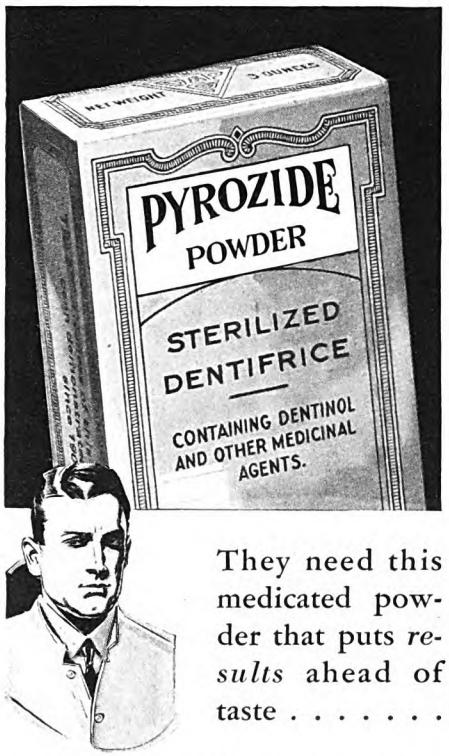

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

We Take Our Frugality In Capsule Form

THE old-fashioned habit of saving money seems to have fallen into some disrepute. All the big fellows nowadays are saying that the thing to do is earn more and spend more, and somewhere in this process become well off. No doubt that plan is all right for those who are in close touch with markets and other money-making opportunities. But what of us millions who are just salaried folks, with not much chance to earn a great deal more? How shall we ever get that first operating capital to indulge ourselves in what they call "intelligent extravagances"? My husband and I have thought hard about this, and have concluded to stick to our policy of saving.

Now, the trouble with saving is that it is slow, and, oh, so dull! If there were only some way to make it interesting! We found ourselves falling behind our goals because we were not sufficiently interested in watching the savings increase. That was four years ago, when our income was three hundred a month. It is now three hundred and fifty, and we have for more than two years been playing a game with our extra money. This game makes the process of putting money in the bank a fairly entertaining one, for there is a premium attached to it—a premium which we give to ourselves. That is, we take thrift in capsule form, so that it will not taste bad!

Every time we put a dollar into the savings account, we allow ourselves another dollar to spend on something that is not absolutely necessary. For instance, suppose we want to buy something that costs twenty-five dollars and is not imperatively needed. First, we must get twenty-five into the account, and then, under our rules and regulations, that other twenty-five may be spent. At present we are saving toward the purchase of an electric refrigerator, and already have two hundred dollars saved and two hundred waiting to be spent. That's more than enough to make a first payment on the refrigerator, but we are trying to pursue a cash policy in regard to these bigger expenditures. (However, if the weather gets any hotter, I think we'll weaken and buy that refrigerator on a part-payment plan.)

We worked this same scheme when we got a good radio—put money week after week into the savings account, and week after week into our "extra" account, and finally got the radio. It's a grand and glorious feeling to make a purchase in this way, for it doesn't seem at all like an extravagance; in fact, it seems like a saving.

I have just gone over our accounts for the past two and a half years, and here is what our savings-game has resulted in:

Vacuum cleaner	$45.	Savings $45.
New gas stove	55.	Savings 55.
Living-room table	60.	Savings 60.
Books	30.	Savings 30.
Pictures	30.	Savings 30.
Summer trips	300.	Savings 300.
Sleeping porch	300.	Savings 300.
New rug	150.	Savings 150.
Pedigreed dog	50.	Savings 50.
Totals	$1,000	$1,000

That thousand dollars in the savings account is, according to present-day viewpoint, just idling there. One of our friends urges us to take it out, buy something on margin with it, some stocks; then watch the market and sell when the stocks go up. I know, and so does my husband, that money is made by those who take such chances. Not many men, in this day and generation, will ever become rich through putting money into savings banks. But we do not know anything much about stocks—that's a phase of life that, for us, does not have reality. We read in the papers, of course, about the new millionaires so suddenly made: the bootblacks going to Europe on their earnings in the stock market, and all that sort of thing. Maybe we should feel ashamed of ourselves for not keeping in closer touch with the financial doings on Wall Street—but, somehow, we are not ashamed.

I HAVE concluded, and so has my husband, that people live the kind of lives their friends live. If we got our salary from a broker, we should no doubt buy stocks; or if it came from a bank, we should no doubt learn something of the financial life, become interested in it, and make some money. But we live in a town of thirty thousand where my husband is employed in railroading. He gives his thoughts to his job. I doubt that he ever looks at the stock quotations in the newspaper, any more than he does at the society column. His attitude is that such things are all right for those who understand them, but that he doesn't understand them. His best friends are the local superintendent of schools, the railway yardmaster, the pastor of our church, the chief of police, and a big farmer who lives five miles out from town. In the main, the wives of these men are my best friends. We often see one another, but the talk is never about stocks and bonds. Such things are not in our line of vision, and I guess we'll have to go on living as we are now, saving and spending and having a pretty good time. Our plan suits us, and we are the only ones who need to be suited by it. Given health and continued raises, which we have every right to expect, we'll have fifty thousand by the time we are fifty—and that's not so bad.

J. G. W.

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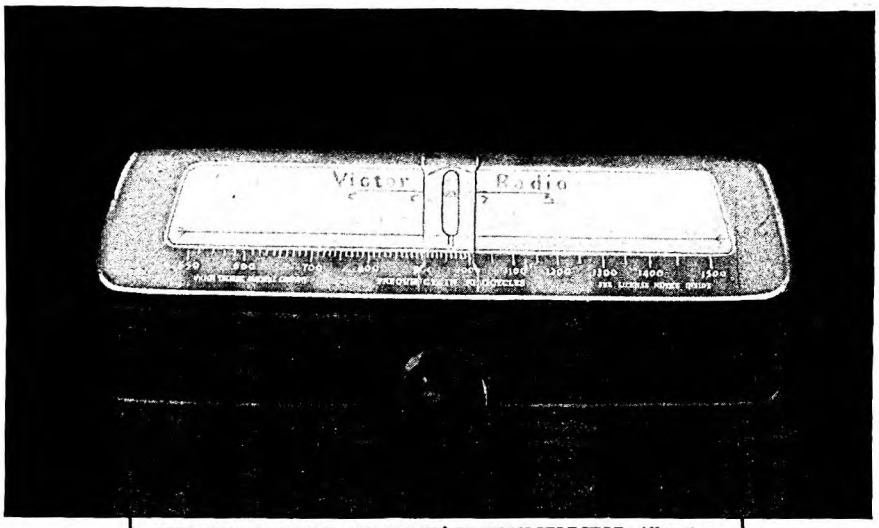

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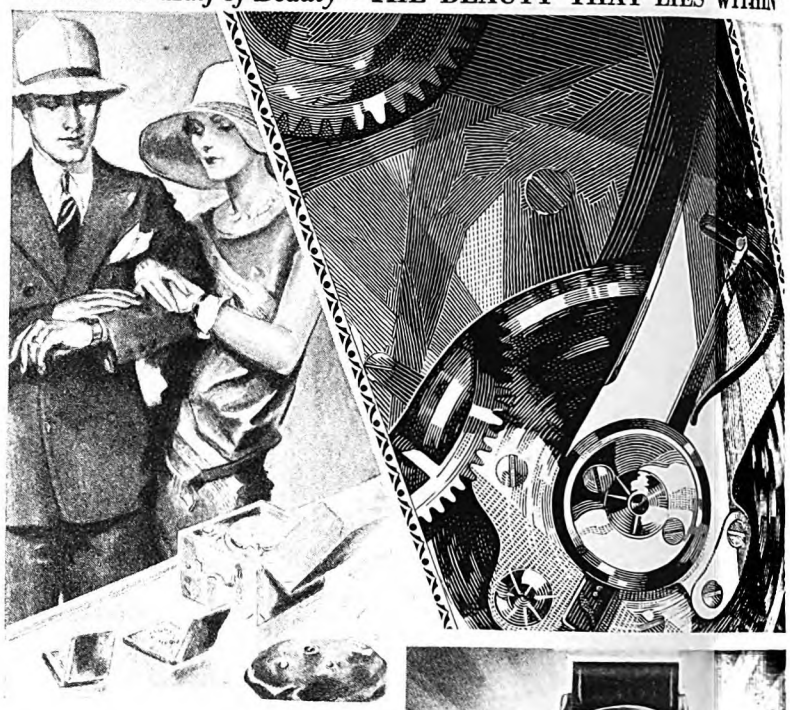

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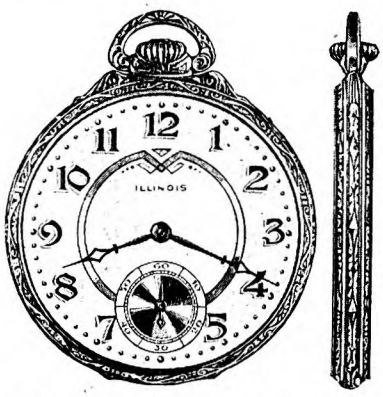

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Merle Crowell
Editor
James C. Derieux
Managing Editor

The American Magazine

GENIUS has been variously described and defined, but has it ever been defined as the ability to see the obvious? If not, some definition makers have overlooked a good bet, for that, frequently, is what genius comes down to. The men who have made great fortunes have seen something that anyone else might have seen; the men who have invented universally used devices have often just worked out an obvious idea to fit an obvious need.

In the early stages of its life, the automobile was thought to be something for the rich, but Henry Ford saw the obvious — he saw that everyone wants to get from place to place, and that those of moderate means need to ride just as much as do the rich. He is called a genius because of what he saw and what he did about it, when all that he saw was an obvious need.

Whoever made the safety pin saw, and filled, an obvious need. And so it goes. There is always a big market for anything that meets an obvious need or fulfills a great desire.

"The best 'tips' of all," says Bernard M. Baruch in this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, "are written so large that anyone with imagination can read and profit by them, while if the world only knew how many 'inside tips' prove disastrous, it would quickly lose its faith in this supposed fountain of easy wealth."

Facts, upon which intelligent courses of action may be laid out, are usually at hand. The men who assemble these facts, study them, and correctly interpret them often become what we call geniuses.

That's an obvious truth, you say. And so it is. The thing to do is to profit by it.

THE EDITOR.

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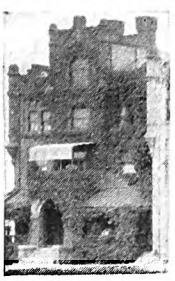

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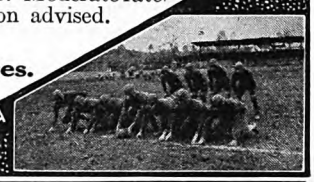

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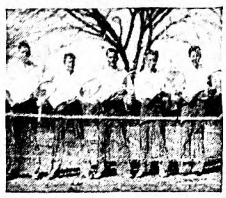

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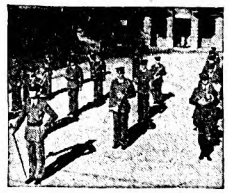

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

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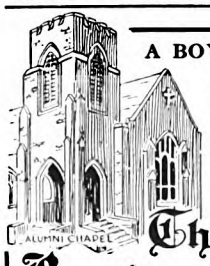

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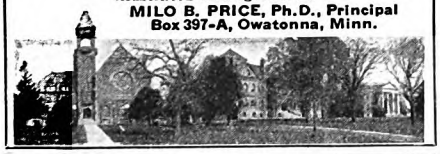

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FOR BOYS 8 to 20 years. Accredited. College entrance without examination. Also Business Administration Course. Modern methods. Daily Study Help. Land and Water Sports. Every boy can be on an athletic team. "Big Brother" relationship between cadets and teachers makes happy home life, and individual attention. Radio. R.O.T.C. Separate Lower School. Convenient to Chicago. Near ST. LOUIS. Catalog write: Box 122, Mexico, Missouri.

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Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day

THOROUGH preparation for college. Business courses. A system of education and development founded on forty-five years of successful character building. Inspiring contacts with Christian gentlemen who honor the teaching profession. All athletics. Expert coaching. Military. Completely modern buildings and equipment. Separate junior school.

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EACH boy at Morgan Park is given individual guidance and personality development by outstanding men teachers. He lives with wholesome companions in modern buildings. 25-acre campus in suburban Beverly Hills. He receives thorough preparation for college and technical schools. His physique is developed by supervised athletics. Separate Lower Schools. 56th year. The "Greater Morgan Park Plan" provides for new buildings, two of which will be ready this fall. Summer Camp in Michigan. Catalog.

COL. H. D. ABELLS
Box 1229, Morgan Park Chicago, Ill.

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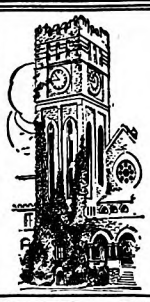

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Also consult Directory of Schools on pages 160-161-162-163-164

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Let this tooth paste take you and the kids to a party

Take the youngsters to the movies on what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 per year per person, assuming each person uses about a tube per month. Spend it as you please.

Remember this, you young mothers, who are keeping a budget

IT is good news to most young people starting out in married life that a dentifrice of such outstanding merit as Listerine Tooth Paste can be bought for 25¢.

That saving of $3 per year per person (see top of page) is appreciated when there are so many old and new expenses to be met.

When we decided to produce a tooth paste we were determined that only the finest ingredients should compose it. We wanted it to be worthy of the Listerine name. And we determined to sell it at 25¢ because that is the price intelligent people think is a fair one for a dentifrice. Its reception was enthusiastic. Now millions use it, discarding older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste one month. Note how brilliant and white it leaves your teeth. How it tones up your gums. And note particularly that delightful after effect which you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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HER FROCK BY WORTH . . . HER CAR BY HUPMOBILE

55AM

When the Prince of Wales appears in new style riding clothes, the world hears about it instantly. Because they are smart and right and there's authority back of them . . . It was that way with the new Century cars. Smart and right, and backed with twenty years of HUPMOBILE engineering authority. Other cars complimented the new Century style by fashioning after it. But HUPMOBILE remains a step ahead and an idea ahead. Surface details may be duplicated, but not the distinguished ensemble created by twenty years of creative designing in the automotive field. That remains wholly HUPMOBILE'S . . . and at this very tick of your watch, it is still dated twenty months ahead! . . . The CENTURY SIX $1345 to $1645 . . . The CENTURY EIGHT $1825 to $2625 . . . Custom and standard, all prices, f. o. b. factory . . . Equipment, other than standard, extra.

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The happy ending . . .

Did you win or lose the game? Well, it is history now, and be the score what it may, there is a happy ending. The grand finale to every session of sport is a warm, cleansing Ivory bath.

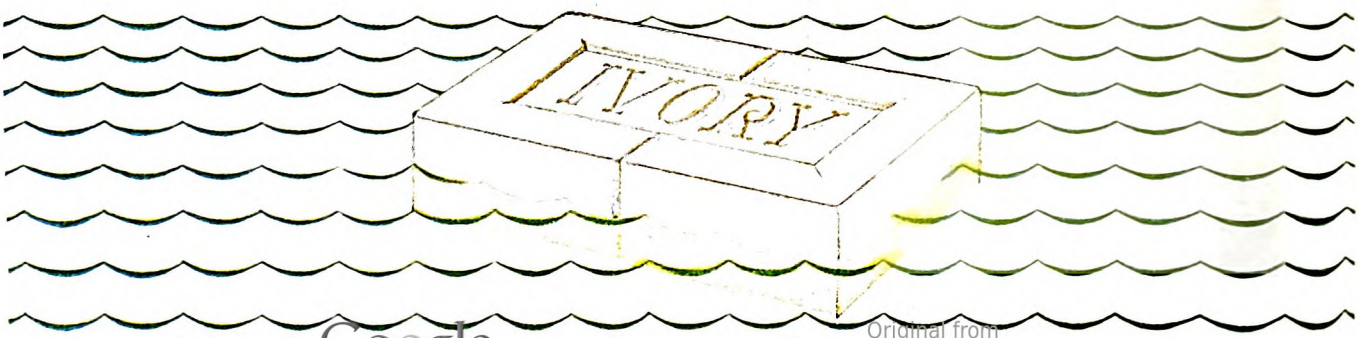
Quickly! Into the tub before your muscles stiffen. Jump in, if possible, while you are still ruddy from the game. Express your glowing mood with a whistle or song . . . but steep your body in absolute laziness until your play-bound muscles run smooth and supple again . . .

Now—you can stir! And your cake of Ivory Soap comes rollicking over the bath-tub waves. Ivory is the buoyant play-fellow that dares you to try to duck it! The generous floating bath-friend that covers you with thousands of gay, cleansing bubbles.

A tingling shower or spray to finish with. And tomorrow no twinging regrets that you played so hard, because you have taken the right kind of bath today!

Wise sports-lovers know that sun-and-wind-touched skin needs the care of a soap which comforts while it cleanses. So they naturally use Ivory Soap . . . safe for babies, safe for lovely complexions . . . as soothing, refreshing and gentle a soap as money can buy.

. . . kind to everything it touches · $99^{44}/_{100}$ % Pure · "It floats"



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Teachers KNOW which are the *cleanest* homes

SCHOOL children from nice homes have an advantage . . . are better liked, get more consideration, have better times.

And it's that way all through life. Everywhere we go the people we meet are sizing us up. Very quickly they decide that we are, or are not, from nice homes.

What counts most in winning this ready acceptance? Isn't it *cleanliness?* . . . the deep seated and habitual kind, that must be taught young?

Parents are judged by their children

Teachers cannot help judging one child against the cleanliness of others. Nor can friends or neighbors.

Every child is a little ambassador of his home, and his appearance represents its standard of cleanliness.

Do children take enough baths?

No mother would fail to bathe her small baby every day. For older children, however, daily baths are frequently thought not so necessary. Is that true? Think of the dust and dirt that youngsters get into, and the germs that baths wash away. Also, the daily bath clears the pores of perspiration waste. Many a fine, clear complexion is endangered by clogged pores in early life.

The "inspirational" method

When it comes to clean clothes there are three principal ways in which mothers can help:

1. By correcting that guilty family feeling that, above all else, "We must keep down the size of the wash this week";

2. By keeping drawers well *filled* with clean clothes...for father, sister, brother;

3. By being a good advocate herself of fresh, clean clothes, even in the mornings around the house.

It is also mother, and no one else but mother, who must see to the regular changing of bed linen . . . both sheets at least once a week. (Twice a week is better yet.)

Pillow-cases should be changed twice as often as sheets because they soil so quickly as restless heads grind into them the dirt carried from the dusty activities of the day; and because, too, the pillow-case is exposed to daytime house dust.

Women who cook must wash more often

Careful housewives must also manage:

1. Always to wash before turning to the preparation of food;

2. Always to wash after sweeping, dusting, or other household tasks;

3. To so schedule the sweeping, dusting and cleaning that the whole house, every day, is a splendid lesson in the cheerfulness and importance of cleanliness.

"The brightest corner on earth"

Clean, genial, cordial homes . . . is there anything finer? . . . or anything that can be counted on more surely to teach a deep-down, daily lesson of all-around cleanliness?

And isn't it those seemingly secondary things like fresh curtains, scrubbed woodwork, and clean linens regularly that have most of all to do with making any place, modest or pretentious, a happy haven . . . a real *home?*

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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TENDER SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TENDER SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TENDER SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

Name your beard, Gentlemen

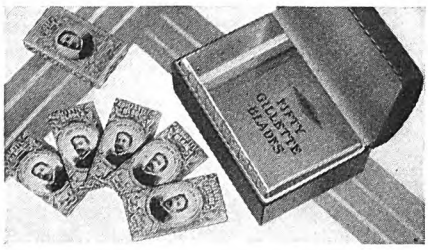
BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



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Gillette

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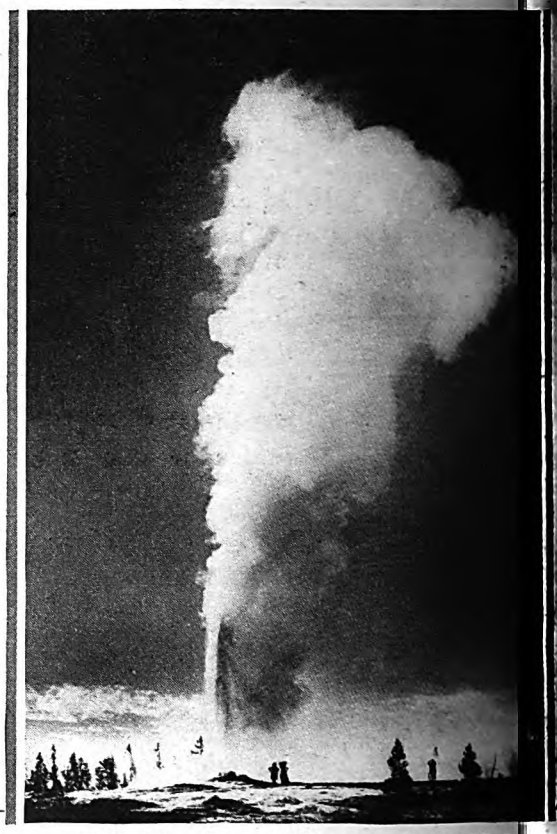

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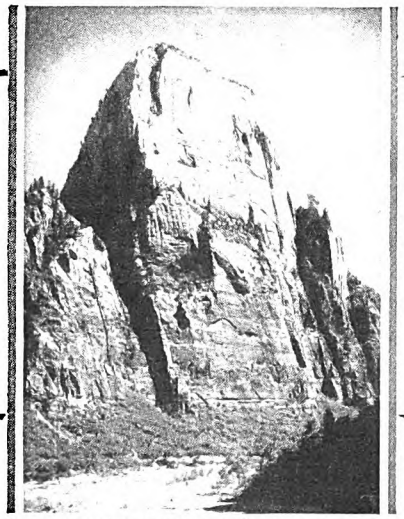

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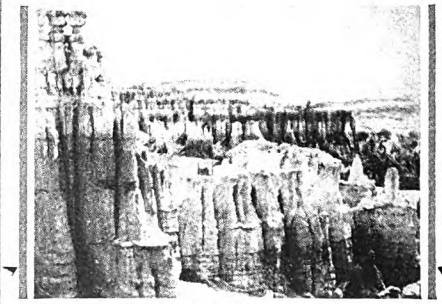

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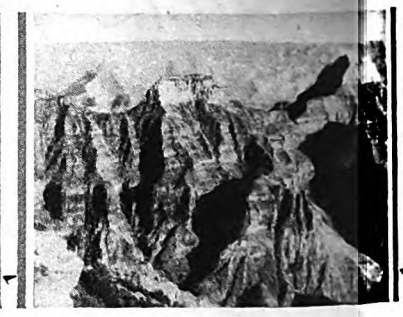

Grand Canyon
from Grand Canyon Lodge

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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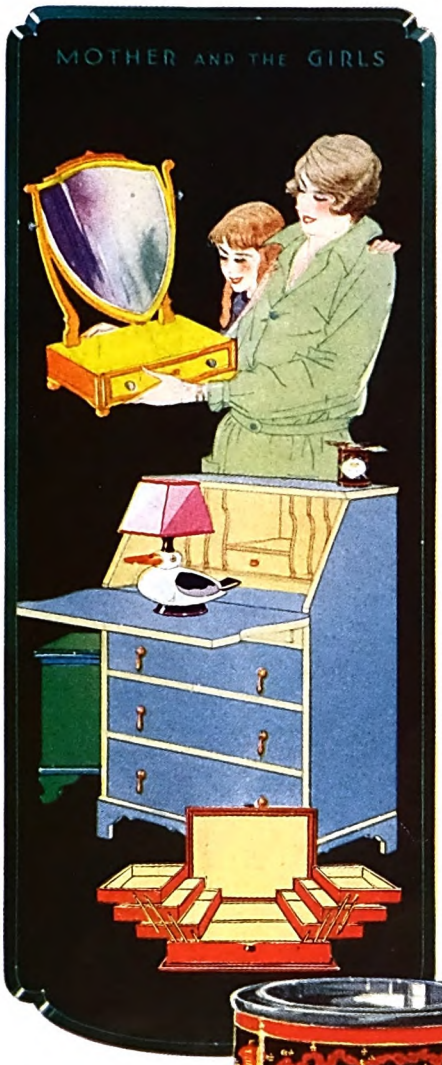
They all use "Rogers"



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hat is why millions of homes like the
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eed home lacquer as yet, start now.

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Dries While You Wait

Then it actually "Dries while you wait." Dries smooth—no laps nor brush marks. Dries before dust can settle in.

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"Rogers" colors are very beautiful—and modern. There are 26 standard colors. In addition there are black, white, clear and six new, rich, dark colors suited to outdoor as well as indoor uses. These darker shades are designed for hard usage.

There is only one genuine "Rogers." It is sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere. To be assured of satisfactory results, demand the familiar "oriental" container shown here. Read the "money-back" guaranty printed on this page. Detroit White Lead Works, Detroit, Michigan, Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers.

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